

THE CENTURY

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VOL. CXIII
NEW SERIES: VOL. XCI
NOVEMBER, 1926 to APRIL, 1927



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TO THE
AUTHOR

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NOVEMBER

CENTURY



Equality

Gustavus Myers

The Cinder

Francis Hackett

Lloyd George Now

S. K. Ratcliffe

Grand Central

Webb Waldron

From Redskins to Railroads

Erna Fergusson

The Missionary's Wife

Elinor Mordaunt

The American Press

Charles Merz

John Erskine

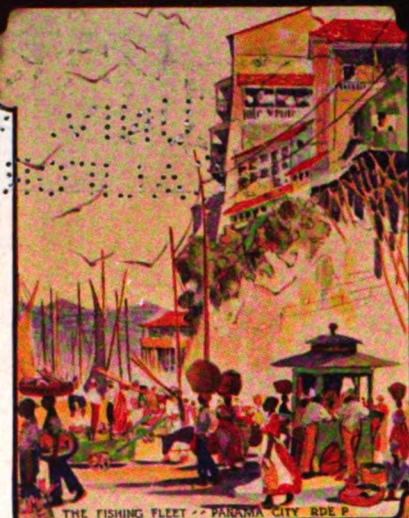
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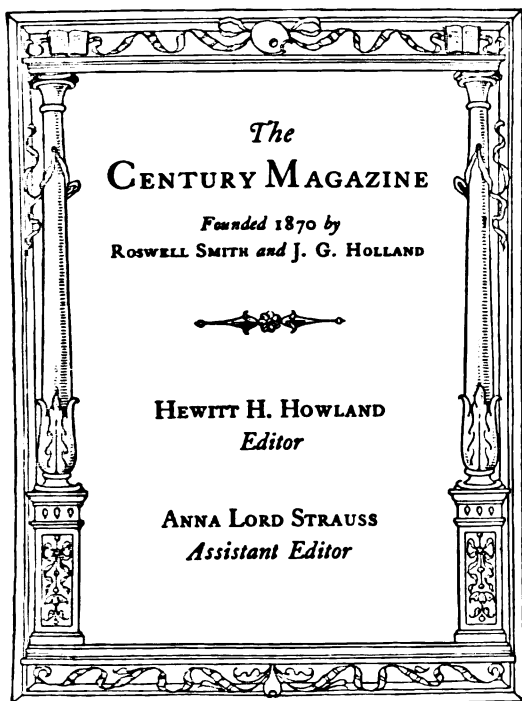
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Among Our Contributors

S. K. Ratcliffe (Lloyd George Now), the distinguished English journalist, known to many Americans as a brilliant lecturer, contributor to the "Manchester Guardian" and *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE*. We shall have a number of articles from him during the coming year.

Francis Hackett (The Cinder) was born in Kilkenny, Ireland, which may account for much. Lived in the United States twenty years. Literary editor "Chicago Evening Post"; associate editor "New Republic." Has written much and resonantly. Returned recently to Ireland for what he calls permanent residence.

Henry Nelson Wieman (The Approaching Crisis) since graduation from Harvard in 1917 has been teaching philosophy at Occidental College, Los Angeles. His "Religious Experience and Scientific Method" was published last year. He has contributed to a number of magazines but never before to *THE CENTURY*.

Erna Fergusson (From Redskins to Railroads) had a grandfather who went to New Mexico in 1848. She was born in Albuquerque, and was educated there and at Columbia University. Lived several years in New York, an experience that introduced her to her native State, for "when I came back I found that I saw it with the freshness of a foreigner and the knowledge of a native." All of which shows in her articles.

Benjamin Rosenbaum (Iowa) is quite naturally a native of Iowa, but he went to Harvard and Oxford of his own choice. He is much too young to have had a book of poetry published, yet "Hill of Solitudes" appeared three years ago.

William Norwood Brigrance (Ye Ancient Game of Foote Ball) is a Mississippian but grew up among the Indians of the Northwest. Graduated ten years ago from University of South Dakota, now professor of public speaking in Wabash College, Indiana. Has written on subjects akin to his profession, but this is his first—highly original—fiction.

Webb Waldron (Grand Central) appeared in a recent issue and won much favorable comment with "If Lincoln Had Yielded."

E. N. Bennett (The Future of Psychical Research), distinguished career, as soldier, scholar, and author, too long to epitomize. Member British Parliament and of the council of the Society for Psychical Research. He has written many books and contributes regularly to the "Contemporary," "Edinburgh Review," and "Nineteenth Century." All of which we said in October.

Beatrice Post Candler (Autumn) sent us one of the first bits of verse she has done in several years. Her home is in New York and her interests too many and exacting to permit much writing.

Elinor Mordaunt (The Missionary's Wife), like many Englishwomen, has traveled much, many books resulting from her journeys, as "The Ship of Solace," "The Island," and "The Venture Book." Her home is London, her hobby decorative painting, her recreation gardening.

Thomas L. Masson (Speech, Common and Preferred), once managing editor of "Life," now associate editor "Saturday Evening Post." Twenty years ago he wrote "A Bachelor's Baby," last year, "Why I am a Spiritual Vagabond."

Gustavus Myers (Equality) has from his freshman year specialized in original historic researches, and that was more than thirty years ago. Many books, from "The History of Great American Fortunes," to the "History of American Idealism," are in his published list of works.

V. H. Friedlaender (Hot Milk) was born in Jerusalem and lived there seven years, moving then to England, where later she entered Winson Green Prison as a too militant suffragist, completing her course in four months. She has contributed to the most intelligent of the American magazines and published two novels, "Main Spring" and "The Color of Youth."

Della Thompson Lutes (The Fog) of Jackson, Michigan, has had wide editorial and writing experience. Now housekeeping editor of "Modern Priscilla," Boston. Author: "Just Away," "The Gracious Hostess," "A Home of Your Own," also many magazine and syndicate articles.

Charles Merz (The American Press) is on editorial staff "New York World," formerly with "New Republic." Was with the A. E. F. and in on the effort to negotiate peace at Paris. Too well known to *CENTURY* readers to call for further comment.

Henry W. Bunn (Hands Off) was born in Wuchang, China, where his father was a medical missionary. Graduate of Yale, twenty years active duty as officer in U. S. Army, now retired. For five years has done a 2000-word article each week for the "Washington Sunday Star," and has written for the magazines that do not live by advertisements alone.

Virginia McCormick (Gray Goose) is a daughter of the valley of Virginia, but marriage took her to Norfolk, where she now lives. Has contributed much to magazines in this country and in England and is editor of the six-year-old all-poetry-monthly "Lyric."

In the DECEMBER CENTURY

THOSE QUARRELSOME BONAPARTES *Robert Gordon Anderson*
I — CORSICA AND THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT

CATS *Frank Swinnerton*
And the subtle intimacies of the spirit

THE FRENCH TOUCH *Sophie Kerr*
She went all the way to Paris to get it

BEHAVIORISM *Bertrand Russell*
Its effect on ordinary mortals should it become a craze

LOVE, ARMS, SONG, AND DEATH *Henry Morton Robinson*
Alan Seeger dared live without compromise

WHEN AMERICANS DISCOVER AMERICA *Ernest Boyd*
And accept the painful facts of existence

THE AFFAIR OF MONSIEUR AND MADAME *James Mahoney*
A strange tale of romantic adventure

I AM PSYCHOANALYZED *Virginia Terhune Van de Water*
You can and you can't; you will and you won't

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THE ROVING CRITIC *Carl Van Doren*

*Also stories, articles, and poems by Adriana Spadoni,
Herbert Parrish, Thomas B. Marquis, Erna Fer-
gusson, Evelyn Bigelow Clark, and others*

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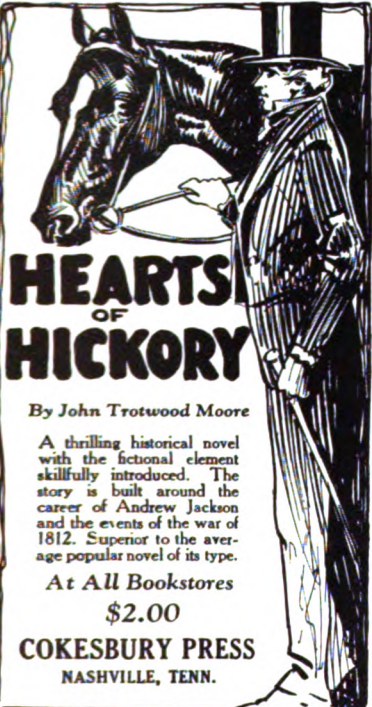
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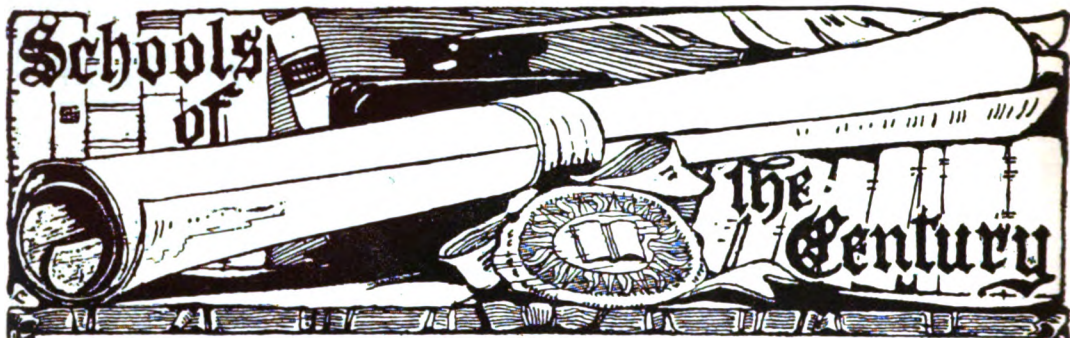
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December Century

The CENTURY MAGAZINE

Vol 113

November 1926

No 1

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The One Consummate Master of the Great Game

S. K. RATCLIFFE

IT cannot be disputed that during the past few years Lloyd George has seemed more interesting to Americans, and more important, than he has been to his own countrymen. Many times since his fall from power in 1922 I have asked friends in the United States for a statement of the American view of his present standing and an estimate of his chances. The answers, of course, have been as varied as the answerers, but in one thing they have agreed. All have implied that there would be nothing at all startling to Americans in the return of Lloyd George to the head of affairs. Seen from a distance, he appears to have all the marks of a still unexhausted statesman. He is incessantly springing back into the news. His rivals are, by comparison, destitute alike of brilliance and resilience. True, he writes newspaper articles that the reader finds it hard to associate with the prime minister who for so long commanded the world's attention. But what of that? Statecraft is not journalism. Lloyd George, they will tell you, is astonishingly vital.

In Canada and the United States three years ago he looked equal to almost anything. He is frequently on the point of playing some heavy antagonist off the stage. Why then should he not come back?

There are times when this question seems too remote for discussion. There are other times when one feels driven into a cautious acquiescence in the answer that is implied. The other day I asked two editors of a famous Liberal journal whether they thought it possible for England to have another spell of Lloyd George government. The first replied that he had as good a chance of being prime minister as any other man in the field, including Ramsay MacDonald and Winston Churchill. His colleague retorted, "But I thought you were supporting him now because you were convinced that no conjunction of circumstances could bring him back?"

I offer at this point no solution of my own. But I recall the fact that exactly ten years ago I contributed to *THE CENTURY* (October, 1916) a study of Lloyd George which con-

tained a forecast sufficiently precise. Prophecy at the time was not difficult for any English journalist writing in London. That was the *annus mirabilis* of this extraordinary career. Lloyd George was advancing toward the *coup* by means of which he seized the most powerful position in Europe. The curve was not difficult to draw in advance. I drew it; and the event justified the venture. If in 1926 there is any writer, English or American, who is confident enough to draw a curve for the evening of Lloyd George's life (he is sixty-three years of age), I do not know him.

Let us consider first what was happening to Lloyd George before he was driven, not into opposition merely, but into eclipse. His overthrow in 1922 was complete. After the election which registered his fall he was for a time almost a non-entity in Parliament. Nobody marked him. The House of Commons, which he had dominated for ten years and played with for many more, was indifferent to him. I do not think it was surprising that observers from across the Atlantic had little understanding of this turn of fortune, but there was no special mystery about it. The long and marvelous day of Lloyd George had ended in a crash. The country was tired of him.

He himself gives the simplest explanation of the event. He says that as head of the Coalition government he insisted upon the grant of home rule to Ireland, and for so doing he was deprived of the premiership. There was, however, much more in it than Tory resentment over the Irish treaty. Actu-

ally his fall was the result of a cumulative process. His power was breaking for at least two years before he was forced out of office through circumstances, partly arising out of the peace treaties, and partly out of political conditions in England. The full story would be very long, but the essential facts can be condensed into a short space.

It has been evident to almost every one for several years past that Lloyd George's position at the close of the war was fundamentally false. At the moment of the armistice, when the world was exalted in feeling, he might have made, in the name of a united British commonwealth, a declaration that would have determined the nature of the peace and incidentally sealed his own immortality. His influence was then unbounded. But he was a man of divided mind. At the most critical stage of the war he had spoken with two voices. In one breath he had talked of the knock-out blow. In another, on the eve of the Fourteen Points, he had delivered a speech on war-aims by which he had seemed to be committed without reserve to the principles of the spacious settlement which Europe had learned to think of as the Wilson Peace. In November, 1918, the crucial question for the civilized world was involved in Lloyd George's decision: for or against Clemenceau, for Wilson or against him? The upshot was disclosed in his first political move after the roar of the guns had ceased. He called for an immediate general election, and he adopted for the campaign the slogans of revenge. Any attempt to form an estimate of the

later Lloyd George must, it seems to me, turn upon this most momentous of all his public acts.

He could not have lost the election. England was resolved to give him an overwhelming vote of thanks. His premiership was secure. No fact of the time is more easily demonstrable than that. Seldom in history can there have been a world occasion before which the choice has been more absolute. The angel of his better nature, as Lincoln might have said, was whispering to him:

"Choose well, your choice is
Brief, but yet endless!"

We do not know what it was that stopped his ears. But he preferred to appeal for the suffrages of the unthinking multitude—including most of the eight millions of women who had never voted before, instead of resting upon the support of that decent England which wanted above all else a peace of healing and of common sense. It is a very rare politician who can rise above political motives and memories. Lloyd George could not forgive his former friends, the Liberals. His tactics annihilated their party in that campaign, and his own great army of adherents, though described as a coalition, made up a solid weight of the Conservative Right.

What followed is now familiar matter of history. At the Peace Conference in Paris Lloyd George's activities fell into two clearly marked periods. In the first he was engaged, with Clemenceau, in pressing forward to its limit the policy of vengeance. In the second, with Woodrow Wilson sitting outraged and disillusioned at the table, he was

striving to correct the balance, while trimming his sails to the winds of fury and suspicion that were blowing across the Channel from London. No one has ever supposed that Lloyd George did not see with perfect clearness the consequences of the post-armistice election. He is never anything but a realist in the political game. "Why," a friend of mine asked him in that calamitous year, 1919, "why did you go to the country with those cries? You knew how absurd they were!" "Yes," he replied, "the cry *They* got up about making Germany pay every farthing of the cost of the war was very foolish!"

Look now for a moment at the sequence of events after the signing of the treaties. The continuous debates between the governments of the Allies were in those years dominated by two questions: how to get the reparations started upon a workable basis, and how to overcome the rigidity of the French and bring the Germans into the council-chamber. Within a year or so of Versailles Lloyd George was aiming at a business settlement. His direction was right. But at home he had to deal with a crowd of irritated half-supporters, while he was aware of a rapidly cohering body of Conservative politicians who chafed under his leadership and were resolved not to endure it for a day longer than was necessary. At one inter-allied conference after another Lloyd George was beaten by Clemenceau and Poincaré. Frustrated at Cannes, he was defeated at Genoa before the delegates assembled in the spring of 1922. When this conference ended the signs were unmistakable.

Lloyd George's power in Europe was dissolving.

Nor was he any longer carrying things victoriously before him at home. In Ireland the distressing epoch of the Black-and-Tans had been, of necessity, brought to a close. A pact of peace with the Sinn Fein leaders was signed in London at the end of 1921, and a few months later the constitution of the Irish Free State was promulgated. Lloyd George now says that alone he did it. But it must be plain to everybody that the surrender to nationalist Ireland could not have been possible at that time, when the House of Commons contained an immense majority of anti-nationalists, unless the prime minister had been able to compel the support of the Conservative party chiefs. None the less was it Lloyd George who had to pay the political price for the Irish treaty. Moreover, the Coalition, misled by Winston Churchill, was responsible for a series of military adventures in Russia, at once costly and futile, and it was deeply involved in the tragic muddle of the Near East, when Mustafa Kemal organized the forces of Turkish nationalism against the Treaty of Sèvres and the Greek invasion of Asia Minor. It happened that at the crucial moment the damning facts came out with reference to Lloyd George's reckless verbal encouragement of the Greeks. A dying government could not survive that disclosure, especially when public sentiment was dead against England's being drawn into another war in the Near East. The actual death-blow, therefore, to Lloyd George was not delivered in Eng-

land. It was delivered, some say, at the Genoa Conference. It was delivered, say others, by Michael Collins from Dublin. It was delivered, said the famous editor, J. L. Garvin of the "Observer," by Mustafa Kemal from Angora.

So far then for the international forces working toward the overthrow of the once all-powerful prime minister. Where, after his six years of spectacular authority, was Lloyd George at this time in the political world of England? After the Turko-Greek crisis of the summer of 1922 the English Conservatives came to a virtually unanimous resolve. They determined to desert Lloyd George, to break up the coalition, and to appoint their own prime minister. The affair was clinched by Stanley Baldwin, then hardly known to the public, at a party meeting which settled the business. Stanley Baldwin knew his own mind and expressed it. He reminded his colleagues that Lloyd George had destroyed the Liberal party, and told them there was grave danger of his destroying the Conservative party likewise, if its leaders did not effect their release. The appeal was successful. But the Baldwin speech was the occasion rather than the cause of a decision that, to all appearance, has insured for England a long stretch of Conservative rule. The English Conservatives had made all the use possible of Lloyd George's talents and personality; and they in turn had been exploited by him. He is no Conservative, and could never act like one. He went.

There is no need to dwell here upon his position after the great defeat. In the fleeting Parliament of

1922-23 he was of almost no account. He felt, naturally enough, that a change was imperative; and it is to the American public and the American atmosphere that he is indebted for a remarkable restorative. His visit to the United States and Canada in the fall of 1923 was undertaken in the belief, which seemed thoroughly well grounded, that Stanley Baldwin, the new Conservative prime minister, would be content to enjoy his singular good fortune. But he was not. He dissolved Parliament, appealed to the country on a tariff platform, lost his place, and in consequence had to make way for Ramsay MacDonald and the Labor government.

This election, of 1923, was an event of consequence to Lloyd George as to the general body of Liberals. It was preceded by a formal union of the two branches of the party and a public reconciliation between the titular party leader, H. H. Asquith, and Lloyd George, the returned prodigal. The Liberals regained a considerable portion of their lost ground in the constituencies, but the result brought home to them the disturbing fact that their party was now a definite minority and seemingly a permanent minority of the electorate. They had to recognize that the power and appeal of political Liberalism was a thing of the past. A year later the Liberals fell into an almost unlimited disaster. The MacDonald government crumbled amid circumstances of extravagant unreality, and the election of 1924 showed that, between Conservatives and Labor, the Liberal party was being ground to fragments. Its member-

ship in the House was reduced to a miserable remnant of forty, for more than half of whom George was an object of hearty dislike and distrust. Stanley Baldwin, in 1923 the despised of all parties, not excepting his own, was now the all-powerful prime minister, and leaders of opposition were nowhere. And meanwhile Lloyd George, who never needs to be reminded that politics is not static, but that leaders and parties must always be up and doing, was making a characteristic effort to reach back to that earlier stage of aggressive Liberalism in which his fame was made. He formed a new organization and instituted a fresh inquiry into the land problem. The result was an elaborate report, followed by an ambitious scheme of land reform and rural reconstruction, to which Lloyd George began to devote his mind and energy, and a large part of his accumulated fund. He dreamed of arousing England in 1925 as he had aroused her in 1910.

This was the situation when, in May of the present year, the country was plunged into the general strike. That experience of nine remarkable spring days has had many surprising results, but none more so perhaps than the bringing back of Lloyd George into national prominence, with what appears to be a certainty of leadership in the near future of the party which he struck down eight years ago but which he steadily refuses to leave. It happened in this way.

From the first hour of the general strike the Conservative government reiterated that it was a revolutionary move, a strike against the com-

munity, an act of war against the state. The orthodox Liberal leaders agreed with the government, and their statements were printed in the official newspaper. Lloyd George, although his view of the main matter was almost indistinguishable from theirs, succeeded in getting it over to the public that he looked upon the quickest possible ending to the general strike, by a negotiated settlement, as the primary need of the nation. Lloyd George in office would have fought the general strike as the government fought it, and with precisely the same weapons. But he was chairman of a small opposition party in Parliament, and was entitled to criticize the government's tactics and temper. No one could doubt that he was anxious to conciliate the Labor party; but, as he showed by an article written for his American syndicate, he had grossly misread the signs of the hour and had hazarded a prediction as to the probable length of the stoppage that was absurdly wide of the mark. We need not waste time over the motives which actuated Lloyd George in speaking and acting as he did during that searching crisis. His attitude was, in my judgment, a better Liberal attitude than that of the Liberal old guard; but it would be absurd not to admit that he envisaged the end of the strike in some relation to the next chapter of his own career. And there was one other aspect of the affair which was everywhere debated. A detailed story was circulated to the effect that not only was Lloyd George considering the chances of forming some kind of connection with the Labor party, but also that he had held con-

fidential counsel with two or three of the Labor leaders in the privacy of a Surrey cottage. The story was circumstantially denied from both quarters. It was pointed out that there exists no way by means of which Lloyd George could link on to the Labor party except through the regular gate of entrance, which is plainly not for him. But political wiseacres remain obstinately unconvinced. Lloyd George, it is continually asserted, is thinking, and must be thinking, about coöperation with Labor.

Mark, now, what follows. The general strike over, the titular leader of the Liberal party, Lord Oxford (better known to us and to you as Mr. Asquith), was led to believe that the proper moment had arrived for the reading of a solemn service of excommunication over his brilliant and harassing lieutenant. He addressed him in a letter which had, and could have, only one meaning; namely, that Lloyd George was no longer acceptable as a Liberal and must accordingly depart. The thesis of the letter was indefensible, and the occasion was as badly chosen as it could be. I do not believe that it was of the old leader's own choosing. Nor had Lord Oxford himself any heart in the business. He had been driven into it by a band of his own adherents who, justly incensed by Lloyd George's conduct toward themselves and the party during the Coalition period, had been against his readmission, had stood aloof from the reunion of 1923, and were infuriated whenever they remembered that he holds in his own hands a huge campaign fund. They had

been vigilantly awaiting the moment for dealing him the death-blow, and they made in the end a shocking miscalculation. The whole affair was a lamentable blunder. It displayed the open breach in the Liberal ranks. It showed that the reunion was, as regards the leading group, a pretense; that Lord Oxford and his friends would not work with Lloyd George; and that the personal feuds were such that there could be no further hiding of the facts.

The first hasty inference of the political public was that the dismissal could hardly fail to be effective. After all, it was argued, the old Liberals were in control of the party, and if they would not have Lloyd George it was difficult to see how he could remain in the fold. The actual result, however, was far otherwise. It amounted to a heavy defeat for the Asquithians. In his reply to the castigation Lloyd George gained a dialectical success, mainly due to the excessively weak position into which Lord Oxford had allowed himself to be maneuvered. The leader of an opposition party has no right of censure, and certainly no power of excommunication, and Lloyd George made the most of this obvious fact. His later moves were much more in character. By means of a skilfully arranged visit to the North of England, where Liberals still exist in large numbers, Lloyd George was able to make a mock of the notion that he could be drummed out of the party. He had the delight of seeing, what he cannot very well have anticipated, that almost the entire Liberal press was coming out on his side, and that the men who

had misled the old leader were being unmercifully hammered. Within a few days of the storm the Liberals met in their annual national convention. They sent to Lord Oxford a message expressing unabated confidence in his leadership. They served notice upon the so-called shadow cabinet that these unseemly wrangles must cease. And then they shouted a wild welcome to Lloyd George, and gave themselves up to the enjoyment of a speech of the kind that he can always make on these occasions—a speech all sparkle and audacity, good humor and familiar tricks. The wizard, as they call him, was sitting on the top of the world.

Here now is the situation as Parliament is prorogued and members disperse for the autumn vacation. The old-guard Liberals, who believed that Lloyd George had been delivered into their hands, by circumstances and his own folly, are made to realize that their blundering has given him new strength and a new following. They cannot do without him; they are not allowed to do without him. They themselves occupy a few seats only in the House of Commons, and command the allegiance of only one London newspaper, the "Westminster Gazette." Their hold over the constituencies is slender. Their two most eminent men are in the House of Peers. Lord Oxford is seventy-five. He has the Liberal mind of 1880. His political life was virtually ended ten years ago, and we may look for his final retirement before the close of the present year. Lord Grey belongs to the pre-war epoch, and is almost sightless. Sir John Simon

and Walter Runciman are Whigs and have no contact with the England of to-day. When it comes to a platform campaign or to the energetic discussion of programs they all fade away before the one consummate master of the great game.



But since, when all this is said, we come back to Lloyd George the man, the politician, the possible head of a political combination, we are merely once again in touch with the enigma. Lloyd George's position in English Liberalism is essentially unreal, not to say absurd. The little remnant of the party in Parliament is not for him. He keeps his place as chairman only by the support of the right-wing section, which is moving steadily toward the Conservatives, while the only ground of his appeal to progressive Liberalism outside is a radical platform and a renewed assault upon the fortress of social privilege. The great majority of the active Liberals in the country have no faith in him. His immediate circle, since his fall from power, has consisted of nonentities. He does not attract men of weight and character; although, it should be said, in the present confusion he has won over to his side a group of Liberal intellectuals, including some men of splendid talents, as variously gifted as Charles Masterman, W. T. Layton the economist, and even, it may be, J. M. Keynes. He has a very large campaign fund, out of which he is enabled to finance both research and propaganda, and which he refuses to transfer, even in part, to any political organization. Nor

will he, unless the Liberal leadership should come to him in full, make any surrender of his separate organization within the party. He is made up, in not unequal portions, of rhetorician and intriguer. The story of his machinations during the past four years would, if written with inside knowledge and detail, sound like an incredible romance. Colleagues to him are counters. Parties, like principles, are materials, infinitely malleable, for the endless and exhilarating business of traffic in power. The good average Englishman would sum it all up in the simple statement that Lloyd George is a Celt. I am a good average Englishman, but the explanation seems to me only a fraction of the truth.

"Lloyd George is a bad boy." So said to me a short time ago a man who had worked closely with him for many years. "He is not a bad man; not an evil character, like A. and B., and others we could name. He is just a bad boy!" That also is a brief and bright judgment which does not satisfy me. When I look back over the past fifteen years; when I remember the Marconi incident, and the making of the Coalition in 1916; when I think of the armistice election, of Paris and Versailles in 1919, of Ireland and Russia in 1920-21, I am not conscious of any inclination to dismiss Lloyd George as a bad boy. He was a man of destiny. And the newer faith, like the old one, does not permit us to tolerate the idea of a universe of men from which mind and purpose have been taken away.

THE CINDER

FRANCIS HACKETT

"**W**HERE are you going, Eugene?" I heard his wife's voice calling from the veranda.

"To play tennis, Frida," he answered pleasantly, and he walked through to speak to her. "You don't mind?" he inquired. No man ever had a kindlier way with him.

"But you're only three of you," she said with surprise.

"Sure, dear; we can play three."

"Yes," she flicked back, "you and Peggy. I know. But I'm going to play."

Eugene's voice was full of a sincere concern. "You can't, Frida dear; it would be mad. Look, it's late anyway; we'll call it off."

"I can play with you perfectly well. You'll do the running. Let Peggy Wade play with Martin for a change."

There was a pause, and I slipped out on the most silent of sneakers. I hadn't meant to listen, not crudely, but I couldn't help picking up the words. Peggy and Eugene? It sounded odd. Yet that Frida Tallant was quivering in earnest there could not be a shadow of doubt.

When Frida came down to the court, I hailed her with the cheeriest hypocrisy. She took her side with Eugene while I had for partner the sunny substantial Peggy Wade. It wasn't good for Frida, yet, ashen and

grim, she stuck it out till the end of the second set. Then to my relief we stopped for tea, and after tea Peggy went off, leaving me to my host and hostess for our usual intimate week-end.

Peggy Wade, I asked myself, as I soaked in my hot bath. But it can't be Peggy Wade! While Frida's jealousy had trembled in every syllable of those few colorless words, it wasn't possible for me or for any one else to extract the least suspicion out of the friendly companionship of Peggy and Eugene. There are certain things one knows. Peggy was a plump jocund girl, who was clearly fated to marry a Yale man and bring up the class average for child-bearing. I could see her predestined family—four prize children with heads like plum puddings. Eugene evidently liked her, the way one likes a cheerful red apple. But she wasn't at all his kind.

Was Frida his kind? Throughout our dinner, in the benign twilight of the candles, I gave direct thought to the Tallants for the first time.

I didn't think I knew them terribly well. Eugene would have said that he and I were good friends always, but we were unhandy at intimacy, and we never, as a rule, went below the safe surface of things. At that moment, I remember, the one thing I remarked in my own mind about

him was his charm. I found him, every one found him, charming. He wasn't any more brilliant than the candle-light, but he was just as mellowing and reassuring. His nature had an atmosphere, a climate, in which people felt enhanced. You could have called him good, I suppose, because he was genuinely and unaffectedly good, yet he lacked the peculiar knack that the good have of making their neighbors uncomfortable. His goodness did not deny that he had common clay himself; it simply gave a depth to his embracing smile, his abrupt, shy, friendly gestures, his dots and dashes of words. I can hear and see him now—that serious voice, and the gentleness of his blue eyes that accompanied it, his reserve, his shortish strong figure. I often thought how his charm and his air of sincerity would have helped him to please women if he had happened to be interested in them; with half his endowment, I blush to think of what would have happened to me. But Eugene was married, submerged in marriage up to his ears.

Yet Frida was jealous. Why? I had to admit that, though he was modest and inarticulate, he did reveal a sort of naturalness with Peggy Wade that was pretty nearly talkative and fluent. Was I wrong about him, even though I could swear that Peggy was not his style?

I watched my host in the soft light as the three of us remained at table. Frida was silent in her usual weariness, while the two of us sat clinking the little gold-headed spoons of our coffee-cups and talking about Tilden's tennis. Yes, I'd call Eugene a passionate romantic man, I said to myself, a man with character and

force. About him, in spite of his hedged-in life, there was still a trace of free spirit. In his sparse brown hair there was the least tinge of fire, and in his deep blue eyes there was sometimes the horizon look. Yet to my mind, as I coolly reflected on him, he was infernally married, and to an exacting wife.

Now we had left the table, and she was lying on the chaise longue, while the host, not the lazy guest, was providing her with a big armful of cushions. Guest as I was, and supposed to be intimate, she irritated me.

Frida's stunt was being an invalid. She was a sweetish invalid, full of a resigned nobility that did not prevent her from imposing her will on every one. She was a little older than Tallant, and when they were together, with her tall shrillness of figure, you felt she might have been, not his mother exactly, but almost his mother. Spiritually, they said, she was a rare being, and she certainly was a striking woman of the refined kind, but I always had an instinct to protect myself against her. I felt she was inimical.

Yet it wasn't because of their pleasant home that I enjoyed visiting them. It was a nice place in the country, or rather in the wilder suburbs, where we could wear corduroys and chop wood in the afternoon, and where the rustic appetite that we rapidly acquired in the afternoon could be gratified at a very urban table in the evening. But the real thing that brought me there was the two people themselves. She, as well as Eugene, had a personality. Nominally it was esthetic. She had a feeling for color, for artful bits of silk and

the right vase with the right blossoming branch in it. She had reached the Orient via Boylston Street, Boston, yet she conveyed the effect of an indisputable sensitiveness, like the stroke of a light dry hand. Her face was long and thin, etched by pain. Her hair was parted and drawn back, according to Rossetti, low on her neck in the classic style. Her gowns were draperies, clinging and in pastel shades. She made long gestures with her long hands. Yeats was her favorite poet; she was knee-deep in his finest emanations; and yet, lover of beauty as she seemed, I found a subtle acidity in everything she said to me, a queer impression of her resentfulness, her cruelty, and her power. She wanted to punish life for something it was doing to her, or had done to her. She was vengeful. When she got hold of me and began to probe me, in a "you men" fashion, I felt pure alarm.

To tell the truth, I rather despised Eugene for being so completely submissive. Not having lived through the years in which her health had become undermined, not having suffered with her or for her, I could not put myself in his position of constant, even noble, indulgence. He clearly felt it wasn't in the power of this hard-soft woman to be anything but what she was. He was born to be faithful, he was tender, he was wonderfully tolerant. I blamed him. In trivial things as well as big things she appeared to me to intrude on him and to overrule him. If he gave her that right, I said to myself, he'd live to regret it. I thought impatiently that it was a poor kind of exploiting behavior on the part of a woman who talked feminism and so on.

But if she had cause to be jealous? On this long evening, as Eugene read Yeats by request, I suddenly felt sentimentally sorry for her. Whatever was the matter, this good fellow wasn't doing anything for her. And I doubted if he were doing anything for himself. What *can* be done, when people's lives are so much less romantic than their wild, imprisoned, surging hearts? I felt very old and sage as I sat there, listening to this chained husband reading a poetry to his wife that was no more to her than a straw to a fire.



I didn't go to see them very often. I had the sense of a situation in which I was an outsider and yet which struck me every time I visited them. There was no lessening of their amenity, whether I was there with other week-end guests or alone. Eugene never broke through his reserve into a useless and hopeless reference to a state of things which was manifestly none of my business; and Frida slid around it and swooped over it so obliquely that I could always pretend I didn't understand. I was not afraid of being treated as intimate, of being invited into their real lives, of being trusted. Yet I could never take confidences from people whose pride and whose instinct are against confidence. Confidence—the very word implies a power to yield one's self that neither Eugene nor Frida possessed.

Yet of course they yielded their secret to any one who had eyes. Even an outsider who contributed tennis and chatter in return for bed and board, like myself, was not blind. The husband in this childless ménage was gradually disciplining himself so

that nothing came from him except the most firm politeness and the most governed consideration, while the wife was becoming as tense as a gy-rope in a storm. Under the decencies that Eugene observed at any cost, and that almost hid the real situation, I felt the writhing of a deadly duel, unwilling on the husband's part, unwilling and yet compulsive on the wife's part, and conducted by her with a malignant earnestness that I could not fathom.

It wasn't Peggy Wade. That, at any rate, had been canceled out by her becoming engaged to a big smiling Minnesotan, who said not a word but shone like a new car.

When spring came, Eugene and I took tramps together, going by train from his Chicago suburb out into Illinois and even Iowa or up into Wisconsin. We'd leave Friday and hike till Sunday night, never touching macadam.

He chatted the normal amount, but never by any chance about himself, and he had a way of abstracting himself which annoyed me at first but which I learned to accept and to pride myself on accepting, since it was the genuine man. He really seemed to be living a life of his own, underneath and away from his daily life. He had extraordinarily steep silences, and into his deep sockets there would come a lonely self-centered light like the light of a remote camp-fire. I liked to see him go away from me, though I hated inattention in other people. With Eugene it was utterly instinctive, like a trace of something pure and untamed, an infidelity that had no shame in it and yet was a profound infidelity. I say it had no shame in it because he came

out of it without a bit of sullenness. He saw you again with a sudden awareness, and he smiled welcomingly. He hadn't known he was away.

But Frida knew. During that year I often caught her looking at him with a kind of rapacity. Her very face, I could see at times, was becoming the face of a harpy. The process by which a certain beauty was growing into its own caricature was taking place under my attentive eyes.

Frida was really a wonderful figure, I now perceive. When Eugene first met her I imagine she might have been almost queenly, but even before she was thirty-five an air of intense calculation hung about her, which was accentuated by her skin-niness and the cruel curve of her nose, a curve that was answered by the thrust of her chin. She was indubitably a sensitive woman. Her long pliant hands were witnesses to it, her complexion waxen and almost transparent, her gray eyes deep and shadowed in that pallid invalid face. But she made me horribly uncomfortable when I saw her watching him like a beast of prey. She loved him. I never doubted that for an instant. But it was a devouring love, a fierce and jealous possessiveness. Some mothers eat up their children with such a love. Frida's slight stoop seemed to become a crouch when she sat back to watch him intensely. And her single lock of white hair deepened that dangerous intensity.

It was curious for me to see it, when I thought of Eugene Tallant's peculiar innocence, and the wish he had for an innocent, a fresh and natural world. I shall never forget

one summer evening when he and I had slogged our way all day in a hot sun walking over the prairie, dodging settlements as much as possible, frizzling our own lunch over a small fire in the shade of a wood, after we'd had a good plunge in a cold stream. Toward evening we had come into a small town, and after a quick dinner, straight from the frying-pan of course, we wandered out to hire a boat, to row into the center of the grassy lake.

It was a blue moonless evening, but the sky sparkled with a starlight that had in it that freshness and luster and youthful radiance which lay in the depths of Eugene Tallant's heart. Without a word, in that lambent silence, he began singing, at the other end of the boat. I was looking at the stars. He sang old songs, very old English songs, that were like wild roses and daisies and fields of blue-bells and banks of thyme. I had never heard such songs before, and I didn't know Eugene knew them. "Go on, go on," I told him; and out of a packed memory he sang one after another while my heart melted inside me. The man put his whole being into his singing. So dumb in himself, he found in these songs the music of his nature; he poured it out for me with a perfect freedom and simplicity. It amazed me. He was more genuine in singing these songs than he had ever been in conversation. He showed that he felt tragedy, that he felt pathos, and that he had a mirth in him like the mirth of flowers opened to the sun. I was glad I had had such confidence in his nature from the start, and when we rowed back in silence I knew he was not sorry he had sung.

In Chicago in the winter I saw them again. It wasn't at all the same. She was rattly, and he was stifled. He kept his own counsel, which I regretted, and Frida stiffened into a dry temper, as if lava from her fires had hardened.

Then, in the course of time, without a word being said by one or the other of them, but with the unfailing communications of their tone of voice, the light of their eye, the pressure of their hands, and the thousand modes of expressiveness that people have even without knowing it, I saw that a change had come into their lives. Tallant was happier than I had ever known him; his wife was more unhappy. She could not say a word against him on the score of his attentiveness. He showered her with attentions, and I was sure, as I observed them, that they were sincere. But the more he glowed with the happiness that was within him, the more his sick wife crisped her fingers in spasms of anger and gave him sharp perverse commands. Something drove her to clash with him. Time and again I was present when it was absolutely painful to feel her antagonism. At best, she was couched in temporary quietness, unusually friendly and docile, but perpetually lying in wait.

And then a change came in Frida herself. She got better. Eugene was unfeignedly glad, but she brushed him aside. She was independent, or at least resolved to be independent. A somber light in her eyes told me that she was prepared to fight to the limit against whatever it was that she considered she was being tortured or afflicted with.

This was the state of things when

I left for my appointment in Washington. They passed out of my life, the Tallants, in the selfish preoccupation of my new interests and the absence of any actual ties or pressing invitations that could bring me back to Chicago.

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It was ten years before I saw Tallant again, or nearly ten years, and then it was only by accident that I ran into him in a Washington club. The club was pompous and conservative; I was only dining there because I was alone. My wife had gone north, the summer heat was baleful, the cook had a vacation, and I was forced to go somewhere near in order to be on deck early in the morning. Almost no one was eating in the lofty dining-room when I saw Tallant enter, not a bit stockier than he was ten years before, his hair a little thinner, his manner even quieter, and a sobriety of word and pace that made me wonder if I had ever really known him. He accepted my invitation to sit down and have dinner with me, and he did it with sincere willingness. But there was no nerve of heartiness in his response to me. It was acquiescence, no more.

He had nothing against me. He spoke to me without the least complication, asked after my family and my interests, smiled very pleasantly about my supposed successes, and answered readily enough about himself. Yet, Lord! how strange it was to talk to this husk and pretend it was the same man! There was no fire in his eye. His spirit in some mysterious way had become meager and dull. I tried to infuse him with sympathy, to inspire him, to arouse him. Nothing I said made him un-

quiet or uneasy. He was agreeable when I referred to the walks we had had together, and to the various experiences we had really shared. He was ready to talk of his wife with perfect ceremony. But the genuine man, the soul, the personality—it never answered me. It was dead and gone, completely. For all his bodily presence, for all his bulk and substance, there was nothing left of him. He was a cinder. Flame touched him, but he no longer burned.

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I recall this meeting at the present time because I have just been spending the evening with Frida Tallant. It is exactly five years now since I had that casual dinner in Washington with Eugene, and it is about two years since I was shocked and grieved to hear of his death. Last week I learned from an old Chicago friend that Frida was to be in New York at a hotel in Fifty-eighth Street for three or four days. I called her up at once, and she asked me to dine tête-à-tête. I have just sat through the whole evening with her, before the open French window of her high room, in the half-dark. We talked, or rather she did. Strange evening. I think that at last I understand them.

Your quiet business man indeed! I always knew Eugene had depths in him, but I was not prepared for the depths, the glowing and gleaming depths, she revealed to me. As for herself, poor forlorn devil, she deserves it, but who wants to get what he really deserves? I don't deny there was something evil in Frida, and I think there remains something evil. I kissed her good-by, for the

first time, and my heart moved to her as it had never done when I had a more facile heart. She has become positively witch-like, long and thin-faced, with claw hands and coiled intractable hair. Unlike my plump self, she is meager about her food and I think about her money and her leisure. There is something exacting and tense about her. Not more than fifty, she might be older. Life has shattered on her, has fined her and withered her. And yet there is a narrow turbulent force between those bleak walls.

It was she who began to speak of Eugene. She did not try to hide her story; she told it without a tear, sitting straight up, no longer the invalid or suffering woman. She had done something to him, she had wronged the essential man, and yet I cannot judge her easily. She is too bitterly her own judge.

"Eugene deceived me," she said to me, in the half-dark room. "He began going away quite often, saying he had business that required his absence. Often he had real business trips, but I couldn't fit his stories together. He didn't lie when I asked him, but he evaded me.

"I can't remember if you were still in Chicago when we first heard the poet Vachel Lindsay. Well, that man fascinated my husband, though he'd laugh and shake his head and say, 'Queer cuss; never heard such a queer cuss.' It was after hearing Lindsay and reading every line that he wrote that Eugene began going away from me."

"That's odd," I said; "I don't see the connection."

"Wait. I was very much troubled by Eugene's absences, and I was sure

it must be a woman. It seemed so likely. I knew that in some way—He loved me too. But perhaps he spoke about himself to you. You often saw the tension between us."

I shook my head. "No, Frida. I could see there was tension at times, but Eugene never said a syllable."

"It went back very far, Martin. I fell in love with him when he was engaged to another woman. He broke the engagement for my sake, on my account, but I never could be sure, I never could be *sure*, that he wanted to."

"You suspected him of being in love with Peggy Townsend—Peggy Wade?"

"Oh, that! I *hoped* he was in love with Peggy. I hoped he was in love with any of the girls who came to us. Don't you see? That would have proved he was cured. You can see that."

"But then it was all right; there was this other woman he deceived you for?"

"Let me tell you. He went away so often and so mysteriously that at last I made up my mind to follow him. That shocks you, doesn't it? The girl he had been in love with—she was noway near Chicago, and yet I thought perhaps I might be mistaken. I knew that if Eugene discovered he would never be able to forgive me. I knew that. But I was torn by my suspicions night and day. I suffered tortures. If you've never been jealous, Martin, you can't know what I suffered. I lived in hell. I told myself I could find out about him without his ever suspecting. I knew he was innocent, and yet I was in agony. If he were innocent it couldn't hurt him to have me know

it, but if I didn't have certainty I should die.

"I wanted to speak to you. You were the only person who could understand. But you had left, and even so I was afraid. You knew that Eugene was finer clay than I am. Yes, you did. It's true. So I had to help myself as well as I was able.

"I thought of telling my brother what I suspected, but I couldn't. There wasn't a soul I could speak to. So the next time Eugene left home I followed him. It was in June. I traced him to the station, and when he left the ticket-window I asked the clerk for a ticket 'to the same place,' with a smile. He gave me a ticket to a small town in Iowa, without a word.

"It was a Saturday, and when we reached there it was about nine in the evening. I held back until I saw him leave the depot, and then I walked after him. I saw him step into the Palace Hotel, and I went on to the other hotel; I think it was called the Murray House. I was at my wit's end when I registered. Could I go back to the Palace Hotel and ask about him? I didn't dare. And yet that is what I did.

"He was registered there by his own name, Eugene Tallant, and he'd taken a single room. When the clerk told me that Mr. Tallant had asked for ice-water and was gone to bed already, I told him never to mind. The clerk was a chatty elderly man. 'He's ordered his team for nine-thirty to-morrow morning,' he said. I thanked him, pretending I had just wanted to make sure.

"Next morning was a lovely Sunday morning. I was up at six. I remember the hotel yard as I looked

out on it. It was like the heart of the country, the hen with her chickens pecking in the sun, the dog sunning himself, and the maid in high heels at the pump. She was young and light-hearted, and the tree over her head was shimmering in the early light. And there was I, in a fever, in my cold musty room, waiting to know my fate. I'll never forget it.

"I was out before nine-thirty. There was hardly a soul up in the little town. I posted myself in sight of the hotel where Eugene was staying, but at a good long distance, by a tree. I saw the gate of the yard open, and he came out, leading a horse and wagon, an ordinary light farmer's wagon, with nothing in it but a wooden box.

"He went up the street away from me, at a walking pace, to the place where the court-house was, a big square with shade-trees all round, and very wide streets. There was a fountain in front of the court-house, and a statue to one side. He stopped by the edge of the path and hitched his horse. I can still see him do it. It was a poor-looking sorrel, just a hired horse.

"He was dressed the way you've often seen him, quite smartly, you know. But in a little while he stood up in the wagon, facing the empty street. A couple of people were going by, an elderly man and a woman, country people, and he spoke to them. They stopped. Then a foreigner went by and he stopped. And a couple of young men who had been delivering milk. In ten or fifteen minutes he had a small crowd, just a handful. I couldn't understand it. I nearly went forward to

see what was the matter with him. I thought he was gone mad.

"And then he began. Martin, I could not understand what had got into him. It was such an extraordinary thing to do. There he was, standing up there on the wagon, and he began singing to the little Sunday morning crowd, as if it were the most natural thing on this earth. I could hardly recognize him, he was so calm, he was so self-assured, he took it all so much as a matter of course. And he looked so young and healthy, with his hat off and his hair a little rumpled in the air. It was as if something had happened inside him. He wasn't a bit carried away or excited; he seemed at home with himself and absolutely serene and easy. I stood on the outskirts of the little crowd, where his glance passed over me. I couldn't help staring at him, but I was in old clothes and a strange hat, and anyway the sun was in his eyes and he didn't see me at all.

"He sang folk-songs. I never knew he had it in him to let go of himself at all. I never dreamt he could stand up on a wagon and raise his voice like that so thrillingly. He sang through a long ballad, every word clear, and everybody listened just as if they really knew him, and when he finished they gave him real applause, and he sat down for a second on the box he had on the wagon. Then he stood up, and he sang a couple of lovely little short songs. It touched me so that tears came in my eyes. There was a man near me, this gray-haired foreigner. 'I've heard him before,' he said to me, 'in another town. Wait till you see what happens.' When Eugene sat down again, the foreigner turned to

me. 'Do you see? He doesn't pass the hat! He never makes a collection. Isn't that a new thing? My God, I said, the first time I hear him; there's a man singing just because he feels that way. Isn't it a won'eful thing!'

"That was the moment I meant to escape. I meant to slip away when he was sitting down or just as soon as some one else moved. I was breathless with what I'd found, my heart was galloping, and I could hardly wait until my chance came again.

"And then the sun passed under a cloud, and Eugene saw me.

"My heart stopped. I was riveted to the ground. Our eyes had met, and I could tell by the expression on his face that it had struck him like a blow. All that went through him at that instant was known to me—his happiness, his liberty, his self-confidence, his singing—everything shriveled in one instant as if I had stricken him with the evil eye. I never saw such a look as came into his face. It was almost as if his soul had died before my eyes. He sat perfectly still and perfectly rigid. It was as if he could never move again. And he stayed still so long that the crowd began to shuffle and look from one to the other for some action on his part. It was an unbearable silence, but at last he leaned and picked up his hat. He put it on, and stood up.

"'Is that all, mister?' a man asked disappointedly.

"'That's the end,' said Eugene in a dead voice, and the crowd loosened as they heard him, and began to straggle asunder before moving away.

"I waited. When they were all going, Eugene stepped down and walked over to me.

"How did you get here?" he asked dully.

"I heard you'd come here," I answered defiantly, "I don't know why; and I thought I'd find out what the mystery was. I must say!"

"What do you want to do?"

"Nothing," I said. "It's very pretty. Keep right on."

"He said absolutely nothing. He went over and began to unhitch the horse."

"Where are you going?" I inquired.

"Back to the barn," he said, "to get rid of this." He was crushed, too crushed to do anything except with his hands.

"You're at the Palace Hotel," I said. "I'll meet you inside."

"He nodded, and I knew he'd come into the hotel when he'd led back the wagon."

"I tried to speak to him then, Martin. I tried to reach him. But it was no use. I had followed him; I had tracked him down; it had killed something between us, something

that was free in him. I couldn't give it back to him."

Frida paused, her face haggard and lined. I tried to say that it was her imagination.

A wistful smile crossed her desolate face.

"Imagination! Eugene *died* that day. After that day, he never went away. And yet he was further from me than he had ever been before."

She resumed after a bit: "You know, I can never quite get out of my head the words he was singing that day:

"He's tane three locks o' her yellow hair,

Binnorie, O Binnorie!

And wi' them strung his harp so fair
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.'"

"It's an old ballad," I said lamely.

She did not hear me. "The first woman—she had yellow hair. All the time I was trying to reach him, I kept thinking that."

I said nothing.

THE APPROACHING CRISIS

What Is the Function of Religion in Human Living

HENRY NELSON WIEMAN

THE sickness of religion will continue until her method and service are so clarified and established that she can take her rightful place with science among the recognized functions of human living. This does not mean primarily to develop a new set of ideas about God and salvation and heaven and hell. It is not merely a body of accepted doctrines which religion needs, although it does need that. But the deeper and greater need just now is for a clearly defined and generally recognized part to play in the economy of life and a distinctive method for doing it.

Some devotees may deny that there is anything wrong with religion in modern life. But a careful examination would probably show that, while religion has its ebb and flow like all other human interests, it has on the whole been declining in power and place for several centuries. This decline has been largely due to its inadequate adjustment to scientific method and discovery.

But why, some may inquire, should the condition of religion be considered any more serious to-day than it was four hundred years ago? Is the present crisis in religious thought any greater than that of 1500 or 1600 A.D., when Copernicus and Galileo

made their astronomical and physical discoveries, requiring a radical reconstruction of our whole view of the world; or than the crisis that arose from the teaching of Darwin and Huxley in the field of biology; or that which revolutionized our view of the historical background of Christianity under the leadership of such historical critics as Strauss and Renan? At the present time it is research in the field of psychology and sociology which is demanding a transformation in our thinking. This demand will become more radical as these sciences advance. Then, looming up back of them, too vast and complex for most people to discern as yet, but sure to make even greater demands upon the reconstructive powers of religious thought, is the theory of relativity. But why, it may be asked, should we say there is anything critical in the present situation, since these scientific discoveries and these changes have been going on for more than three centuries?

Our answer is that the required reconstruction of the religious point of view has not been going on for these three centuries. That is just the difficulty. If it had been proceeding there would be no crisis at the present time. But instead of reconstructing itself as each succes-

sive wave of scientific research struck it, religious thought has merely patched and repaired. It has never thoroughly reconstructed.

Now, a system of thought, like a bridge or machine, can endure for a long time by merely patching and repairing. But if thorough reconstruction is required and is not made, a crisis ultimately arises. The need is cumulative. A condition is finally reached where a little change here and a bit added there are not sufficient. It becomes a question of collapse or reconstruction. Such seems to be the crisis which religious thought is approaching. It is not because the scientific views of to-day are more revolutionary in their effect on religious thought than were those which pronounced the world to be round and not flat, but it is because religious thought did not thoroughly and consistently adapt itself to scientific procedure when that first demand was made. It merely developed a system of apologetics; it merely patched and repaired. And it has been doing that continuously with each successive new scientific advance. Hence the pressure for reconstruction becomes stronger and stronger. It is in this sense that religion is approaching a crisis.



It may therefore be permissible to suggest something concerning the nature and function of religion. Religion is not merely a belief. It is a vision and a certainty. Belief falls short of certainty. But God, in the sense of that Something, whatever its character may be, which is of supreme value for all human living, is a certainty. This is so because some things have more value for the

highest attainment of human life than others. Hence there must be something of most value. That something which will lift human life to its largest fulfilment, when proper adjustment is made to it, is God. In that sense God is a certainty.

But to have religion we must have more than mere intellectual certainty that God exists. It is possible to have certainty without vision; and religion requires vision. A man must not only be certain that this Object exists; he must have vision of it. That means he must have such appreciation of this Object that it transforms his life, glorifies his world, and fills him with a great enthusiasm for life. He must be not only intellectually persuaded but emotionally stirred; not only cognize the fact but discern its value and catch its significance. He must so realize it that it wins his devotion and shapes his will. To have this appreciation of the divine Object, and thus to feel the stimulus of it, is to have what we call vision of it. Vision involves emotion, imagination, and conversion of the will in devoted self-surrender.

So we say the object of religious interest is not only an object of belief, it is an object of certain knowledge, because God is that Something which is of supreme value for all human living. When apprehension of this Object becomes a vital and reconstructive factor in human living, we have religion. To be religious is to be vividly cognizant and fully responsive to the fact that the universe contains something which is of more value than anything else and to be stirred to joy and enthusiasm by that fact.

But we can scarcely attain to this vision unless some concrete historic

object of surpassing beauty and goodness is brought to our attention, through which the hidden glory can be suggested in concrete form. Merely to know there is a light that never was on land or sea is not enough. We must discern some glint or gleam of it if it is to awaken that deep joy which is religion. The universe may be a diamond in the rough, but if we never see anything save the dirt and the scratches and the ugly contortions of the rough outer coat, if there never streams into the eye through this rough outer coat when turned in the light something of the beauty hidden there, it is not likely one will cherish the rough stone as something exceedingly precious. It is not likely one will fall in love with the universe with its ugly shame, its filth and pain, unless in some happy moment of changing conditions what is hidden there gleams forth.

Now there is nothing that can adequately give human beings a hint of the best this universe has to offer save a human life so lived that there shimmers through it a loveliness so different from the grimy facts of daily life as to seem like a dream and yet be not a dream. This brings us to Christianity.

What we have already said about religion and vision applies to Christianity along with other religions. We have said nothing to distinguish the Christian religion from any other. But there is a difference. And yet many professing Christians are less like one another, in this matter of vision and the consequent manner of life, than some Christians are like some Buddhists or Mohammedans or members of other religions. The saints of all religions have

the vision we have described. They differ only in the attaining of it. The Christian attains it through the life of Jesus of Nazareth, the Buddhist through the life and teachings of Buddha, the Mohammedan through the Mohammedan tradition.

Through Jesus, so we Christians believe, there shines more of the unexplored and mysterious goodness of this universe, and in him there is more promise of that unimaginable blessedness that may sometime flood the world, than in any other. Through him we make better contacts with that which lifts the values of human life to the highest level. Therefore we are Christians.

Jesus has been dawning on the world of man for two thousand years. Scarcely yet is he well above the horizon. Far indeed is he from the zenith. We do not yet receive from him all the light he has to give. Yet, thanks to two millennia of thought and aspiration and research, there may be some to-day who know him better than ever he was known before, certainly better than he has been known since the first century A.D., and probably better than any of his immediate disciples knew him. Jesus still has much to give us that we have not yet been able to receive.

But it would be a very narrow-minded Christian indeed who would say that the life of Jesus is the only quarter in which the most precious object in this universe is to be found. That something which gives the deepest and most abiding joy human life can know is to be found in many times and places—in landscapes and sunsets, in many human situations and individual lives, in works of art such as song and drama, painting and

poetry, in deep love and absorbing work and in the hour of profound meditation. There are many ways of quickening the vision that is religion, and many places where it greets the soul. God is that behavior of the universe which yields such joy wherever that behavior may be found.



When this religious vision comes to two or more individuals they are inclined to seek one another out for the sake of sharing their joy and developing the vision of each through interchange of thought and sentiment. They hold a secret joy in common which is a secret only because others cannot understand it. They cannot talk to others about the precious and exceeding wonderful mystery they have discovered in the universe because others have not made the discovery and the talk will sound to them like foolishness. Their talk will sound to these others as the talk of a mother about her new-born baby would sound to the ears of an old bachelor.

Those who have new-born babies are likely to drift together because of their common joy and the wonder that has befallen each of them. It is for the same reason that religious folk forgather into churches. It is true that the church with its ceremonies, regulations, dogma, officials, and cumbersome machinery does not serve this purpose very well. Once an institution becomes established and acquires social machinery adapted to do many things, it enters into divers activities, some of which may be diametrically opposed to the original good it was designed to serve. Such is the case with the church.

But underneath all the machinery and all the superimposed activities of the church, its true reason for being is to provide opportunity for this mutual cultivation of religious vision through sharing the joy and the thought of this precious thing which they have found. Wherever two or three are gathered together to converse about this matter, we have a genuine church.

Such was the church, and the only sort of church, that Jesus established. The twelve disciples gathered about him were not controlled by any machinery. They had no officials, no secretary, no president; and their treasurer was the one failure in the enterprise. They were bound together only because of a common vision and a common joy. During the first years after the death of Jesus, when Christianity spread so amazingly, the disciples went about in a sort of daze, so filled were they with the exuberance and the wonder of what they had discovered this universe might contain.

What then is the function of religion in human living? Is it not to provide enthusiasm for the greatest good that may ever enter human life from out of the mysteries of all time and space? Thus it should give a drive to life, a receptivity to all good, and a groping after the best. It should enable men to mount up with wings as eagles, to run and not be weary, to walk and not faint. The method for achieving the best, in so far as its achievement depends upon human ingenuity, must be provided by science. But the vision, without which aspiration must perish, is the work of religion.

FROM REDSKINS TO RAILROADS

Only Broken Bits Remain of the Life of Old New Mexico

ERNA FERGUSON

ALBUQUERQUE. Everybody knows Albuquerque. In what State it stands is of the slightest importance. It has a name—a name to misspell and mispronounce in a variety of ways, a name never to forget. Even the most casual trans-continental traveler remembers Albuquerque as the town where he first saw real Indians, where there was a remarkable collection of Indian and Spanish curios, where he bought a bow and arrow. Few, however, realize what lies back of the modern Albuquerque. Its background of natural beauty is plain for all to see—clear electric air, skies of brilliant blue, and a range of mountains changing in the light through every shade of purple, mauve, and rose. Of its human background few have a suspicion. Yet Albuquerque is the microcosm of the Southwest. Sitting at the cross-roads of the centuries, Albuquerque has seen every phase of Southwestern life, has participated in most of it, still has walking up and down its streets people who represent every period of its long history—Indians, Mexicans, cattle- and sheep-men, modern boosters, and Easterners in what they consider Western garb.

Long before the first Pilgrim felt a faint stirring of the wanderlust,

long even before the first Protestant protested, Albuquerque was a recognized point on the desert trails of man and beast. Peaceful Indians from their lovely terraced villages to north and south and east and west passed each other there as they visited from pueblo to pueblo. On that particular muddy stretch of the Rio Grande camped also the nomads of the desert, wild men who harried the peaceful pueblos, stole their garnered food, and made life a terror for them. To-day these very people are to be seen in the streets of Albuquerque. Pueblo people bring grapes to sell in the fall, turquoise in the winter, baskets when the willow withes are most supple in the spring. Their brilliant-shawled women, fat-legged with many yards of buckskin, offer pottery at the station. The nomads are there too, no longer wild but with a savage dignity; tall stately Navajos in blankets and wide hats. Their women wear the sweeping calico skirts forced on them by the missionaries and carry bright-eyed babies on their backs in blankets. There too are to be seen the descendants of the first white conquerors of New Mexico, and their speech, the Spanish of Cervantes, is still spoken on the streets, and even in the courts and political gatherings.

These people, the Mexicans, have left their mark deep on the life of the entire Southwest. Only by understanding them can one understand the spirit of the land: of the thick-walled adobe houses, of the old unpruned orchards dropping ripe fruit into dark brown ditches, of the peaceful quiet land of long ago. They came first as conquerors. Expeditions riding north from Mexico in search of fabulous wealth of gold and silver and jewels stopped at Albuquerque as early as 1540. A tiny settlement probably stood there for many years, but final recognition of Albuquerque did not come until 1706, when it was named. By that time many other towns in the Southwest were well established and provided with mission churches, taxes, the Inquisition, and other evidences of civilization.

Albuquerque was named for Francisco Fernández de la Cueva, Duke of Albuquerque. Being a modest soul and wishing to share his honors with a saint and a king, the duke stipulated that the name be San Felipe de Neri de Albuquerque, which it is, officially, to this day. A mission church was built, as churches were, with walls seven feet thick so that they would be impervious to Indian arrows. The Indians, of course, were Christians, but provision was made for a possible relapse from that state. Christianizing went on all the time, and the Indians were baptized and given Spanish names. In the earliest church records Spanish and half-breeds were differentiated. Later there came a time when only Spanish and Indians were recognized. Now the polite assumption is that only

pure Spanish-Castilian blood is to be found aside from the recognized Indians. Indians were slaves and hence inferior; social distinctions then as always were based on the misfortunes of a part of the population. The modern Indians, far from feeling inferior, return the compliment in kind. "I am as bad as a Mexican," says an Indian who has done something he is ashamed of.

By 1800 the life of the province was well established. Grants of land had been made to individuals or to communities. Usually in the Rio Grande Valley they were bounded by the river and the mountains, *la sierra de la Santilla*. Santilla means little saint, and it is the name given in some old documents to the marvelous range now called Sandia. Other records give Santo Día, which in the swift elision of Spanish speech might well sound like Sandia to an American ear. But whether Little Saint or Holy Day or Watermelon was the name, the mountains looked down upon a gracious country life and one more sophisticated, more urbane, more truly cultured than is usually realized.

The large grants made life a very charming thing, at least for the *ricos*—the wealthy Spaniards—who were assured of all that they or their descendants could need for many generations. Hence, prudence, frugality, sound business methods, any sort of conservation, were looked upon with scorn. Good horses, fine clothes, silver plate, and abundance were the rule. Luxury was limited only by knowledge of what luxury might be. If broken meats were thrown to dogs and chickens under

the table, at least the plate on top of it was solid silver and bore noble arms. Racing and gambling were an important part of life. *Peones* or servants were plentiful. Sons and daughters were sent to Mexico and later to the States to school and college, and in all social affairs elaborate formality prevailed.

The setting for this life was the great haciendas. The hacienda was the whole estate and might be from fifty to a hundred thousand acres in extent. Thousands of sheep were supported on the more arid stretches; cattle ranged where the grass was more abundant and the water surer; and in the valley grew crops of every kind. The houses, built of sun-baked adobes with walls thick enough to stand a siege, nevertheless could not withstand the seeping of the insidious waters of the Rio Grande, and most of them have disappeared. All that is left is memories, a few traces of walls, bits of hand-carved woodwork, a few scraps of the wrought-iron which guarded the windows; sad symbols of the disappearance of the life they typified.

In its day such a house was a stately mansion. Sitting back from the road, it had fine trees, flower-gardens, and all sorts of rare plants, even if having them involved importing an expert to set them out. The entrance to the house was through an open passageway or *zaguán*. On hot summer days a *zaguán* was so cool and shaded that a jug hanging there would keep water as cold as a spring. A bench seated the *peones* come to see the *patrón*. Dogs and chickens wandered in and out. Little brown babies gurgled or slept or peeked

out from the black maternal shawl while mother smoked a brown paper cigarette rolled by hand. At one side of the *zaguán* was the store. The old dons were merchants as well as stockmen, farmers, capitalists, statesmen, or whatever the occasion demanded.

Back of the store were the store-rooms where golden wheat and many-colored corn lay in bins. Jerked meat was packed in barrels, and dried fruit and fragrant herbs hung from the rafters, along with brilliant chilli in heavy strings. On the other side of the *zaguán* were the family quarters and kitchens. All these rooms were freshly white-washed every spring, and the native woodwork was painted red or blue. In the early days, before freighting began across the plains, the furniture was mostly of native manufacture, supplemented with an occasional piece from Mexico. Bits which still may be found are hand-carved chests, huge beds with rough-hewn and decorated posts, small day-beds, and a few chairs. No doubt before the arrival of the American rocking-chair the *colchón* contributed to comfort in the best houses as it still does in humble homes. A *colchón* is a mattress stuffed with wool. Rolled against the wall and covered with a brilliant blanket it made a divan by day. Unrolled it made a bed by night. Lengths of calico were nailed against the walls to save the coats of sitters from the clinging whitewash. As times changed and importations from the States began, the most elaborate mid-Victorian furniture was set against this primitive background; parlor sets of ebony up-

holstered in brocades, Brussels carpets, lace curtains, grand pianos; everything money could buy or oxen could haul across the plains.



Life in such a place seems to have been largely a matter of food. How they found time for buffalo hunts, Indian fights, trips to Mexico, is an unsolved mystery. Unless, of course, a period of quiet living on six meals a day produced a condition which made a long and exhausting war come as a saving relief. However that may be, the day's eating was an exacting program.

It began with the morning chocolate served in the bedroom and accompanied by a sweet cake. This got one through nicely until the real breakfast at nine o'clock. At that meal baked meats were served accompanied by Mexican hot bread filled with sugar and spices. At this and the noon meal the servants had *posole*, or hog and hominy. Though this dish was looked upon with scorn by the high-born, it makes a very tasteful meal. Pork and corn-meal were cooked with onions and garlic and given a bit of flavor with herbs.

The long stretch between breakfast and dinner was broken by *caldo colado*, clear broth, at eleven o'clock. Nothing was served with it. Abstemiously they took only *caldo colado*. At twelve, however, such self-denial was rewarded with dinner. It began with a soup drawn off the meat and vegetables which were served as the main course. They had ham, mutton, beef, fowl, and game for meat; cabbage, spinach, beans, tomatoes, rice, and chilli for vegetables. Desserts were made of

milk, sugar, and fruits. Raisins and native pine nuts appeared in puddings and sauces. There were curds served with syrup, a variety of cakes, imported cheeses and candies. No pie, but little turnovers filled with fruit were made, and they might do for pie if one knew no better. Fortified with this dinner one could enjoy the siesta and come up smiling for the afternoon chocolate at four. Supper was served at half-past six. It was the last, blessedly the last, meal of the day. No heavy meat was served, just spareribs or chicken, fresh vegetables in summer, dried vegetables in winter, corn-meal dishes any time. *Peloncillo*, a brown sugar from Mexico, almond-bar, and spiced chocolate might appear. Coffee also came from Mexico, a real luxury.

The housewife who supervised these meals may have had her troubles, but she certainly had no lack of domestic service. Indian raids usually resulted in captives who became servants, to all intents and purposes slaves, in the families of the *ricos*. In fact, it was quite customary for a young man about to marry to involve himself in an Indian war and bring home a likely wench or two as a present for his inamorata. The children of these servants were the *peones* of the family and took the family name. So there was no servant problem. Nine women in the kitchen and as many more to clean, sew, and mend was not an unusual staff in a great house. Of the nine in the kitchen each had her special task; grinding meal, cooking the rich chocolate and beating it to a fluff in its copper kettle, baking, or making preserves.

All cooking was done in open fire-places or in the cone-shaped outdoor ovens which are so striking a feature of the landscape to this day. Much of the joy of life was contributed by the grape. Wine was made by tramping out the grapes in the manner best commended. Brandies were made of peaches and apricots. In the seriously expressed opinion of every one who can remember this halcyon period, there was no drunkenness, all such evil having come in with the American ways, culminating, most unfortunately, in prohibition.

Flocks, herds, orchards, vineyards, gardens, and the house required a retinue of workers, and their spiritual needs required religious instruction, so that a chapel was a part of most haciendas. Many of these private chapels were completely equipped with altar-plate and vestments. Sometimes very fine Spanish or Italian paintings found their way to that remote province and are still there back of crumbling adobe walls waiting for the knowing collector. The little chapels were served by the priests who also served the village churches and who came to the haciendas on family festivals or at the important days of the church.

Great days were Christmas and Easter, when feasting and balls went on at the haciendas, and the members of the dominant families rode from one end of the province to the other in family coaches and on horseback. Marriages were arranged with as much pomp and ceremony as royal alliances. Neither the boy nor the girl concerned had a word to say about it. The heads

of the families negotiated, the couple were informed, there was a wedding. The newly-weds then made their home with the husband's family, taking their proper place in the patriarchal system. In those days there was respect for elders. Father was head of the family as long as he lived, and his word was law. A young man did not smoke in the presence of his parents. That would be disrespect. A case is recorded of an old man literally whipping his forty-year-old son in an effort to cure him of drunkenness. The other side of the shield was an almost European freedom of association. A story is told of a termagant of a lady who followed her husband one night to a village *baile* where he was dancing with his low-born affinity. The lady defied all convention and brought him sharply to terms by picking a likely partner of her own.

This high society was fittingly dressed. Ladies appearing abroad wore fine black cashmere shawls with deep-knotted silk fringe. Great art lay in adjusting the shawl, and deep brown eyes looked well, and most effectively, from its shadow. For indoor and formal wear there were costumes from abroad, delicate lace mantillas, richly embroidered Chinese shawls, huge combs, and elaborate jewels. The gentlemen were no less fine. By day they wore breeches of cloth or buckskin held up by red or purple or green sashes. The overcoat was the Mexican poncho, an oblong woolen blanket woven in stripes and with a hole in the middle through which the head emerged. The swagger that a poncho gives is the swagger of a grandee, no matter

how simple the rest of the costume. On formal occasions the men wore pantaloons of black cloth open from the knee down over snowy drawers and trimmed with silver buttons along the seams, and silver cordage wherever fancy dictated. The jackets had silver buttons too, and the hats were marvels to behold, sombreros two feet high with pointed crowns and high brims and heavy trimming of silver lace. Such a *caballero* riding in a silver saddle with silver-mounted spurs and bridle jingling and a sense of being lord of all he surveyed must have been a devastating creature indeed.



There were very few of these families of unquestioned descent from the Spanish nobility, probably not a dozen in all New Mexico. The rest of the population were simple people living in villages and towns, related and closely associated with the *ricos* but claiming much less family tree. They owned their lands also under grant from the Spanish crown, but these grants were made to communities. Each man owned a small bit in the farming land, and his sheep and cattle ran on the communal range. Life went on much as it still does in remote communities. In summer they raised beans and chilli, corn and squash, and finely flavored small fruits. In winter they cared for their goats and sheep and lived on the fruits and vegetables that had been dried in the sun and saved. Life was conditioned by the necessities of the *ranchito*, by the requirements of the church, and by the weather. Work was done, of course, but gently, gently, with the true

spirit of the land of *mañana*. If it rained, if there was a funeral, if one did not feel well, work might be legitimately postponed. Cigarettes rolled in corn-husks, a sunny day, an adobe wall to rest one's tired back, compensate for much that American hustle might achieve.

Mysterious agencies played an important part in life. Ghosts were seen in graveyards, witches must be warned away by tying a bunch of twigs to the cross on the church, and there was always the menacing danger of the evil eye. If a child sickened, the evil eye had probably been fastened upon it. Then the *curandera*, the curing-woman, must be summoned at once. Sometimes secret charms muttered while she held the child tightly in her shawl might effect a cure. In serious cases more drastic measures were required. An egg might be broken on the child's stomach. If there were an eye in the egg, he had been bewitched. If no eye, something else must be the matter. Even green apples might be suspected. If the child died in spite of all efforts, there was no expression of grief. God, they thought, must have wanted it, and the mother was comforted with the phrase, *un angelita más*, one more little angel. The little body was placed in a coffin covered with pink, and as the family bore it to the graveyard, gay music was played. Not music for the dead child, music for the new little angel.

Bad luck omens were, and still are, various. Owls, black chickens, mirrors, and all crowing hens portended bad luck. No child under a year of age was permitted to look into a mirror. In a house of death

all mirrors were shrouded. Salt in the mouth of a new-born baby made it lucky; salt in its ears made it hear well. Cutting its nails made it grow up a thief, and so the mother bit her child's nails until it was a year old.

The annual feast-day in each village was the day of its patron saint. In Albuquerque the day of San Felipe de Neri is still celebrated. In more primitive communities the celebration has probably been pretty much the same for two hundred years. Old morality plays are still given, and traditional games and sports take place. Always in the early morning mass was said in the church. Then came a procession around the plaza with the image of the saint carried reverently. Altars were prepared in front of certain houses, and there the saint and his bearers rested while prayers were said for the family. Later in the day, religious demands having been satisfied, there was every sort of sport.

One of the favorite games was *gallo*, which is more fun for everybody than for the rooster who gives it his name. He, poor fowl, is buried in sand to his neck. The contestants then race past him on horses, swooping low from the saddle to pull him out by the head. It takes skill, but eventually some boy gets the bird and is off at a run, swinging his trophy around his head and whooping like a savage. The rest of the field are hot after him, for the game is not over until the final and ultimate end of that rooster. The theory is that the man who finally has the rooster is the winner. The fact is that the end is usually a ground littered with bloody feathers

and various bits of dismembered rooster flourishing in various grimy hands. A great game for everybody except the rooster.

At any time of day or night might be heard the invitation to the dance, a seductive tune played by violin, guitar, and accordion. The orchestra, playing as it marched into town or around the plaza, meant a *baile* somewhere; probably in some adobe hall lighted by candles in tin sconces or kerosene-lamps. Everybody attended the *bailes*, from the infant in arms who must occasionally be soothed at the breast to the oldest grandam in the village. Women sat at one end of the hall, men at the other. No introductions were necessary, and the proceedings were orderly to the point of deadliness, or, in occasional flare-ups, violent to the point of killings. But the dance was the thing. A couple might dance together all evening and never speak, though what speaking eyes might do is another matter. Dances were Mexican quadrilles and polkas and languorous waltzes. The orchestra sat on a platform at one end of the hall. With them was the singer, a man or woman skilled in making impromptu rimes. He sang or chanted verses as the dancers passed, making flowery compliments or witty hits. Like the court jester of old, the singer had absolute license, and some of the gibes were remembered for many years. The singers themselves are only a memory now.

Besides dancing and feasting, an important annual affair was the communal hunt, which took place in the fall after the crops were in. The hunters, armed with lances

and guns, were mounted on wiry little ponies, especially trained to hunt buffalo. Younger and less skilful men drove the wagons which were to bring back the hides and meat. Buffalo roamed the Staked Plains, those arid stretches in eastern New Mexico, Texas, and even western Kansas, and were hunted by both Indians and Mexicans. Naturally the Indians, who had hunted buffalo since time began, resented the invasion of the whites. So the hunt had the added spice of constant danger of Indian interruption. Nevertheless the hunts were regular affairs.

When the cavalcade had located the herd the fun began. The men started the herd moving, and the best of them were detailed to pick off the animals they wanted. The hunter rode at a run, his long lance poised in the hollow of his bridle-arm. Choosing his moment, he hurled the lance, aiming it to pierce the only vulnerable point just behind the shoulder. The lance was fastened to a long thong of buffalo-hide, and the pony must be very skilful indeed to save himself and his rider when the great beast turned and plunged. If all went well and there was a dead buffalo instead of a dead pony or *caballero*, the hunter cut the animal's throat and went on. A good hunter might kill as many as a dozen animals in a day and tell about it by the camp-fire at night.

The followers did the butchering. Only the meat of the head and the hump were valued. For immediate use the choice bits were barbecued in great pits. The rest was jerked and dried hanging in strings around the wagons. The skins of course

were tanned for trade in Mexico or "back in the States."

After the hunt came Christmas with its gaities, ending with Mardi gras. During Lent all the world went black. Food was cut to a minimum, masses were said daily in all the churches and chapels, and entertaining was banned. About all a man could do was to organize a trip into Mexico or the States for trade. During Holy Week Lenten denial culminated in the penitential offices of the Brothers of Light, that mysterious brotherhood whose flagellations may still be seen in some regions. At Easter joy again reigned, and planting and cultivating began once more the simple cycle of the year.



It was a life such as has been seen nowhere else in the United States. And it is gone. Broken bits are left here and there—stately courtesy in the remote villages, remnants of old morality plays, soft-toned Spanish speech—but these too will soon pass. What happened to it all? The blast of a steam-whistle.

For years before it came the railroad was the burning topic of conversation. Newspapers printed in Spanish and English discussed in both languages whether the railroad would be good or bad. One editor, in English, wrote, "The railroad will make a sleepy village spring from silence and plodding soberness into the full life and activity of a modern city." In the same year a Spanish don of one of the great old families was a candidate for Congress on a platform which pointed out that a railroad would do away with all freighting by wagons, and

as thousands made a living that way, he was opposed to railroads.

Progress went on, however, with the inexorable rudeness of progress, and in 1880 the first train steamed into Albuquerque. With supreme disregard of the town, the tracks were a mile east of the plaza. So the population, interested and a bit alarmed, made its way across the muddy and sandy flats to where the modern town was destined to be and watched that first train jerk its way

down the tracks. Horses shied and reared, children cried, speeches in both English and Spanish rent the air. One Mexican initiate to the age of steam was so startled by the snorting monster that he fell over backward from the adobe wall on which he sat; an amusing and half-sad symbol of the end of his times and ways.

One blast of a steam-whistle—the end of Mexico in the United States.

(In December "From Rodeo to Rotary")

IOWA

BENJAMIN ROSENBAUM

If Yeats, remembering the swans in Irish
Twilight, came now, would these grass-hills exhilarate
His soul; would Bridges, with his treasured thoughts
Of Oxford and the Berkshire Downs, be fired,
Here by the maize and elms, propitiously;
Or Hardy, sitting by this wired fence,
Hearing a neighing horse or barking dog—
Would he forget a Cornish tale or Wessex girl,
A single day, enamoured of a rough
But pleasant land? . . .
Recalling now a night of wind and stars
When two black figures, like some etcher's work,
Were moving down a road; recalling peace—
Quiet of open spaces, and muffled laughter
In Iowa, I fancy Kipling, were
He here, could come delighted with a song . . .
With many songs!

YE ANCIENT GAME OF FOOTE BALL

As It Was Played in the Time of Henry VIII

WILLIAM NORWOOD BRIGANCE

Two men were strolling in the royal gardens of the court. "What think ye, Exeter," the younger inquired, "of the strange antics of the Welsh attendant?"

"That they will last no longer than the news reaches the ears of Henry," replied the elder, the Marquis of Exeter.

The younger man, Sir George Sandys, made a grimace. "Henry will fly into another of his rages."

"Aye, and with reason enough this time," was the reply. "Have ye seen him—the Welshman? He's always doing it—booting the silly ball. He's even got a servant now to chase it for him, an old fellow with too much sense to boot it back, but, like a faithful dog, chases off after it and carries it back to his master. 'Tis damned impertinent too, I call it! I care naught if he is a knight out in Wales and an attendant here to Henry's court. By law he's only a yeoman in England, and 'tis law throughout the land that yeoman shall practise naught but archery."

"Aye, a wise law that," answered the marquis. "Had England used the longbow under Surrey as she did at Crécy and Poitiers, Henry would be king of France to-day."

"True indeed, and such reflection won't soften his temper at learning

of the Welshman's attention to his childish game. 'Twould be wise, methinks, should I find business at Devonshire for the next few weeks. What think ye? Will Henry banish the fool or—"

"'Tis ever the same of late!" retorted the marquis. "Ye executioner is kept well practised. Even Wolsey would have felt the blade-edge had not death cheated the king."

Sir George flushed hotly at this reference to his kinsman. "'Twas the work of Anne Boleyn! Her coming boded no good. I care naught if she is now queen—"

"Silence, ye fool," thundered the old Earl of Oxford, who had appeared just in time to hear the rash words, "or your head too will be displaced! The king's temper is not counted upon to improve during the day. His councilors fear to wait longer. They are to lay the Welshman's case before him. Ye know well what that means."

"Then 'tis off to Devonshire for me! I am young and prize life highly!" exclaimed Sir George.

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"Forsooth, 'tis not a game," said the holder of the king's bridle. "Now if 'twere archery, or—seein' as 'e's a gentleman—fencin', 'twould be

different. But the childish booting of a queer ball—”

“Aye, ’tis not a game,” agreed the holder of the king’s stirrup. “And methinks ’twill last no longer than ye outrageous news is borne to his Majesty’s ears.”

“Outside, ye chattering idiots!” roared the king’s hostler. “The king draws nigh!”

The babble ceased. Pompously the two attendants stood in waiting, the one to grasp the bridle and the other to hold the stirrup and both to await the pleasure of their king’s dismounting.

The party of his Majesty Henry VIII swung into the court amid a cloud of dust. Even before he reached a halt the holders of stirrup and bridle sprang forward to seize their respective accoutrements. His Majesty’s dismounting was attended by more caution than ceremony. One would not have recognized in his portly frame that of the greatest athlete in all England but a decade ago. Imperial cares, divorce and marriages, and an able chef had left their traces.

Safely upon the ground, however, his Majesty recovered his dignity in full measure. With a stern gaze he swept the holders of stirrup and bridle from boots to helmet. Finding nothing wrong, he gave a curt order to the chief hostler for the caring of his mount and, turning upon heel, strode to the palace gardens.

Small events sometimes change the course of history. In proof of this some philosopher once observed that “if Cleopatra’s nose had been half an inch shorter eighteen hundred years of history would have been different.” So now, had Henry VIII

of England, in this year 1533, chanced to have gone to the palace where his councilors awaited him with their case against the Welshman instead of to his gardens, football might never have been given to the modern world. Colleges and universities might still have been strangers to sport writers; students might never have felt the surging thrill of rasping their vocal cords in unison to the antics of besweated and megaphoned cheer-leaders; gridiron “mentors” might have been born and died, never learning of their hidden genius nor suspecting their true worth to modern education; higher institutions of education might have become, in fact as well as in fiction, centers of learning instead of sobriquets of physical contests! But by inexorable irony of fate the whim of a king in the sixteenth century so influenced sport history in the twentieth. His Majesty went to the royal gardens upon this fateful morning instead of to the palace!

As he approached the gardens a dull thud echoed from over the wall, and a queer-shaped oval spiraled skyward. Henry looked startled.

“By the stars of heaven, what’s that?” he cried.

His attendants hesitated.

“Are ye dumb? Speak up! What is it?” he thundered.

“’Tis—’tis the Welshman, your Highness,” one of them managed to stammer.

“Welshman! Welshman! Forsooth, Thomas, age enfeebles your sight. Not even a Welshman has so light a head”—pointing to the now descending queer-shaped oval. “Besides, where’s his body? Speak up, I say; what is it?”

"'Tis—'tis the Welshman's new game, sire," responded a second attendant.

"Game? Game? What sort of a game? Are ye all dumb? Fetch the Welshman here!"

An attendant sprang to obey. A few moments later the squat form of the Welsh attendant appeared at the wall gate. Under his arm he bore the queer oval.

"Sir David, what means this?" demanded the king.

The Welshman bowed low. "A native pastime, your Majesty. One that requires no little skill and strength to play. It is called *Foote Ball*."

The king looked puzzled. "Foote ball?" he inquired. "Explain it."

"Well, sire, this is a boar's hide. 'Tis inflated with a calf's bladder. 'Tis light but tough and can be hefted by either the boot or hand. To play ye game, men gather on a great field in full armor and array themselves on opposite sides of ye line. 'Tis called *ye line of scrimmage*."

"Aye," quoth the king, now interested.

The Welshman continued: "One side takes ye boar's hide, and the other arms itself with wooden drill-swords. Ye side with the boar's hide endeavors, by strategy and phalanx, to advance into ye other's territory. Ye defenders resist with broadswords. Should either side outfight or outwit the other so far as to cross the other's dead-line, it scores *ye touchdown*."

"By the saints!" exclaimed the king enthusiastically. "'Twould be a lively sport. What think ye, nobles?"

Their reply expressed more relief at the king's happy temper than

warmth for the game itself. "Aye aye, sire; 'twould be lively indeed."

Said the Welshman suavely: "If my people find it a fitting sport, how much more fitting would it be for such mighty hunters and men of arms as his Majesty and his noble attendants of the courts! Allow me, sire, to present this boar's hide to his Highness in return for his recognition of my country's noble sport."

The king accepted the boar-hide eagerly. "It could be hefted with the boot, ye said?" he inquired.

"Aye, sire," replied the Welshman. "With his Majesty's permission I shall strive to show how it is done."

Henry and his attendants drew near as the Welshman took the boar-hide in his two hands, impressed his left foot firmly into the ground, then dropped the oval evenly and caught it squarely with his right foot, booting it high into the air. It spiraled perfectly and sailed to the farther end of the grounds, some ten rods away (or fifty yards, my dear modern reader).

His Majesty was enraptured.

"By all the saints, 'tis a royal sport indeed! Here, Sir David, heft me the hide. Stand back, nobles, back against the wall. Prithee, I'll heft it afar! If Sir David boots it ten rods, then I should boot it fifteen."

His Majesty dug his left foot firmly into the turf, tossed the ball slightly outward, instead of dropping it downward, and struck his right foot outward with a vicious chop. The result was disastrous. His foot missed the ball entirely, and the momentum of the kick jerked the left foot from beneath him.

His Majesty catapulted with a thud.

The court attendants stood aghast. Their sovereign's sensitiveness over his one-time athletic prowess was too acute to endure chagrin. But the Welshman rose to the occasion.

"'Twas a divine accident, sire," he exclaimed. "None other than ye Most High could have saved it!"

"Ye speak in riddles, Sir David," quoth the king tartly as he arose unsteadily with the aid of two attendants.

"Why, sire, had ye boot struck the hide 'twould have split it! Boar's hide and calf's bladder could not withstand so mighty a blow. Many great players have I seen in my native Wales, but never before, sire, have mine eyes beheld so mighty a booter! Pray thee, lessen the force next time. There's not a boar's hide in the kingdom that such a blow would not rend. Ye witnessed it, nobles of the courte. Am I right?"

"Aye, aye, Sir David. 'Twas a mighty blow indeed," responded one of those gentlemen, both surprised and pleased at the king's mollified countenance.

Then spoke his Majesty. "Right glad I am ye like it, nobles. To-morrow shall we skirmish in armor. Meanwhile shall ye dine at the palace to-night and hear more from Sir David upon the art of playing. So ye, Sir George, before the sun sets, see to it that we shall soon have a dozen boar's hides and as many calf's bladders. Swords ye may have at the royal ordnance."

His Majesty limped toward the palace. "Next time I shall aim my boot straighter," he observed sagely.

Three fortnights had passed. The court was all astir for the great occa-

sion. The heralded day for the exhibition of the new royal sport had arrived. The king and his chosen attendants were to defend their prowess against a visiting team from York.

Just how the sportsmen of York had learned of the new game no one at the moment quite knew. Rumor had it that perhaps two fortnights after Sir David had brought the sport into the king's palace, an itinerant Welshman appeared at the castle of the young Duke of York bearing the news of the royal favor bestowed upon his national game. He had offered to teach the game to the duke and his knights, suggesting also that a game with his Majesty the King might be arranged. The young duke was a powerful athlete, and the new sport appealed to him. Even more appealing was the idea of a friendly combat with his sovereign and cousin the king. So the bargain was made. If there was any curiosity as to the coincidence, it was soon lost amid the enthusiasm for the oncoming contest.

The game was to start at mid-afternoon. Long before the hour Richmond Park was crowded. Nobles from afar, clergymen, knights of the shire, and freemen—all thronged the grounds. Her Majesty the Queen graced the royal box. Even more glittering were the combatants. In the field they were gathered in full armor. Plumed helmets—purple for the king and gray for the duke—waved before the wind. Shining armor flashed in the sunlight. Here and there a black coat of mail caught the eye.

Since outside officials familiar with the new game could not be had, it

was agreed that the two Welshmen were to serve, Sir David for the first half and his countryman from York for the last half. At mid-afternoon, Sir David silenced the throng.

"Hear ye!" he cried. "Ye affray shall begin." Conversation among the spectators ceased. A hush spread over the great crowd.

"Ye Majesty's Purpled Plumed men aline to the north. Ye Duke's Gray Plumed men to the south. His Majesty's phalanx advances the boar's hide."

When the plumed and armored lines had formed, the Welshman's voice again rang out: "Are ye ready? Then be off!"

"Eleven—eighteen—thirty-three," barked the Purpled Plumed spokesman. "Draw swords! Lower helmets! Charge!"

The Purpled Plumed center shot the boar-hide to his full-back—none other than the king himself. The pass went high. Henry grabbed and missed! The boar-hide rolled away to the rear. For a brief moment the future of the new royal sport teetered in the balance. Would Henry fail? *Could* he recover in time? Defeat he might bear like a sportsman, but chagrin left him in insane wrath. Heaven preserve the kingdom from that! The spectators held their breath. An old duke, the veteran of half a dozen campaigns, groaned aloud. A venerable clergyman lifted his eyes heavenward.

But the Welsh referee had seen what other eyes had missed.

"Hear ye!" he bellowed above the din of clanking swords and armor. "Ye Gray Plumed men were off side! 'Tis one rod ye forfeit!" He seized the boar-hide and paced off the rod.

The plumed and armored lines reformed. Again the Purple Plumed spokesman barked: "Eleven—eighteen—thirty-three. Draw swords! Lower helmets! Charge!"

Again the boar-hide was snapped to his Majesty, the full-back. This time it struck him squarely in the breastplate. He seized it and pinioned it under his arm. His Purple Plumed half-back, Sir George, shouted, "Follow me, sire"; and with sword upraised he charged forward to meet the onrushing Gray Plumed end. Sword clashed upon armor, and Sir George went down, but in the instant of delay Henry eluded his opponent and charged ahead. Ten years of accumulated weight and all the softness of self-indulgence seemed to fall away in an instant. Once more he was the mighty athlete of his youth. The Gray Plumed tackle he bore down by sheer weight and speed and smashed on across the line. Five other Gray Plumed men disengaged themselves and made off after this imperial battering-ram. The first one he butted over with his helmet; the second he sidestepped, and as that surprised gentleman went hurtling past, his Majesty dropped him with a neat stiff-arm from behind. The other three finally closed around and bore the armored charger to the ground. The crowd was in an uproar of excitement and applause.

"Hear ye!" shouted the Welshman. "Ye Majesty's phalanx gain three rods and ye first down on a right-wing charge. Ye Majesty's ball again."

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The game was three-quarters over. Twice in the first half his Majesty smashed through opposing sword and

armor for touch downs and truly had earned the title bestowed by the excited spectators of Ye Imperial Battering-Ram. But overweight and under-exercise had told at last, and as the game continued his assaults had weakened. The Duke of York's Gray Plumed combatants gained courage and in the second half began an assault that made down three times in succession and ended with a magnificent sweeping charge around left wing, carrying the board-hide four rods for a touch down. Another touch down would tie the game! Two would win it! With the Purple Plumed men's strength spent by their supreme effort in the first half, and with his Majesty's endurance almost entirely gone and yet a whole quarter of the game ahead, the odds were veering in favor of the Gray Plumed fighters.

They took full advantage of their opportunity. A series of brilliant offensives followed one upon the other, each charge putting the board-hide nearer the Purple goal-line. Their speedy quarter-back, the young Duke of York, was their tower of strength. Again and again his black coat of mail could be seen cutting deep into the Purple ranks. Another touch down was certain, and a second probable. Despair sank deep into the hearts of the Purple Plumed followers.

The king was no quitter; he had the heart of a fighter. With every ounce of his strength he strove to stay the impending defeat. But his great strength was spent, and his muscles refused to respond. The once mighty athlete, it seemed, must go down in defeat; age must bow before youth.

The keen-eyed Welshman, Sir David, who had yielded the task of refereeing in the second half to his countryman from York, saw it from the side-lines and understood. "If only the game could be delayed for a few minutes!" he thought. "Even one minute's rest might allow Henry's superb strength to rally and stem the tide."

Closer and closer the relentless Gray Plumed phalanx battered their way to the Purple goal-line. With each charge the hopes of the Gray Plumed rooters rose higher and higher and those of the Purple sank lower and lower, until finally with a smashing charge the Gray Plumed captain carried the board-hide to within one rod of the goal-line. It was a black moment for wearers of the Purple and a tense one for wearers of the Gray as the two lines reformed for the crucial charge.

Suddenly there arose a great cry from the queen's box: "The queen has fainted! The queen has fainted!" The whole throng caught it up and swelled. From one end of the grounds to the other went up a mighty tumult: "Long live the queen! Long live the queen!"

The Welshman from York, now refereeing the game, heard the tumult. "Hear ye!" he cried. "Ye time is out!"

The weary Purple Plumed knights welcomed the unexpected relief. All, save one, sank to the ground in exhaustion. But the king's fears for the queen overcame his spent muscles, and he stumbled toward the queen's box. Within a few paces he met Sir David.

"It is not serious, sire," he said. "Her Majesty partook of some fruit

that disagreed with her stomach. That and the sun made her dizzy. 'Twill pass shortly. Meanwhile his Majesty will do well to stretch himself upon ye earthe and rest. Her Highness's discomforture might prove to be his Majesty's boon."

So saying he drew the half-resisting king back on the field and had him stretch out upon the ground, where attendants administered stimulants to him.

Five minutes later an announcement came from the queen's box that her Majesty was quite recovered and awaited the renewal of the game. Once more a great cry spread over the throng: "Long live the queen!"

The Gray and Purple Plumed lines reformed, and the game was renewed, but the Gray assault had lost much of its fierce drive. The delay had dulled its fighting edge. Three charges netted scarcely half of the single rod between them and the Purple goal-line. Half a rod to go! Could they make it? Followers of both the Purple and Gray sat in chilled silence.

The boar-hide was snapped to the gallant duke at quarter-back. Once more his black-mailed form flashed around end. Two men went down before him! The goal seemed won. But the massive armored form of the Purple Plumed full-back, his strength renewed by the brief rest, smashed through the phalanx and bore down upon the charging Gray Plumed captain. Armor crashed upon mail—the ground trembled with the impact—and the two giants went down together into the dust. After a second that seemed an hour, the armored form slowly arose. The mailed form lay still.

Once more the referee called time out. Attendants rushed upon the field to care for the injured Gray Plumed captain. He was but momentarily stunned, however, and took the field after a few minutes. But the Grays had not only failed to make their touch down; they had also lost the ball. It now went to the Purple phalanx. Amid the shouts of their rooters and the stunned silence of the Gray rooters at this unexpected reversal of affairs, the combatants alined themselves to renew the struggle. Evidently the Purple Plumed men intended to kick the boar-hide. Their ends went out and the half-backs crouched near the line of scrimmage. The royal full-back stood behind his goal-line to receive the pass from center. The Grays had one faint hope. If there should be a slip somewhere—if the center should pass wide, or Henry should fumble—

For a moment the line crouched; then the ball was shot to the giant full-back. As the Gray Plumed linesmen, sword in hand, charged toward him, he dropped the ball straight, met it with a terrific blow from his right foot, and drove it high into the air over their heads. Higher and higher it spiraled! Farther and farther it sailed down the field and over the head of the frantic Gray Plumed safety. Fifteen rods! Three fourths of the length of the whole field! On the side-lines the Welshman gazed in amazement. A mighty kick! And from a man who, only three fortnights ago, had kicked at the ball and missed it entirely!

The game ended with the boar's hide in mid-field. Henry's Purple Plumed knights had won by a touch-

down. Henry himself was once more the athletic idol of his kingdom. From the far-flung corners of the grounds came the mighty shouts: "Long live the king—the Imperial Battering-Ram." His Majesty smiled wearily and waved a hand at the cheering multitude.

It was evening. The white moon shone down upon the royal gardens. Two men were strolling there.

"What think ye, Exeter," the younger inquired, "of the new royal sport?"

"'Tis a royal sport indeed," replied the elder, the Marquis of Exeter.

"And of the Welshman?"

The marquis paused thoughtfully for a moment, then spoke slowly. "'Tis better to have him for a friend than for an enemy. Mark ye, Sir George, within the year he'll hold the lord-chancellorship left vacant by Wolsey. The king counsels him; the queen looks upon him with awe and respect; and all England shall come to know his authority."

Sir George mused casually: "Then I shall open the doors of my country estate in Devonshire to his Excellency. A partridge hunt might please the future lord chancellor of England."

The moon also shone upon the stables where the two hostlers kept watch in the early evening.

"Forsooth, 'tis a sport for kings," said the holder of the king's bridle.

"Aye," agreed the holder of the king's stirrup, "and a gracious nobleman who brought it to the court. Did ye ever note his bearing? 'Tis like the king himself, so aristocratic and grand."

"He is indeed," quoth the holder of the king's bridle, "a gracious nobleman."

The moonbeams filtered softly through the windows where sat Sir David, the Welshman, and his countryman from York.

"'Twas a great day for Wales," chuckled the latter. "With ye so-called Welsh pastime of foote ball in royal favor and my esteemed uncle, Sir David, in still higher royal favor, Wales shall rank high in influence and benefits under his gracious Majesty the King."

"Aye," responded Sir David indulgently, "but my reckless nephew came very near to ruining our so-called Welsh game as a royal sport of England."

A puzzled expression accompanied the nephew's inquiry. "Ruining it, d'ye say?"

In the moonlight Sir David's eyes could be seen twinkling merrily. "Aye, ruining it, my nephew, for did not ye beef-eaters from York come very near to overpowering his Majesty's drilled phalanx?"

"But what if they had, my dear uncle?" inquired the other. "When ye thought up this wild game of foote ball from nowhere in ye fertile mind, then dubbed it the Welsh pastime—although heaven knows it's never been heard of in Wales—then sent me off to York to persuade the young duke to take up the sport and challenge his Majesty to a combat, ye certainly loaded me down with rules and directions, but never a word did ye say about fixing it so his Majesty's boar-hidesmen should win."

"Of course not, my boy," laughed the other, "but I didn't reckon that

ye could take the duke and his motley knights and in a lone fortnight turn out a boar-hide phalanx equal, if not superior, to one drawn from the best athletes of his Majesty's court with three fortnights under the inventor of the game himself. Ye surpassed even my high estimation of you, and your fighting boar-hidesmen were very near this afternoon to spoiling my carefully laid plans and injuring the cause of Wales at the English court."

"But, my dear uncle, how would the duke's victory have caused so much damage?"

"Tut, tut, my nephew," Sir David chided affectionately. "Great though ye be as a mentor in ye royal sport of foote ball, ye have yet to learn much about its influence in statecraft. Foote ball is a strenuous game, a young man's game. I designed it so. But his Majesty—great athlete though he once was—is no longer young. After winning such a great game as to-day he can now retire from the sport and become the royal patron of ye game in which he is the retired champion. Your uncle shall see that every attendance of his Majesty at contests in the new sport will renew the shouts ye heard to-day from the spectators: 'Long live the king; ye Imperial Battering-Ram.' All of this will be especially pleasing to his Majesty. A defeated monarch would make a poor patron. Memories would rankle. As to ye young Duke of York, think not that I wished to cheat him. He is a great athlete, great even in defeat, and will win renown in the new sport—far greater renown than had he won to-day."

For a moment neither spoke; then

the nephew said speculatively, "As usual, ye are right, my uncle; it would seem that the queen's untimely fainting spell which saved the day for the king's boar's-hidesmen was, after all, a boon for every one concerned."

Sir David chuckled. "I have no doubt that her Majesty foresaw that," he observed sagely.

"Foresaw?" The younger Welshman was completely bewildered. "You don't mean—"

"Tut, tut, my boy. I know naught about it," replied Sir David blandly, "except that between ye halves of the game to-day I purposed to pass hard by the queen's box and paused to express my humble admiration of his Majesty's physical prowess. At the same time I took particular pains to impress upon her Majesty the fact that the king was wearied from his great exertions and expressed the fear that no man of his age—not even the mighty king himself—could endure such a terrific strain for the whole second half *unless some accident should delay the game and allow his Majesty a few minutes of rest.*"

"Then ye think the queen—"

"I repeat, I know naught of it," replied Sir David. "Except," he added slyly, "that the queen has a reputation as a woman of great astuteness."

"My dear uncle," said his admiring nephew, "Wales has gained a great spokesman at the king's court and England an able statesman."

"My dear nephew," retorted the other, "ye have a mighty task before ye—to introduce the Welsh people to the Welsh pastime of foote ball before the king's next visit."

GRAND CENTRAL

How Fortune Was Found in the Search for Good-Will

WEBB WALDRON

THE railroad traveler who adventures for the first time upon Manhattan Island from the north or from the east, gazing eagerly out of the car-window for some color of the metropolis, catches vistas of East River on one hand and of Morningside Heights on the other through narrow clefts of tenements, then plunges suddenly into a tunnel whose length seems interminable. Yet at last he finds himself gliding from its close walls into a wide underground railroad-yard, forested thickly with concrete pillars, roofed solidly with concrete and steel, through which his train threads a tangle of tracks to its platform. Mounting a gentle ramp, the traveler enters into the amazement of Grand Central Station. He crosses the high starry-roofed concourse into a labyrinth of underground streets faced with fruit-stands, news-counters, drug-stores, clothing-shops, book-shops, jewelry-shops, dry-cleaning establishments, beauty-parlors, restaurants—streets alive with hurrying humanity. Observing a throng pouring up from some unknown region beneath these streets, he breasts the tide and discovers farther down in the earth another concourse with another set of gates and platforms leading out into another vast under-

ground railroad-yard *beneath* the yard his train has just rumbled through. While trains on the level above are disembarking passengers from Bangor and Burlington and Medicine Hat, here on this lower level thousands of suburbanites are pouring in from Pelham and Peekskill and Westport and Chappaqua.

Turning, bewildered, our traveler follows a passageway that carries him surprisingly up into the lobby of a luxurious hotel which surmounts part of the station yard. And then, pushing his way through the lobby and out into the open air, he discovers that Grand Central is planted in the heart of the up-town business zone, a few minutes' walk from Fifth Avenue. If he chances to circle the giant station building, he finds north of it an imposing avenue of tall apartment-houses and hotels. But he will not know that this avenue and its cross-streets are merely the roof of the railroad-yard through which he has just entered the station, that these apartment-houses and hotels with their marble foyers and staircases, and courtyards crowded with fountains and forest-trees, are supported on steel pillars above the tracks over which railroad-trains move incessantly—in audible, invisible! He will not know that the rail-

road receives such enormous rental for this roof of its yard that the terminal is a richly profitable institution instead of a liability, as are railroad terminals usually.

Even without this knowledge, he will marvel at the foresight that placed Grand Central where it is.

But, as a matter of fact, the man who located the station would be as much amazed as our traveler, could he see Grand Central as it is.

Grand Central is interesting not only for the bold engineering that went into its construction and for the almost fantastic quality of its life, but also for its revelation of the chances of American business. It illustrates the curious mixture of foresight and luck that often lies behind what are called our great industrial and commercial achievements.

Manhattan has never taken a boy's delight in steam-engines. The island's dislike of steam has exerted a constant pressure on its railroads and terminals—from its first railroad on through the years to its final effect on the location and amazing character of Grand Central.

In 1832, when construction of the first road began, New York was a city of not much over two hundred thousand, clustered on the island's southern tip. North of the city, the island was a region of rolling meadow and rocky upland, with here and there a village—Chelsea, over near the Hudson shore in what is now the West Twenties; Manhattanville in the deep valley where West 125th Street now runs; Yorkville, in the present East Sixties; and the old settlement of Harlem on the Harlem River, six or seven miles north of the

city. It was to this distant bourne, Harlem, that the first railroad aspired.

"Yesterday," said the "New York Courier and Enquirer" of February 24, 1832, "pursuant to invitation, several members of the corporation, visitors, engineers, contractors, etc., proceeded with the officers and directors of the Harlem Railroad Company from their office in Chambers Street in carriages to Murray Hill and Fourth Avenue where the ceremony of breaking ground was performed. On their arrival at the elevated and commanding spot, where a number of citizens and persons engaged in the work had already assembled, the rock had been bored and thirteen blasts were exploded, when John Mason, Esq., Vice President of the Company, addressed the assembly:

"To this city the Harlem Railroad will be an immense convenience. Those who remember what Clapham and other villages were once to London and who now see them united will form an idea of what Harlem will be to the city of New York. It will supply our vegetables and fruit markets and will open a communication with the rich and fertile country of Westchester, will bring fuel to the poor and marble for buildings. Along the line of this railroad we shall have cottages and villas with ample gardens and grounds belonging to our merchants and traders where they can breathe the fresh air and have several acres for the price of a single lot of ground in the compact part of the city.'

"This address was received with great cheering after which the company and guests repaired to Hinton's at the Shot Tower Hotel where a

cold collation was spread and success to the Harlem Railroad was drunk in sparkling champagne with great hilarity and good feeling."

Work on the island's first railroad was pushed rapidly at several points. In the autumn of the same year, this notice appeared in New York newspapers:

"NEW YORK & HARLEM RAILROAD

"The cars will run upon the rails from Prince to Fourteenth Street in the Bowery from 9 A.M. each fair day except Sundays for the purpose of affording evidence to the public of the expediency of running railroads within the city. A small charge will be made to defray expenses."

The cars ran, but they ran by horse-power. The charter of the road forbade the use of steam locomotives south of Fourteenth Street. The advertisement indicates, indeed, that there was a prejudice, not only against steam-power, but against railroads of any sort.

The persistence of that prejudice is amusingly shown in a pamphlet the Harlem Railroad issued a year or so later. "The frightful predictions of steam carriages furiously propelled through the streets upon rails elevated above the surface, overturning and demolishing carriages and travelers, have all proved groundless and visionary," we read. "The people can examine for themselves and will find only a thin plate of iron lying so near the surface as to be barely visible. Upon these rails they will find a few beautiful carriages running without dust or danger and occupying less space than is now required for the same purpose by the omnibus coaches." And yet, the pamphlet

goes on to complain, "For some weeks past an anonymous map or design has been most industriously circulated fraught with the most palpable misrepresentations. Instead of the space actually less than five feet between the rails, this fanciful picture represents the company as monopolizing 23 feet of street and excluding all other vehicles!"

One night a gang, said to be members of the cab-drivers' union who had met at Tammany Hall, tore up a section of the tracks. The company quietly replaced the rails, and gave the public to understand that further depredations would be met with force.

And steadily the line pushed northward. By the summer of 1833, the rails had reached Sun Fish Pond, at the present intersection of Fourth Avenue and Thirty-second Street, and by the following year the foot of Hamilton Hill in Yorkville. Nearing Harlem, the engineers faced the necessity of tunneling the rocky eminence known as Observatory Place. The tunnel, cut through solid rock for almost six hundred feet, on what is now the line of Park Avenue between Ninety-second and Ninety-fourth streets, was in fact the original section of the present Park Avenue tunnel of the New York Central. Beyond the tunnel, the road spanned the Harlem flats. A few years later, the Harlem Railroad bought the old toll-bridge across the Harlem River belonging to Gouverneur Morris and pushed its line on into the mainland of Westchester. Thus the Harlem Railroad had a line almost the whole length of Manhattan Island; from its lower terminus at Tryon Row, a step from City Hall Park, north to

the Harlem River crossing. The line followed to-day's route of the Fourth Avenue surface-cars as far north as Forty-second Street, and from there the present New York Central route to the Harlem River.

The first railroad-station in New York City was a small plain brick house which the Harlem Railroad leased at the corner of Center Street and Tryon Row where the Municipal Building now towers; a house with a low sloping roof and dormer-windows such as one sees still tucked away in the corners of old down-town streets. That house served for a few years; then it was torn down and replaced with a five-story station and office building for the railroad. But the city marched steadily northward. In a short time, traffic demanded another station farther up town; and the Harlem bought land and built a station at Twenty-sixth Street and Fourth Avenue, on land where later stood the Madison Square Garden, which has itself in this year 1926 vanished to make way for a giant office-building.

And steadily the city banished steam northward. In 1884 the Common Council forbade the further use of steam locomotives south of Thirty-second Street. So, for many years, this was the point of shift from the horse to the iron horse. In the New York Central offices I was shown a clipping from an old newspaper picturing a crowd of ladies in hoop-skirts and of gentlemen in skirted coats and top-hats at the corner of Thirty-second Street watching the locomotive as it was hitched on to the train which was to carry them northward "at a speed no horse-flesh can attain." Then, in 1857, the city

banished steam still further north on the Harlem line—to Forty-second Street.

Meantime two other railroads had made the great Manhattan venture. From New England came the New York & New Haven. It rented the use of the Harlem Railroad bridge across the Harlem River and of the Harlem tracks to the Twenty-sixth Street station. Down the Hudson from Albany came the Hudson River Railroad, crossed to the island's upper tip by a bridge at Spuyten Duyvil, and crept down the western shore to a terminal at Chambers Street.

In the late sixties, Cornelius Vanderbilt—financial power in the Hudson River Railroad and in various short lines between Albany and Buffalo—combined them all into the New York Central, thus creating a through line from New York to Buffalo. Now, obviously, a railroad of that importance needed a terminal nearer the center of the island. Vanderbilt cast his eye on the Harlem Railroad. Why not swing his main line east at Spuyten Duyvil, bring it down the east shore of the Harlem River, cross into Manhattan Island on the Harlem Railroad bridge, and come to the city on the Harlem line to a new union terminal at Forty-second Street to be called Grand Central?

"Grand Central!" scoffed many people. "Better say the End of the World!"

Forty-second Street was indeed up town in the late sixties, so far up town that, says an old merchant of the street, the large wholesale houses sent their drummers there only when they were making their regular trips on to Albany or Boston! "When we

had to go down town for anything, we left the store about noon and were rarely back before eight o'clock. In very stormy weather in winter the snow made the trip practically impossible."

Yet Vanderbilt persisted. He put through a deal with the Harlem for the use of its lines and rebuilt the Harlem tracks from the Harlem River south to Forty-second Street to accommodate the increased traffic; and on a spot of ground that had been cluttered with squatters' shanties rose the first Grand Central, a structure whose great iron-arched trainshed, housing twelve tracks, was the marvel of the day.

On the high rocky land a few moments' walk east of the station rambled Mrs. White's famous herd of goats, which supplied the neighborhood with milk; on the west, where the Hotel Biltmore now stands, was a picket-fenced green, and now and then old Vanderbilt's son, William H., looked up from his papers to glance through the window at his favorite, Maud S., nibbling there in the sight of an admiring crowd!

This great union terminal brought into being a considerable train-yard north of it. As time went on and traffic grew, this yard spread till it was thirty tracks wide and extended north over half a mile. All this was at street-level, of course, and agitation rose against the crossing danger. Finally the city ordered the streets closed for the entire length of the yard. The tracks farther north, leading to the old Harlem tunnel, the city ordered depressed below street-level. Later the railroad roofed over this cut and thus increased the length of the tunnel from

less than six hundred feet to a total of about two miles.

But the closing of the streets and the roofing of the tunnel did not quiet, but rather increased, the irritation. Here was this sprawling railroad-yard, full of smoking locomotives, in what was becoming the heart of up town, dividing East Side from West Side, arresting the development of this part of New York. How long could it maintain itself here? How long before the city would attempt to banish steam still farther north?

And more especially irritation rose against the long smoky Park Avenue tunnel through which all passenger-trains must enter the city. The tunnel was not only uncomfortable but dangerous. Though the railroad had devised a careful system of signals, yet at times locomotive engineers, blinded by tunnel smoke, overran their signals and barely avoided accident.

Then came one of those strokes of chance that sometimes change or hurry history. On January 8, 1902, on a morning thick with smoke and fog, the engineer of an incoming train missed the warning of another train halted in the tunnel and crashed into it, killing seventeen people. A sharp outcry against the Central rose throughout the city and in the press. "The tunnel, the dreadful smoke-filled tunnel against which all New York has long stormed and protested, is responsible for the murderous collision of yesterday," exclaimed the "New York Times," and it demanded that the railroad "be compelled by law to abandon the use of steam locomotives for hauling trains through the tunnel." The

outcry astonished and pained the Central. Not only had it taken every reasonable care against tunnel accident, but its engineers actually had been for some time at work on a plan to eliminate steam from the tunnel. The public knew nothing of these plans. It assumed that the railroad had been pursuing its course, callous to the comfort and safety of its passengers. But the accident did stimulate the railroad into greater speed in its plans. Only a week later came the announcement of a plan not only for the electrification of traffic into the station but for a revolution of the whole terminal.



The Central faced several acute problems: to bring into the station in safety through a narrow throat a stream of traffic that had already mounted almost to six hundred trains a day; to provide a greater station building for the coming and going of its army of passengers; to eliminate the railroad-yard at street-level and give back to the city its severed cross-streets. At first plans were vague; slowly they became definite. At one time it was proposed to separate the suburban traffic from the through traffic by swinging the suburban tracks far to the west under Madison Avenue to an entirely separate suburban station to be built on the site of the present Hotel Biltmore. But a happier idea was hit upon—an idea unique in railroad terminals—a two-level arrangement, suburban tracks on the lower, through tracks on the upper level. And along with that two other ideas, also unique—separation of incoming and outgoing trains, and turning-

loops under the station so that an incoming train when unloaded might swing around and pull out into the yards, leaving the track on which it had entered free for another incoming train.

So, in the following years, there rose in place of the old Grand Central, itself many times enlarged, the greater Grand Central so amazing to the new-comer.

North of the station, the Central bought generous strips of land on each side of its existing yard, giving it a total width of 840 feet, a space for forty tracks side by side, and a total length of 4500 feet. The upper level of the protected yard was to be twenty-four feet below the street, the lower level twenty-four feet below that. This, of course, meant the excavation of the whole immense area. And this tremendous lowering of the yard must be accomplished without interrupting the movement of more than six hundred trains a day in and out of the station—a feat demanding the most skilful co-ordination of operating and construction departments.

Work began on the east side of the yard. As soon as the excavation of a narrow strip was completed to the required depth, the lower and upper levels were constructed of steel and concrete, like two floors of a building one above the other. When a section of sufficient width was finished, the two levels were laid with tracks and traffic diverted to them, releasing more of the yard for excavation.

And as these steel and concrete floors advanced westward, the broken cross-streets were carried out on steel stilts above the upper-level tracks.

Steadily the work advanced westward until the whole area had been converted into a two-level yard and until the cross-streets reconnected East and West Sides. Park Avenue, which the yard had broken in two for half a mile or so, marched down over the tracks on steel pillars to become a great north and south thoroughfare. Thus the whole region north of the station took on a surprising appearance—a crisscross of streets supported on pillars above the tracks, streets inclosing not rectangular buildings but rectangular apertures through which one could see, far down, the trains of the upper level glide to and fro.

Well, the New York Central had accomplished its purpose. It had eliminated the steam locomotive from the center of the city—a cause of irritation ever since the Harlem Railroad first began operation. It had made its tunnel clean and safe. It had given the city back its broken cross-streets. For men without imagination, this might have been enough. But—here were these rectangular apertures above the tracks. Should they be left as they were? Perhaps they could be sold as building-sites. Building-sites—why not? If streets could be supported on steel stilts above the tracks, why not buildings too? Electrification made a complete roofing over of the yard possible. To test the practicability of this idea, the New York Central erected on the east side of the yards, facing Lexington Avenue, supported on steel pillars over the tracks, a building known as Grand Central Palace.

It happened that this rebuilding of Grand Central and its yards coincided with the movement of smart

New York from the West to the East Side. There was a sharp demand for luxurious living quarters east of Fifth Avenue yet near it. Grand Central Palace demonstrated that buildings could be built over railroad-tracks and that their supports could be immunized to train vibration. And so such skeptics as had scoffed at the salability of these rectangular apertures above the tracks were very soon proved wrong. The New York Central found it not difficult but easy to lease at high rates the roof of its railroad-yard, and in these years following the completion of the new Grand Central the area north of it has acquired, by filling in the apertures of the yard-roof, such a semblance of solid earth that not only is the stranger deceived but even the New Yorker, who knew the old railroad-yard in its heyday of noise and dirt, forgets that it was ever there. To-day the roofing over is complete save for the two apertures directly north of the station, on which the New York Central plans to erect an extraordinary building of its own, straddling Park Avenue, forming an end to the severe vista of yellowish brick and whitish stone that its architectural censorship of buildings above its train-yard has created.

Curious paradox! In my youth, in all the towns I knew, “over by the railroad-tracks” meant shanty-town—just such a shanty-town as once sprawled over the rocks where Grand Central now stands. In the New York of to-day, “over by the railroad-tracks” is no less a social indicator—of distinction, however, not of stigma. The modern New Yorker who wishes to bowl you over with his social geography gives

you an address not on Riverside Drive, not on Fifth Avenue, not in Gramercy Park, but "over by the railroad tracks." Only he will call it Park Avenue!

Whose idea was this, this gorgeous idea of renting out the roof of a railroad-yard? "It was Bill Newman's idea," one New York Central man told me. "No," said another, "Ira Place thought it out." But nothing is clearer than that it was no one man's idea. It just grew. And certainly no one foresaw the richness of the reward. Grand Central Terminal cost \$75,000,000, yet, as I have said, the revenue from the sale of "air rights" makes the terminal property a richly profitable enterprise instead of a carrying-charge. Nor is the outcome to the city any less fortunate. The valuation of the terminal zone—this City within a City with a population of fifty thousand people—the station, the hotels, clubs, apartment-houses, office-buildings, surmounting it and its yards (and of a narrow strip on each side whose value has been lifted by it)—has increased from \$77,631,787 in 1903, when the work on the terminal began, to \$327,951,701 in 1925, a rate of increase more than twice that of the city as a whole in the same period. A city tax of \$830,000 collected on the zone in 1903 has multiplied tenfold to \$8,350,000 in 1925. The railroad has converted smoldering irritation into good-will and has been paid for it in dollars. For American corporations sometimes fall into fortune, partly through plan, partly through luck.

With a guide, I made an exploration of that strange underground

railroad-yard. I hopped over third rails, dived through concrete archways, and my guide, pointing upward, said: "At this moment we are walking beneath the forested courtyard of a de luxe apartment-house on Park Avenue." I saw iron boxes bolted to the concrete roof which, he explained, were the cellars of the shops along Vanderbilt Avenue! I penetrated the extraordinary underground train-tower where a director sits manipulating the trains over that underworld intricacy of tracks. I climbed down a succession of iron ladders into a power-house ninety feet below street-level, one of the two which supply heat and power to the station and the buildings that roof its yard. I was led into a region below the lower level where we followed a maze of steam-pipes labeled "Yale Club," "Hotel Roosevelt," "Hotel Biltmore," "Paterno Apartments," "Park Lane," "Postum Building," "Hotel Commodore."

"Some of these people in these underground regions must see mighty little daylight," I ventured to my guide as we pushed on through a dim cave where two workmen were bent over some mysterious task.

"Have you ever heard of Tony Agherti?" he retorted.

"No, who is he?"

"Well, I don't know where Tony was born, probably in the subway. The first we knew of him he turned up as a boot-black in a booth on one of our underground streets. Next I heard he'd got a job tending fires in that power-plant underneath the Commodore, ninety feet below street-level. Later on he took a turn as helper to that pair of blacksmiths we just saw. One day a year or so later

I ran into him shoving a plane in that carpenter shop underneath the lower level. The queer thing was that in all this time Tony had never been above ground, never seen daylight, never had a breath of outdoor air. He hadn't any home, and somehow he managed to sleep in some corner or other of these underground regions, and of course he ate at underground lunch-counters and bought his clothes, if he bought any, at underground shops."

"Very odd," said I.

"But this Tony was an ambitious fellow," my guide continued. "For quite a while I lost sight of him. Then one morning I caught his grin behind the counter of a fruit-stand just off the concourse. He was proprietor! 'Where are you living now?' I asked. He laughed, asked me to step in, and showed me a cot under the counter! Well, Tony prospered to beat the band. A year or so after that, he had a whole string of fruit and candy shops underground, and he was living at the Commodore, which of course he could reach without going outdoors. The day I met him, I hardly knew him, he was so dolled up. 'Been outdoors yet, Tony?' I said. 'No,' he replied, sort of sheepish. 'I've wanted to, but one day when I

poked my head out of the door of the hotel the sunlight just blinded me, and the outside air made me dizzy. I haven't tried it since.' "

"That's fantastic!"

"Yes, isn't it?" my guide agreed.

"And then?"

"Tony's later career is absolutely a knock-out. He's operator of a big restaurant here in the station; he has a clothing store, a dozen de luxe soda-fountains, practically all the fruit-stands—oh, I don't know what all! He lives in a suite in one of these apartment-houses above our heads, which he reaches by the underground route. The week of the Sargent Exhibition at the art gallery here in the station I saw him buying a ten-thousand-dollar picture for his apartment. One day a rich friend of his turned up from Italy. Tony led him through these underground streets and caves; then he wanted to show him the rest of the city; but Tony didn't know anything about New York except its underground regions, so—what do you think?—he took his friend for a ride in the subway!"

"Oh, come now," I protested; "you're spoofing me! There never was any such person as Tony."

My guide grinned. "Well, maybe not. But why not?"

THE FUTURE OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

Part Two—Modern Science Tends to Clear the Path for It

E. N. BENNETT

IF WE accept the view that psychical research holds ample promise of a useful future, we may consider the various lines of our advance.

Any serious study of psychical research demands as its first essential a knowledge of the results secured from a careful consideration of telepathic phenomena. Many researchers would indeed maintain that their investigations need not extend beyond these limits. They regard telepathy, once scientifically established, as a working hypothesis which will cover the whole field of those abnormal phenomena which form our subject-matter. From this point of view, apparitions, clairvoyance, crystal visions, even the physical phenomena of the séance room—these and other abnormal happenings can be explained by the exercise in one shape or another of the transferences of human thought and volition outside the ordinary channels of sense.

Those who hold that thought transference is the solvent of all our perplexities in psychical research may point to the fact that down the centuries one marvel after another appears to have been directly attributable to this cause. It is easy to see how the miracles recorded in biblical and ecclesiastical literature, and the amazing records of witchcraft and

sorcery, may to a large extent be brought within the compass of the telepathic solution.

No serious attempts to investigate the conditions or results of thought transference appear to have been undertaken before the middle of the last century. It was not indeed until 1876 that Sir William Barrett really initiated the careful and scientific study of telepathic phenomena which has been continued by the Society for Psychical Research in England, and on the Continent by Boirac, Osty, Tischner, and many other distinguished savants. The results obtained have been, it is true, questioned and criticized at every turn by certain scientists who deny that telepathy is either proved or indeed possible. Professor Jodl (quoted by Tischner) goes so far as to say, "Such a direct transmission of ideas from one mind to another, without any perceptible physical method of communication, would indicate the presence of a crack in the very foundation of all our views on Nature." "Psycho-physics," writes Dr. Henning, "yes, even psychology as a science must be utterly wrecked before we have recourse to telepathy." It is, however, useless to indulge in mere a priori refutations or, in the case of telepathic experiments, to concen-

trate on the failures and ignore the successes. Suffice it to say that evidence, varied, cumulative, irresistible, now exists which has established telepathy as a scientific fact.

The study of telepathic phenomena suggests the interesting question whether telepathy is a psychic factor of a permanent and regular character or whether it represents merely the dying embers of a once more active force. Can the transference of human thought apart from physical media be developed and systematized on such a scale as to suggest immense possibilities in the human relationships of the future? Or will such development be gradually checked by the fact that telepathic phenomena must be classed with those local and obscure eccentricities of the human body which serve merely as vestigial landmarks in the long history of the race? Despite the alluring possibilities of the first suggestion, indications exist which lend color to the pathetic belief that research has only discovered this force in the evening of its existence.

This view of telepathy as a rudimentary survival seems to be strengthened by the admitted fact that manifestations of telepathy are far more certain and more striking when the percipient is under hypnotic suggestion; for if it be the subliminal self which rises above the threshold in hypnotic slumber and obeys the suggestion of the agent's mind, this is itself in all probability a manifestation of the experience of the race rather than of the individual. The everyday self, the product of normal experience, is influenced to a much slighter degree by hypnotic suggestion than that mysterious entity, the

secondary self, trailing its clouds of precarnate existence.

In the dim recesses of our race history our pithecoïd ancestors in default of language may well have possessed telepathic powers for the communication of their simple ideas, which powers have gradually been rendered less necessary as language developed, and may, unless stimulated and exercised, finally perish from atrophy. Such a theory would be illustrated by those stories which are furnished by reliable travelers and missionaries with reference to the amazing transmission of news which at times appears to take place among native races of a low level of civilization without any opportunity for normal methods of communication.

Nor indeed is it easy to avoid the conclusion that some form of telepathy exists among various forms of animal life. The homing instinct of the cat and the pigeon, and bewildering facts connected with the flight of birds of passage, inexplicable from any ordinary laws of experience, may conceivably be examples of a form of telepathy infinitely more regular and efficient than those fitful manifestations on the part of *Homo sapiens* which engage the attention of psychical researchers. Or again when I watch the curving flight of the beautiful ruffs and reeves round a Norwegian lake—the simultaneous rise, the instantaneous turn of the whole flock in the fraction of a second—or again when one sees hundreds of starlings rise together and afterward return to their trees in complete unison, I find it difficult to regard these charming incidents as due to normal or even abnormal sight or hearing.

Can we go further and suggest that some of the baffling phenomena of heredity and instinct may ultimately find their origin in the telepathic transference of thought? We accept the word instinct as an adequate explanation of the habits of sentient creatures, but it explains nothing. Every manifestation of instinct is obviously due to volition, however rudimentary; is, in other words, a mental as distinct (so far as such distinction goes) from a physical phenomenon. It is difficult to trace an instinctive movement to material germ-cells. A mental fact must have a mental origin. "The burned child dreads the fire" as the result of its own experience; but no experience taught the baby how to use its lips at its first meal, any more than it taught the chicken how to escape from the egg-shell. The collective experience of the race, the alleged source of these phenomena, may sooner or later be recognized as the telepathic transference from the mind of the parents of stereotyped concepts derived from the experiences of countless generations.

Well established as it is in the simpler forms of direct communication between agent and percipient, telepathy is sometimes called on to explain the whole series of phenomena which are grouped under such heads as clairvoyance, psychometry, crystal-gazing, automatic writing. The more or less public exhibitions of alleged clairvoyance which form the central feature of innumerable spiritualist services in this and other countries do not, as a rule, furnish convincing indications of supernormal activity. I have never seen any public trance-speaker

who, despite the conventional twitchings and contortions which herald the ingress of the spirit control, did not appear to be in complete possession of his or her normal consciousness. But the prolonged and careful investigation of Mrs. Piper's mediumship, and those more recently undertaken with continental clairvoyants by Doctors Tischner, Osty, and others, stand on a very different footing. In the face of the accumulated evidence furnished by such research, those who rely on telepathy as the universal solvent of psychic difficulties must often falter where they firmly stood.

Nor again can the agency of living minds always furnish a satisfactory explanation in the rare but indubitable cases of prevision or precognition exhibited by clairvoyants. From what source again come those precise statements made from time to time by trustworthy mediums, under strict test conditions, with respect to certain articles placed in their hands? Clairvoyance of this type, often called psychometry, might almost suggest the validity of Fechner's odyllic influences, which may perhaps appear rather less fantastic in an age when the dividing line between matter and spirit is becoming theoretically obsolete. Moreover, to psychometry, once accepted as a scientific fact, an interesting corollary would attach; for if mere contact with a man's cravat can produce from the medium a detailed and accurate account of the suicide of an unhappy prisoner who had worn the cravat, the walls of a house might in the same inscrutable fashion be responsible for suggesting the auditory and visual phenomena of a

haunted house. Some well attested cases exist in which alteration of structure in a house has been followed by the cessation of the hauntings.



If telepathy from the living breaks down when called on to explain all the facts of clairvoyance, there exists another explanation which has received the enthusiastic support of those investigators who, while they reject transference between normal minds, point enthusiastically to the alleged efficiency of the secondary or subliminal self. Fascinating descriptions are given of this "mysterious Mr. Hyde which lurks in each of us," this subconscious mind working in the inner sanctum, as director and controller, while the normal everyday self transacts the conventional business of life in the open shop. The amazing performances of a "calculating boy," the sudden conversion of a Bunyan or a Paul, the supreme genius of a Shakspeare or a Handel, are alike referred to that comprehensive source of all things supernormal, the secondary self. This subliminal self can, we are assured, furnish a sensitive with information which otherwise could not possibly be possessed by any other living person. It can not only explore the dim recesses of past experience but foretell with accuracy the events of the future. Abandoning the outer trenches of telepathic defense, some modern spokesmen of psychical research find, as they think, an impregnable stronghold in the limitless efficiency of the subliminal self. If the self-styled George Pelham convinces his friends that he is what he claims to be, this is simply a manifestation of Mrs. Piper's subcon-

scious self; in other words, George Pelham is Mrs. Piper. If a medium announces in England the death in battle of an officer hours before the bad news has even reached his battalion's base, this (if not a happy shot) is merely a striking instance of those abnormal powers of cognition possessed by the medium's subliminal consciousness.

Can this hypothesis bear the heavy strain put upon it? After all, the phrase subliminal self, unconscious mind—call it what you will—embodies nothing at all beyond a hypothesis. Nobody has yet demonstrated the existence of such a division of the mind attached to each living personality, nor defined its qualities or capacities. There are indubitably certain depths in the human mind which may be reached by the processes of psychoanalysis, but in these cases there appears to be no adequate reason for any bewildering thesis of two or more distinct minds attached to the same human organism. There are diversities of mental operation, but the same mind; a composite mentality capable of moral excellence on the one hand, and on the other exposing to the Freudian probe the lower levels of a non-moral animal existence.

Not only have we failed to prove the existence or determine the activities of an entity so improbable as a second self, but this popular hypothesis cannot even qualify itself by fitting the facts, unless indeed we are prepared to assign to such an additional human mind a considerable measure of omniscience. How much further do we get by declaring that such intelligences as Phinuit, George Pelham, or Feda are mere

manifestations of a medium's secondary self?

The messages which we receive from clairvoyant experiments with entranced or controlled mediums, table-tiltings, planchette, ouija boards, present a bewildering congeries of good sense and stupidity, relevancy and irrelevancy, truth and falsehood, sobriety and flippancy. Such communications possess two marked characteristics: they display intelligence, however low the level of that intelligence may sink; and they invariably claim to proceed from the surviving minds of dead men and women, or at any rate from discarnate beings or spirits.

These messages fall into two classes; in the first place, the most important of them, those which offer evidential matter, either spontaneously or in compliance with a sitter's request. In such dark and unaccustomed paths the thoughtful researcher must walk warily. Suffice it to say that persons of real ability and calm judgment are to be found who are intellectually convinced that in certain instances the agencies which have communicated with them through mediums are actually what they claim to be, the surviving personalities of dead friends or relatives. I found it difficult during some sittings under an assumed name with Mrs. Piper to resist the belief that I was being addressed by two lost friends, so amazing was the relevancy of a single message in the one case, and the force of accumulated details in the other. Of a communication through the same medium given to his sister-in-law for transmission to himself, Professor William James of Harvard writes as follows:

"The point is that the message is an allusion to a matter known (so personal is it to myself) to no other individual in the world but me—not possibly either to the medium or to my sister-in-law; and an allusion so pertinent and intimate, and tender and helpful, and yet so unhelped by any actual earthly knowledge on any one's part, that it quite astounds as well as deeply touches me. If the subject of the message had been conceivably in my sister-in-law's mind, it would have been an interesting but not infrequent case of telepathy; but, as I say, it could not possibly have been, and she only transmits it to me after the fact, not even understanding it."

The second group of messages possess little or no evidential value with regard to the personal survival of individuals, though they too always claim to proceed from spirits of some kind. Trivial, vulgar, and unworthy as they often are, these communications cannot be ignored by the student of psychical research. When we have eliminated trickery, collusion, and self-deception from our experiments, there remains a residuum of communications, more or less intelligent, which obviously do not proceed from the normal consciousness of either sitter or medium; in many cases, indeed, there is no medium involved, for the messages are spelled out through movements of a table or an instrument of the planchette type.

Many of these messages are of a perplexing character. Some show indications of a rather colorless good-will; others are freakish and deceptive with a flavor of feeble practical joking. Occasionally they

are blasphemous or indecent. Very common is the giving of addresses connected with the sitter or with the former life of the alleged spirit communicator. Nevertheless in nearly every instance it is found that the facts as given are partially or entirely inaccurate.

Nor, indeed, if the subliminal consciousness be accepted as the source of such perplexing messages, can we feel altogether happy in the possession of such a secondary self. This inner intelligence is admittedly guilty in many instances of trickery, evasion, flippancy, deliberate and often cruel deception. Any clouds of glory that such a self may trail behind it are at times sadly tarnished, nor is the conviction either agreeable or inspiring that we harbor within us a force capable of preternatural knowledge and amazing achievement and yet characterized at times by conduct which any decent everyday mind would utterly condemn; that such a secondary self is frequently exhibited as "repressed, conative, infantile, unreasoning, predominantly sexual," and, one may add, sometimes fraudulent and usually non-moral. So many difficulties indeed appear to be involved in connecting these messages with any conscious mental activity that some investigators take refuge in the view that they consist only of the stuff that dreams are made of, proceeding from the lumber-room of the mind, and no more fraudulent or immoral than the elusive vagaries and incongruities of some fantastic dream.

One other source of the perplexing messages under discussion remains

for our consideration. There is, as we have said, a feature common to them all: they invariably claim to proceed from disembodied personalities.

If the devotees of the subliminal self hypothesis persist in bringing these agencies also within the broad compass of the human mind, conscious or unconscious, it may, I suppose, be urged that the claim to discarnate existence put forward by these *animula vagula, blandula*, is a delusion built on the accumulated mental experience of the human race, always trying to believe in a life beyond the grave. From the dim recesses of our racial history this pathetic protest against annihilation has become a stereotyped portion of the human mind, so that while the normal self may reject a personal survival, faint and fleeting echoes of the primeval faith still rise from the depths of the unconscious self.

If it really be the case, however, that no activity of the human mind, normal or subliminal, can furnish an adequate explanation of the communications in question, we are left to face the facts and ask ourselves whether, after all, the claim put forward by the agencies involved may not be a valid one. It is easy for those unacquainted with the accumulated phenomena of automatic writing, the planchette and ouija boards, and so on, to sneer at such an interpretation of the facts, but sneers have always dogged the earlier footsteps of scientific enterprise. Once it is accepted that modern science does not necessarily preclude the existence of intelligences independent of those associated with the functions

of the human brain, we may frankly admit that the theory of spirit agencies in the case of these erratic messages does at least fit the facts. The existence would seem to be suggested of those alleged unseen entities, sometimes described as elementals, an order of low-grade spirits, able and apparently eager to communicate with us. The presence of such beings around us has, in earlier centuries, been widely accepted by a veritable *consensus gentium*; and the general characteristics of the communications in many a table-tilting or planchette experiment seem to correspond closely to those of the alleged activities of the fairies, afrits, demons, gnomes, little folk, and so on; an intermixture of good humor and mischief, coupled with a limited intelligence and an almost complete absence of moral standards.



Before leaving the subject of telepathy, one more reference to this force as the origin of psychic phenomena must be briefly considered. The well known census of hallucinations conducted by the Society for Psychical Research revealed the facts that (a) 9.9 per cent of the seventeen thousand persons questioned declared that they had at one time or another seen an apparition, (b) very few recognizable phantasms were seen after the lapse of one year from the day of death, (c) of the veridical cases the vast majority coincided more or less accurately with the moment of death. Modern research has also revealed a fact never before established, that phantasms of the living are far more frequent and generally far better attested than those of the dead. In summary, it

may be contended that men and women with sound minds in sound bodies do occasionally see phantasms of both living and dead persons under circumstances which entirely preclude malobservation or deception. No fact could indeed be better established than that ghosts are seen now, as they have been seen all down the ages. What, however, is new in respect to this interesting phenomenon is the modern explanation that a ghost is a subjective impression conveyed to the mind of one person by a conscious or unconscious suggestion from the mind of another. Deeply interesting as are the well established and comparatively numerous telepathic images conveyed from the living to the living, these do not lead us outside the range of ordinary telepathic activity.

"There needs no ghost, my lord,
come from the grave
To shew us this."

But what are we to say to similar phantasms when the person they represent has passed through the gates of Death? With the special significance of these cases we shall deal later.



It seems clear then that the student of psychic phenomena will find many promising lines of research in the ample field covered by telepathy, clairvoyance, and the varied activities of motor automatism. Fresh facts must be accumulated and sifted, fresh efforts made to coördinate such facts and discover the laws through which they work. Nevertheless there remains another area of supernormal activities which cannot be neglected: the physical phenomena alleged to occur from time to

time, almost invariably in the presence and apparently through the mediumship of certain individuals. In this obscure region, however, the opportunities for fraud have been so great, the detections of trickery so frequent, and the general character of the mediums often so indifferent, that even with the experiences of a quarter of a century behind them, many careful and able researchers find it difficult to give any definite opinion either for or against the existence of such startling phenomena as materialization, ectoplasmic extrusions from the body, or the movement of material objects without physical contact (telekinesis). The only excuse for offering my own personal views is the fact that I have over a long period of years had sittings with some of the world's best known "physical" mediums, including Mrs. Corner (Florence Cook), Eusapia Palladino, Eva C., Frau Silbert, and Willi Schneider, and I am unable to indorse the opinion recently suggested by a body of able and experienced German investigators, that "all physical phenomena are fraudulent." In the case of Mrs. Corner I have witnessed the production of a complete, visible, and tangible figure which certainly was not the medium herself; that it was not a confederate, the only other possibility, was ruled out by elaborate and convincing precautions. Despite the open readiness of Eusapia Palladino to cheat when left without control, many of the positive results secured through the mediumship of this Neapolitan peasant woman under test conditions appear to defy any normal explanation.

Telekinesis (the movement of material objects without personal contact), in full light, has been attested by men of unimpeachable honesty and acknowledged ability, like Professors William James, Lombroso, Schiaparelli, and Richet. It is childish and unscientific to ignore such testimony and regard every account which comes to hand of supernormal physical phenomena as little else than the tale of an idiot, signifying nothing. If mental suggestion can, to go no further, produce stigmata in or remove a wart from the physical tissue of a human hand, there seems to be no ground for any a priori refusal to consider any apparently valid evidence for the supernormal movement of a chair or a table.



We have sketched the main lines upon which the psychic student of to-day is working, and the question which remains is simply: what is the practical or even theoretical value of our research?

The results secured by psychic research in Great Britain and various other countries possess, first of all, a real historical value. The attested phenomena of telepathy, clairvoyance, and physical mediumship throw a clear light on many dark corners of the past.

The sibylline and other oracles uttered by the entranced priestesses of old, and many of the features of medieval magic, have their unmistakable counterparts in the experiences of modern mediumship.

The appalling records of the most devilish machinery ever devised for the torture of mankind, the witchcraft persecutions (not of the Dark Ages, but of the Renaissance), pos-

sess an added horror when one realizes that the offenses alleged against the nine million persons burned to death in two centuries were to a large extent the outcome of psychic forces whose character was totally unknown to either the victims or their tormentors.

The sacred books of Christianity and other religions speak of visible and audible phenomena of supernatural character which have their obvious analogues in the psychic experiences of our own days. The messages revealed in the shining urim and thummim, the quaint telepathy of Jacob's sheep-farming, the phantasm and the voice at Endor—these things appear no longer as the isolated happenings of a remote and dissimilar past or of a special dispensation. In the pages of the New Testament, too, the healing touch for the sick, the rescue of the possessed, the experiences of the first Eastertide on the way to Emmaus or on the Galilean beach, the testimony of the "five hundred brethren at once," the sudden conversion on the Damascus road—such records are indeed "worthier of all men to be believed" because they are no longer relegated to a far-off age of miracles but are repeated and exemplified in the phenomena of modern research.

Apart, however, from the question of historical interest, is it too much to hope that we may sooner or later succeed in controlling and utilizing to a vastly greater degree than at present those new forces which our researches have brought to light? Mr. H. G. Wells, in a prophetic page of "When the Sleeper Wakes," pictures a Harley Street of the future occupied

by the consulting-rooms of telepathic specialists; and there can be little doubt that the valuable work even now accomplished in cases of nervous derangements and mental pathology by suggestion, hypnotic or otherwise, is capable of almost indefinite expansion as fuller information accumulates and earlier prejudices subside.

The employment of suggestion in the education of the young is a field at present almost unexplored, although suggestion is so obvious a factor in the "endless imitation" of childhood. The increased application of psychoanalytic methods may in the future not only relieve to an infinitely greater extent the maladies and distresses of the ordinary individual but revolutionize our attitude toward the criminal. Just as the treatment of hysteria has already advanced far beyond the beatings and cold douches of our grandparents' days, so do our methods of handling the criminal become ever more curative than penal.

In another direction psychical research may stretch out a helping hand to reinvigorate the failing forces of religion. The structure of organized Christianity to-day exhibits all the signs of gradual but inevitable decay. Of those who may be willing to render lip-service to the formulæ of medieval orthodoxy, only a few ever enter a church. While the religion of Christ can still guide His faithful followers in life and cheer them in the hour of death, the despairing cry of the Saxon chronicler might well be uttered over the masses of "Christian" mankind to-day: "God and His saints sleep." Thoughtful men are beginning to

realize that some reconsideration and restatement of the Christian position is inevitable. In such enterprise valuable data would be furnished by the results of scientific psychical research. One of our best known psychologists has indeed gone so far as to declare that no other power than psychic research can hope to stop the advancing forces of materialism.

In the second place, psychical research is, in the view of many, already able to endow with a measure of precision and certainty those vague and tremulous promises of a future life which are offered by the churches. Because of the rapid decay of religious forces in the Western world, this vital doctrine of a personal survival has for the vast majority even of so-called Christians lost any real significance. In answer to the query, "Do you desire a future life whatever the conditions may be?" which appeared in a questionnaire circulated by the American branch of the S. P. R. in 1900, the noes numbered no less than seventy-eight per cent of the total replies received (3321), many taking the form of "not at all," "not in the least," "never think about it." Although the results of an investigation within such narrow limits cannot be regarded as decisive, it is probable that the note of skepticism or indifference which runs through the majority of the replies faithfully reflects the attitude of the average man or woman of the present day.

We can only indicate briefly the main lines along which psychical research seeks to establish the fact of a survival. The cumulative effect of these considerations may well serve, in Glanville's words of old, "to secure

some of the outworks of religion and regain a parcel of ground which bold infidelity hath invaded."

(1) Various forms of automatism and certain well attested physical phenomena indicate the existence of discarnate intelligences.

(2) Telepathy proves that thought can be conveyed apart from the ordinary channels of sense; and if telepathy be accepted as the cause of apparitions, it is clear that the dead whose phantasmal forms appear to us are still capable of volition. The apparition (seen simultaneously by two witnesses) of a dead mother bending over the cot of her dying child "with a look of infinite love and tenderness" is deeply significant. Of even greater evidential value are the well attested accounts of death-bed apparitions seen by dying children or their young brothers and sisters who were present.

(3) Many of the communications which reach us from tried and tested mediums, like Mrs. Piper, appear to be what they claim to be, actual messages from deceased persons.

(4) It is virtually impossible to attribute many of the cross-correspondences recorded by the S. P. R. to any other agency but the conscious and detailed activity of a discarnate personality.

And so our patient work continues. The men and women who forty years ago served faithfully as the pioneers of modern psychical research have nearly all passed away. There can be little doubt that they had pitched their hopes too high. So deep was the devotion inspired by these new labors, so large the mass of facts offered by a veritable cloud of con-

temporary witnesses, that leaders like Myers and Sidgwick and Gurney confidently hoped that in their own days the compelling force of the facts they had gathered would bring intellectual conviction and change the whole outlook of mankind. Such clear certainty came to few men in the ranks of these pioneers, and most of them died "seeing the promises from afar but not having attained unto them." But fresh recruits have filled the gaps in our line, fresh channels of research have been opened up, and fresh facts recorded; modern science tends rather to clear our path than to close it, and the

light of that earlier hope still shines brightly. Amid the limitless possibilities of the next fifty years—great discoveries in surgery, biochemistry, television, lighting, and transport—it may be that no insignificant part will be played by the scientific results of psychical research. "Hardly as yet," said William James a year before he died, "has the surface of the facts called 'psychic' begun to be scratched for scientific purposes. It is through following these facts, I am persuaded, that the greatest scientific conquests of the coming generation will be achieved. *Kühn ist das Mühen, herrlich der Lohn!*"

AUTUMN

BEATRICE POST CANDLER

And so the harvest is all gathered here!
 But at the close of the September days
 My feet still linger in familiar ways
 Which in remembered summers have been dear.
 With tender hands to gather up the spray
 Of some old shrub that once has known the touch
 Of hands beloved; perhaps it were too much
 To break it off and carry it away!
 The sunset of September glowing yet
 Upon the harvest-fields of garnered green
 Brings a mirage of summers that have been
 And the pale ghosts of joy and of regret.
 While from the thicket on the hill
 Comes the soft whistle of the whip poor will.

THE MISSIONARY'S WIFE

ELINOR MORDAUNT

YOUNG Van Leason's first impression of the island was of something oddly sickening and unreal; like a thin shining curtain of beauty—beauty of a sort—hung in front of a scene set for something altogether and glaringly sinister. For though it is darkness rather than light that is, in general, supposed to intensify the little understood or sinister, there is that less well known vertigo of an intense glare in which any sort of blinding horror might be mirrored upon the strained eyeballs.

At the time of his arrival, mid-afternoon, the tide was still too low for him to run into the lagoon, and he was forced to wait, swinging aimlessly in that awful glare upon the oily sea until close upon sunset, when—in a strange wild light, flaming in myriad wine tints over the close-pressed mountains, picking out the foam upon the reef in the color and sparkle of pale Moselle—he ran through the break, and dropping anchor put off in his dinghy, grateful for the sight of at least one white European bungalow upon which he had seen his own flag run up; hopeful that there might be more, the chance of a game of bridge, and a night on shore before he started off on what promised to be a pretty tough tour of inspection among the mountains, with his sergeant and three men.

No canoes came out to meet the

prau, however; and as Van Leason landed and made his way followed by his sergeant and two men down the single path of the wretched village, his temper soured. Really it was damnable; he had never seen such dirty houses, rotting beneath sagging roofs, graves in what might have been the front gardens; iron bars at every window; wretched, sullen-looking people leaning against them, staring out; not at anything, not even at him, in his immaculate khaki, but just staring, their lips projecting over that inevitable wad of tobacco which he hated so, or dribbling red with betel-nut. A dozen yards or so down the village was a native temple with a skull upon the main post of it; a toppling god's house, hung with rags; an obscene and unhuman idol within it. And in front of this, a bloated and obese priest, drunk with something more than zeal, his filthy hair hung with white shells—sitting among a number of lean men, with overhanging brows, their long straight hair matted with red earth—who scrambled to his feet from out of the dust, flung himself screaming toward Van Leason; cursing him until foam mingled with the crimson betel-nut round his loose-lipped mouth.

"*Pigi, pig!*" The lieutenant's men swept a circle round their master as he moved on stiff with rage toward a high fence of split bamboo

which cut entirely across the village, behind which he took it that the damned fool who had run up his country's flag, without so much as troubling to come out to meet him, sheltered himself from this scum; a fence with a hole in it, much like a magnified hen-run, through which the boy, for he was little more, pushed his way savagely enough, finding himself in a comparatively neat compound with no more than half a dozen tidyish huts; a small, rusted tin church, all awry; an unpainted bungalow with a veranda and, at the most, two rooms.

A native girl was drooping on the rotting steps, and Van Leason barked at her, "*Apa Toean ada di roemah?*" (Is the master at home?) Then, as she stared with slow-moving jaws, he pulled aside a flimsy muslin curtain and flung into the meager little front room, at the same moment as a young woman with a child in her arms appeared at the opposite door.

"I am so sorry, lieutenant." She was panting and flushed, trembling, as she put the child—a little girl of somewhere about two years—on the ground, smoothing her frock, glancing up at the new-comer, her eyes bright with tears. "I couldn't find her, or I would have come to meet you—she was hiding under my bed. She didn't mean to be naughty, did you, Lottie? But I was terribly afraid that she had run into the village. They are so wicked, I never know what they will do—even to a child like that. And, oh, so horribly diseased! But won't you be seated? You must have something to eat. My husband will be so sorry to have missed you."

There was in the room one large

wooden table laden with papers, a small wicker table with a pile of sewing upon it, a little wicker settee—so propped against the wall that Van Leason made sure that it could not stand unaided—a couple of rickety wicker chairs, and a small low wooden bench, upon which he seated himself; for once careless of his dignity, immersed in a queer sort of wondering dream, weighed down by a feeling that nothing could be altogether real.

The whole day had been queer—the white blazing sea and sky, the hanging about in that sickening ground-swell, mazed with heat; the violent colors of the sunset; that horrible village. And now, here, where he had expected a half-caste in pajama trousers, half drunk, or sodden with his prolonged siesta, this girl; the loveliest creature he had ever set eyes on, so altogether a pure product of his own country at its very best.

"But surely you're not here alone in this—in this—" He was on the brink of saying "hell of a place," and there were no other words he could think of. She had spoken of disease—why, those people were positively rotten, putrid; scarcely a square inch of clean skin among them.

"Oh, not always alone. But my husband has to be away a great deal. He is the missionary here, you know, and there are a great many islands! He can't even get about here without going up the coast in a prau. There are no roads, nothing but forests and mountains!"

"But how on earth does he dare to leave you here—among these filthy people?" cried the lieutenant.

"He has to go; it is his duty."

Quite suddenly the confused uncertainty went out of the flushed, half-smiling face, and it became set as that of a child repeating a lesson, learned with difficulty, with tears that have stiffened upon the cheeks. "It is his duty; he must attend to his duty; I would not have him turned away from it for me. And now if the lieutenant does not mind my leaving him for a few minutes, I will get him some coffee—and an egg. I am afraid that there is no bread—something went wrong with the yeast—but there are biscuits."

"Oh, that's all right." He was so absorbed, so altogether taken aback, that he did not attempt to rise from his low seat as she left the room; sat there with the pale moon-like impression of her still before his eyes, washed in upon the gathering dusk.

Roused from his abstraction by a touch upon his knee, he glanced down, saw the child's hand laid there, light as a white moth; and peering at her through the gloom, felt himself flush and glow with the sudden and altogether unexpected thought that it would be jolly to have a kid like this. Then, lifting her upon his knee, smoothing her fair hair back from her forehead, speaking a few awkward words to her, he rose with her in his arms, her tiny hand against his cheek, and moved toward the door through which she and her mother had entered, into a back veranda, half-kitchen, where his hostess was bent over a paraffin stove; aware of his own voice, as though it were some one else's, protesting against the trouble that he was giving; weighed down by the sense of something altogether tremendous.

As he ate his supper he could hear the little girl being bathed and put to bed in the next room; and after a while his hostess came back into the living-room with a lamp in her hand; turned it low and joined Van Leason on the veranda, sinking into a dilapidated old planter's chair with a sigh of relief.

"One does nothing all day, and yet one is always tired."

"It's just that—the doing nothing—there's nothing on earth wears one out like it. But I suppose you are really busy all the time, with the child and all."

"And yet there were eleven of us—and when I think what my mother had to do."

"But where?"

"In Holland."

"Oh, Holland—that's a different bag of tricks! Look at the climate in a place like this, practically on the equator. Good God, what a place! It beats me how you stand it!" Quite suddenly he was angry and impatient, bitterly contemptuous of her for putting up with such things.

"You mustn't say that—like that. 'Good God!'" She repeated the words softly and reverently. "Herren Lieutenant, it's not right."

"My Lord, but you've hit it there!" He was fiercely contemptuous of himself and his outgrown beliefs, of her. For whatever God might be, there was certainly no sign of His goodness here. "Look here; do you know what girls of your age are doing in Holland now, the sort of lives they are living? Dances, theater, friends, pretty clothes—" he paused for a moment, then barked it out—"lovers!"

"You forget that I have my husband."

"Oh!" Van Leason had forgotten.

"Besides, you see I never knew much about—about gaieties!" Her voice was soft and hurried, as though something in his words, his impetuosity, had caught her breath. "My father is a pastor; and there were a lot of younger ones—I was only eighteen when I married."

"And what are you now, I'd like to know?"

He spoke so rudely that he could scarcely believe that she would answer him. But in her simplicity, her beautiful simplicity—like a good child that has been taught to speak when it is spoken to—she said: "I am twenty-one. I have been here three years. We shall remain for another seven years, and then, if we both live—"

"If you both live! And how much chance is there of that, do you think? Why, the place must be soaked, soaked through and through with fever and—Hullo! do you hear that? What's that? Drums?"

"Yes, drums—nothing but drums. . . . We shall go home, and I shall see my mother. Charlotte will be nearly ten by then; and my—"

She broke off with a little gasp, as though taken aback by what she had been about to say, turning sideways in her chair.

"As if the silly fool didn't know that I must know she is going to have another child," thought Van Leason furiously, standing leaning his back against the veranda rail, deliberately and cruelly staring down at her. For the moon had risen over the sea, and they were flooded in a clear pale light, broken only by the slender shadow of the palms.

"What on earth are you going to

do with children here, I'd like to know?"

"I don't know—oh, I don't know—I try to think that the Lord will provide—But—oh, the people here are so horrible—horrible! I am frightened of them. Not for myself, at least not so much for myself now, but for the child—If Lottie were a boy it would be different," she added; her blanched and stiffened face, raised to his, altogether in shadow.

"Yes, well, that's it—that's exactly it. What in the name of all that's holy do you want to do it for—a woman, and a girl child?"

"You don't understand. It's my husband's work—I must be where my husband is."

"Indeed!"

"He has to be about the Lord's work."

"The Lord's work—and what sort of a Lord is He, I'd like to know—what sort of a Lord—" Van Leason heard his own voice shouting—"if it gives Him pleasure to have a white woman and child planted down here, among people like these! If—" he broke off suddenly, and his nerves must have been all on edge, jumping almost out of his skin, with a sharp, "What on earth's that?" as the persistent *thrum—thrum—thrum* of drums was cut through by a loud persistent cry, like the howl of a dog, the deafening banging of gongs; while leaning out over the veranda rail—as his own men, who had been squatting near, ran up to him for orders—looking toward the villages, he saw a thin pennant of light flame up to the sky, flash to and fro.

"What is that? Do you see that? What on earth are they up to now? Good God! don't you hear that?"

He was exasperated by her stolidity, her silence, as he flung round; saw her still leaning back in her chair with her hands folded in her lap.

"It happens almost every night. I think the priest is mad—I am sure he's mad. They will go on for hours—sometimes till dawn."

She spoke quite calmly; and ashamed of his own excitement, Van Leason motioned his men aside with a gesture, and fetching the little stool out of the room sat down facing her.

"I want you to tell me about yourself, your life here. I'm afraid I've been horribly rude—I don't know why. I . . . I . . ." he was about to tell her what a rotten day it had been, and broke off, ashamed by the thought of *her* days; and quite suddenly, with a feeling as though he were floating away upon a peaceful smooth stream, he found himself talking of home; while from the moment that he discovered she had come from Leiden, so near to his own home at Warmand, the whole atmosphere of Holland—the quiet, the homely joys, the solid sense of well-being, the moonshine, so much softer and more delicate than it was here in the tropics—lay about them like a caress.

It was very late when, leaving two of his men on guard at the missionary's house, he once more passed through the village—wrapped in a sudden complete darkness, silence—hailed his dinghy and went back on board his prau; lying upon the deck wrapped in a blanket, with the dew on his face, in a pleasant half-waking dream.

When he went on shore next morning everything was different. He was in a hurry to get away before the sun rose; exasperated because,

anxiously hospitable, the missionary's wife wished to keep him until coffee was made; aggrieved with her because she had slept and he had not, because her hair was loosened and not very tidy; because her condition showed in a way that it had not done the night before, when the very thought of it had filled him with a strange tenderness of which he was now ashamed. These missionaries! After all it was their business if they chose to poke their heads into hornets' nests, persist in keeping them there.

The village had looked dirtier than ever as he passed through it, but it was no longer horrible, merely empty and dull. Everything, indeed, was dull in the ugly light which was yet a glare long before the sun topped the mountains.

To add to this, the child was crying persistently, would take no notice of him—and it was odd how this hurt his vanity; anyhow she was a sickly little thing.

Oh, well, the mountains might be dangerous; but anyhow there would be some air there, very different from this confounded place with an atmosphere like a frowzy and unaired bedroom.

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Three days after the lieutenant had gone into the mountains the missionary arrived home. For more than a week he had been upon the open sea, and his eyes were raw and bloodshot, though he wore dark glasses, his skin bleached.

His wife saw his prau in the distance and with their child went to meet him. Directly he stepped on shore, even while he was embracing and kissing them both, with that strange air of detachment which,

gentle as she was, made her wonder, rather angrily, if he knew what he was doing, was not acting quite mechanically in a sort of trance, as he did at meals—and she had asked herself that upon her actual wedding night, overcome by an anguished access of loneliness, for at no other time in her life can a woman feel more desperately alone and separate—she was telling him of the visit of the lieutenant.

"He was so pleasant, Charles, I know you would have liked him, enjoyed talking to him. We never stopped talking about—about—" For a moment she wavered, wondering what they actually had talked of. Then her mind caught at the more obvious details. "Fancy, Charles, only fancy, he himself comes from a place quite close to Leiden—Warmand. He knows everything and every one in Leiden. There was a full moon, and we spoke of how it first shows under, then rises above, the bridges—you know, you've seen it—the light beneath rounded and cut by the water, like a cut lemon."

The missionary was carrying the child, and she walked by his side, her arm in his, dancing with excitement.

"He stayed quite late. There was a terrible noise going on in the heathen village—that priest, you know. A few days before, he had broken through the fence and come right up to the veranda. I wasn't frightened that he would kill me—anything like that—but, Charles, Charles, I was terribly frightened of—of *him*—u-g-gh!"

"You must have faith; we are in God's hands."

"But, Charles—I know you don't like me to speak of it—but when they

sacrificed that boy. God—" Her religious education had gone too deep to allow her to ask, "What was God doing then?" Instead of this she said, after the faintest pause: "Things *do* happen, you know—" slipping her hand out of her husband's arm as she spoke, while her already white face bleached—"his screams—his dreadful screams! And later—his body nailed to a tree and slashed to pieces . . . his feet pierced and a bowl beneath them from which the people drank—I saw them!" She shuddered from head to foot.

"But, dear one, that was a long time ago!" The missionary spoke vaguely but kindly, in his faint, far-away voice, with the sweat running down his face into his eyes. For the child was too heavy for him to carry on one arm, and he was unable to raise a hand to wipe the sweat away.

Then suddenly his voice kindled, his face became even more brightly flushed. "Dear one, God has blessed my work upon this journey. It shows me how wrong we are to be downcast. Eleven converts—eleven mortal souls sealed into His hand. Every one of them willing and ready to go out among their fellows and spread the good news. Gertrude, I sometimes wonder what we have ever done to deserve such happiness."

"You gave them the chemises and shirts I made?"

"Yes, yes, darling; though at the very moment of conversion they were clothed in something more wonderful than all earthly raiment. Still it is not meet—"

"The silver fish have eaten all my baby-clothes into holes—they are like lace. And mother won't think of sending me more; she will take it

for granted that they will do again," murmured his wife.

But the missionary did not answer. When he reached his own veranda, after greeting his few Christians exuberantly, almost boisterously, telling them of their fellows whom God had drawn to follow their lead, he knelt down to give thanks for the blessings which had attended upon his efforts, his safe return; but his wife did not kneel—though her condition was excuse enough for that—sat upon the same stool upon which Van Leason had doubled up his length, staring through her fingers at the floor.



Another three days and the missionary was off again up the coast on his prau; for his late success had set the fever for proselytizing freshly aflame within him, and he was like a man possessed by a longing for strong drink, to the exclusion of all else.

Two days later Van Leason was back again.

Just as the darkness fell the missionary's wife found him sitting on the veranda, hunched together on the little bench, no more than a solider shadow among other shadows. As he dragged himself slowly to his feet, his dim face struck her as strangely white, oddly elongated. "Why, it's not him at all—altogether different from what I had fancied," she thought confusedly, with that memory of something boyishly fresh, the almost aggressive cocksureness and youth, like a cool breeze from some more invigorating clime. She herself was trembling from head to foot as she put her child to the ground; stood stupidly silent with no attempt to greet him.

"I had to turn back." His voice was flatter and older. "We got on a wrong track. It ended in nothing but forests, impossible to get through—forests and precipices. We'll have to start afresh—shall want more provisions. The steamer's coming in to-morrow, isn't it?"

"Yes, to-morrow." Every two months a small branch steamer touched—and but just touched—with mails at the island. In general the missionary's wife thought of nothing else for days and days beforehand, could not sleep for excitement; but now she had forgotten it. It was odd to feel dead like this, not caring about anything, just waiting.

"I will light the lamp—get you some supper. Lottie is nearly asleep."

"Here; give her to me." Sitting down again Van Leason lifted the child to his knee, drew her to him; pressed the little body against his own with a sense of comfort, a feeling as though something within himself were unsealed at the contact.

Of the remainder of that evening they could have told you nothing. Neither of them was, indeed, conscious of anything beyond a deep depression which was almost despair; a depression in which each hung, almost intolerably, upon the consciousness of the other; ached with the weight of the other: though it was still early when she bestirred herself to bring out a mattress, with his help, hang a mosquito-curtain from the rafters; for the prau was anchored further up the coast, and it was impossible for him to get aboard her that night.

The instant that Van Leason's head touched the pillow he dropped asleep as though he had been shot.

The missionary's wife also slept, was conscious of nothing beyond the straight stretching out of her limbs beneath the sheet. Quite suddenly, however, she awoke, heard her own voice crying out, "Yes, yes," as though in answer to some one who had called her, and dropping her feet to the floor, without even waiting for a light, moved swiftly, with outstretched hands, through the sitting-room and on to the veranda; caught her foot in the hem of Van Leason's mosquito-curtain, which he had thrown aside as he sprang up, and found herself in his arms.

Neither spoke; they did not even kiss each other. For a moment or so—for no time at all—for an eternity—in thinking it over afterward neither of them had any realization of the time, as time—he held her in his arms, close pressed to him. Then she was gone, had thrown herself upon her own bed, dropped into a second heavy sleep; a sleep from which she did not, either mentally or spiritually, awake until next day, when he was once more gone; the steamer gone, and everything—everything of which she had not so much as realized the beginning, at an end.

As for Van Leason all that morning, boarding the steamer, wheedling everything he could out of the unwilling captain, seeing to his men, the young lieutenant seemed to forget her. Later on, as he paused to breathe upon the first mountain height, the thought came to him, "Why, I don't even know what on earth she looks like!" though even at that moment the blankness of oblivion was pierced by a sudden sharp picture of her, her fairness, her wide blue-gray eyes, her soft trem-

bling mouth; a picture so intensely vivid that it seemed in some strange way to be sliced into himself, with the feel of her in his arms, a burden which he was to carry with him through the forests and over the mountains, feel close pressed against his breast as he sat by his camp-fire at night, instinctively move to protect at the first breath of danger. Something so altogether native to himself, so intimate, that all planning, all clear practical thought was out of the question, and he might just as well have asked himself what he was to do with his own skin, how live in it, with it, as what he was to do about her, with her.

A month later, as he once more dipped into the narrow strip of palms lying between the foot of the mountain and the shore, with the bungalow at the edge of it, Van Leason became aware of a European in a white shirt and trousers, his coat on the ground at his side, bending over a spade, smoothing the soil. Drawing nearer, seeing a small thin man, like a little white mouse, with a peaked nose and high cheek-bones, flecked with a bright spot of color, heaping up and smoothing the loose powdery sand, he realized that this could be no one else but the missionary, who, looking up and realizing him, moved a step or so to meet him, put out a white hand, slender and blue-veined as a woman's. He was dripping with sweat and trembling from head to foot, for though the sand had been so soft, it had kept on slipping back as he dug in it; and he was weakened from fever.

"You must be the Mynheer Lieutenant Van Leason? My wife has told

me of you, and how kind you were to her. You have found me at a sad task, mynheer."

"Indeed. What is that?" Van Leason's voice was flat and cold. Without doubt the fellow had been burying somebody; some native brat he supposed, nothing to him or to any one else, neither here nor there. He was, indeed, so altogether indifferent to everything apart from himself, and that one other, that he did not even feel annoyed at finding this silly little man at home. After all, he had nothing whatever to do with either of them.

"He was very small and weak when he was born," continued the missionary. "Happily, by the grace of God, I got back here in time to be with my dear wife in the moment of her trial."

"Her *what?*" Van Leason was conscious of his own voice, like an angry bark.

"But surely—surely you knew—must have observed that my wife—that we were expecting to—hoping to be blest—"

"How should I notice anything? What have things like that to do with me? I've got my own business to attend to," broke out Van Leason furiously.

"It was born just a fortnight ago, and it died at dawn this morning," went on the missionary, almost as if the other man had not spoken. "My poor wife is wonderful—wonderful! Such resignation to the will of God! Of course she is still in a weak condition, but that will soon mend—soon mend. It is, indeed, a happy chance that you have come now, mynheer; it will force her to exert herself, divert her thoughts. You are both

young; she tells me that you know her part of Holland."

His eyes, very blue in their reddened lids, were so amazingly direct and calm, as he raised them to the young lieutenant, that for the first time Van Leason realized him as a real person, a man like himself.

"I have to leave home again this afternoon," the missionary continued; "and if so be you were staying here for a day or two, I'd feel much happier."

"Oh, you would, would you?" Van Leason gave an ugly laugh, and was silent for a moment. Then he broke out again, "You don't mind leaving a man whom you know nothing of here alone with your wife?"

"You forget that I know my wife. That we are everything to each other." There was a great dignity in the little missionary's voice, and the other man—who was so big and strong himself that he could not have been put down by anything in the way of threats or bluster—feeling rebuked, moved on by the missionary's side in silence toward the house.

To Van Leason's surprise the missionary's wife was up and about, herself served them with their meager lunch. At first her husband helped her with the dishes; then a couple of natives came up to the veranda, stood a long while talking to him; and when he returned to the room again his face was aglow, his eyes wide and shining; while he moved as though in a dream, and the moment the makeshift meal was over, sat down at the side-table, started to write.

Tilting back his rickety chair, staring in front of him, smoking furiously, frowning, Van Leason

watched the missionary's wife gather up the dishes from the table and carry them out. When she came back from the lean-to kitchen, however, and bending over little Charlotte, who had fallen asleep on the floor, attempted to raise her, he jumped to his feet and pushed her to one side.

"Look here, you know; you've no business to do that sort of thing," he said roughly, and lifting the child in his arms carried her into the next room, laid her upon her little cot, stood staring while her mother bent over her, straightening out the frail little limbs, tucking in the mosquito-curtain; realizing her in a way he had never done before, seeming to draw her in to himself with every breath—the new appealing fragility of her, the slightly hollowed cheeks in which the color, like a faintly tinted apple-blossom, came and went, the milk whiteness of her hands. For the first time that sort of impatient anger with which she had inspired him seemed to die down, sink away into a sense of deep peace and well-being; and he realized, with a feeling of delightful joy, as fresh as though everything had been clear between them—for it seemed impossible to think of the negligible little man in the next room as in any way related to her—that he loved her; not only desired, indeed at the moment he was not conscious of that, but loved, deeply and tenderly.

As she rounded the rough little bed, bent, tucking in the curtain on the side nearest to him, then straightened herself, he took her in his arms, held her from the back with his head bent, his cheek pressed against hers.

For a moment or so they stood like

that, while he had a strange feeling as though the child at whom they were both looking was indeed his own, for the simple reason that it seemed impossible that anything which was hers should not equally be his.

"I am anxious about Lottie," she said. "This—this happening—the other baby—has made me frightened, and she looks so delicate."

"It's time she was out of this. She'd be all right at home in Holland."

"Holland! Ah-h!" She drew a deep ecstatic breath, and tipping back her head their lips met in a long kiss; a kiss free of all passion and greed, such a kiss as might have passed between a deeply loving married couple.

"Darling—darling!" breathed Van Leason, and was silent, just holding her; then: "It's time you had your siesta—lay down to rest. You must take care of yourself now, you know." He did not add, "Now that we belong to each other," for the simple reason that the thought was there too certainly to require any words. For a moment his hands moved over her. He had an idea of loosening her dress, taking off her shoes, putting her to lie down, tucking in the curtain as she had tucked it round little Charlotte. But for some reason or other, which had nothing whatever to do with any sense of wrong, even awkwardness, he refrained; and taking her face between his hands, kissing her again upon the lips, murmuring to her to sleep well, he turned and left the room.

Late that afternoon Van Leason saw the missionary tiptoeing into the bedroom to say good-by to his wife—for the last time—and felt himself, quite suddenly, filled with horror

at the thought of his own treachery. But what was to be done? What was to be done? Suppose he went back and confronted the little man, stopped him on his way through the villages, down to the shore, where he already saw him moving, told him that he intended to take away his wife from him, what good could come of it? In any case the husband would be left alone.

And even supposing that he should prevail upon her to stay—though of course there was no chance of that—what sort of a cur would he himself, Van Leason, feel for allowing her to remain in a place where both she and her child would surely die of fever, or something worse; unless it so first happened that the husband died, left her alone among these unutterable people, at the mercy of that terrible and lascivious-looking priest.

No, no, a confession like this would be the worst sort of weakness, like the confessions in silly novels, used for no other purpose than the upsetting of everything and everybody.

For a long while Van Leason walked to and fro under the trees. Somewhere there was a country where one could sit down upon smooth green grass in the open; but here, in a moment, one would be devoured by giant ants and mosquitoes, set upon by land-crabs.

The dusk was beginning to fall when he went back to the house, found the missionary's wife seated on the veranda, and dropping down upon the steps leaned his head against one of the posts.

"He has gone," she said at last.

"Yes." A vision, that he would

rather have been without, of the desolate little figure moving along the dirty gray sand, came to Van Leason at her words.

"Lottie is still asleep." It seemed as though she scarcely knew what to say.

"That's a good thing; she will be all the fresher," answered Van Leason, for never had it occurred to him to ask her to leave the child behind; indeed he could not have borne the thought. "Beloved"—he moved a little way along the step and leaned his head against her knee, throwing his arm around her—"directly dusk falls the prau will be within the reef; they will send off my dinghy—my sergeant has gone about it. You must take warm things, blankets, pillows; it's perfectly calm, and there's a moon, with just enough wind—we can sail all night. To-morrow it will be very hot, but there's an awning. To-morrow night we ought to be at Batjan."

He was conscious of his own voice as though it were some one else's, so matter-of-fact, almost curt; while he felt her draw a long breath that was almost a shudder—and for a moment he thought that she might protest, struggle against him—then relax within his arm.

"If he minded, it would be terrible—if he needed me! But he doesn't—he has God!" She spoke without bitterness. "He is very good—too good for me. If we stayed here, Lottie would die too, and I should be alone! No child could live here. Every day I see her fading—it is agony for me to watch her; it's like being bled, drop by drop."

"But you don't only think of her; you are not only coming for that—

you love me? My dear, my dear, you do love me?" He flung both arms around her, gazing up to her face; raised his hands and drew it down until it was close to his. "You do—you do love me—I couldn't bear it if you didn't love me," he cried, all his aggressive cocksurenness gone.

"I do—I do." She pressed her face against his, while he felt tears—hers or his, he could not have said which—wet against his cheek. "I say I think of Lottie; I don't say I think of you, because how can I—how can I think when I feel—feel as I do—that you are part of me—all of me, me, myself?"

"You are not frightened; you trust me." He was on his knees infolding her.

"I don't know—I don't know anything—" There was a sudden wildness in her voice, in the way in which she clung to him. "Only that we belong to each other, that where you are I must be. Oh, my dear, dear, love me, love me always; it's so terrible to be alone."

In the stress of their love, which was at once an agony and joy, they had both risen; and now, half turned with his cheek against hers, Van Leason became aware of eyes watching them through the thick dusk; a face thickly barred with white paint which, in a flash, was gone.

A few moments later, strangely calmed by the sense of danger, all his vigilance awake, sitting once more at her feet, just touching her knees, Van Leason asked her, "Which among the native fellows here paint their faces with white bars?"

"Only one—that horrible priest I'm so frightened of. Why?"

"Oh, nothing— Now you'd better wake the child, get something to eat, put together the things you'll need," he added; and raising her to her feet, held her for a moment without embracing her, almost away from him, by both elbows; then gave her a little push. "Go; don't be long; I shall have you altogether after this," he said thickly, and moving to the top of the steps stood stiffly upright, staring in front of him; feeling himself to be all eyes, with an odd double, sliding vision—crossing and recrossing the darkness—of the white bars, the eyes of that otherwise invisible face, the drooping figure of the little missionary as he had seen it two or three hours before, disappearing through the hole in the fence; starting violently, with the sudden consciousness of another sense which he seemed to have forgotten, as the quick beat of drums, clang of gongs, broke upon his ear.

Half an hour later as he took the little girl into his own arms ready to go, and they moved on to the veranda, the lamp, which had seemed to go out, flickered up again, and the missionary's wife dragged her hand from out of his arm. "It's not out; I must go back—I must go," she panted unreasonably; then, as it flickered and dropped, hesitated for a moment, trembling violently from head to foot, stiffened herself and moved on at his side; while the ear-splitting tumult dropped to the slow deep *thrum—thrum—thrum* of a single drum.

As Van Leason stooped to go through the hole in the fence, it struck him—with an odd unpleasant feeling, as though things were being made altogether too easy for him—

that it had been enlarged, while the beat of the drum grew still slower, with an almost unbearable pause after each.

The heathen crew had a new image in front of the tumbledown temple—he realized that as he stooped to help the missionary's wife through after him—with a half-circle of torches stuck in the ground round it.

It could have been no more than twenty seconds. But in these seconds he realized so many other things also: the grinding sound of the dinghy striking a ridge of coral; his own thought, "We must hurry, the tide's falling"; a fine thread of light from the torches, falling on something which he knew to be the barrel of a rifle; his instinctive movement to throw himself in front of the woman he loved, checked by the realization that it would put him in the position of using the child as a screen; the moment he lost in shifting her from one arm to another; the sharp crack of the rifle; the cry of the missionary's wife as she fell:

"My dear, my dear—oh, my dear!"

And then another crack; a feeling like the bite of an insect as a second shot—turned aside by the thick shawl in which Lottie was inwrapped—grazed his arm; his own men shouting, running; more lights, more shots;

his stupid bewilderment as to what he was to do with the child in his arms as he bent over her mother; bending and then straightening himself—with an agony which seemed to rend his breast in a tearing sob, that somehow or other could not get free—the flash of the torch which some one tore from the half-ring of torches; the realization of the little missionary—not an idol at all, but the missionary, his eyes wide and staring, his mouth open, with a dark stain, like a pierced heart, on the breast of his white coat—tied upright to a post, his bare feet pointing like a dancer's to the ground.

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Yes, I have seen her, little Charlotte, sixteen years old now, and with such odd, wide blue eyes, very silent at old Mevrouw Leason's side, pacing the streets of Leiden, pouring out tea for Mevrouw Leason's friend in Mevrouw Leason's parlor; never quite like other girls. So much too quiet and abstracted, unless you happened to see her with the man whom others called her adopted father, but whom she herself had always refused to call anything, to address in any way, save as "you"—regarding him with an odd sort of antagonism, an unchildlike and passionate affection.

THE MAN AND ARTIST

George Inness, Jr.: An Appreciation

LOUIS J. RICHARDS

RECENTLY three distinguished Americans passed from their earthly activities within two months of one another. They were men whose achievements counted for the worth-while things of life. One was the greatest educator of his time, and considered the foremost citizen of his day; the second, a man of unassuming spirit but possessing high business and political ideals; the third, an artist of rare merit, skill, and power.

Robert Todd Lincoln and George Inness, Jr., were in a measure the unfortunate victims of a fate often meted out to the sons of famous and illustrious sires.

Inness, Jr., was born January 5, 1854, in Paris, whither the family had gone that the father might pursue his studies in art. Up to his fifteenth year the family lived successively in Brooklyn, and in Medfield, Massachusetts, on their return from Paris. These were plastic years in the growing lad's life, during which he received permanent impressions in his father's studio. Later the family again journeyed abroad, with a stay in Rome, Perugia, and other Italian centers of art. Paris was the next tarrying place, where George further pursued his studies under Bonnat, one of France's most celebrated

teachers of that day. At eighteen he was back in Boston in a studio of his own. Then followed days of testing and sometimes privation. Money was generally scarce, and frantically so to purveyors of art. Sales were infrequent, and the search for fame seemed at least hazardous. Again the center of the family's activities was shifted to Brooklyn and later to Montclair, New Jersey. With a studio in New York, commissions for illustrations from various publications helped to swell the meager exchequer.

It was in this critical period, his perplexities augmented by some disturbing personal experiences, that he met and married Julia Goodrich Smith, daughter of Roswell Smith, founder and president of The Century Co. To some of his friends, and later to his critics, this event spelled disaster to his career as an artist. Had he possessed less sterling qualities, been less sure of his purpose, had he based his ideals on a wholly material foundation, it might have ended disastrously. But to him the new situation presented a spiritual challenge and an opportunity. He was neither blinded by nor did he succumb to the allurements of wealth. He plunged with planned purpose into the making of a home and into

serving his community. He became interested in town affairs, organizing the police and fire departments, and was elected one of the town fathers. His art interests were in the meanwhile by no means neglected. He was one of the founders of the Salmagundi Club and later one of its presidents, and was promptly made a member of the National Academy of Design. Thus the variety of his activities helped to broaden his vision and deepen his sympathies. Five children were born to this devoted and happy man and his wife. Sorrows, disappointments, and losses came with the years, but each was a stepping-stone to higher things.

Mr. Inness was a man of remarkable versatility. Had he elected to make business his life-work his success would have been marked. One does not usually associate artists with business. They are more often placed in the category with ministers, yet each must exercise a care in the husbanding of means that is not necessary in better paid professions. I have seen him analyze a business proposal with remarkable clarity and insight, yet never did he take risks other than those incident to any legitimate business venture.

In his advice to budding artists he was most insistent on their learning to draw. "Draw, draw," he would say; "then forget the technique of your drawing in the clearness of the vision of your picture. The perfection of your art will consist in the concealment of your craftsmanship." He was a firm and lasting friend, once he became one, a relationship not easily entered into. I found him diffident at first,

almost cold, certainly reserved in his attitude toward a stranger. But this seeming indifference was really a mask to hide timidity, a dread of meeting strangers and making new acquaintances. He ascribed this trait to his father, who assumed an air of brusqueness that seemed rude and forbidding but back of which was a warm heart and a friendly spirit. His geniality, once this crust had been broken through, was most marked and impressive. Then it was one saw the real Inness, Jr. "Friendship became to him then the cement of the soul." He exhibited a spirit of generosity as delicate as it was sincere. Often he engaged the good offices of a friend of some struggling artist in whom he had become interested and whose pictures were not selling any too well, delegating him to purchase a painting at no small sum. His benefactions were quiet and unassuming, and many never knew the "good angel" of their visitation.

Inness had no small talent as an after-dinner speaker, especially on topics of art. A brilliant conversationalist, he gave of his wealth of anecdote, story, witticism, and personal experience with a charm and dash, accompanied by subtle and appropriate mimicry, that stamped him an artist at entertaining. Had he essayed to be an actor he undoubtedly would have been a success. He had a natural gift for writing and has left in his "Random Thoughts" a number of charming essays, sprinkled with bits of poetry, on a variety of subjects, such as "A Temperance Story," "To a White Canvas," "The Circus Dog," "My Lady Fair," "The Second Adventist";

while his description of the Grand Cañon is a classic, and his "My Song" as beautiful and sincere a tribute as man ever paid to the woman he loved.

In his "Life, Letters, and Art of George Inness" there is no evidence of any attempt at writing fulsome praise of an honored father and great artist, but a simple, straightforward portraiture of a man, his work, his struggles and achievements, his characteristics and philosophy of life, all analyzed with care, charm, and rare discernment.



The career of George Inness, Jr., as an artist is marked by three distinct periods: the student years of preparation, the young manhood and middle age, and the maturer years in which were accomplished his greater works. These periods are distinct and significant. They were as necessary to his development as sunshine and rain are to all growing things. He early determined to become a figure and animal painter, forsaking nature in the belief that his father had pre-empted that field. For a time he endured the estrangement, but the lure of the landscape overcame his reluctance, and he threw himself into his work with renewed ardor and zeal. He received encouragement from his father, and all went well, until he suddenly realized the dominating influence of that master spirit and that he was in danger of becoming a mere copyist. This, because of his sincerity, he could not endure. Whatever else might happen he must do his own work and stamp it with his own genius.

The change came in a strange and,

for the time, terrifying experience. His father had been dead about a year when the event happened. Coming from his house one day, by some strange psychic phenomenon he became conscious of the presence of his father, whom he seemed to see on the opposite side of the street. In a moment he had crossed, joined the wraith-like figure, and engaged him in earnest conversation. An instant later he found himself alone and quickly gained his composure, but the experience had made a profound impression on his mind. Even to one of his temperament, sensitive and finely tuned to psychic influences, the manifestation was unusual. Returning home at once, he related his experience to his wife, whose sympathy and understanding came to his aid. As a result he determined to destroy all the canvases he had on hand, some one hundred in number. To his friends and neighbors this seemed a stark and staring tragedy; to him it was the hour of liberation.

Henceforth he placed his father's art, with all its poetic grandeur, in a sacred niche of his memory, quickly cast the die of separation, crossed over to his own field of activity, and determined to blaze his own path, solitary and alone. Hurriedly the family sailed for Europe, where in a fresh environment he took up his work with renewed enthusiasm. Here he painted "The Crucifixion," "The Entombment," and many other canvases, received Honorable Mention and the gold medal of the Paris Salon, and later was elected *officier* by the Académie des Beaux Arts. After an absence of five years he returned home and

became highly productive, exhibiting many pictures in New York and other art centers of America. About this time he began to spend the winter months in Tarpon Springs, Florida, and it was there he became interested in painting pictures suitable for church decoration, pictures in which it has been said he struck a new note in religious art. There have been periods when religionists have ignored the aid and inspiration of art, and other periods when painters have ignored the opportunity presented by religion for the expression of their art. It remained for George Inness, Jr., to give to our day a new expression in religious art. He broke entirely with medievalism and its massive figures of apostles and saints; for he found—the prophet and poet preceding him—the divine message in the beauty and glory of nature. “For beauty and glory on earth is not self-made but sent thither by the hand and will of God.” What the psalmist voiced, “the heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth his handywork,” Inness visualizes by the subtle suggestion of form, color, and light.

He saw the divine relationship between nature and nature's God, between man and nature, and between man and God. In it he realized that “beauty becomes the pledge of the possible conformity between the soul and nature and consequently a ground of faith in the supremacy of the good.” He also saw with the vision of the mystic and the insight of the prophet that the universe spells good in its motive, purpose, and destiny for man. He saw this in light as the symbol of

God. To him God was light, and the light was the light of men. He was in perfect tune with that mystic of another day who, when the world about him was crumbling and tottering to destruction, exclaimed in the poise of his spirit and serenity of his soul, “This then is the message which we have heard from him, and announce unto you, that God is light, and in him is no darkness at all.” That he might more definitely and clearly present this message of his art, as an interpreter of the religious spirit, he hung eight large canvases in the Church of the Good Shepherd in Tarpon Springs. The first three, placed there seven years ago, he named “Promise,” “Realization,” and “Fulfillment.” Verses were later attached as captions. The first painting has two dominant and suggestive symbols, the rainbow and a spring-time landscape, and, underneath, the words, “And this is the token of the covenant which I have made between me and all flesh that dwells upon the face of the earth.” In the second a shaft of light descends from behind a cloud upon a moorland path in which may be seen a shadowy figure walking in the radiance: “And the path of the just is as a shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.” In the third a recently harvested field, the soft and tranquil moonlight, two receding figures wending their peaceful way toward a house with a lighted window, suggesting peace, sufficiency, and fulfilment: “And the earth shall yield her fruits and ye shall eat your fill and dwell in safety.”

Three years later Inness painted

a triptych, three sentiments from the Twenty-third Psalm, which has become in his hands a picture of our modern need, the spiritual leading of the Light. In this canvas a great central light emanates from a vibrant sky while three luminous shafts spread out over shepherd and sheep and the upgazing figure beside the still waters. His ability to create an emotion, spur the imagination, and suggest the presence of a light that is spiritual and supreme is nowhere shown to better advantage than in this triptych. "The Only Hope," of which much has been said, is the most mystical and symbolical picture he has painted. Its symbolism, however, is not remote but timely, and has definitely to do with a present and pertinent problem—peace and war. To George Inness war is an effect, a result of wrong thinking; envy, hate, greed, and lust for power—these cause wars. Peace is also an effect, a result of a different kind of thinking; friendship, good-will, coöperation—these make for peace. In this painting a city or civilization may be seen in ruins, deserted and desolate. Its deep perspective suggests the wars of history, while over the dark forbidding scene a brilliant and blazing sun has risen, its rays radiating in every direction, driving the mists before them, lighting the dark and forbidding clouds until they become the billowy curtains of heaven spreading out over the crumbling and tumbling ruins of the city, the radiant sun sending its beams into every nook and crevice, tinging the edges of the ruined walls with the light of renewed hope, and going far out beyond the

city's confines to search for the lost forlorn victims of hate and war. The Only Hope is disclosed in the appealing figure, vague and shadowy, discerned in the center of the sun, suggesting the message of good-will and brotherhood as the only way of peace.

The eighth and last painting is one of great beauty and charm, different and distinct from all the others. One beholds a wooded scene whose trees stand out in stereoscopic clearness, with a perspective going far into the distance and promising fairer fields beyond. Then the light, diffusing through all, suggests, "The Lord is in His holy temple." He completed his work as he had wished, to express the vision he beheld and the hope he cherished. Inness appealed through suggestion to the imagination. "To imagine is to be an artist; to imagine well is to be a good artist. There is no mind that exists without imagining. To be an artist is to create for one's self a world of imaginary objects whose function is to express to one's self one's own mind." Some one has said that every problem in life is a theological problem. Perhaps it would be truer to say that all problems are religious. International relations, politics, government, business, education, and art are fundamentally religious. If religion is life and the life of religion is to do good, then these departments of man's activities and relationships are problems of religion. This is why George Inness, Jr., said over and over that in the last analysis art is not for art's sake any more than science is for science's sake, or business for business. Art

is for humanity's sake, as science, business, government, and all the activities are for human service.

In his appeal to the emotions Inness, Jr., strikes a high note in the use of his art. "Can I," said he, "arouse an emotion for good through form and color?" From this lofty vantage-point he never lowered his purpose, his ideal. He was certain that only by the highest that was in him could he arouse the best emotion in another. One senses this when gazing on one of his landscapes, such as "A Morning in Florida." Here one feels the freshness of the early morn, the diffused light among the trees, the limpid cooling stream, the wetness of the grass and verdure underneath. Here poet and artist meet in the lines of Carruth:

"The shimmer of dew on the needles,
A lone bird's wistful call,
The whisper of wind-blown grasses,
The gray mist over all;
The pine trees slowly bending
O'er paths as yet untrod—
Some of us call it Morning,
And others call it God."

Here we behold the mystic bond of a common vision, the feeling that the spiritual in life is supreme.

On June 14, 1926, came a happy occasion when Tufts College conferred upon him the honorary degree of master of arts. What President Cousens said at that time may be fittingly repeated: "Even in a state of savagery the human soul feels the urge of esthetic emotion. As far back as the progress of mankind can be traced this urge has found expression in line and color. Always in every age those who by brush and pencil made real the artistic spirit have been held in high esteem. Mr. Inness, you are of the gifted few. We salute you as master of arts."

He leaves us, the gracious, kindly, generous friend and companion, to—carry on.

"So I am glad,—not that my friend
has gone,
But that the earth he laughed and
lived upon
Was my earth, too; that I had
closely known
And loved him, and that my love
I'd shown.
Tears over his departure? Nay, a
smile,—
That I had walked with him a
little while."

SPEECH, COMMON AND PREFERRED

Word-Manufacture in the United States

THOMAS L. MASSON

IT is undeniable that as our environment and our material equipment change, with the material progress of the world, we must create unceasingly new terms with which to express ourselves. Unabridged dictionaries, which formerly plumed themselves upon their importance in carrying about 100,000 words, now grow apologetic with only 450,000. Any scientific jargon, such as psychoanalysis, electricity, or biology, which cannot boast of its thousands of words, is a mere straggler behind the great army.

In the opening words of his essay "On Expression," John Galsworthy, who in 1924 was president of the English Association, remarks, "The soul of good expression is an unexpectedness, which, still, keeps to the mark of meaning, and does not betray truth." This power comes only through constant practice, constant study of the meaning of words, constant tracing of individual words back to their sources.

We are all the victims of vicious and unwholesome conditions which make it unfair to hold up a single individual as a bad example. These conditions are the outgrowth of expansion in printing, hurry, economic pressure, and the confusion in thought that comes from the enor-

mous increase in words. Even as I write I am aware of as much guilt as any one. But it will be a great step on the road to recovery when teacher and pupil alike admit their common fault, and work together for the right word, for simpler and more accurate terms.

As far as the profession of writing is concerned, it requires a strong character to keep rehearsing one's words all the time, and to do this while one is selling one's wares at the highest rate. The English writers undoubtedly do this better than we do, because of their traditions, grounded in the classics, and because their audience is more homogeneous. As a typical instance of our own shortcoming, I know a young American who attempted years ago to make a living by writing. He had a fairly good common-school education, and wrote with much care. He failed, and his failure made him even more careful. He still failed, until one day his wife said to him, "Why not write as you talk?"

Now it chanced that in his daily life he was what is termed in the American language a regular guy. He mingled with all sorts and conditions of people, particularly with sporting characters. And so, without more ado, he sat down and wrote

a story in the lingo that he knew. He wrote what he heard, recreating it for his purpose by a spontaneous talent which, up to that time, had been dormant. His story was immediately successful. This young man—now advancing to middle age—makes a very large income, and if any philologist, burning with word-zeal, should go to him and ask him to learn his mother-tongue in its purity, he might blush with shame, but fearing the loss of his bread and butter, he would continue to “carry on” in his own manner.

If now we contrast this American writer with, say, Mr. Galsworthy, we shall see at once that Galsworthy does not hesitate to write as he listens. Take any of his novels, and he reproduces the slang, the characteristic utterances of his period, just as all great novelists have done. But side by side with this, he is constantly rehearsing his words. He grooms his technic as if it were a thoroughbred. He is *en famille* with other writers.

On this side of the water, we have, quite naturally, writers who are equally painstaking. We have them, although some of our best writers, I am afraid, do not study their vocabularies. We can trace this defect—and it is a national defect—back to the public and private schools and universities. There is no method of teaching English practised in America at present—judging from results—that is worth a whoop. Is the English system any better? It would seem so.

No one is more keenly aware of this defect than are many of our own leading educators. Of course words must be classified, grammar

must be taught, and certain principles established. If our leading educators have leaned too far in the direction of formalism and have been hoist with their own petard, it would be wrong to criticize them too severely, for almost invariably it happens that they know their failings better than we know them and are secretly trying to correct them while keeping up a brave front before the world.



For years the best among our educators have undoubtedly been trying to extricate our system of teaching English from the deadening influence of over-refinement, from the fatal tendency to stifle the minds of pupils with a mass of useless definitions, just as our lawmakers stifle us with an ever increasing number of laws; the passion for system grows by what it feeds on.

Our decadent tendency to run out into definitions is universal and deep-seated. We see it in science, in theology, in philosophy. It takes a man of very strong character to become a grammarian and not lose his soul. The reason lies in the fact that we never can fasten on any word a lasting identity.

When we try to group all our words into eight parts of speech, we have started on the road to Babel. The old grammars declared that a noun was the name of a person, place, or thing. That was correct for a person or a place, but when it came to things, the grammarians had to explain that a thing might be an abstract idea, such as love, or duty—something you could not see. Then again, the nouns had a habit of slipping away from their scholastic

moorings and becoming almost anything else. The grammarians then thought that by giving a new name to the relationship of any two or three words they could develop in the young a renewed interest in language. Fancy that for intelligence! Putting salt on the tails of young eagles is child's play compared with it. Human beings in their search for expression are hideously reckless and wholly irresponsible. They will grab up any word or set of words to convey their meaning, with complete disregard for grammatical forms. A writer who has what we may term the feel of life and experience in writing does only what all human beings do, except that he does it better because he practises more.

A single example will be enough to show my meaning. In a screen version of Miss Edna Ferber's story, "Classified," the hero, a "mongrel" car-driver, admonishes the heroine, a flapper with a soul, to "cut out the eye-chatter." Here is a compound word coined to make a certain character alive. In this instance, both "eye" and "chatter" are nouns, and combined by Miss Ferber, they thus appear to be united into a common noun. Yet is this so? Don't they merely do their bit by helping to describe the kind of a girl she is, and therefore take on the quality of an adjective? It is interesting, by the way, to note that the word chatter is mentioned only once in the Bible; Isaiah 38:14: "Like a crane or a swallow, so did I chatter." And Miss Ferber was writing only as Homer wrote, when he called Apollo the far-darter, Zeus the cloud-gatherer, Hera the ox-eyed queen, or ushered in the fair-tressed Demeter.

So it is with all words. At any instant they may change their form. An adjective may become a noun; a noun may become an adjective. At one time we were accustomed to react. Now everybody experiences a reaction. At one time region was an honest noun. Now we have regional advertising. A word is like a human being. It is likely at any moment to be anything that its sponsor wants it to be. A film is a noun. To film is not a noun. This tendency, in some cases very proper and highly useful, and in others deplorable, has undoubtedly been encouraged by those hidden magicians, the makers of newspaper head-lines. In a head-line, which is limited to a definite space, there may not be room for John Smith to commit suicide; but he may suicide. I suppose that the head-line "Lauds Wilson" appears a thousand times in this country the morning after any anniversary of the birth of Woodrow Wilson. A prohibitionist becomes a dry, and a real-estate man a realtor.

In this same story of Miss Ferber's, the mother, who is made to reveal an innate domesticity, is much distressed because her pretty daughter insists on referring to their home as "a joint." In desperation, the mother finally exclaims, "I won't have you call this dump a joint."

The word dump in American life is highly significant. Who was the wise man who defined patriotism as territorial prejudice? Here, in dump, we have that contempt for environment which comes from changing material conditions. It is the outward and visible word-sign of an inward spiritual restlessness. The plain people, who scorn expletives,

constantly drag up words out of their inner consciousness which reveal their spiritual limitations. Any man you meet in the crowd, if he has occasion to address you, will call you "brother." In apparent contrast to this, but really due to the same cause, we have Pullman car porters meeting and formally protesting against being called "George," this common name offending their dignity. Nothing in the life of young people can take the place of a cultured home. Is it not plain that when Miss Ferber's characters are made to use the words dump and joint as applied to their lodging-place, they are unconsciously expressing their own lack? And is it not plain that if we are to purify our language we must purify our life?

Before a specific remedy can be suggested, however, for the undoubted slovenliness which marks so much of our writing and for the faulty teaching in our public schools, some brief reference should be made to what has already been done to correct our faults. Without doubt, three of the most useful and practical philologists in this country are H. L. Mencken, editor and critic at large, George Philip Krapp, author of "The English Language in America," and Frank H. Vizetelly, managing editor of "The New Standard Dictionary." Mr. Mencken first published his own book, "The American Language," in 1918. It was followed by two editions, each with notable revisions, the third issued in one volume. The merit of this work it would be difficult to exaggerate. It seems to me unfortunate that Mr. Mencken's reputation as an iconoclast should so overcast our sense of his value as a

practical philologist. In ability and penetration his book exceeds anything else we have except Professor Krapp's more recent volumes. Both books should be in the hands of every American who wishes to understand the difficulties of the problem. Professor Vizetelly's works on "Errors in English," "Idioms and Idiomatic Phrases," and "Essentials of English Speech and Literature" are more broadly popular than the others, but all are useful desk companions, and, to any one interested in getting on intimate terms with living words, fascinating reading.

A more recent attempt to arouse the great public to our language and speech is contained in a volume of "Academy Papers." These papers are a reprint of lectures delivered before the American Academy of Arts and Letters by some of its literary members, including Paul Elmer More, William Milligan Sloane, William Crary Brownell, Brander Matthews, Paul Shorey, and Henry Van Dyke. It shows quite clearly the futility of the super-cultured when it attempts to define that which is as broad as life and not to be confined within the narrow limits of the thing we have come to call "highbrow."

As the right of free speech is guaranteed by the Constitution, is it not clear that the professional critic, no matter how much culture he may have absorbed, cannot by comment or edict stop people from using the words they want to use? What is pure English or pure American anyway, if it is not what we make of it of our own free will, and this based on our purity of thought? And who is to determine this but ourselves? Not long ago I was asked to read and

criticize a story by one of our most successful writers of fiction. In the space of about ten magazine pages this man had one of his characters "gesture" no less than five times. I pointed out to him that the word gesture was what my old school-teacher used to call a crutch word. It revealed the pathetic fact that the writer had not first created in his mind a living character, but only a Robot, manufactured from the assembled parts of a vocabulary which had become vulgarized. Most writers have their own familiar words, and it is not a curse on them if they have; but no really wise writer who hopes to grow will use expressions borrowed from others. I suppose that ten or twelve years ago one story in every four or five had a young gentleman in it who "flicked the ash from his cigarette." Now, thanks to the woman who is addicted to smoking, we have an even more frequent variant, a female character who flicks the ash from her cigarette.

As for favorite words, Mr. Mencken himself delights in "peasantry" as applied to the American moron, and as a relief falls back on "yokel." I think it was H. G. Wells who first originated the inverted verb as a beginning word to a sentence, which was followed in the motion-pictures by such an avalanche of came-the-dawns.

A number of British correspondents have amused themselves by making lists of favorite words of prominent authors. Wordsworth's favorite was solitary. Gibbon had a fondness for elegant, salutary, artful; and Mr. Chesterton is accused of important and uproarious. Dean

Inge of St. Paul's not so long ago referred to this generation as spoon-fed, and this word is now creeping into use as a medium for ironical observation. Some years ago an American writer picked up meticulous, and thereafter it became the fashion. Since then scarcely a week has gone by in which this word has not been used by some one of us. As Sir Henry Hadow has pointed out, the expression "meticulous accuracy" is used as if the adjective had something to do with exact measuring, whereas it is in this respect meaningless. It comes from a Latin word meaning timorous or timid. Similarly our fiction-writers have for long delighted in intrigue, their characters becoming intrigued so persistently as to make us feel like throwing the book into the first filling-station we come to.



Mr. Adolph Ochs, owner of the "New York Times," in a speech before the teachers of journalism and the Association of American Schools and Departments of Journalism, said:

"Although we are very much interested in schools of journalism, we do not yet believe that the young men who come out of these schools are quite fit to come into our office and tell us how to run it. We like to know, however, that when they do come, they bring with them the ability to write good English."

That is true, yet on the same morning this speech was delivered, in a single editorial in the "New York Times," occurs irked (the Democrats in Congress are feeling irked), "let it be said," "showed a welcome access," "along the lines," "the strate-

gic time," "it may be noted," and other literary "tags."

The word outstanding is now a great favorite. Mr. Edwin Markham refers to "one of the outstanding books of the season."

In defense of clichés, it is only fair to quote from Havelock Ellis in "The Dance of Life." After defining them, "We mean thereby the use of old stereotyped phrases—Goethe called them 'stamped' or *gestempelt*, to save the trouble of making a new living phrase to suit our meaning," he goes on:

"Yet the warning against *clichés* is vain. The good writer, by the very fact that he is alive and craves speech that is vivid, as *clichés* never are, instinctively avoids their excessive use, while the nervous and bad writer, in his tremulous anxiety to avoid these tabooed *clichés*, falls into the most deplorable habits, like the late Mr. Robert Ross, who at one time was so anxious to avoid *clichés* that he acquired the habit of using them in an inverted form and wrote a prose that made one feel like walking on sharp flints. . . . As a matter of fact it is impossible to avoid the use of *clichés* and counters in speech, and if it were possible the results would be in the highest degree tedious and painful."

I differ. The evidence is against Havelock Ellis. One may read any of the great English writers, Donne, Newman, Macaulay, Balfour, and while there is much that is dreary, their sentences do not show the hasty construction from which *clichés* are born.

This recalls the unfortunate case of Quiller-Couch, so often referred to by the purists, who wrote a book "On the Art of Writing" in which one

chapter entitled "On Jargon" was—to the delight of his critics—itself full of jargon. It was in this chapter that he used the phrase "in our midst," which Charles A. Dana, the learned editor of the old "New York Sun," held up to such bitter scorn years ago. And to cap the climax, as Quiller-Couch might have put it, he concludes his "Jargon" with this telling phrase: "For the style is the man, and where a man's treasure is there his heart, and his brain, and his writing, *will be also*." The italics are mine.

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If we cannot depend on the philologist, the grammarian, the schoolman, or the professional highbrow to solve for us the problem of purer speech, what are we to do?

Mr. Bernard Shaw has said that if there were no churches a right religion would spring up spontaneously from the combined needs of mankind. Similarly, if grammar were abolished, I am inclined to think we should be in better case. We should then begin to study our basic words on their own account; we should treat them with the respect due to their ancient lineage.

Indeed the improvements we hope for in our spoken and written word will not come from venerable and exclusive gentlemen in frock-coats who gather in select companies and discourse on diction, but they will come from two sources: from the main body of the people on the one hand, and from the small body of creative writers on the other hand.

How little do we understand that the universal tendency to imitate is what determines so largely the fashions of this world, not only in actions

but in our thoughts! Sarah Bernhardt wore elbow-gloves to conceal her skinny arms, and elbow-gloves became the style. During the war the soft hat came in and the silk hat went out; then the word high-hatted was used to show the contempt that some people express for their fellows. The soft hat was further influenced by the motion-picture actor, W. S. Hart, whose hat was straight-brimmed, so that straight brims became not *the* style, but style as far as Mr. Hart was able to influence his period. The Prince of Wales wears his hat on the side of his head and is imitated by an army of young men. His bowler, circling the globe, leaves its progeny behind. Mr. George Harvey, years ago, wore the first tortoise-shell spectacles, and in a few years tortoise-shell Americans became an object of derision for Punch, the whole process resulting in a Harold Lloyd. Thus, as we say, it is to laugh! A generation ago Charles Dana Gibson created the Gibson girl, and every American female, no matter how lowly, tried to look like one. And now is it too much to say that every American girl who womanizes (why not *womanize*?) an office and delights us with her "colorful" (another fashionable word) personality, tries her "darnedest" to look a composite picture of Mae Murray, Gloria Swanson, Norma Talmadge, and Pola Negri, with, say, a dash of the Gishes.

It is a mistake, therefore, to assume that words spring full-blown from the soil; that is to say, from the mass of people. We shall find on examination that even one dialect itself is not a faithful copy of the speech of the people, but has been

created by the mind of the writer, allowing of course for an original substance. Thus, when I asked Mr. Ring Lardner what his technic is, he replied that he listened. But scrutiny of the work of this remarkable writer will show that it rises far above the common speech, in the same way that Aristophanes and Shakspeare created, from the body of material before them, the new forms, and gave them permanence as forms of true art. Professor Krapp shows that, although James Russell Lowell made seven rules for compounding Yankee dialect, in actual practice he did not keep to them, and Professor Krapp makes an analysis of Lowell's poem "The Courtin'" for this purpose. He adds:

"Further analysis of Lowell's dialect writing and of those others who have written in New England dialect will confirm this conclusion. . . . In this poem for example, the New England feeling is given more by rustic simplicity of the content of the poem than by the language of it, and the same observation could be made of a surprisingly large part of American dialect literature. Lowell's dialect in a story of the California gold fields would pass as Western dialect, and would seem not widely out of place on a cotton plantation in the South."

What happens is quite clear. A man who has the necessary gift for writing seizes on the raw material of life as he comes into contact with it, and out of this raw material fashions his production, makes it his own. His success may stimulate a host of writers to go and do likewise, and thus a new school, or cult, is started. The history of American dialect, and

in particular of American slang, illustrates this literary principle. George Ade began with a small group of newspaper cronies who amused themselves by talking the slang of the Chicago newspaper offices and of the Middle West. But the genius of Ade made him recreate this raw material for his own use, and in doing this he took one of the oldest forms known, the fable. Wherever this sort of thing has been done by creative minds, they have always drawn from the common life about them; thus Lowell in his "Biglow Papers," Artemus Ward, James Whitcomb Riley, Charles Egbert Craddock, Peter Dunne, Ring Lardner, Sam Hellman, Wallace Irwin, and others. Where a writer or an artist chafes at the restraints imposed on him, and attempts to go outside of this ordinary life and make exotic standards of his own, he fails in direct ratio to the attention he attracts within a limited circle. Miss Gertrude Stein has excited the high praise of a few admirers, notably Sherwood Anderson, by the eccentric form of her work, in much the same way that the cubists and futurists among artists and the imagists among poets have won praise.

Yet while these attempts are all extremely interesting and in many cases undoubtedly reveal a distinct advance in the development of true art, I can but feel that in the main our development must come from the common materials of life. Here are the opening paragraphs of Miss Stein's essay on England, which I presume is intended to be a revaluation of the genius of that much abused country:

ENGLAND

LEAVE OFF MORE TIME THAN THE
HOPE WHICH ASSURES THE RENT OF A
CUSTOM, THE SWEETNESS IS NOT
THERE IT IS THE REASON LEFT AND
THE MONKEYS ARE NOT MERRY. IF
YOU DO HAVE EYES BLUE AND THE
HAIR THE COLOR THEN IT EASY TO
SEE THE HANDS.

ALL ALONG AND THE DAY, THE
PRIZE IS NOT DRIVEN AND THE
SELECTING OF ALL THE COAL IS THAT

. . . .

SO THE CLOTH IS ALRIGHT AND THE
CARPET IS ENGLISH. PINK AND MOON,
THAT SWEET SUGAR IS BROWN

Of this writing Mr. Sherwood Anderson remarks:

"For me the work of Gertrude Stein consists in a re-building, an entire new recasting of life, in the city of words. Here is one artist who has been able to accept ridicule."

It would be a great error of literary judgment to belittle the value of Miss Stein and others of that limited circle who, deliberately avoiding the main channels of a vulgar popularity, go their own way and strike out beyond the lines of formal and traditional endeavor. Their material failures are unimportant compared with the impulse and courage which impel them to make their lonely trails. At the same time, the biggest people have always used the nearest and most commonplace material at hand. The rules for writing laid down by Aristotle have scarcely been bettered in all the years since he wrote.

The peculiar genius of the American people in the "manufacture" of words is the result of pioneer conditions which they had to overcome;

this made them inventive and independent and—if we must say so—often crude and over-vulgar. Thus we have to-day innumerable phrases and terms which can but jar upon an ear cultivated even to a moderate degree. We are willing to make things snappy, but not too snappy. We are willing to call our sons and daughters by their right names, but not to call them “brother” and “sister” and “Junior” and by the more generic neologism of “kiddies.” We have no particular objection to “cafeteria” (from the Spanish word for coffee-shop), but we object violently to “grocceteria” and “drugateria,” and even more to “pantorium,” which, in the vernacular of the day, is ostensibly a parking place for pants. We object to “low down,” to “getting one’s goat,” and—to move up a step into the language of the more ambitious moron—to “citizenize” and to “funeralize.”

And yet these vulgarisms and many more which I refrain from inflicting on my tolerant readers are merely fringes on a very extraordinary national gift which the London “Spectator” refers to thus: “There is not, we suppose, a thinking man who speaks English who has not at some time felt his knowledge of the world and human nature increased as well as his sense of the ridiculous aroused and excited, by an ‘Americanism.’”

This is, however, a rather striking exception to the English run of criticism of our Americanisms. Dr. Robert Bridges, poet laureate, in referring to their comforting conviction that the English people are the “inheritors of what may claim to be the finest living literature in the world,” goes on to speak of the menace which

confronts “our countrymen scattered abroad” and then refers to the fact that this “menace” is “most evident in the United States.”

Messrs. H. G. Fowler and F. G. Fowler, authors of “The King’s English,” and that more recent and more delightfully stimulating work, “Modern English Usage,” also warn their readers against Americanisms and take Kipling to task for indulging in them. Apropos of this, is it not true that Walter Pater refused to read Kipling in order that he might not be corrupted?

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To those who have been kind enough to read what I have written, it is now, I hope, plain that the difficulty in keeping the American language and speech pure does not lie with the mass of people but with the small body of educated men and women who preside over our doubtful destiny: first, the experts, who are trying to reduce human nature to a system of grammatical imbecilities; and, second, the group of creative writers at the top of the heap, who do not care how slovenly they write so long as they are well paid. Much also might be said about the lamentable decline in the spoken word, a decline which dramatists attribute to the effect of the motion-pictures.

Among educated people in general, it must also be clear that, as valuable and necessary as the groundwork of philologists is, our progress will always be measured very largely by the increased attention given to the study of words by men and women who are actually creating our literature. And this applies to every one among our journalists and authors. When we see the men in charge of our

public schools, who are so keen to make the language better, only getting into a deeper tangle of definitions the more they try to extricate themselves, and when we see our schools of journalism and the newspaper staffs of our leading papers ignoring constantly the ordinary rules of correct writing, we may well pause to ask ourselves whether our democracy, having been on trial so long, ought not to be sentenced to a term in "solitary."

It is our fatal fascination for adjectives and adverbs that undoes us. Our commercialized instincts constantly tempt us into superlatives, by reason of competition and high living. We think in terms of jazz. The Twenty-third Psalm is perhaps the most beautiful example of pure English in all the language:

"The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

"He restoreth my soul."

In the twenty-nine words quoted, the two most prominent adjectives, "green" and "still," merely increase the intensity of the nouns they accompany. I spare the reader any attempt to show what a modern newspaper man would do with these opening sentences.

In its surface aspects, the decadence in our language is due to our extraordinary and hitherto unexampled transportation facilities for words. Big words that symbolized big simple ideas have been split up into masses of small words, which are thought to be refinements and thus to extend the human consciousness. The reverse is true. Complexity of

ideas is not extension but limitation. The old scribes were bound by the necessities of their work to make a severe choice of words, because the labor involved was great. Now we have such a bewildering mass of words to choose from, and so many writers have acquired such extraordinary skill in "bunching" them, that we have become the victims of a degenerate form of competition. The "super-salesman" is not confined to the counting-house. He "cerebrates"—as they say—in the author's den.

As far as the study of language is concerned, we may easily abandon almost all of the intricate and misleading grammatical definitions and classifications invented by the grammarians and rhetoricians, and simply remember that in a general way all words are either nouns or verbs; that is to say, they symbolize things or ideas that are real or permanent, or else they symbolize the action, the movement, or the development of those things and ideas. The excessive use of adjectives and adverbs is always a sign of weakness, indicating poverty of thought. Much more than this, it reveals a lack of faith. The material splendors and verbal superlatives of a godless people always end in their being mental and spiritual paupers.

I have watched the process of degeneration in the vocabularies of our leading writers now for the past ten years, and have found that the grammarian who makes his pedantic protest against it has about as much chance as an Indian guide who tries to cross Niagara in a canvas canoe.

The cure? Dear friends, it lies with all of us.

EQUALITY

America's Traditional Passion and Whither It Is Leading

GUSTAVUS MYERS

FROM THE beginning, equality of rights has been the goal of the American people as a nation. Viewed at particular junctures the progress has often seemed beset with contradictions and marked by incompleteness. But in perspective it shapes itself as a great continuous historic reality. Transient paradoxes clear away, and the urge for equality is seen as an irresistible one which, despite apparent breaks and checks, has driven steadily forward. As with so many aspects of human progress, there rises before the outlook a series of significant accomplishments of connected character and scope. Consummated in America these have had an increasingly world-wide influence.

The purpose in here reviewing at length the inequalities already swept away by the American people is not merely to relate past deeds. The narration of what has been done is of the utmost importance as a preliminary to the next foreshadowed step in achieving an altogether new kind of equality. The probability, if not the certainty, of this coming change can be much more easily understood by means of a consideration of the changes already wrought by the American people. Those Americans who may be inclined to

believe that America has done all it could in the direction of equality of rights will hardly fail to find in these facts the clear precursors of another change, which may well rank as the climax of the whole series.

When America began its independent national career, inequality was the established condition everywhere. American settlers did not detach their minds from European ideas. In dislodging themselves from old-world surroundings they still retained in the new environment the customary ways of the old. They might, as did Massachusetts colonists, insist upon the right to make their own laws, but the theory and application of those laws followed European lines. All of the colonies were swayed by European concepts and dominated by its rulers. To the colonists Europe was the authoritative source of political, social, and cultural guidance; forms, methods, creeds, dogmas, and discords of the Old World were transplanted to the New.

Although of seemingly independent initiative, colonial legislation was in many cases a copying or paraphrase of the British. A comparison demonstrates this. Colonial lawmakers often reenacted the Brit-

ish code bodily, a practice leading to singular results. South Carolina, for example, as late as 1712 adopted an entirety of British statutes in which legislators and people were later much astonished to find a drastic anti-witchcraft law dating back through the reigns of James I and his predecessors to the year 1541 in the reign of Henry VIII.

Throughout the world peoples were almost fatalistically habituated to a belief in the positive need of inequalities. Of immemorial duration, inequalities were regarded as unchangeable. Nor was this traditional conviction ever allowed to weaken. Each generation was solemnly advised by preaching and warned by law that it must unconditionally accept the existing division of society as in accordance with divine will and human experience.

Disciplined to these teachings, no people or part of a people had ever thought of propounding the idea that every person had an inherent right to worship or not to worship as his faith and reason determined. The principle of placing all creeds and denominations as well as doubters and disbelievers on an equality of protection by law did not remotely enter the horizon of thought.

From distant recorded antiquity the church had been regarded as an integral part of the state; the functions of the two were fused; and the state's powerful machinery was used to enforce obedience to the dominant church. Periods of toleration did not imply inviolable legal rights. In imperial Rome Jews and Christians were alternately tolerated and persecuted. In later centuries the

same attitude applied to various Christian denominations, and to Jews in a number of European countries. The Reformation did not give religious liberty even to all Protestants. In England, for instance, dissenters from the Church of England were penalized; and a terrorizing sequence of laws, passed against Roman Catholics, remained in force for centuries.

Imitating such laws, or required to reenact them, many of the American colonies proscribed and persecuted. To a large extent accident of birth dictated what rights a man had or lacked. Born a Catholic, Unitarian, or Jew, and clinging to his religion, he was not allowed to vote or hold office in some colonies; in others Episcopalians, Quakers, Baptists, and Presbyterians were variously debarred. Repeating the European performance, the ascendant majority creed or denomination of each locality disfranchised non-conformists.

Towering above all social structural inequalities was that which asserted the inborn majesty of a small number of individuals called kings. Accident of birth alone decreed the vesting of enormous power in the hands of these creatures of circumstance. Instilled into peoples was the claim that royal personages derived their power from God, that submission to their will was a supreme duty, and that laws to enforce this reverent obedience were a paramount and pious necessity. Accompanying this claim was the incessant insistence that peoples were unfit to govern themselves. Even in England, where the king's power was qualified, the generality of the

people were endlessly assured that they did not know what was good for them, and pains were taken to imbue in them a horror of democracy as turbulent and incompetent.

An intrenched aristocracy of title stood on a lofty summit looking down scornfully upon the ordinary people. By the fortuitous route of birth its members inherited distinction, prestige, and social and feudal economic power. The same caprice of chance that made other men drudges converted them into lords and dukes. Ranking as peers, they were automatically endowed with extraordinary prerogatives of ruling the destinies of their fellow-creatures. The House of Lords in England has been a long-standing example. In realms devoid of parliamentary institutions titled noblemen usually had a compact monopoly of administrative offices and of official posts in army and navy. To the titled and their families, the glamour of transcending superiority was accorded; laws applying to common offenders were seldom permitted to reach their transgressions. For sovereigns homage was exacted, and awe for the nobility.

Below the titled ranks there was another class of lesser aristocratic pretensions but glorifying itself as far above plebeian folk. This was the gentry; what it lacked in descent it asserted in pride. Its basis was wholly that of material wealth; in general, land, deviously acquired. Successive inheritors took on increasing airs, bedecked themselves in pompous splendor, and had impressive genealogies fabricated for their exaltation. Back of their boast of "springing from a line of gentle-

men" was nothing but the whim of birth. Legal forms gave them an assured eminence by registering them as "persons of quality." Of this class we had a conspicuous number in America, proprietary families whose founders by genteel corruption and chicanery had contrived to gain possession of huge domains. Upon these they built imposing mansions; they demanded ceremonious deference; they traveled in sumptuous blazoned coaches. The scions of the briber became social and political grandees.

Old-world devices to insure perpetuity of established aristocracies, both titled and untitled, were copied in America. Laws of entail and primogeniture conserved property by estopping its alienation and concentrated ownership power in the first-born son. Statutes and customs prescribing difference in attire were also imported. Despite some democratic political tendencies in Massachusetts, for instance, laws directed that persons of "mean estate" should not wear apparel appropriate to their superiors only.

Everywhere the force of social regulations commanded distinction in dress according to class and grade. Down to the American Revolution, and for a time afterward, class or occupational units of a street throng could be instantly identified by their garb. Gorgeous in finery, the aristocrat bespoke haughtiness. The sober dull costume of the tradesman reflected a due understanding of his station. Leather breeches, homespun coat, and brass-buckled coarse shoes were the mechanic's confession of his menial place. Backing up law and custom in justifying these

disparities, ecclesiasticism told the lower orders that they should humbly accept the lot to which they had been assigned by birth.

Political inequalities were interwoven with those of a social nature. In absolutist monarchical countries, peoples, of course, had neither voice nor vote. The same was true, however, of the great mass of people in such a supposedly constitutional country as England. The principle underlying British parliamentarism from the time of Magna Charta was that of landed property as the basis of representation. Estates voted, not men; until well in the nineteenth century England's House of Commons was elected by a mere handful of landed property-holders in each borough. Corruption of these was common and continuous. In pseudo-republican Switzerland political power was largely confined to a hereditary burgher oligarchy.

Transposed to America, England's property qualification laws forbade voting or office-holding rights to any one who did not have specified possessions in freehold property. So fixed was the concept that propertied men were the substantial element of the community that these laws outlasted the great changes of the period during and after the Revolution. Were such laws in operation to-day, millions of American citizens renting or leasing dwellings, offices, or farms would be entirely precluded from voting or from holding public office.

Inequality of educational rights was riveted in the prevailing system, which condemned the many to enforced ignorance. Schools and colleges were privileged institutions

giving a monopoly to the favored few. In general, here also accident of birth decided whether a human mind should be or should not be developed. Superimposed classes strove to keep the submerged in perpetual hereditary mental darkness. Astutely realizing that knowledge was power, the puissant forces, from the feudal lord to the capitalist, sought to exclude the mass of people from enlightenment.

Racial inequalities were deeply implanted. Civilization had outgrown the barbaric practice of enslaving the conquered, but it sanctioned the servitude of races of another color. While European nations were encouraging and profiting from the negro slave traffic, their officials here in colonial times also stimulated the enslavement of Indians. Only the fighting spirit of our native tribes prevented this condition from becoming general. In negro slavery we had an added enormity of bondage determined by circumstance of birth. Unless manumitted or otherwise released, the "person of color" from generation to generation was doomed to remain in the slave class.

Industrial inequality of rights was likewise derived from ancient oppressions infused with feudal conceptions. Here again, American laws followed the British. Masters were furnished with the most arbitrary control over their working men and women, who were stigmatized in law as servants. Artisans and all other employees had neither individual nor collective rights. Masters often had the legal power to prevent them from traveling from place of work or from marrying; at

all times they dictated hours of labor and rates of wages; and they had at their command the law's mandate denying to the workers the right of organizing. In a degree diminishing after the American Revolution these laws were used for the purposes of capitalist tyranny, and were long sternly enforced by American courts steeped in British precedents. The law allowed factory owners, merchants, and shippers the right to organize militant protective associations but prohibited workers' organizations and strikes as criminal conspiracy.

One after another these inequalities were swept away by the American people. Had the progress of any of these reforms been judged by its development through a short period, it would have seemed discouragingly slow. But great peaceable historic changes do not often move rapidly, especially in a country where the majority rules and where legislative power is widely decentralized. Proceeding unevenly, each movement leaves remnants of the old order for considerable periods after the original impetus.

Religious equality, America's first accomplishment, was gradual estimated by contemporary view but rapid measured historically. Ripe for it before the American Revolution, some States lost no time, once independence was declared, in abolishing taxes and tithes for church support and in opening the way to complete religious liberty. At first restricted to Protestants or to believers in the Christian religion, this liberty was later extended to all faiths. A few lingering States were

more than fifty years arriving at the effacement of all religious discriminations. But from its earliest days as a national government, America, according to the provisions of its federal Constitution, stood for the fullest religious equality. By the first amendment adopted by Congress and ratified by the States, no Congress could ever pass a law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise of religious beliefs.

America's adoption of religious equality was regarded in Europe as an alarming innovation. Even in France, where after the French Revolution diversity of beliefs was allowed by law, the French could not understand the American view that people could differ in religion and yet live like good neighbors. During Napoleon's régime there was an agitation for uniformity of religion on the ground that the division of people into different sects necessarily would give rise to an equal number of hostile parties. England did not enfranchise the Roman Catholics until 1839, nor the Jews until much later. To this day various European countries retain in some form the old union of church and state. Our Ku-Klux Klan embodies nothing more than a recrudescence of an archaic prejudice which does not in any way affect the soundness of our laws. After achieving some temporary successes, the much more active Know-Nothing movement before the Civil War was completely extinguished by the very Protestant element it claimed to represent. The overwhelmingly fair-minded Protestant majority came to the rescue of the small Catholic minority.

Similarly so in the case of the American Protective Association, an anti-Catholic organization, after the Civil War. Recently we saw how in Detroit many Protestants refused to countenance bigotry and helped elect a Roman Catholic mayor.

The pronouncement in our Declaration of Independence that all men were created equal evoked the derision of ruling classes everywhere. The repudiation of the monarchical idea likewise was met with the sneering prediction that a government based upon popular rule would inevitably "dissolve in anarchy and ruin." Equality in rulership was the passion of the American people. Hamilton, himself of a monarchist tendency, had to acknowledge formally that the American people were intensely averse to monarchy. Since then, especially in the last decade, many nations have discarded the kingly institution, accepting the American idea that peoples are competent to govern themselves.

The indomitable struggle of the American people to overthrow caste aristocracy lasted, from beginning to end, 137 years, culminating in complete victory.

The first attacks, begun during the Revolution, stripped aristocracy of its intrenched legal powers and prerogatives. State after State abolished entail and primogeniture. It was against public policy, legislatures declared, to have any laws tending to exalt the wealth and importance of particular families and individuals by giving them undue and unequal influence. France in 1790 followed America's lead, while England is only now reaching the stage of eliminating primogeniture.

Our federal Constitution prohibited the granting of titles. Old laws and customs decreeing inequality in garb became obsolescent; and genealogies a laughing-stock.

Class differences in attire long since gave way to an indistinguishable equality. In point of style, at any rate, our working-girls now rival their rich sisters. Except in the matter of extravagant homes and of opportunities for leisure, visible badges of distinction have been shorn from aristocracy, whether of caste or of wealth. Traveling in one's own equipage was once a token of prestige; the widespread ownership of automobiles now removes all such pretensions of superiority. In the political field the last remnant of the once all-powerful caste aristocracy was obliterated in 1912 when an amendment to the federal Constitution was adopted providing for the election of United States senators by popular vote. Established originally as an avowedly aristocratic body to check "the turbulency of the people," the United States Senate had degenerated from a caste aristocratic body into a plutocratic one.

Political equality was attained by the American people after a forty years' contest. When the American republic was founded the intrenched classes sought perpetuation of power in themselves by means of old laws and customs and new contrivances. Popular agitation resulted in the repeal by State after State of property qualification voting laws; every white man whether penniless or rich was given an equal right to vote, and his right to hold public office was no longer conditioned upon the

amount of property he had. Jubilant American democracy wiped out the old methods by which certain families or groups had transmitted as a kind of heirloom the holding of important offices from father to son; it proclaimed and insisted upon the principle of rotation in office. In our own time political equality has been extended to include all women.

Educational equality was achieved by the American people at large only after a hard struggle with caste aristocratic and capitalistic forces. The public school system became an imperative function of American life compelling the training of every child. Backward sections of the South were exceptions. We still have remnants of the old exclusive system in certain of our institutions of higher learning, to which only those in favored circumstances are admitted. But the ideal expressed by the Working-men's party almost a century ago may yet come to fruition—an ideal protesting that it was "an exclusive privilege for one portion of the community to have the means of education in college while another is restricted to common schools," and demanding "a system of education which shall be equally open to all, as in a real republic it should be." Since that time, however, the high school, the equivalent in many respects of the old-time college, has become an essential part of our public school system, which now provides for more than 26,000,000 pupils, requires more than 822,000 teachers, and calls for an annual expenditure of \$2,400,000,000.

The combat for industrial equality was waged for a century and a quar-

ter. Favored by public opinion, working-men by 1836 had secured the right to organize and strike. Nevertheless, in various aspects, industrial overlords maintained an autocratic position for sixty or seventy years longer. With few exceptions they refused to accord human rights to labor-unions and shielded themselves behind every artifice furnished by old laws and precedents for the purpose of declining to recognize moral responsibility. They resisted agitation for laws providing for shorter work hours, factory sanitation, compensation to injured workers, and payments to families of those killed through industrial hazards.

But the mighty power of coalesced wealth proved futile against the surge of public opinion backing the fighting spirit of labor-unions. A succession of State laws was followed by the Federal (Clayton) Anti-Trust Act of 1914 definitely abandoning the antiquated master-and-servant interpretation of labor and specifically defining that labor is not a commodity. The culmination had been reached where capitalists, individual or corporate, could no longer arrogantly refuse to meet labor-union representatives. The discussion of grievances thenceforth was on a plane of equal rights. Since about 1915 the old attitude of opposition to these standards on the part of the controllers of industry has been widely transformed into one of voluntary acceptance.

Racial equality alone was accomplished by methods which involved the use of armed force. If laws passed by some Southern colonies forbidding the slave traffic had

not been voided by King George III, the negro slave question would never have become acute. The tragic four years of the Civil War unshackled the negro and gave him legal and political rights as a man and citizen. The action of some Southern States in impairing these rights by legislative stratagem does not alter the fact that in general the negro race legally and politically is the equal of the white race. Social equality is another matter, which no law can effect. The American Indian has a pride in his race; may not the American negro develop a similar feeling? It is not so many centuries since the mass of white men were slaves or serfs.

With a hundred and fifty years of powerful momentum behind it, there does not seem to be the least reason for believing that America's traditional movement for equality of rights can or will cease. Consistent thus far in its successive steps, a consistency in sequel is more than implied; it is somewhat clearly indicated.

So long as we have huge disproportion in powers derived solely by accident of birth, the continuous effort of the American people to remove artificial distinctions and discriminations remains unfinished. The abolition of hereditary economic power was, in fact, included in the early American program for equality of rights; in 1829 and 1830 resolutions were passed in some American cities calling for the abolition of the power to transmit wealth, which then still consisted mainly of landed estates. But in the campaign for equality of rights other demands

came to be given priority; the time was not ripe for uprooting this kind of hereditary privilege; and the operation of the laws against entail and primogeniture was disintegrating the great feudalistic estates.

The principle then declared, that it was against social justice to allow accident of birth to endow certain persons with a superiority conferred by wealth, remains even truer as applied to the great economic power of to-day. Ownership giving mastery or control over industrial plants, railroads, public utilities, banks, mines, and other sources of material wealth passes from father to son. By the arbitrary, perhaps fantastic, rule of birth, a few children are thus placed upon a supereminent elevation of economic authority, while the mass of other children are compelled by the same process to start life burdened with pressing economic inequality.

That such a condition is in glaring contrast with all other conditions of American life does not admit of argument. No man can transmit political power to his children. Highly developed spiritual and intellectual qualities are confined wholly to the persons acquiring them. Fineness of character and excellence of reputation do not descend to offspring as a heritage. Neither does talent nor even athletic prowess. If children seek to emulate their parents in these, they must go through the same hard work in attaining them. But in the case of wealth, the sordid pursuit of which rates as among the lowest of human ambitions, successive generations are permitted to take inheritance. Often amassed by the most reprehensible

methods, wealth becomes a sacred process of hereditary descent, inducted, as time goes on, with the full color of respectability.

Enormous wealth arrogates to itself an irresponsibility allowed to no other part of society. The ordinary business man risks failure, the professional man loss, the employed worker discharge, and the farmer ruin by not knowing required duties and personally attending to them. Too often the inheritor of control over industrial or other corporate concerns is ill informed if not ignorant of actual conditions in the plants from which his great revenues are derived. Management is intrusted to salaried executives who frequently are subordinated to the orders of distant banking financiers. Inherited proprietorship or control may come to be of an absentee character, allowing possessors of great wealth to live far from the properties that yield such riches. By inheritance the title to large holdings of stocks and bonds gives these individuals hereditary authority over large numbers of employees and insures the hereditary right to enjoy and enlarge wealth which they have done nothing to create.

The practice of the wealthy in making large donations for public benefactions did not have a voluntary origin. So strong was the American people's feeling against personal or family aggrandizement that it became customary that the rich should relinquish part or all of their wealth. Of the many evidences of this fact an editorial comment of the "North American Review" in October, 1848, may be cited: "in a manner, the very wealthy

are constrained to make large bequests for public objects in their wills; and if one occasionally fails to comply with the general expectation in this respect, his memory incurs such obloquy that sometimes his heirs have been shamed into an attempt to atone for his neglect."

There has, however, never been any popular approval of a social order allowing the few to posit themselves as benefactors and to extol themselves as philanthropists; it is not a creation of the American people but a legacy of the past when monarchs condescendingly bestowed largess.

American revulsion against anything savoring of patronage is traditional. Attempts, before the establishment of the public school system, to foist charity schools upon Americans were met by a boycott declared by self-respecting parents. It is just a century since, in a concerted movement, American artists indignantly repudiated the long-standing old-world custom of dependence upon patrons, and proclaimed that culture and talents outranked any superficial pretensions of rank or wealth. The head of any of our corporations will tell you that extreme care has to be exercised in talking about employees' welfare work so as not to arouse the resentment felt by working people against a spirit of patronage.

Among the objectionable characteristics of great wealth not the least is the inherent opportunity of buying commendation or renown by sheer lavish disbursement. Few donations have been made anonymously. In certain cases the motive of the donor may not be altogether

or even partly one of self-glorification, but the effect is precisely that.

In their laudable desire for a good name, either during or after their own time, other members of society must earn it by worthy personal exertion. They have to produce evidence that their work or deeds entitle them to recognition. But the moneyed magnate or his heir simply gives an order, signs a check, and forthwith there is erected a library, university building, institute, or foundation imposing his name upon the community and sanctifying his memory with a halo. The same lucre often enables him to exercise a control over education which is repugnant to American sentiment.

The American people have set an example for the world in their high standard of living. The purpose of the American is not mercenary but merely that of providing reasonable security for the family. Unquestionably in constructing a new social basis a place would be found for the right to make adequate provision for survivors. But this would be very different from the existing order, whereby vast fortunes with far-

reaching fortified economic power are passed from sire to son, and are often virtually entailed for several generations by the ingenious devices of trust provisions in wills.

In what effectual way will such a change be made? The answer will be supplied by practical men and women. My concern is with outlining the principle and not with prescribing the method. The superior rights of the generality of the people over particular individuals is already recognized by law in multifarious ways. Specially relevant is the estate tax, which is a limited application of the right of the people, through their government, to divest rich holders of part of their inheritance. Without the protection of the state great fortunes could not exist. In all the other movements of the American people for equality of rights, the enunciation of principles came first, and their transformation into accomplished facts inevitably followed. So it will be with the American people's next great achievement, the establishment of economic equality, to which the step here indicated promises to be an introduction.

HOT MILK

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER

OLD Mr. and Mrs. Wayne lived until they were both eighty-five, and then died within a fortnight of each other.

For fifty-five of those eighty-five years—ever since her birth, in fact—their only child, Honoria, had lived with them; and, during the last fifteen or so of the fifty-five, it was only natural that Honoria's thoughts should turn occasionally to the inevitable future, when she would be alone.

Honoria never went so far as to admit to herself that she disliked her parents (which was, however, very justly the case, for beneath airs of gentleness and solicitude for her, they were a thoroughly selfish pair, and had sucked her life dry). But she did take pleasure in planning her own future on lines as different as possible from her past and her present.

There was going to be impulse in that future, in place of routine; travel, for instance, and keeping open house for friends, and no reading aloud, and no fuss about flannels or servants or drafts. That sort of thing. For if duty was strong in Honoria, so also was the will to live some time or other.

And as the years passed and passed, there grew to be one special time in every day when thoughts of the future came to her invariably.

That time was half-past nine in the evening, the last half-hour before going to bed, when she was tired in body and frayed in nerves, and the hot milk came in.

Hot milk! There had been a time when Honoria had rebelled against this pick-me-up of the aged. But she had been gradually worsted. For what was the use of declining a glass of hot milk one night, if it came into the room with her parents' glasses just the same the next night and the next, and so on forever, in the hope of getting itself drunk?

And then her parents, her antiphonal parents, on the subject of hot milk.

"I told Cook always to send it in, darling, just on the *chance* of your drinking it sometimes."

"An excellent nightcap, Honoria. You will find it, as we do, a most excellent nightcap."

"And so nourishing, dear. You are looking a little tired. And what would father and I do if you were to break down?"

"To please your mother, Honoria. You know how she worries."

It was simpler, it was the line of least resistance, to drink the stuff, and to eat the two biscuits that went with it. Honoria ate and drank. Only, as she did it, she could not help envisaging always the time when

she would be free never to drink hot milk again. Never, never!

And now the time had come. The last funeral guest had gone, and the house was still; so still that the single chime of the clock at the half-hour made her start. But, after that, stillness again. No familiar detested sound of a distant door opened, approaching footsteps, a tray with hot milk and biscuits. Nothing. Honoria had given orders.

She settled down to think. What was she going to do? First, of course, the "long rest" that all the relations had advocated. Yes, but where? There were so many glorious places, and with delight she had tried them all, in imagination, during the years gone by. But now there were harassing details to consider, as well. Routes, tickets, luggage, a companion or no companion . . . Oh, it was no use; she could settle nothing to-night. She would go to bed.

But she could not go to bed. It was most curious. She was haunted by some faint sense of a thing forgotten or left undone, an uncomfortable nagging sense. What could it be? She walked about the room, trying to remember. She failed, yet the haunting sense grew stronger, more insistent, all but swam up into the light of remembrance.

And then the door opened, and Anna stood on the threshold; Anna the parlor-maid, who had known her parents almost as long as she had, Anna bearing a tray on which were a glass of hot milk and two biscuits.

"You won't sleep, Miss Honoria," said Anna confidently, "without it. Not after being used to it all these years. So I brought it."

Instantly a sense of peace and fulfilment descended upon Honoria. This, then, was what she had been waiting for, wanting? This hot milk? Through all the years when she had thought she was hating it, she had been growing to like it, to need it, to be unable to go to bed without it? Horrible, oh, horrible betrayal of her dreams! Her eyes filled with tears as she looked at the tray.

Anna saw the tears and spoke compassionately, authoritatively, without understanding. "There, there, Miss Honoria, don't you take on so. Drink up your hot milk, and then you'll get a good night's rest. In the morning I wouldn't wonder but what you'd feel like going down to Mrs. Oliver Wayne's at Bournemouth, or maybe to Mrs. Godfrey's at Leamington, same as you used to with the master and mistress. And after that you'll be ready to settle down again here as comfortable as you'd never think."

"Yes," said Honoria. She was sipping her hot milk, and it was appeasing and comforting her, and yet it was as if she were sipping poison.

She would never travel, she realized, except to Bournemouth or Leamington. She would never do any of the things she had planned to do. It was too late. The thought of travel, of change of any sort, was no longer an exhilaration; it had become a terror. "The world remains for us whatever it was when we were thirty-five." Some one had written that, and it was true. In youth one was . . . one was . . . well, a bus!—choosing one's road, threading traffic, taking risks, and emerging victorious. But, imperceptibly, one became a

tram. A thing that could only go forever up and down, up and down its familiar lines. Yes, that was it. And so she had lost everything. For another twenty or thirty years she would probably continue to exist, but she had nevertheless lost everything. For she had lost even the capacity to change, even the will to live.

She was staring so fixedly at her empty glass that Anna spoke again, with solicitude. "Could you drink a drop more to-night, Miss Honoria?—what with all the worry and you being so tired?"

"No! Oh, no!" Honoria started and set down her glass. "That's enough, thank you, Anna . . . for to-night."

THE FOG

DELLA THOMPSON LUTES

I went to bed at night-time,
And left the ocean there
All smiling in the sunset
Blue and clear and fair.

The sky seemed very distant
And with a rosy glow.
They didn't look at all alike,
As any one would know.

I woke up in the morning—
There was neither sky nor sea,
But only misty grayness
As thick as it could be.

There were no boats a-sailing,
No birds a-flying high,
No water we could swim in,
No sand on which to lie.

We walked out in the grayness
And found a misty shore
Where ghostly waves came curling
To make a ghostly roar.

And in the mist above us
We heard a sea-gull cry—
The only way that we could tell
The ocean from the sky.

THE AMERICAN PRESS

A Summary of the Changes in a Quarter-Century

CHARLES MERZ

STYLES change. When Wellington smashed the armies of Napoleon Bonaparte the "London Times" took the news calmly and printed it without a head-line. Down in the last column of the first page, under an advertisement headed, "Education—Ladies' School," began the first printed story of the Battle of Waterloo as quietly as an uncle writing to his niece.

"We have seen a gentleman who left Brussels on Sunday evening," the story ran, "at which time the people were manifesting the greatest joy for a decisive victory—" and so on, for a scant three hundred words.

This was the morning of June 22, 1815. Things would have been ordered differently on the morning of June 22, 1926. Of one thing we may be certain. No Wellington will smash the armies of a Bonaparte in these modern days, and do it without head-lines. A much livelier and more enterprising press than the press which greeted Wellington is ready to crown new victors with fresh laurels. With a new Waterloo to report, there would be head-lines in our own press high enough and black enough to shout their news a city block. There would be bulletins flashed from the scene of battle to accompany photographs of troop movements sent by

telegraph. There would be eye-witness stories sent by cable and eye-witness stories sent by wireless, bulletins of Napoleon's arrival in Nivelles almost before he got there and a column of speculation on the woman's page as to how Maria Louisa took the news. When Jack Dempsey met his, the "New York World" gave the battle forty-six columns.

The press has changed substantially in the century since Waterloo. It has changed substantially in a much shorter period of time than that. And because in a modern world the press is the one great fountainhead of popular information, determining in large measure what people will read about and sometimes think about, and with what degree of interest, it is useful to take stock now and then of changes that are taking place in our own times.

With 1900 as a starting-point, what has the press done for itself in the first quarter of the century?



No previous quarter-century since the original discovery of the art of printing has done so much as this last quarter-century to revolutionize the mechanics of newspaper publication. It is not only that new equipment such as the phototelegraph has been developed, and that enormous prog-

ress has been made in adapting such devices as electric-telegraphic typewriters and high-speed octuple rotary presses to the fine requirements of printing giant editions between midnight and early morning; but in addition, the whole business of gathering the world's news in a hurry and bringing it within reach of the hungry presses has been put upon a new and modern basis.

It is a coincidence that the beginning of the last quarter-century witnessed also the organization of the Associated Press. There had been press associations in existence before that time: the old Associated Press of Illinois, founded in 1893, the Western Associated Press which first saw the light of day in 1863, and others. But it was in 1900 that what we now know as the Associated Press was first put together, and it has been within the last two decades and a half that modern methods of blanketing the wide world for news have been developed by this organization, by the United Press, and by similar associations which have followed in their trail. It is within this period that the collection and distribution of news have for the first time been organized on a really national scale, and alliances for the first time formed with foreign news-gathering agencies such as Reuter's. The Associated Press, first in the field, now commands more than a hundred thousand miles of leased telegraphic wire, profits from the service of eighty thousand trained reporters, and distributes its news over seven great trunk-lines which are "milked" by no end of local circuits as they span the country.

With such resources to draw on, and with the mechanical equipment

of its plants intensely modernized, the press of 1926 is immensely better equipped than the press of 1900 to print more news and to appeal to wider circulations. It does both.

It is one chief characteristic of the press at the end of a quarter-century that its editions are enormously increased in size and closely packed with much more detailed information. In 1900 a week-day edition of twenty pages was something to justify the use of fireworks. Now twenty pages is a poor day's work in cities of the size of Rochester, Seattle, Buffalo, and Newark. In 1900, fourteen pages was a good run for the "New York Times"; now four times fourteen pages is not unheard of in St. Louis. What this means is that a good deal of thin soup and warmed-over fudge in the form of "features" are necessarily poured in to fill empty corners; but what it also means is that there has been a vast increase in the volume and the detail of straight news-reporting. When the last Republican convention met at Cleveland 150 news-circuits handled fifty words a minute. When Washington played Pittsburgh in the first game of the 1925 World Series a circuit of 46,500 miles was hooked into a single telegraphic system never behind the news two seconds. When Bryan and Darrow fought over John T. Scopes at Dayton, Tennessee, that small village was actually the shipping-point for two million words of telegraphic news within ten days—the equivalent of two full volumes of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

Figures of this sort may mean little, in a day when big figures are over-common and every print-shop, every restaurant, every mill, is busily pro-

claiming that it either produces or consumes more books, more eggs, or more overshoes than ever before in the history of mankind. But the fact is that the range of daily-reported information concerning contemporary events has been increased at least four times for the average man within the short span of twenty-five years, and that when men's minds begin speculating about the daily happenings of the world in which they live, there is more fresh material to play with. The significance of this change is especially obvious in the field of foreign news.

I turn at random to an issue of the "New York Times" in the early months of 1900. Its first page carries the news that the W.C.T.U. intends if it can to put a stop to a charity ball that proposes to serve cocktails. Its first page also reports a "crime story" and a shipwreck, a plea from Mark Hanna for a White House elevator and a Republican dinner addressed by Chauncey M. Depew. There is news here from a dozen cities in East, West, and South. But foreign news? It is well over on an inside page before the first cable speaks—with a story of the Boer War, then in progress. There are not three full columns of cable news in the whole issue of twelve pages. What do we see nowadays? News from Locarno, Mukden, Moscow, Danzig, Delhi, Cairo, Kashmir, Angora, and Tacna-Arica elbowing news from nearer home for first-page head-lines. Of course American interest in foreign affairs has increased substantially in recent years. But the press has more than kept pace with that sharpened interest. It is really only within the last dozen years that the first-hand detailed re-

porting of foreign news has been undertaken seriously by cable. Until 1914 a single cable message of a thousand words was an extraordinary thing. To-day cable messages of ten thousand words are by no means record-breaking. The full text of the Dawes report—44,000 words—was handled by the Associated Press in four hours. The full text of the Locarno treaties reached San Francisco even a little before it arrived in Paris. The speed shown in such a performance is really amazing. It was 3:15 on a Monday afternoon when the first word of the Locarno treaties began ticking across the floor of the Atlantic Ocean. It was 3:18 when the first word of the Locarno treaties began ticking, on a relay, across the American continent. It was 3:38 when the first thousand words had passed Kansas City en route for the Pacific coast. Twenty-three minutes from London, at this point. And the entire circuit to perform this feat was made ready in the headquarters of the Associated Press on ten minutes' notice.

Surely when the press is organized for work such as this, when news from the far corners of the earth is sought as methodically as news from just around the corner, when incomplete and tardy information is in so large measure supplanted by news which is both exact and prompt, a new instrument is provided by which men, if they choose, can keep pace with events on the other side of any frontier in existence. We have, in the modern press, a new factor in the field of international relations.



Somebody pays the piper. The cost of collecting world news at the

pace of 44,000-word cables, of maintaining huge organizations and publishing editions that have quadrupled in size, is enormous. One thing has made such ventures possible. If we leave the front pages for a moment, and go back into the business office, we shall observe that other changes have been taking place. For if it is characteristic of the years from 1900 to 1925 that the press has enormously increased its range of news and equipped itself with new machinery to collect and print that news, it is also characteristic of these years that the press has enormously increased its earning-power.

We are living in a day of giant circulations. There are actually sold in this country, every week-day in the year, no less than 36,000,000 newspapers. There are in the country, by official count, something like 24,000,000 families. We have accordingly arrived at an era of splendor for the press in which each family in the country buys an average of a paper and a half a day. And this average, it must be remembered, includes outlying rural districts beyond the reach of news-stand circulations. In urban areas the density of circulation is of course much greater.

Circulations mount. And with each new horde of readers, advertising gains. The two things play into each other's hands: the more readers the more advertising, the more advertising the more money to spend in pursuit of readers. In 1923, the last year for which figures are available, the press received \$222,000,000 in circulation revenue, and more than twice that sum—\$580,000,000—in advertising revenue. Advertising pays the bills. The business of news-

paper publication, in this first quarter of the twentieth century, has become more than ever a "big business," with a vast increase in earning-power and the amount of capital which a successful paper needs. For the press, no less than for Henry Ford, this is a day of mass production, huge income, and huge outgo. Ownership, as a rule, has escaped from the hands of the editor and passed into the hands of great newspaper corporations and wealthy business-owners. We may set it down as one characteristic of a quarter-century's change that if the press of 1926 is more enterprising and informative than the press of 1900, it is also less the personal product of an editor-owner and more the product of an efficient machine.

One consequence is an era of "absorptions."

Witness New York, where Mr. Munsey bought paper after paper, only to destroy the identity of each latest acquisition by merging it into a new combination. Witness Chicago, where the "Record" swallowed the "Herald," and then Mr. Hearst ate both. Witness Cleveland, which at the beginning of this quarter-century had three standard morning dailies, and now has only one. Witness Philadelphia, where nothing is left of the "Times," "Press," "Telegraph," "News," "North American," and "Item" except empty names.

What has happened in these cities is only typical of what has happened in the country as a whole. It is one of the striking but little known facts about contemporary journalism that while the size, the income, and the circulation of the press have all increased enormously in the last quar-

ter-century, in numbers the press has just about stood still. Twenty-five years ago there were 2200 daily papers in the United States. To-day there are less than a hundred more. Yet the number of cities in the country with a population of 30,000—cities large enough, ostensibly, to support new papers—has virtually doubled in this same period of time. Where every other figure in the newspaper world shows huge gain, the number of papers being published has for twenty-five years remained virtually static. The answer is that smaller and less prosperous papers are continually being squeezed out, either by being forced to the wall, or by mergers.

Mr. Munsey was wont to say that "the same law of economics applies in the newspaper business that operates in all other important businesses to-day; small units in any line are no longer competitive factors." More than likely this is true. At the same time, as far as newspapers are concerned, the tendency toward consolidations has certain definite disadvantages in democratic theory. Every "consolidation" is necessarily a step toward further centralization of control over news and opinion. Surely the greater the number of divergent points of view represented in the press, the more protection there is against propaganda, demagoguery, and hysteria.

Consolidation is one consequence of big business methods applied to modern journalism. A second consequence is the growth of "strings."

In a survey undertaken for "Editor and Publisher," Mr. A. T. Robb has arrived at figures which are instructive here. An analysis of the

American press as of January 1, 1924, discloses more than 150 papers now owned in "strings." The longest of these strings is the property of the Scripps-Howard syndicate, which controls and operates twenty-six papers in as many different cities, with an aggregate daily sale of 1,200,000 copies. The biggest string in circulation, not in numbers, is the Hearst syndicate. Thirty-five years ago Mr. Hearst began to collect newspapers with the "San Francisco Examiner" as a nest-egg. In 1894 he invaded New York, bought the old morning "Journal," and renamed it the "American." The early nineteen-hundreds found him acquiring a paper in Chicago. He owns to-day a string of twenty-two newspapers published in fifteen cities with a combined daily circulation of 3,350,000 copies. This is only a little less than ten per cent of the aggregate daily circulation of all the newspapers in the country. The circulation of Mr. Hearst's Sunday press is 4,084,000 copies; one Sunday reader in every six reads Mr. Hearst.

The Hearst string and the Scripps-Howard string are the giants of the family, but owners of smaller strings are scattered widely through the country. There is ex-Governor James M. Cox of Ohio, with a string of four papers in Dayton, Canton, Springfield, and Miami. There is the Lee syndicate of five papers in the Middle West, the Shaffer group of six papers with headquarters in Chicago, the Clover Leaf dailies, the Booth syndicate in Michigan—and so on, up to a total of more than 150 papers. We have reached a point where one week-day paper in every four and one Sunday paper in every

three are now links in somebody's chain.

To say that we are on the verge of a "press monopoly" is to overstate the case. But not to recognize the amazing growth of newspaper chains in recent years is to overlook one of the chief characteristics of the press since 1900. Like the merger, chain ownership tends toward centralization of control.

A third development follows from this same set of facts; namely, a sudden great expansion in "syndicates" of every possible and seemingly impossible variety. And by this I mean not only syndicates which own and control strings of newspapers, but syndicates which make it their business to sell "features" to papers which they do not own; such features as interviews with celebrities in every quarter of the globe, cartoons, market news, life stories of great divorcees, Broadway gossip, comic strips glorifying a thousand Mutts and Jeffs. There is an old-time name for all of this material; for years it was known as "boiler-plate."

The name derived from the fact that such material was sent out in the form of metal strips. To-day it is commonly sent out in the form of a paper matrix from which type itself can be produced with a dipperful of molten lead—and a much vaster quantity of it is now manufactured daily. For syndicated material is a natural product of the same factors which have produced mergers and chain ownership; and these factors are the growth of giant circulations, the necessity of drawing crowds, the era of mass production which prompts the purchase of features in wholesale lots, to be assembled later

in one office—a theory of cost-cutting and big-scale production quite on the pattern set by Henry Ford. There is scarcely a newspaper in the country that does not make the most of syndicate material. And one result is a certain sameness about the looks and manners of the press regardless of its place of publication. When Queen Marie talks confidentially to the readers of the "Daily Tweedledee" in Boston, she talks equally confidentially, and by way of the same syndicate, to the readers of the "Daily Tweedledum" in San Diego. When Mutt slips on a banana-peel he falls with the same thud on the same morning in Oregon and Maine. Try buying papers in each railway-station, sometime when you are traveling, and see if there are any two that you can tell apart, except for names. And try to discover, in the same field of experiment, what has become of the old-time mellow individuality of the village press. For in the swift developments of this quarter-century it is the village press that has been most changed by modern syndication. So far has the process gone in this case that whole pages, known to the trade as "patent insides," are frequently furnished to the country editor nowadays by big-city syndicates which bring to these rural papers, in a somewhat grotesque and artificial manner, the sophistication of the towns.

A debate flourishes periodically, whether the enormous development of modern methods of syndication is a good thing—because it furnishes Smalltown with metropolitan features at Smalltown rates, and incidentally unites the country by making it like-minded—or a bad thing, because it

concentrates still more power in still fewer hands, and knocks individuality into a cocked hat. Certainly, in either case, the change wrought in a quarter-century is unmistakable. Ideas are crated and shipped F.O.B. in cargo lots.

What is not shipped to-day in cargo lots?

If we stop here to sum up, and to pull together the loose threads of different changes, we shall find nothing that is not in keeping with the times.

The pace of modern living changes. In a day when motor-cars are put together on a moving belt, when all New England "listens in" on a concert broadcast from one station, when the same moving picture plays at the same moment in a thousand towns, and collars enough for the whole State of Nevada are made in a single factory in a single town, it would be idle to look about for a press that is diversified, old-style, individualistic. The moral of these changes which we have been discussing is simply that the press is keeping step with its own generation.

Thus the press has become a big-business enterprise. So has the baking of bread, the weaving of cloth, the making of dish-towels, horseshoes, ash-trays, moving-picture thrillers.

Thus again the press, with its enormous circulation, has managed to give its patrons more for their money's worth, particularly in the matter of foreign news. In like manner, as a result of wider markets and mass methods of production, we have seen dollars or cents cut from the cost of pianos, mouse-traps, handkerchiefs, and limousines.

We have seen in the press a tendency toward mergers. This same tendency, as exemplified in modern food trusts, tobacco trusts, and electric power trusts, is a natural consequence of an effort to produce in mass lots, cheaply—a conspicuous economic characteristic of the times.

We have seen in the press a tendency toward chain ownership. Who is unfamiliar, meantime, with the same tendency in other industries? Who does not know, in these days, the Tydol and Veedol signs, the United Cigar Stores, the red front of the A. & P.?

We have seen, finally, a tremendous increase in the amount of syndicated material of which the press makes use—rubber-stamped from one end of the country to the other. But in the meantime we have also seen Spokane, Washington, and Augusta, Maine, insist on having the same brand of rubber heels, breakfast food, codfish, dollar watches, rustless fly-screens.

The good points of all this are plain enough: lower prices, better goods, and more efficient service.

The bad points, as far as the press itself is concerned, are likewise plain enough: canned ideas, lack of diversity and individuality, concentration of power—through mergers, chains, and syndicates—in fewer hands.

On the contents of the newspaper page itself, meantime, these forces exert a tug and pull. Circulations increase; it is more to the interest of the publisher to keep his news unprejudiced, lest, by coloring it with a partizan point of view, he scare off readers. The Associated Press, for instance, is a non-partizan organization with both Republican and Dem-

ocratic clients. It must furnish both Republican and Democratic news. There was a howl from the Republican papers, in the last presidential campaign, because the Associated Press was furnishing more Democratic news than Republican news. Mr. Davis was making speeches, Mr. Coolidge was not. Huge circulations and syndicate methods make for non-partizanship, as far as news itself is concerned. But huge circulations also breed timidity on editorial pages. For the theory is, why tread on anybody's toes?

Conflicting tendencies arising from the same set of forces are at work here. The press is moving toward both non-partizanship in news and regularity in opinion, toward both efficiency and conformity, toward both accuracy and centralized control. We have yet to see what the result will be. But it is interesting, meantime, to find editors and publishers meeting to debate these issues, meeting to discuss what honesty requires, what decency requires, where impartiality leaves off and partizanship begins. Within three years we have had the adoption of no less than eleven "codes of journalistic ethics," by such organizations as the American Society of Newspaper Editors and the Southern Newspaper Publishers' Association. These are the first codes of their kind ever to be written for and by the press.

In the lower half of the Atlantic Ocean, midway between the coast of South America and the tip of southern Africa, and about as far as it could be from both, lies the island of Tristan da Cunha. It is a small shelf of rock with a few thousand

souls aboard. The path of no transatlantic steamship service touches it. No cable hooks it to a mainland. News of the outside world arrives casually, and at rare intervals, when some tramp steamer touches at the island. Tristan da Cunha has no press, and needs no press. If the Wall Street market is collapsing, there is no way for any one in Tristan da Cunha to overtake his broker. If a quarrel between two powers is brewing in the East, it is no concern of an island without money, trade, or manpower.

An island community living in isolation from world affairs can afford to do without a press. The rest of the world would be hard hit if the motors stopped to-morrow morning. In the closely interlocked and immensely complicated modern world of finance, politics, and social intercourse, the press furnishes eyes with which we see and ears with which we listen. It is worth while to follow this press with sufficient attention to observe at least the chief outlines of its progress.

1900—McKinley was president, the "New York Times" printed a thin paper of twelve pages, radio despatches were unheard of, Mr. Hearst had not yet bought his first paper in the Middle West, bicycles were in vogue, news by cable came in nuggets, somebody was just organizing the Associated Press.

1926—there have been changes enough for any quarter-century, and among them these: a press more centrally controlled, more informative, more machine-made, more a necessary adjunct of the business of keeping pace with life, and much stronger in its striking-power, both for good and bad.

HANDS OFF

Resentment of a People Who Make up One Fourth of the Human Race

HENRY W. BUNN

THE WHOLE world is in a phase of ferment; but nowhere else, not even in Russia, are the changes comparable in importance with the profound transformation—social, economic, and political—now in process in China. The future of *Homo sapiens* will be largely determined by the results of that process; for the barriers are now definitely down, and in the interplay of influences the influences of China on the rest of the planet will be found not less important than the influences of the rest of the planet on China. The Chinese are one fourth of mankind; and it is probably correct to say that in virility and intelligence they are not inferior to any other people.

The anti-foreign agitation in China so luridly “featured” summer before last by the mob attacks on the foreign police in Shanghai, on the armory of the British volunteer defense corps at Han-kau, and on the British settlement (Sha-mien) at Canton, is a striking detail of the grand process of which I spoke, and an inquiry into its significance should be interesting.

Whenever a disturbance occurs in China, our journalists rub their eyes and solemnly announce the birth of Chinese nationalism; having forgotten, apparently, the ferocious outbreak of nationalism in 1900 (the

Boxer uprising), the fact that the Chinese Revolution of 1911 was an expression of nationalism, the national demonstration of wrath in 1919 on the occasion of President Wilson’s Shantung decision, the nationalist movement which ousted the pro-Japanese government in 1920, and the succession of nation-wide anti-Japanese boycotts since 1919. Chinese nationalism is no mewling brat; it is a well grown lusty youth, the offspring of resentment of the encroachments on China by the powers and of determination to recover all that has been lost by those encroachments.

Never was resentment more just nor determination more resolved. The resentment does not proceed from fanatical racial pride or religious prejudice or the like, but from a correct interpretation of the history of China’s relations with the powers.

I must assume the reader of this article to be familiar with that history—which is in the main a history of utterly selfish and unjustified encroachments by the powers—seizures of territory, impairments of sovereignty, larcenies in the form of indemnities or forced concessions, and so on. The one great power to be excepted from the general indictment is the United States of America.

The cynic may remark that the generosity of our policy toward China has coincided with our material interest; but let that pass. To be sure, it may be urged that the West has compensated for such behavior by sending the Chinese a full set of the allotropes of Christianity. But so far as the ethical teachings of Christianity are concerned, that was sending coals to Newcastle. The Chinese, with none of our intolerance or bigotry, without our devastating doctrine of sin, without fears of hell or hopes of paradise, are the most virtuous people in the world. They are a race of Stoics without the Stoic gloom. The great tragedy of the West, that of neglected old age, is unknown to them; the opportunity of legitimate motherhood is denied to no woman. In other words, they are the most humane of peoples.

But, it might still be urged, we have opened to the Chinese the ineffable blessings of our civilization. To this it may be answered that for many centuries before 1277 the Chinese enjoyed the most refined civilization the world has known, and that though that civilization has sadly deteriorated, largely in consequence of the same condition of supersaturation of population which is now brutalizing a considerable part of Europe and before long will brutalize us in America, it is to-day in many essentials superior to any Western type.

Chinese nationalism has grown steadily since the nineties of the last century; but since the Boxer uprising of 1900, except for isolated acts of violence against Japanese individuals or Japanese property incident to the perennial anti-Japanese boycott

since 1919, anti-foreign feeling had not until the summer of 1925 expressed itself violently. Indeed, many thought that such feeling, except against Japan, had virtually ceased, its remnant sweetly extinguished by the Washington Conference. Because since the Washington Conference, which ended in February, 1922, the Japanese policy toward China has been conspicuously one of conciliation. Wish, Thought's respected parent, foresaw the passing in the near future of anti-Japanese feeling. The recent development, therefore, is one to startle and perplex.

Why this sudden surge of feeling and its violent and vicious expression, not against the Japanese only, but against other foreigners also, especially the British?

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I said that the revolution of 1911 was an expression of Chinese nationalism. It was just that. The chief cause of grievance against the Manchu Dynasty was its failure to make head against the foreign encroachments. There were many other causes of grievance; but this was the damning and decisive one. The revolution was planned and set afoot in Kwangtung Province. The Kwangtungese (let us call them Cantonese from their chief city) are a peculiar breed—Mongoloids, but differentiated from other Chinese much as the Catalonians are differentiated from other Spaniards. Kwangtung is, you might say, the Chinese Catalonia, and Canton the Chinese Barcelona. The Cantonese are enterprising, ingenious and capable, radicals by temperament, restless, and incurably factious. They have a genius,

immemorially practised, for secret combination. Their peculiar aptitudes came into full play in the organization of the revolution, which, with its far-flung secret ramifications, was one of the marvels of human ingenuity. Sun Yat-sen, the organizer-in-chief, was a Cantonese and, despite his absurdities, one of the world's great men.

The Cantonese carried out the revolution because the main aim proposed by them commended itself to most Chinese (even to hard-shelled conservatives, however averse they might be to Cantonese leadership); that is, substitution for the ineffectual Manchu régime of a government capable of making head against the foreigner.

It is, however, one thing to organize revolution, but quite another to organize a national polity on the grandest of scales. For the former the gentlemen from the Pearl River were supremely qualified; for the latter, supremely unqualified. It is a pretty question; but I conclude that it was inevitable under the conditions that the empire should go and should be replaced by a republic. But it was not necessary that the new republic should be a slavish imitation of Western models, nor was it at all desirable. Obviously, "go slow" was the wise word; tact, horse-sense, humor, a spirit of conciliation and compromise, were the qualities most necessary to the statesmanship of reconstruction. The only kind of government that could realize the grand aim of the revolution would be one that should conciliate the willing loyalty of all Chinese (and please remember, in this connection, that the Shen-si man differs from the

Cantonese as much as the Dane differs from the Greek); that should reconcile the manifold diversities of the twenty-one provinces; and that should thus be able smoothly to coördinate the elements of an immense latent strength against foreign encroachments. The ancient social, economic, and political fabric must be tenderly treated; its sound and adaptable elements preserved and adapted. Old China must not be brusquely repudiated. The new constitutional machinery must be cautiously elaborated in closest harmony with what was best in the old arrangements. The Confucian system must not be abolished; merely, it must be reformed—those excrescences, extravagances, and grotesqueries, which no doubt are a burden to the shade of Confucius, removed. The new polity must be squarely based on the immemorial substructure of family, tribal, and communal institutions.

Thus the matter must have presented itself to any political philosopher. Not thus, however, did it appear to the Cantonese leaders. They were for repudiating Old China, for chucking Confucianism, for imposing a machinery of government, Western-model complete, as the panacea for China's woes—their fatuous notion of the strong government that should regenerate China and end foreign encroachments.

Being such men, holding such views, as I have shown, the radical leaders, though representing only a small minority of the nation, because they had developed the only effective political organization, the Kuo Min-tang, enjoyed the first whack at the problem of constructing that strong

polity which was the chief aim of the revolution. They egregiously failed; being such men, holding such views, they were bound to fail. They provoked a Conservative reaction. Balked of their millennial hopes, they resorted to congenial revolutionary methods and were in consequence, in 1913, kicked out of Peking. After setting the whole country by the ears, with the grand result of that bizarre pseudo-feudalism or tuchunism which still subsists, in 1917 they retired to Canton and set up there an independent republic to which four provinces adhered and which has since maintained a flickering existence characterized chiefly by faction-broils between the Reds and the Pinks.

After the Radicals, the Conservatives had their little whack (1913-20) at the problem of constructing a strong polity. They failed or, rather, after the death in 1916 of that great man Yuan Shih-k'ai, the first president, whose constructive efforts were brought to naught by radical agitation, they did not try. The administration ultimately fell into the hands of an ultra-conservative clique known as the Anfu Club, whose sole conception of the government was as the means to line their pockets through the loans it was able to contract. To this end they bartered away to the Japanese one valuable concession after another. Certainly no hope from that quarter.

Were there hopeful signs in any quarter? Was there, after all, any such thing as genuine Chinese nationalism? Yes. Already in 1915 one Wu Pei-fu, a general of brigade in the provincial army of Chi-li Province, had published his famous program.

It contemplated, among other things: a clean new start; the scrapping of the abortive results of the revolution; the summoning of a national convention, truly representative of all the important Chinese interests, which should create a strong and genuinely representative government through a constitutional machinery really answerable to the genius of the Chinese people and to the Chinese institutions of proved and continuing virtue; and the abolition of tuchunism. This program was adopted by a group headed by certain *tuchuns* calling themselves the Chi-li party. More important, it was taken up by Young China; that is, the great body of Chinese who have received some tincture of education of the Western type, whether abroad or at home. (When I speak of Young China, I exclude the Kuo Min-tang gentry, though they might be termed the Left wing of Young China, and though no doubt a larger proportion of them than of Young China have been educated abroad.)

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The emergence of Young China as a political force is one of the most momentous phenomena of recent times. Young China had organized itself wonderfully, with a Central Council at Shanghai coördinating the activities of almost countless associations, educational, industrial, and so on. The transactions of the Anfu Club with the Japanese had aroused in Young China intense indignation against the government and the Japanese. Young China communicated its resentment to the nation at large, organized public opinion against the government, and immensely increased Chinese nation-

alism. In 1919 popular demonstrations guided by Young China constrained the Conservative government to instruct its representatives at Versailles not to sign the treaty, because of the Shantung clauses; and in 1920 it was the moral impetus of the public opinion directed by Young China that caused the Chi-li *tuchuns* to attack and overthrow the Anhwei *tuchuns* and seize control of the central government.

The immense development of Chinese nationalism in recent years is due to the efforts of Young China; but the leadership of Young China has not countenanced anti-foreign violence. That leadership has directed itself toward two objects in chief: the establishment of a strong government of the sort indicated by Wu in his famous program; and the recovery of Chinese rights from the powers by the Confucian methods of reason and persuasion. In furtherance of the former aim, Young China's leaders backed the Chi-li party; in furtherance of the latter, Young China's representatives achieved their magnificent success (though it was not commonly so regarded, the result of their efforts was precisely that) at the Washington Conference. To be sure, the Chi-li party failed to make good in the sequel, and the Conservatives returned to Peking, but in good time the better element of Young China will securely dominate the political situation and establish their strong government—at an equal remove from hidebound Conservatism on the one hand and intransigent Radicalism on the other.

It is singular proof of the importance of Young China that when

the delegates for the Washington Conference were to be appointed, though Chang Tso-lin was dictator at Peking in the full swing of reaction, he nevertheless did not dare to withstand the popular will, abundantly expressed, that the country should be represented before the powers by the pick of Young China.

The anti-foreign agitation now in process in China is the work, not of Young China, but of the Kuo Min-tang gentry, who are taking clever advantage of a fantastic political development (the explanation of which would require a separate article), in the hope of riding back to power at Peking on a wave of anti-foreign passion. A hunger for the spoils of office gnaws their bowels. Perhaps, too, they have been listening to the sweet pipings of M. Karakhan. They are turning to vicious and violent account the nationalism created by Young China with a view to beneficent use thereof. Their methods are utterly mendacious and unscrupulous. The alleged grievances against the foreign mill-owners, for example, will not bear scrutiny. Conditions in the foreign-owned mills are far better than in the native-owned mills. No doubt many of the wilder bloods of Young China have been swept into the movement; but unobtrusively the Young China leaders are moving to calm the agitation. If now the powers act sagaciously, the situation may be saved.

Action instantan to give effect to the Washington treaties and resolutions respecting China is the minimum indicated. If the developments have made it necessary for the powers to speed up the process of restoring to China the sovereign

rights filched from her, the powers may not reasonably complain. It is better for China as well as for the powers that the process should be gradual, but China's resentment for the wrongs and humiliations inflicted on her, resentment just and deep, may not be trifled with—the resentment of a people who constitute one fourth of the human race and who in virility and intelligence are inferior to no other people.

Let me end with a general observation. The question is often asked most doubtingly: are the Chinese people fitted for a representative republic? To which I would answer:

At least from the T'ang days down (618 A.D.), a representative character was—except for the century of Mongol domination—not lacking to the Chinese imperial polity. The emperor, to be sure, appointed all the imperial officials down to the district magistrates, but with few exceptions he appointed them from a civil-service list, entry to which was de-

termined solely by competitive examination open, absolutely without distinction, to all classes of the population; and, indeed, most of China's distinguished men have come from the "cotton-clothed masses." For five centuries (the T'ang and early Sung periods; 618–1127 A.D.) the representation was genuine and adequate, because the scope of the civil-service examinations was very broad. The curriculum of the Imperial Academy at Ch'ang-an, where most of the candidates for office prepared, in those days embraced not only the Confucian canon, polite literature, painting, calligraphy, and music, but also philosophy, ethics, history, topography, mathematics, mechanics, and athletics; the last including fencing, horsemanship, boxing, wrestling, and archery—in fine, the *omne scibile*, all the available knowledge. Indeed, China of the period 618–1127 A.D. is the greatest example in human annals of genuine successful democracy, of democracy as truly representative as any of our Western brands.

GRAY GOOSE

VIRGINIA McCORMICK

There are cloudy wings
In the sky to-day,
A gray goose flying,
With the last of summer's blue on its breast,
Beauty unshriven, unconfessed,
Flying, dying.

Gray goose,
A sweep of wings
And a long thin wailing;
Ah, color of youth, life's blue-bright feather,
Fading to gray like autumn weather,
What are you veiling?



The CENTURION

JOHN ERSKINE



THANKSGIVING:—Thanksgiving day is the characteristic American feast. It expresses our gratitude for the most necessary and at the same time the lowest form of prosperity, plenty to eat. Those New England settlers who had faced starvation could easily read in their first good harvest spiritual meanings—God's approval, a blessing on their adventure, a covenant between Heaven and their children's children. The sublime overtones have slipped into silence as time has gone on. The early Thanksgiving dinner remains, but it is now only a dinner. The turkeys and ducks and hams, the squash, pumpkin, turnips, and potatoes, the cranberries, the puddings, and the pies, were once a sort of offering on the domestic hearth, an array of first-fruits, symbols in a ritual. Now they are merely things to eat, and the sum total of them is far too much.

To say that they once meant something spiritual is to give the Puritans the benefit of the doubt. Those great souls were heavy feeders, with a natural flair for calories and food values, and with little regard for subtleties of the palate. Good food and plenty of it was reason enough to thank God. Good drink, too, of course, and strong. After so many

years, it hardly concerns us that they risked their arteries in Gargantuan trencher-work. But we must remark that the annual proclamations of presidents and governors for the most part stick pretty close to the original grounds of rejoicing, and ask us to assemble in our places of worship to return thanks for a rather material prosperity. The question occurs, whether a country which has so long been progressing ought not by this time to have more elevated reasons for thankfulness.

This year, for example, we might give thanks for the Union, for this confederacy of States, without barriers of language, without frontiers, economic or military. The idea takes us back to Webster, to the Civil War, to Lincoln's vision of our destiny, but perhaps we can grasp the meaning of it now better than our elders could. We visit Europe, made up of great nations often no larger in territory than our States, and we observe that though each country has much to teach us in special cultures and in the general art of life, yet they are all separated by terrific walls, and neither singly nor as a whole do they enjoy the prosperity or the freedom to develop which with us seems natural. It has occurred to many a tourist that we should be in

the same boat as Europe—whether or not there had been a World War—if whenever we went to Boston or Philadelphia or Washington we had to stop and examine the baggage and the passengers at each State line. After a summer in European capitals, remembering the elaborate process of leaving a train at the terminal, having the trunks inspected, or answering questions as to what was in the basket we were carrying, we watch an express discharge its numbers at the Grand Central or the Pennsylvania Station, and we say, no wonder they are in difficulties over there, if they make life so hard for themselves. What we forget is that the Europeans did not bring about their closed-compartment sort of world through any deliberate theory, nor did we achieve our freedom of circulation by any wisdom beforehand. We just had all the luck. Except for a few men like Webster and Lincoln, never, before this present moment, have we quite known how lucky we were. This year we might very well give thanks.

Call it providence, if you prefer, instead of luck. But the danger of calling it providence is that you may give yourself the idea that God is tribal, after all, working in harmony with even the unconscious mind of America. It is safer for us to be thankful for a luck we know we did nothing to deserve. If from our fortune we can learn sound principles of prosperity, it is well not to preach them to Europe, as though we had a system in it all along, and can now qualify as experts. Wait till we believe in the principle of no barriers, no frontiers, sufficiently to try it a little further, and take down the wall

on the outer rim, between us and the rest of the world.

We might be thankful, too, for more positive blessings—not simply for the absence of barriers in the Union, but for the degree of communication we have arrived at. Here we might take a little credit to ourselves. The enormous distances in our country were no encouragement to travel, nor to an interchange of ideas. Barriers or no barriers, America might well have proved too large for a national consciousness to grasp. No doubt philosophers of a certain school will say that the very problem created the solution, as they say the landscape, clamoring to be photographed, caused the camera to be invented. But this is to say, as Coleridge suggested, that snuff is the final cause of the human nose. Other peoples have found themselves in vast areas, and their culture has fallen a victim to space. But the invention or the development of means to annihilate space is with us a conscious and characteristic pre-occupation. We might be thankful now for newspapers, for the telegraph and the telephone, for the phonograph, for automobiles, for films, for the radio. We can hear each other's voice from one end of the land to the other, and soon we shall see each other's face at the same distance—if we wish to! We can carry Caruso's voice to the Rockies, and take Kreisler's violin on a raft down the Mississippi with us. We can call on our neighbors after supper, anywhere within a radius of thirty miles. The land which Europe once feared might fall in pieces, because it was too extended to cohere, now threatens to become the little spot on

earth where there is no solitude and no privacy. Perhaps we shall overdo it. Meanwhile we might as well give thanks.

Especially for the radio. Its usefulness is obvious for all the nations, but chiefly for us. We are only beginning to profit by it as we alone can. Its voice will carry as far in Europe as in America, but all our States can listen to it in the same language. No credit to us; luck again. More than the movies, it will increase a national consciousness in us. And if you say that we don't, after all, speak the same language, not even in the United States, then the radio will do more than any other agency to spread standards of excellent speech. We speak as we hear; now our millions will hear the same voice. In another sense, we shall tune in. Not a bad phrase, that, for world-wide communication and understanding.



THE INTELLECTUAL PLENTY:—We might be thankful also for the increase in the use of books, for the attendance on lectures, for the disposition to live more in the realm of ideas. To say this is not to boast. Many of the books are pretty bad; many of the garden clubs throughout the land, having met at regular intervals during the summer to listen to twaddle, will now meet for the same result during the winter, though in the cold season the name changes, and they are woman's clubs. However that may be, it now occurs that a history of philosophy has the success of a best seller; and other books, which presuppose training and intelligence in the reader, find large

audiences. This comes about quite naturally from the fact that we read so much. I speak now of quantity, without blushing. Of course we have often been told to form our tastes on the best books, and only the best. If our taste is already formed, so that we can enjoy the best, then of course it is silly to waste time on lesser stuff; let us get at the masterpiece and make the most of time. But as a teacher of literature, now becoming a veteran in the service, I should say that such selected taste as Matthew Arnold, for instance, urged on us, is the end rather than the beginning of reading, for most people. Confine yourself to the best that has been said and thought in the world, if you are so well read as to know what it is, not taking some one's word for it, and if you really enjoy the best. If you don't, you ought to educate yourself up to it. The way to begin is to read all you can lay your hands on of the best you can enjoy. If you like detective stories, and nothing more profound, then satiate yourself with that kind of spiced adventure. The day will come when you will guess the end of the plot from the first chapter; there won't be an author in that sort ingenious enough to fool you. You will then be ready for a more subtle kind of story. Experience makes us connoisseurs.

This is the long way around, I admit, but for a whole people it is probably the only way. We ought to be thankful that for excellent books there is a constantly growing audience; and at the same time we ought not to say, with a British author the other day, that too many books are published. So long as

they are read, there could not be too many. We ought to give thanks that the millions who attend the movies are ready now, after much practice, for better films than they are getting. No doubt we catch the happy significance when our neighbor in the country, who perhaps never saw a great orchestra, tells us his radio set begins to bore him; for the last months he has tuned in for nothing but the Philharmonic concerts at the Stadium.

I should not like to say a word which might break down a fastidious taste in reading. The truth is, my own standards of criticism are strict—narrow, some of my friends call them; moreover, I have the academic love of old books, which have weathered the storms of opinion. Yet we all are likely to become snobs when we judge another man's reading. We ought to be thankful he reads at all. We say, "But that isn't imaginative literature, that isn't art, that isn't true, that isn't uplifting!" But if our neighbor reads anything, he is for the moment taken out of his immediate self; some uplift, some imagination, some art, must be involved. A great cure for snobbishness toward the kind of book your neighbor likes is to try to write one yourself which any human being will listen to. Most of what is now printed will soon be forgotten. The paper is not very good; the volumes will literally disintegrate. But we shall have outlived the poor taste also, if we keep on reading the best we are able honestly to love. That is why we have occasion for thanksgiving in the throngs pouring in and out of the public libraries which have become necessary to American life.

THE FULL HEART:—The proclamations setting the day of our national feast usually suggest that we should give thanks humbly, though they are rarely so discouraging as to add anything to take down our pride. Yet if we have advanced so far toward a true culture that we can give thanks for higher forms of prosperity than mere food, if, especially, we have now the right to be thankful for plenty in the realm of intelligent ideas, it would be honest of us, as well as humble, to acknowledge our continued poverty in the realm of feeling; that is, in the highest region, where culture begins. We invent or develop ways of communicating our words and our thoughts; we have made no progress in communicating emotion, probably because we have little to communicate. We have good nature, and let us hope we have kind hearts. Mr. Santayana wrote once that if he could look into the depths of a man's heart, and did not find good-will there, he would say without any hesitation, "You are not an American." But he would probably say the same thing if he saw there an overflowing passion.

Some of us would pardon a great deal of recklessness or radicalism or unconventionalism if with it there entered into American life deep and convinced feeling. What little wildness we have is calculated and comparatively cold-blooded. The dithyrambic is decidedly lacking. You may say if you wish that we are better off with our feelings under control, that passionate peoples waste themselves in a fume, whereas common sense, like meekness, inherits the earth. But it is not clear that our coolness is the result of any self-

control, or of any common sense; our feelings simply are not strong.

To press the question home, let us ask whether this country could produce a Goethe, or a Byron, or a Victor Hugo—three quite different types of passion, held in different degrees of control. It will not help us to say we should rather not produce them, for one reason or another; the fact is, they could not grow in our present soil. We have many "strong" novelists, particularly among the women, who are known to be the emotional sex, but we have no one with the passion which produced "Wuthering Heights." I have just been reading a novel by a nice woman of my acquaintance, in which every character except the young children commits adultery—practically nothing else. The story moves with the cool ease of a cook-book, setting forth simple hints for a Sunday evening supper. Emotionally, at least, the lady does not seem to know what she is talking about.

If a nation has only good nature, but no strong feelings, we need not be surprised if it often gives offense. The merely good-natured are rarely sensitive. In our handling of the immigrant as he arrives, in the jocular questions often put to him by the really well-meaning official, who thinks the ordeal of inquisition can be made delectable by the light touch, there is often cause for heart-burning and resentment. The official probably avoids emotion, in self-defense; if he felt the importance of each case as the immigrant feels for himself, his spirit would be torn to shreds by the end of a busy day. He therefore falls back on an impervious good nature. In more subtle social

relations we Americans prize frankness. We really do prize it. We have friends who pass on to us the uncomplimentary remark of So-and-so, assured that we will enjoy the humor of an opinion so obviously incompetent. We tell each other our faults, all with the best intention to be helpful. But if we were in the habit of feeling deeply, we should hate or love, and in both extremes we should be more sensitive and more imaginative than we now are.

Of course, crude love and hate are not the goal of civilized man, seeking to improve himself. The climax of a life of feeling comes when that delicacy, that discrimination is reached which can live passionately in the minute differences good nature would overlook. In that sense the quiet-seeming Emerson was passionate, and so was Emily Dickinson. Emerson is hard to imitate. Miss Dickinson had tricks of style which many poets now capture, more or less, but there is no danger of confusing their verses with hers; hers have passion. There was strong passion in the best work of Mark Twain, as there was in Fenimore Cooper, though Mark Twain would hardly admit it. There the list perhaps comes to an end. Whitman seems to me a great poet on the intellectual side; I get new ideas from him, but not new feelings. He is typically American.

What I am saying about the one side of us which is not yet so far developed that we have the right to give thanks for it, would be clear if we had side by side a Puritan table loaded down for the stupendous Thanksgiving gorge, and the fragile bit of furniture which would hold the exquisite meal which Milton de-

scribed in the sonnet inviting his friend to lunch. Milton is often called a Puritan, but the name does not fit him. He was in the most civilized sense a passionate nature, and he may have had in mind when he wrote the sonnet, for all we know, some intention to criticize the strong and indiscriminate meats and drinks on which the Cromwellian saints fed. For himself, he wishes a light repast, a meat and a salad fit for a *gourmet*, every flavor delicate and pure, and a very little wine, old and rare. It must have been a passionate meal.



AND THE WEATHER:—An ideal Thanksgiving proclamation would remind us of some benefit which others enjoy and which we cannot—preferably a benefit unearned, corresponding to our own good luck. With the exercise of perfect gratitude there ought to be some practice in the restraint of envy. My own suggestion for this year would be that we consider the superiority of European weather, a weather more perfectly adapted than ours to the development of civilization.

The early settlers who inaugurated our Thanksgiving feast were optimistic in their first impressions of the American climate, and we have handed on a traditional praise of what we should never like if we met it in another country. Our changes of temperature are frequent and violent at all seasons, our rainfall comes often in fierce storms, and we suffer from inconvenient winds. A certain grandeur of effect goes with all this,

a certain sharp invigoration, which excites us if it does not kill us. But a weather favorable to culture and civilization would be moderate and friendly, an atmosphere to immerse yourself in, a drama of the elements not so violent as to seem foreign to human interests. We have made a conquest of the American climate—witness steam heat and electric fans—but we are on no better terms with it than with a volcano.

It would be well to remember those lands where you can eat out of doors without having the table blown away, and without getting dust in the food. And the avenues where you can stop to look in the shop-windows, without feeling the tug of the wind. And the rain which “droppeth gently,” in a kind mist. And the snow that is little more than a picturesque frost. And the long, long spring. Where you find the year delaying over the most beautiful season, you suspect that the weather, in those parts, is favorable to good taste.

But the greatest advantage which our climate usually denies us is the opportunity to eat out of doors. I know some of us go camping and like it—the caveman coming out in us—and some of us like to go on picnics and eat ant-flavored sandwiches, a predilection which the theory of evolution does not explain. But we do not normally, in our civilized moods, eat in the open air. The air with us is much too open. What we miss is that harmony between man and his natural world, which is necessary to a complete culture.



The ROVING CRITIC

CARL VAN DOREN



ANOTHER APOLLO:—One of the acutest scholars in America, after a lifetime spent in the study of many literatures, not long ago sat down to find what he could make out of the New Testament. He soon gave up, baffled. The book had, he discovered, neither head nor tail. The story was so confused that the career of even the principal personage could not be distinctly traced. The chronology was mixed; the topography was misty. The episodes had apparently been pitchforked together from various folk-lore. The teachings were less a body of doctrine than an anthology of proverbs and parables which, the investigator knew, had many of them long been current among the Jews and Greeks of the first century. Both the writing and the compiling seemed to have been done by thoroughly uncritical men, working so long after the facts that they had to depend, as they were indeed quite willing to do, upon any legend which would help to round out the history. The American scholar gave the problem up as not worth the difficulties it presented.

Georg Brandes, attacking the same problem in much the same spirit, has not given it up but has put his conclusions into a small book which he calls "Jesus: A Myth" (A. & C.

Boni). His conclusion is not new, for he holds, with others before him, that Jesus never actually existed, any more than did William Tell or any such popular hero. Mr. Brandes's argument is not overwhelming, for it is only a substantial sketch, and he now and then reaches further than his evidence will carry him. Nevertheless the book has the value of courage and lucidity, and the authority of a great critic to back it. "Jesus: A Myth" ought to worry those of the Fundamentalists who read. This is as good a service as any argumentative work, at the moment, can perform.

Stated briefly, Mr. Brandes's contention is simple. He contends that the starting-point of the myth was the book of Revelation, composed between the death of Nero in the year 68 and the destruction of the Temple at Jerusalem in 70. The author, familiar with the Messianic prophecies of the book of Daniel, and terrified by the advance of Vespasian upon Jerusalem, burst into a luxuriant apocalypse proclaiming the redeemer who was soon to come, as a high priest, as a lamb brought to the slaughter, as the newly begotten son of the Lord, as a rider on a white horse. Nothing of the sort happened, and the Temple

was destroyed; but the Revelation remained. Being expressed in the style of a poetical rebus, it could be taken to mean anything, and it was taken to mean that a Messiah must be near at hand. Upon such a meaning, so desperate was the need for some consoling hope, the distressed people fixed first their wish and then their belief. This "resulted in the collection of traditional anecdotes; mystic and mythical stories about the birth of Jesus and Herod's slaying of the children (in imitation of Pharaoh's attempt to slay the infant Moses, who probably never existed either); legends about the temptation of Jesus by the devil; numerous striking saws and parables uttered by the wise men of the age; stories about a noble-minded and highly superior man of the people; stories of miraculous cures and feats, symbols, visions, and so on . . . all of which was then boiled down into the strangely composed mess that is called the Gospel according to St. Mark." To this were added the further testimonies, some derivative and some contradictory, of Matthew and Luke, the theological system of Paul, and the symbolical allegory of John. During the century or so between the Revelation and the Gospel according to St. John, the myth, originated in the first book, had got such a hold on the popular mind that it could, in the last book of the series, be taken for granted and allegorized. "Jesus emerged from the fourth Gospel as European humanity's ideal of divine goodness." Ever since then, more and more elaborate institutions have been built up around the figure of Jesus, but he is no less a myth than Apollo, "the god of

light and purity," who also "for thousands of years . . . was adored in innumerable temples."

The method by which the historical Jesus is disposed of is nearly as simple as the contention itself. Studying the Gospels, Mr. Brandes has decided that they deal not with an individual but with a synthetic folk-hero. The Messiah is furnished with a naïve genealogy proving the descent of his father Joseph from David; he is also said to have been begotten upon a virgin by the Holy Ghost. If the genealogy has any point the detail of the miraculous birth can have none. As the story stands, however, the hero could appeal both to those who had the sentiment of Jewish nationalism and to those who were accustomed to traditional fables in which women bore children to visiting gods. Around the hero Jesus clustered, as his cult increased, many scraps of legend. There was the slaughter of the innocents, concerning which history is otherwise silent, but which seems to have been invented upon the model of deeds ascribed in the Old Testament to Pharaoh and Joab. There was the spirit of God descending like a dove upon Jesus at his baptism, much as if he were Atys, and Cybele were sending down her chosen messenger. There were the forty days and forty nights spent in the wilderness, which neatly link Jesus with Moses and Elijah, each of whom had spent a like period fasting upon his mountain. And so throughout the New Testament Mr. Brandes finds episode after episode which appears in so many places that it can be suspected as legendary in any particular place.

"Jesus: A Myth" may stimulate

debate among the learned, but it will hardly surprise anybody who has observed the ways of the world. And as it is not too surprising, neither is it very momentous. Mr. Brandes's guess that Jesus never existed at all is only one of the possible guesses. Equally reasonable is the guess that though he did exist, he could be explained by the worshipers who followed him only in the terms of the science and ethics and poetry with which they were already familiar. Whether some such "noble-minded and highly superior man of the people" lived or not really matters very little. But one thing that does matter is that an excuse was somehow furnished for the people of the eastern end of the Mediterranean to begin composing one of their greatest poems. In this sense, and in this sense only, the people do compose poems. Those Mediterranean peoples were in the midst of peril and desolation. Their desires cried out for a redeemer who could save them. They had begun to suspect that the old gods were deaf and drowsy. Had not Jehovah himself permitted his temple to be defiled and turned into a ruin? Nothing could so excite the people as the report that a young god had come into the world, had been rejected and put to a shameful death, but had risen from the dead, and would now, because of his temporary residence among men, be better able to present their cause to the harsher elder gods. No wonder the people were eager and curious. Because they knew less than they could bear to know, they created. But the creations of the people, in such a circumstance, are never strikingly original. They

bring together better than they build. Jesus did resemble Osiris and Apollo; he was described in the words with which the ancient prophets had foretold the Messiah. His teachings were an anthology of all the wisdom which at the time seemed most hopeful and satisfying. If the documents in the case, that is to say, the New Testament, are muddled, that is because they are only a fragment of the record. The record in full was blown along on the wind of legend.

If it had been left a legend, and Jesus had been allowed to stand with his peers, Ulysses, Hamlet, Faust, perhaps Mr. Brandes would not have felt called upon to write his book. Instead, however, theologians and metaphysicians and politicians laid their hands on the memory of Jesus, as similar men had done with his body, and cruelly harmed it. In his name they have justified the organization of stupendous power. In his name they have justified malignant persecution. In his name they have set up standards of a ruthless absolutism. Because they have done these things baldly, prosaically, they now baldly and prosaically insist that they do them because Jesus did exist and was a god and must be worshiped. Mr. Brandes, cutting some of the ground under them, does a valuable deed. He does no essential damage to the original poem, to the amazingly permanent myth which was produced by a tangle of races living together in a tumult of distresses.



YOU CAN HAVE EVERYTHING:—
You can have everything if you go far enough in the paths of adventure. For example, read Percival Christo-

pher Wren's "Beau Sabreur" (Stokes). It may be you are a little skeptical regarding magnificent ardent sheiks of the desert who snatch up fair-haired English girls and ride away with them into the sunset. In that case, you can be amused with Maudie Atkinson, in this book, who, having read another book, longs for just such a fate. But on the other hand, Maudie meets precisely that fate, with all the thrill of being strenuously carried away, and with all the eventual comfortable surprise of finding out that her captor is not only a red-blooded American but also a "person of culture and refinement"—for which he has not had much use during his long years in, of course, the Foreign Legion. If you like to be a spectator of the ancient conflict of Love and Duty, here you have a chance. Henri de Beaujolais, a French major in, of course, the Secret Service, is on a diplomatic mission to a desert emir with whom he is to conclude a treaty very much to the advantage of France. Accidentally saddled with the burden of responsibility for a beguiling American girl, Mary Vanbrugh, Beaujolais naturally falls in love with her. Here is Love. The emir agrees to sign the treaty if the major will throw in the girl to boot. Here is Duty. Up to this moment Beaujolais has sacrificed everything and everybody to the success of his mission. It has all been very heroic. At this moment he does what he thinks is weak and what you think is noble: he sides with Love against Duty. But the wily emir suggests a scheme by which both treaty and girl may be saved, if Beaujolais will drink poison to wipe out the insults

which he has offered the Saharan aristocrat for wanting Mary. Beaujolais does not hesitate. A man of his mettle pays a good price for cake which may be eaten and also kept. Down goes the poison. In comes the girl. Tragic fade-out. But, on the other hand, the emir is merely Mary's brother, in whiskers and a *kafiyeh*, who has been merely testing Beaujolais with what was merely goat's milk. In no time at all the major is a well and happy man who had done his Duty and won his Love. What hero, what reader, ever asked for more and got it?

Major Wren makes a great deal of fun of the movies, but it looks like ingratitude. That he claims, in his preface, to have taken every detail of his romance from life makes no difference. He has taken his pattern from the movies. Only, he is one step ahead of most of them. You should not forget that, even when you discover that his villain is, of course, a German at heart, though technically Alsatian, and when you come to the chapter in which the native girl, poor little Leila Nakhla, is put out of the misery of her hopeless love for the great emir, as such native girls are born to be put out in these circumstances. You should not forget it even if you happen to realize that the high-born Beaujolais is a thorough snob and that his snow-white mission is part of a piratical effort to drag Africa into the French empire. You should not forget it, because it is the one step ahead of the movies which gives you so much for your money. From the first, Mary Vanbrugh is a bright girl who sees through everything. Long before the official disclosure,

you know that the emir and his vizier are Wild Westerners, talking racy American whenever there is no need for them to discourse in classic Arabic. You get all the thrill which your romantic heart will hold, and yet your realistic head lets you feel superior to the comic creatures who travel on their hearts. If you read "Beau Sabreur" you can have everything.



LET THE PLAY SPEAK:—One of the best proofs that Eugene O'Neill is a dramatist and not a theatrical mechanic is that the meaning of his plays is so hard to turn into simple expository prose. He has himself more than once been forced to try such explanations, never with any remarkable success. The play may be difficult, but the commentary is sure to be. For Mr. O'Neill, apparently, drama is as much a native language as action is for some other men, and analysis as foreign as mathematics is to some. He sees the world as drama, he thinks in terms of drama, he knows no mode of self-expression except that of putting characters to work in a dramatic fashion, and he has hitherto been too busy, even if the gift is in him, to master the art of reducing all this to the lower terms which criticism uses. Furthermore, he is, for all his variety of structure, so close-knit a dramatist that he is hard for anybody to expound in simple terms. His persons are tough-grained with verisimilitude; his situations are intricate with a passionate subtlety; his general plots are so wide in their bearing that they will not fit into deft summaries. Finally, it may be questioned wheth-

er he is at bottom clear enough ever to be summed up in anything shorter than his collected works, or anything different from them. Perhaps his meaning is not in his plays, but is his plays. Certain men of action can be explained, if explained at all, only by a recital of their deeds. A recital of deeds is virtually all that Barrett H. Clark has undertaken in his "Eugene O'Neill" (McBride), the fifth title to be added to the Modern American Writers series. The monograph gives the fullest account of Mr. O'Neill's life which has yet been written, a careful chronology of first productions, and an admirable body of comments from the dramatist himself. At best, however, it is only a prolegomenon to the plays.

CONFESSION OF A CRITIC:—I hereby make belated acknowledgment and public confession of a grave and inexcusable offense. It has to do with E. H. Young's "William" (Harcourt Brace), an English novel imported last year. I somehow overlooked it then, and discovered it only day before yesterday, in the new American edition. No other novel by an English writer has so delighted me since I first read "Of Human Bondage." If "William" is not a masterpiece, no work of fiction can be without the lightning of great passions and the thunder of great actions. These are the only elements not to be found in "William," which is intelligent, beautiful, charming, "as fine as lace and as swift as water." I shall write further on this amazing novel later. Meantime, I shall give no other book for Christmas to anybody.

SHORT CUTS

Selected Poems of Carl Sandburg.
Edited by Rebecca West. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

"Just as Robert Burns expresses the whole national life of Lowland Scotland of his time," says Miss West in her preface, "so Carl Sandburg expresses the whole life of the Middle West of to-day." This is her text. Her argument is that the Middle West is less like England than like Russia.

Evolution and Religion in Education.
By Henry Fairfield Osborn. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A collection of miscellaneous essays called forth by the Fundamentalist controversy. The author suavely puts the lion and the lamb into one bed, declaring that the future lies in the hands of "a simplified religion and a reverent science." He takes his stand essentially with Calvin Coolidge.

A History of English Literature. By Emile Legouis and Louis Cazamian. Volume I: The Middle Ages and the Renaissance. By Emile Legouis. Macmillan Co.

An admirable compendium, erudite, precise, and well composed. Without the flair of Taine, it no less usefully views its theme through the eyes of men who "have not inherited nor been nurtured on this literature, but have approached it consciously and of deliberate choice, as men rather than as children."

The Time of Man. By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. Viking Press.

This story of poor-white Kentucky is apparently a truthful document. It is certainly, with its deep atmosphere and finished idiom, a beautiful work of art.

O Genteel Lady! By Esther Forbes. Houghton Mifflin Co.

A portrait of Victorian Massachusetts founded upon the daguerreotypes of the period. It recalls "The Perennial Bachelor," but is less amusing and more angular.

Dry Martini: A Gentleman Turns to Love. By John Thomas. George H. Doran Co.

A smart comedy of the Cocktail School. The scene is Paris, the characters are most of them Americans, the story will prove edifying to prohibitionists.

Dark Dawn. By Martha Ostenso. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Further evidence that "Wild Geese" was not the masterpiece which many thought it.

East Wind. By Amy Lowell. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Narrative poems of New England life, mostly in the back country. Though the actions are intense, the language is sharp and cool.

The Fight of a Book for the World. By William Sloane Kennedy. Stonecroft Press.

A bulky, useful companion volume to "Leaves of Grass," about one half of it devoted to a learned but random account of Whitman's reception by his American and European public, and the other half to bibliographies and annotations.

Candaules' Wife and Other Old Stories.
By Emily James Putnam. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Five tales attractively and ironically retold from Herodotus.

Havelock Ellis. By Isaac Goldberg. Simon & Schuster.

The facts about Havelock Ellis, with little of his ripeness or his charm.

The Spokesman's Secretary. By Upton Sinclair. The Author.

A fairly funny skit on the White House Spokesman, in the form of imaginary letters from a manicurist who plays the part of the Plain People to the secretary who tells the Spokesman what to say.

Adventures in Editing. By Charles Hanson Towne. D. Appleton & Co.

Much editing. Mild adventure.

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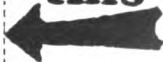
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BONDS · SHORT TERM NOTES · ACCEPTANCES

The CENTURY FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

THE purpose of this department is to help CENTURY readers to avoid investments in which they are likely to lose money, or in which the risks involved are greater than the circumstances surrounding the investment would justify the individual in taking; and to assist them in the choice of sound investments that meet their requirements. It is hoped that inquiry will be made regarding securities and dealers before funds are invested rather than afterwards. Questions will not be answered in regard to purely speculative operations. Return postage should accompany each inquiry.

In addition to this Readers' Service, THE CENTURY will publish in this part of the magazine each month the announcements of reliable banking and brokerage houses that it can recommend. No house will be permitted to use these pages until it has been carefully investigated, and every effort will be made to accept only the offerings of safe securities and the announcements of responsible and reliable houses.

Address all communications to READERS' FINANCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT, THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Investment Questions and Answers

A \$3,000 Investment in Stocks and Bonds

NEW YORK.—Q. I have \$2,000 to invest in high grade bonds. Please advise me. I also have \$1,000 for high grade stocks.

A. Just now both the bond and stock markets are at high levels and we are inclined to believe that some of the highest grade issues may be bought at lower levels in a year or so. However, the following bonds seem attractive at this time:

Atlantic & Danville 1st 4s, due 1948 (Southern Railway)
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In the preferred stock field, the following issues are selling to give a good return:

Ohio Power 6 per cent. preferred
Minnesota Power and Light 7 per cent. preferred

A Safe Investment for \$500

CONNECTICUT.—Q. I have \$500 to invest and wish as high a rate of interest as is consistent with safety. I would like your advice on the following which I have under consideration:

Govt. of Argentine 6s, due 1957
Dutch East Indies 6s, 1962
State of Queensland 7s, 1941
Kingdom of Norway 6s

or
\$500 1st mtg. 6½ per cent. on real estate in Hartford or New Haven, Conn. I have \$5,100 Ont. Sask. & N. B. Provincial 6 per cent. bonds, due 1930-1943; \$500 Govt. Argentine 6s, 1957; \$1,000 1st mtg. 6½ per cent. on real estate in Hartford and about \$300 Kingdom of Norway kroner bonds, due 1944. I am past middle life and wish to make provision for old age.

A. Since you already have a portion of your funds invested in the bonds of Argentine, the kroner bonds of Norway and first mortgages on real estate in Hartford, we think, for the sake of diversification, which means greater safety, it might be well to eliminate the Argentine 6s, due 1957, the Norway bonds and real estate mortgage which you have under consideration for the investment of your \$500. Both of the other bonds

about which you inquired; namely, the Dutch East Indies 6s, due 1962, and the State of Queensland 7s, due 1941, are high grade securities in the foreign government field and either of them would be entirely suitable. But you would be adding greater diversification to your entire estate to select a high grade bond from another investment field, such as the public utility or railroad. Selections from those fields which would seem entirely suitable are: Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific refunding 4s, due 1934, and American Power and Light 6s, due 2016. Both of these bonds are obtainable in \$500 pieces. The Norway external 6s, due 1952, 1943 and 1944, are issued in no smaller denominations than \$1,000, but the Dutch East Indies 6s, due 1962, may be purchased in denominations of both \$500 and \$1,000. Provided your present 6½ per cent. mortgage on real estate in Hartford is a sound issue, we think your present holdings as listed are of good grade.

Reinvesting Profits

MINNESOTA.—Q. May I ask your advice again? My bond dealers are holding for me a Brazil 6½ per cent. bond and assure me that this is a safe, conservative investment. They have also advised me to sell one of my Argentine 6s, of which I hold two. I bought them at \$92. They also advised me to sell my Virginia Electric 5 per cent. bond and take my profit on both of these bonds. I shall be very grateful for your advice in this matter. Do you think I should buy the Brazil bond?

A. United States of Brazil external 6½ per cent. bonds, due 1957, do not rank among the highest grade South American issues brought out in this market. We should place them below the Virginia Electric & Power Company 1st and refunding 5s, due 1955, and the 6 per cent. bonds of the Argentine Nation. The obligations of this latter country rank high among foreign government bonds brought out here. If you have a good profit in your Argentine Government and Virginia Electric & Power Company bonds, however, we see no reason why you should not take it and reinvest the money in bonds that are sound and at the same time yield an income that is high considering the safety of the funds invested therein. Bonds that seem safer than these Brazilian 6½s but which would still give you as large return are: American Power & Light 6s, due 2016
Republic of Uruguay 6s, due 1960



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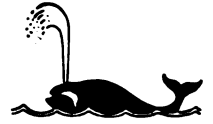
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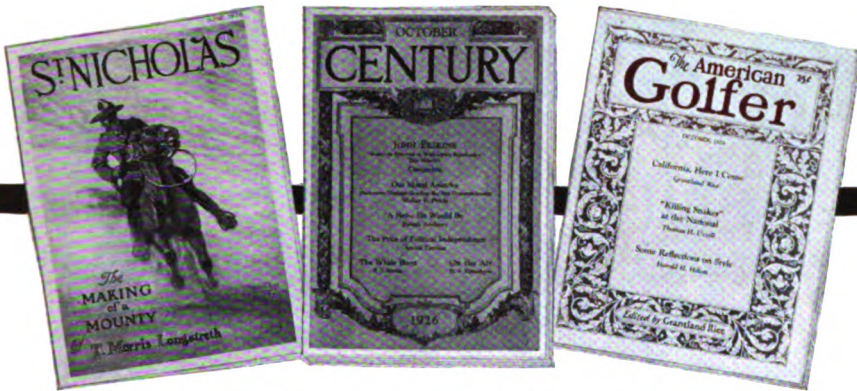
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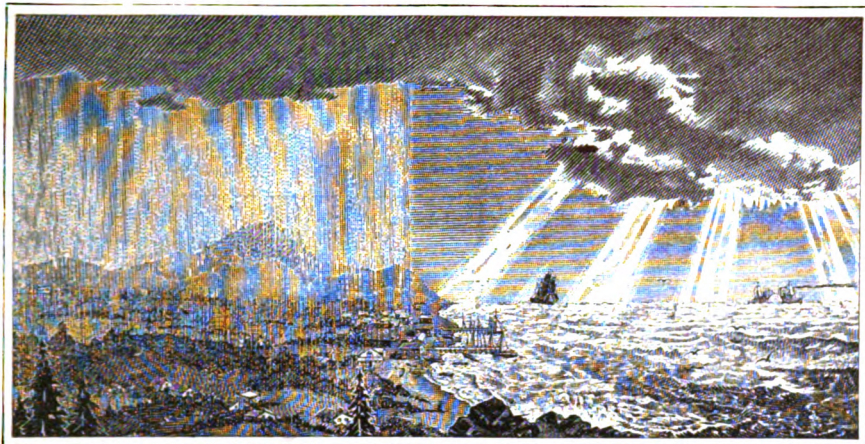
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The CENTURY MAGAZINE



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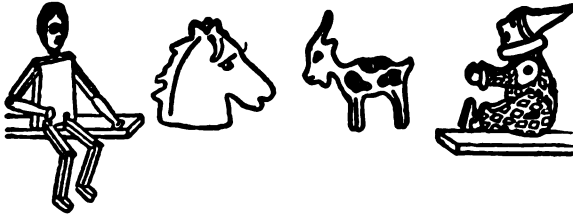
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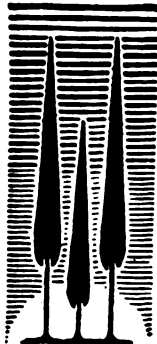
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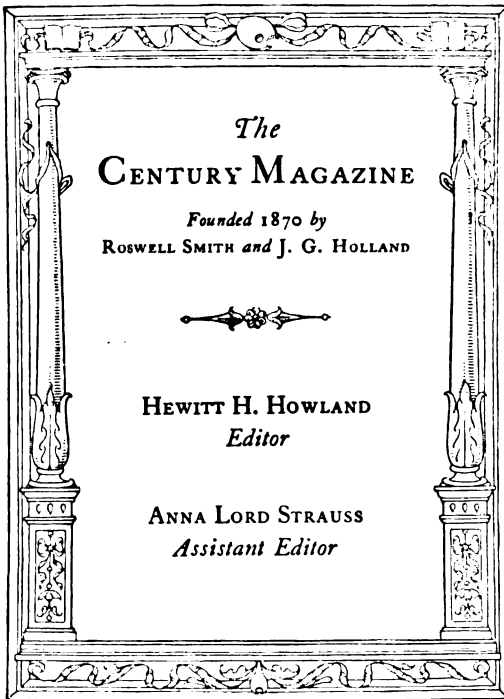
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Among Our Contributors

Robert Gordon Anderson (Those Quarrelsome Bonapartes) is a frequent contributor to the "Saturday Evening Post." His historical novel, "For Love of a Sinner," was praised highly. He has been a Napoleon student for many years and is realizing an ambition in writing THE CENTURY'S new biographical serial. Mr. Anderson lives at Port Washington, Long Island.

Frank Swinnerton (Cats), critic and novelist, is dear to the hearts of many Americans by virtue of his "Young Felix." Mr. Swinnerton is paying New York a visit at this writing.

Bertrand Russell (Behaviorism) is a philosophic scientist, or a scientific philosopher, and has written on many subjects, from the "Foundations of Geometry" to "The A.B.C. of Atoms." He is admired and respected by all American magazine readers who know his brilliant work.

Robert Rutherford (Caryatides) is a poet under one name, and a business man under another and, just now, a more famous one. But poetic fame grows slowly. Mr. Rutherford calls New York home.

Sophie Kerr (The French Touch) will be eagerly welcomed by CENTURY readers because of her story, "Things," in last September's issue. It brought us many letters of delighted approval.

Laurence McKinney (Gardens) was born and lives in Albany, New York. After Harvard and the war he turned to business. He writes only occasionally, but reads seed catalogues omnivorously.

Henry Morton Robinson (Love, Arms, Song, and Death) was editor of "Contemporary Verse" and is author of "Children of Morningside." Boston born, but Columbia graduate, where he received the Proudfit Fellowship in Letters, he is now on the faculty.

Herbert Parrish (To Men of Good-Will) is rector of historic Christ Church, New Brunswick, New Jersey. We understand he has a book in preparation.

Thomas B. Marquis (The Autobiography of a Sioux) has lived in Montana many years. Served for a time as physician to the Northern Cheyennes. Now in private practice among Crow Indians and whites. A Sioux Indian told him these recollections.

Ada Jack Carver (The Raspberry Dress) is a Louisianian. Her delightful stories are known to magazine readers everywhere, and her play, "The Cajun," won a prize in the National Little Theater Tournament.

Wilbert Snow (Conflict) gave up lobster-catching in Penobscot Bay to get degrees at Bowdoin and Columbia. Now associate professor of English at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut. Published two books of verse.

Erna Fergusson (From Rodeo to Rotary) was born in Albuquerque and knows of what she writes. See the November CENTURY.

Barbara Madison Tunnell (At the Poetry Contest), though born in Massachusetts, has lived all her life in the South, at La Grange, Georgia, and now at Louisville. She writes of gardens and old houses, and now and then a poem.

James Mahoney (The Affair of Monsieur and Madame) is another Southerner. After receiving the Croix de Guerre he stayed on in Paris to study at "Julian's" but now lives at Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Virginia Terhune Van de Water (I Am Psycho-analyzed) is a daughter of Marion Harland, an editorial writer, novelist, and contributor to many magazines. She lives in New York.

Ernest Boyd (When Americans Discover America), born in Dublin; editorial staff "Irish Times." Entered British consular service, being sent eventually to Baltimore. Resigned and now lives in New York. Author and translator of many books.

Evelyn Bigelow Clark (To a Lady) is daughter of Poultney Bigelow. New York is her home and poetry her passion.

Adriana Spadoni (The Holy Gull) is well known to CENTURY readers. She lives in California and agrees enthusiastically with all the Californians.

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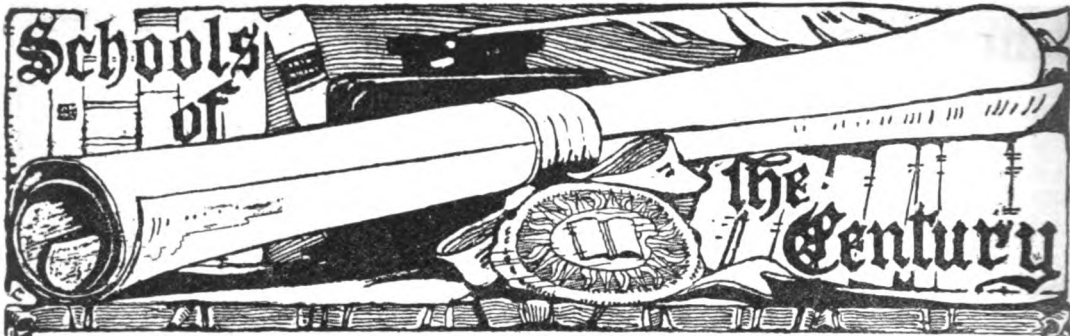
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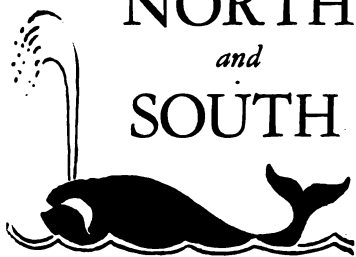
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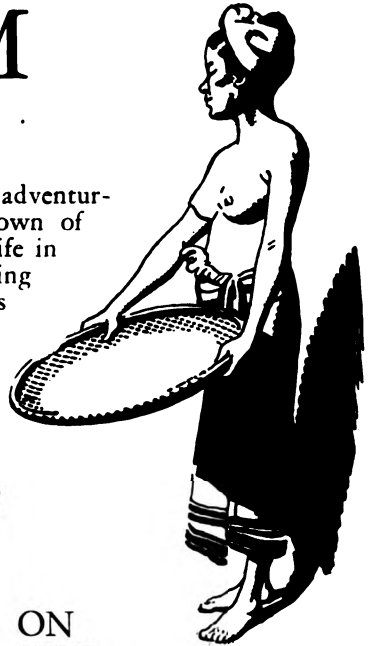
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The CENTURY MAGAZINE

Vol 113

December 1926

No 2

THOSE QUARRELSOME BONAPARTES

I—Corsica and the Young Lieutenant

ROBERT GORDON ANDERSON

IN THE late seventeen hundreds when the fall of the Bastille was a vivid memory, and the Reign of Terror still to come, a young man returned from his regiment in alien France to his home at Ajaccio in the island of Corsica. Of worldly goods, now that he had left his much-loved books packed up in quarters, he had nothing: that is, besides the junior lieutenant's uniform, rather worn, on his thin malarial figure; a few letters from some scarecrow Revolutionary officials in Paris; a much battered little portmanteau with a change of linen; and in his purse four months' pay or about three hundred francs.

It was little with which to carve one's fortune; but perhaps these things too should be noted about him; a quick incisive stride; an equally incisive way of giving orders, absurd in a youngster just turning twenty-one and five feet six inches; a sound knowledge of history, mathematics, and military tactics; and a pair of imperious eyes burning out of sallow, almost yellowish features. Also he had, when not sunk in the brooding melancholy that still held

over from adolescence, an air of unusual energy and, despite his unhealthy color and apparent frailty of frame, something of the iron and vitality of Plutarch's men. Outside of this equipment—and the dreams in his head—he had, then, precisely nothing.

Perhaps, however, he was to capitalize it in a way little suspected by his townspeople. Certainly they would have laughed, had any one prophesied such a thing; and they were at the time not at all proud of him. To be sure, they were a rather fractious, though a naturally kindly and hardy people, much given to suspicions and to feuds and little pleased with anybody. Then there were always too many factions on the island for any one to be generally popular, since one must take sides; and the Bonapartes up on the via Malerbe took sides rather violently. Besides, though they were of patrician descent and one of the leading families of Ajaccio, therefore to be looked up to, it is hard for either peasant or shopkeeper to reverence a family known all too well. Famil-

ilarity, after all, does breed a sort of contempt for one's betters, particularly in unsettled times when there are of necessity altercations over shopkeepers' bills and the ownership of flocks, vineyards, and what not, and when the neighbors recall quite clearly this same junior lieutenant and his brothers and sisters as an unruly lot and, if not actually tatterdemalion, at least dressed in none too well-fitting made-overs, fighting, biting, and scratching their playmates and each other, and in turn defending each other with equal violence.

Though one of the chief ports of the island, Ajaccio was, in those years, a small town and nothing to be particularly proud of. Still, it was decidedly picturesque as it lay in the golden sunshine, this late summer afternoon. And from the hills it all looked peaceful enough—a slumbering fortress by the shore, the governor's palace and the cathedral towers, and a dozen squares or so of clustering dwellings, of varying heights, and gray and creamy, or old ivory in hue. As you looked down upon it, three wide chinks betrayed the elm- and plane-shaded avenues; and many narrow slits between the roofs showed innumerable little alleys, softened occasionally by the rounded green of mulberry, olive, citron, almond, and lemon; and all set down within a square mile of city wall—bastioned at the angles—on the blue waters of the Gulf, with the snow coronals of the inland peaks visible, Naples fashion, beyond it to the East.

The scene then was serene enough seeming, particularly when you heard the bells of the cathedral and

of the Convent of San Francesco which lay outside the walls among the pasturing sheep and the vineyards. But if you left the governor's palace, built long before Genoa sold the island to France, and traversed the poorer quarters, past the hovels of stone and stucco, threading those tiny alleys roughly cobbled and sloping to gutters in the center, often channeling runnels of milk with bits of stale cheese and offal, you would come to the better section and see other signs. Here the houses, though they shouldered each other quite as closely, loomed taller and had the pleasant time-worn façades and lofty shuttered windows one sees on the Ile St.-Louis by the Seine or in old Tuscan cities. And here and there were peaceful old-time gardens. But if you looked closer, you might observe bullet-scars on the walls or holes made by cannon and now and then a ruin of black timbers and gray powdering mortar, overgrown with clambering myrtle and vines.

The Abbé Fesch, Napoleon's uncle, and half-brother to the young lieutenant's mother, Letizia, observed for the thousandth time these signs, as he made his clerical rounds. He saw also, when he came to a vantage-point on the wide Street of the Fountains, a felucca at anchor behind the mole. The two lateen spars were folded like peaceful curved quills on a background of waters of that hue which is neither ultramarine nor myrtle nor yet larkspur, simply Mediterranean blue, and which had, he thought as he fanned himself with his broad clerical hat, both peace and exaltation in it. But he saw on the deck the blue coats of the soldiers; others too were moving about the

citadel and on the corvette lying, with its single tier of guns, to windward of the felucca. And those uniforms belonged to France, which the abbé, like all good Corsicans, long had hated. Indeed, hadn't he as a boy, with all his kinsmen, been chased by the French out of the house on the via Malerbe, to camp on the top of Monte Rotondo—he could see it now sparkling in the sunshine—ten thousand feet above the sea? Two months, that was, before Napoleon was born.

The incongruity between serene setting and portentous atmosphere was even more apparent when he neared his cousin Ramolini's house. As he well knew, half of the army was loyal to the new National Assembly in Paris, half to the king, who sat, virtually a prisoner, blind to the oncoming deluge, mending his pet clocks in the Tuileries. And here in the market-place, officers in blue coats, white small-clothes, gilt epaulets, with red sashes around their waists, strode among the olive-skinned market women, now kicking aside their baskets of spinach or cabbage and cheese, again tossing gold coins, still stamped with the image of the king, on the shopkeepers' counters. Knots of citizens, some of them strange emissaries from Paris others bourgeois of the town, with red, white, and blue cockades in their triangle hats, stood in front of the Jacobin Club—that club which his nephews had so foolishly organized—foretelling with relish what would soon happen to those selfsame officers.

But as for most of the townspeople, they cared neither for Revolution nor for king, only for Corsica

and Paoli, old Papa Paoli who had fought so long against the French and who might yet fool them. The dark-eyed women drowsing among the baskets eyed both blue coats and red cockades with equal malevolence; an artisan sharpening his knife whetted its edge with too significant care. And here came riding into town hillmen from the interior—swart meager little fellows, clothed in scarlet and black coats and breeches made from the wool of their own black sheep, bestriding shaggy ponies, their women walking, in true Corsican fashion, on foot beside them. At each belt was a cartridge pouch and a stiletto, over each shoulder a gun; and each, when his eye lighted on these enemies of his country, muttered curses, *sotto voce*, as he rode.

It was an image of war in times of truce, and though Fesch himself was too orderly for that, he knew those brown-cowled priests he saw walking with militant stride, over the cobbles, had daggers under their girdles and quite near the crucifix.

The abbé sighed as he passed within the cool shadow of the city wall. Left to themselves, these Corsicans would have been peaceful enough. But what could you expect when since the Year One they had been harassed by invaders from every Mediterranean port and some from far beyond the seas?

The Bonapartes, too, though the boys were meddling with these revolutionary upstarts, were true Corsicans, having come from Florence in 1529, the Ramolinis, the abbé's mother's people, from the same town. As for himself, he had only a half-measure of the strain. His mother and Letizia's were the same;

but his father had left some Swiss orderliness in his blood, while they had in full measure the gift for intrigue from those centuries with the Medicis in Italian cities, and, superimposed on that, the loyalty and sterner virtues of these hills. Yet he loved them all—though he had not cared for Letizia's husband, a charming but unreliable fellow, shifting with the winds. But where was his rascally nephew? He wanted to have a word with the boy, away from his mother and his great-uncle, the old archdeacon Lucien, who now lay bedridden and querulous. Alone, he might take the too active young man to task, or at least find out what were the contents of this political pie he was having such a finger in.

At last he caught sight of him—the thin face, the thin eager figure in the worn lieutenant's uniform—rising and falling on his toes, as he harangued some Paoli adherents he had buttonholed.

"Giving them a dose of Rousseau prate and Jacobin calomel—and from their faces they seem to be suspicious of their young physician!" said the abbé to himself, as he hurried over the cobbles of the square.

But it was only a glimpse of his nephew that he caught, for, having finished his harangue, that young man paused just long enough to wave a "Good morning, uncle!" then ran up the steps of his club, whose precincts Fesch was unwilling to enter, feeling that the word Jacobin spelled something heterodox if not absolutely atheistical. He had no stomach for these smart young men, particularly those emissaries from Paris, who at first seemed personable and genteel enough, but who had

lately been succeeded by a crowd of uncouth, obscene, furtive fellows coming in boat-loads from the shore of Provence, a hundred miles to the north. Why his nephew was mixed up with them and their newfangled notions he did not know. The young man's father had made a bad move when he had taken him to France and put him in that military school up at Brienne!

However, the abbé shrugged his shoulders, turning to pleasanter thoughts, as he made his way to the Casa Bonaparte, patting this or that child's head, and lingering to speak for a moment pastorally with some woman in a doorway. The Plaza Letizia had not been cleared, and the Bonaparte house stood at the juncture of two tiny streets, its height leaving the cobbles in constant shadow. Four horsemen abreast in the via Malerbe would have scraped the walls, and the via Pevero was still more narrow. But the house was imposing enough in Ajaccio, with its several wings, its pleasant time-worn stucco walls, and its rows of lofty long-shuttered windows. And, too, it was four stories in height, five with the attic where on his infrequent visits home his nephew Napoleon buried himself in his books. Come to think of it, even as a little fellow, he had always been interested in books—stories of heroes and wars and things, between his playing at soldier and his practical jokes.

Now the abbé was glad of the coolness within, which those spacious windows promised. The day had been hot, and he was, unlike most of his relatives, though active enough in his zeal for the church, by nature a rather sedentary fellow.

But no sooner had he entered and passed through the reception-room—the *salotto*—than he heard a high-pitched voice calling from somewhere upstairs:

“Fesch, Fesch, where is that rascal Napoleon?”

Was the boy having the whole household as well as the town by the ears?

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Ascending the staircase, the abbé found the owner of the voice bolted up in a huge four-poster, his lean old face showing a very seine of wrinkles, its once Corsican brown turned to old ivory against the bed-linen. However, the eyes of the archdeacon Lucien, who since the death of Carlo Bonaparte had been the nominal male head of the family, sparkled for the moment as brightly and beadily as ever, while he awaited the news. He was like some old candle of his own altars, burning sturdily almost to the last, but now at the wick's end beginning to falter, only to flare up in the wind stirred by his grandnephew, that little Napoleon who as a youngster so often had plagued him.

In a chair by the window sat his niece, the boy's mother, Signora Letizia Bonaparte, born Ramolini. She had been busied all the morning with household tasks—cleaning, carding flax, sorting linen, and indeed cooking the invalid's meals herself. In a house of several wings, many rooms, and eight children one could not be idle. Besides, there were only two servants, old Mam-mucia Caterina, the children's nurse, and Saveria, whom Joseph, the oldest boy, at his mother's request, had recently brought from Italy. Sa-

veria's wage, four francs a month, the widow could afford, but not much more, for though they had this big house, a little country retreat at Melleli, and the two old farmsteads inland, there was not much ready money.

She was engaged at the moment in sewing on a pair of breeches for little Jerome, and sat near the bedstead that she might be with the old man, who was a bit restless. She was very fond of him, for he had been just in his way, and kindly enough to her restless brood since her husband's death. True, he had been a little cautious of purse, but that was because he was a careful man, and thought the best way to teach his grandnephews to be provident was not to let them know how many gold pieces he had tucked away under the mattress. Perhaps, too, he thought this the best way to provide for Letizia, who was a “woman of sense,” when he was gone, which would be soon. But Letizia was too kind ever to speculate about either the probable time of his taking off or the sum total of his gold pieces.

As for her half-brother Fesch, he also was too amiable to worry, though he was not much like his sister. Indeed an observer would have said that Letizia, had she been a man, would not have cared to be a priest, while the Abbé Fesch was not miscast in that rôle. His broad fat face showed the Swiss blood of his father—her stepfather—and though he was thirteen years her junior and only twenty-seven, his hair was already thinning at the temples and fell benignantly behind in curls over his clerical shoulders. Altogether

he was a docile soul and not without parts or a pinch of dry humor. As the third boy, Lucien, named for the old archdeacon—a sharp-tongued rascal, that boy, and himself a youth of parts—had said, “Uncle Fesch is sweet—but not like a peach—just like a good sound radish.”

The observer might also have guessed that the widow’s household needed no masculine headship, that it must have been merely nominal, limited to such mellow counsel as a wise old priest could give. For what the old archdeacon actually meant when he called Letizia a “woman of sense” was that she was a remarkable woman.

What struck you first, when she rose to give the invalid his medicine, was a dignity of bearing which, though she could not have been more than middle size, gave the impression of height, and of that finely tempered steel of which Spartan and pioneer women, the world over, are framed. If fault could be found with the face, it was that it was a trifle too narrow; but one never thought twice of that, for the Grecian features had a noble candor and sweet gravity that transcended even their beauty of line.

Though of patrician descent she had had little schooling, but when she dropped her sewing in her lap, her head had a fine uplift and her arms a grace that no Madame Campan’s finishing-school at St.-Germain could give. Here was a woman, then, fitted for saddle or cradle, for camp or court, though she would not have cared for that—one built for mothering strong sons.

It was of the second of these sons that the archdeacon and his niece

had been talking before the arrival of Fesch; and now, as the abbé entered, the old man put the question again to him rather petulantly:

“Fesch, Fesch, you get slower as you get older; come, *now* what is my nephew up to?”

“I have no news of him,” the abbé replied, “though I caught a glimpse of his coat-tails disappearing through the doors of the Jacobin Club. Flying coat-tails, flying heels, that seems to be your son, these days, Letizia. Why, the boy jumps like a flea over the whole island!” And he fanned himself with his hat in some irritation, as if his nephew had just led him a merry chase over the mountains.

The old archdeacon had been temperamentally calm enough, except when the boys teased him for money or harried his pet goats; and it was only illness that had acidulated his natural sweetness. Now he answered judiciously enough from the bolster:

“You are wrong there, Fesch, in taking him so lightly. When I’m gone Joseph will be head of the family, but Napoleon will head more families than this in the *via Malerbe*. Who knows, Fesch, but he may give you a cardinal’s hat!”

Letizia smiled. It was not so difficult to think of her son as handing out a cardinal’s hat as it was to picture her amiable half-brother wearing one; but the old voice was going wearily on:

“In a way, though, you are right. I wish he’d stick to his regiment and the career chosen for him instead of mixing in these wretched brawls. He’s a marked man, and some day he’ll rouse the thunderstorm!”

At first Letizia did not join in this dialogue, for she was not given to words, though she could speak her mind on occasion, as the congregation of the Oratorio Giovanni Battista knew well. Its tower could be seen from the window where she sat; and it was there, not many years before, when a misguided priest asked her a question which rather shocked her modesty, that her answer had rung through the aisles: "That is a question I do not think proper to answer, sir, and if you persist I shall leave this church." Like mother, like son, it seems, for when by an odd coincidence Napoleon, then with his regiment in France, had been reminded by his confessor of what he owed his sovereign, the boy had replied: "I did not come here to talk about Corsica. It is not a priest's business to catechize me on my duty to the king!"

As for the tactless cleric in Ajaccio, needless to say, the archdeacon had seen to it that he soon left the parish, but the incident was often cited by Letizia's neighbors, by some admiringly as an evidence of fine spirit, by the jealous as a sign of her overweening pride.

Now the words of the archdeacon roused her, and she returned with something of a mother's fears:

"Thunder-storm sounds ominous;" then, more spiritedly, "but it would not be surprising; the Ramolinis should unleash at least one thunder-bolt."

"With no credit to the Bonapartes, eh?" Fesch retorted, quizzically, yet not as if he wholly disagreed with her.

Here Letizia noticed that the archdeacon looked weary, and she

signaled Fesch to silence. And when they rose to leave, she scanned closely the face, that mask of old ivory and netted wrinkles, with the wisps of hair, gray and sulphur-yellow, falling lankly on the bolster. The eyes were closed, but the lips, still moving, repeated prophetically his last word, "thunder-storm."

Letizia had enough of the Corsican's superstition to wonder how much of omen there was in this message from one who lay so close to the gates of Death; and the word persisted in her ears as she descended, with the abbé, the stairway to the *salotto*.

It was a pleasant and spacious chamber, cooled and lighted by lofty windows, but rather sparsely if not shabbily furnished—a few good chairs and a sofa of the Louis XV period; a huge chandelier with glass pendants; two large gilt mirrors on the wall; and above the low fireplace, a fading portrait in oil.

It revealed in a strikingly lifelike way a handsome man in a court costume, most bravely embroidered. Superficial charm was there, and possibly self-interest. Each lineament was almost too suavely perfect; and the large beautiful eyes gazed out from the canvas steadily enough, though lacking the forthrightness of the widow's looking up at him. The label bore the inscription, "Carlo Bonaparte, 1746–1785."

"No, Joseph, the boy does not get his masterfulness, if he can be accused of that, from his father, though I loved my husband. A flair for intrigue, perhaps—though I detest the word—but what can you expect from his ancestry? And charm—no, Joseph, you can't deny

either the boy or Carlo that, in spite of his wilfulness."

Perhaps, as she studied the portrait, her thoughts went back to her girlhood, when, at fifteen, she had married that handsome man in the tarnished gilt frame above her. And it was amazing, remembering the rigors she had undergone and the thirteen children—eight surviving—that she had borne by the time she was thirty-four, to see how she still retained her youthfulness. The tresses which escaped from the confining head-dress were still nut-brown, the complexion dazzlingly white with just a touch of the peach-blossoms that bloomed in the terrace back of the house, where the younger children now played.

"He will be twenty-one in September—no, August. With so many it is hard to remember birthdays; yet it seems but yesterday," she said, giving voice to the memories the portrait recalled. "You remember—but no, you don't, for you were only six at the time—but old Caterina could tell you how we went to mass and had barely entered the church when I was seized with the birth-pains and could hardly get home, and as a matter of fact did not reach my bed. So he was born like our Saviour—don't shake that finger, Fesch; it is not sacrilege, for I have no notion that Napoleon will be any saint, and I'm a very worldly and unworthy woman—but both were born after a journey, without pomp, and neither in a bed; one was laid in the manger, the other on a carpet. How do I make that out? Well, I had been away with Carlo in the hills, when we were driven out by the French, and camped up on the

top of Monte Rotondo—though a boy, you recall that. Then I came back, and that morning, when old Mammucia Caterina found me on the sofa there, she laid him on this strip of red carpet, right here at my feet. It's frayed; but its flowers are almost as bright as when he used to follow them with his chubby finger.

"You think he is too active now; you should have seen him as a child," she continued as she returned to her sewing for little Jerome. "He was sullen and morose, kindly and winning by turns, sharing his toys, the soul of generosity; you could get anything out of him at times if you only appealed to him. But how he would fight when they enraged him, called him names, or made fun of him or his family! His first love-affair, at six, you remember that, with the neighbor's little girl at the school; and the boys used to follow him, jeering at him?"

"I remember," assented Fesch, smiling. "The child's name was Giacometta, and the rime ran something like this:

*"Napoleone di mezza calzetta
Fa l'amore a Giacometta."*

(Napoleon with his stockings half down makes love to Giacometta.)

"Stockings half down." Letizia smiled too. "Yes, he was a funny little urchin. And it doesn't speak well for me or my training. But what would you? In a land where the *vendetta traversale* prevails, and nothing but blood-feuds, with the French on top of that driving us out, a mother had sufficient to do to clothe her children and give them enough to eat, without worrying

about looks or suits like those Signora Sallicetti imports from Paris. The neighbors call me parsimonious. I had to be. And it's no wonder that Napoleon's disposition is uneasy, with what went before. It's a mercy I didn't bear him in the saddle-skirts, not on that strip of red carpet there. But come, my brother, why are you so worried about the boy? What do people say?"

"I am no more worried about him, Letizia, than you are yourself," returned the abbé. "As for what people say, they but exaggerate what you and I fear."

"And what is that?" looking him straight in the eye.

"That he, like Carlo, is consumed with self-interest, has forgotten Corsica and sold himself to France. Now, mind you, Letizia," he explained, shifting uneasily in his chair, "a son of yours is as my own. I but repeat what people say."

"Treachery then," she answered with fire. "The crime is yours to carry the gossip! You know not my son!"

Here she paused, as if, scarce knowing her son but knowing quite fully his father, she herself wondered.

"We do not always get along, he and I—perhaps we are too alike; and sometimes he resents reproof, gentle chiding from me, his mother. Yet he is loving and sensible to principles of honor. And you know how loyal he is to you, Fesch, who criticize him, and to all his family. No, no, there can be nothing wrong there!"

So, having reaffirmed her faith, she went rapidly on with that native eloquence all Corsicans have on occasion.

"I admit he has self-interest, but what young man has not who wants to rise? Still, duty and ambition often lie up the same road. He loves Corsica passionately, but sees for her security under France. The king is bound to fall, the Revolution to win control. On that I know he counts. And despite his moods, his dreams, he is a practical man—no visionary like Pasquale Paoli nor a zealot like you; for you are that, my dear brother, under all your outward placidity."

"Practical! How practical?" the abbé asked with unwonted heat. "No, I do not mean to hurt; but what does it all amount to? He forms a Jacobin club, it is closed; a National Guard, it is dispersed; tries to get himself elected adjutant-major, to seize the citadel, is almost killed. No, everything your son this cocksure little lieutenant touches ends in failure. If he were wise like Joseph now, or had the boy Lucien's eloquence—"

"Did you ever stop to think, my dear brother, that he opened that club of his again; also that while we all prophesy great things for Joseph and Lucien, it is about Napoleon that we, like the townspeople, are always talking? And here we are at it again!"

With this she paused in her work and went to the window that gave on a terrace behind the house, with a few almond, mulberry, peach, and citron trees, and one giant chestnut. Joseph, Napoleon, Lucien, were somewhere about the island, and Marianne Elisa away at school at St.-Cyr; but here Pauline and Caroline, with Louis and little Jerome, were playing quite near a

summer-house made of rude boards. It had been built several years before by the Napoleon they were discussing, when the weather was too hot for the coop in the attic, "to get away," as he said, "from all the noise." Studying, studying always—that rude little structure was significant, she thought.

"Do you know," she said, as she returned to her sewing, "I had a dream last night. He was a baby again, playing with those faded red flowers on the carpet here; then a boy mounted on a hobby-horse. Suddenly he grew into a man, and the hobby-horse turned into a charger, while the carpet became a blood-red sky. Then he rode across the sky, high in the heaven, all his brothers and sisters in his train. Then, when he reached the zenith, he looked down from the trail of glory—and smiled at me as I lay in my bed as if to say, 'Will you believe in me now, Signora Mother?'"

"Pshaw!" said the abbé, returning to his salty humor again, as the sounds of childish bickerings arose from the yard. "They'd all quarrel before they were half-way up. Joseph would be advising Napoleon which way to ride, Lucien in the sulks, and Pauline pulling Marianne's hair. Besides, Letizia, pride goeth—"

"Before a fall," she finished for him. "I know it; but for a man it is better to ride high and fall than never to mount at all."

Still, she disliked the dream, and distrusted it; preferring honor rather than glory for her sons. And as for what the abbé said, it seemed quite true. The little stripling appeared absurd enough—not when he looked you straight in the face, but when

you were away from him and talking about him.

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However, the fancy was now dispelled by the sound of an affray from a near-by street. Deliberately, because she was herself controlled and such affairs were common in Ajaccio, Letizia crossed to a south-west window, which gave a view of the corner from which the noise of the fracas arose.

Below, she saw the children clambering over the garden wall and up into the chestnut for a nearer view, but could herself make out only the fragment of a passing procession—cowled priests and ragged followers of Paoli—with the Corsican colors. The column had halted, and the marchers were jeering some one on the sidewalk whose figure was hidden by the garden wall of the adjacent house and its overhanging fruit-trees. A stone crashed through a window of the neighboring house, followed by another that almost reached the branches of the chestnut-tree to which the Bonaparte children clung—Louis on the highest branch, as became his bold spirit, the slightly younger Pauline and Caroline on safer perches below, while little Jerome picked up some half-ripe burrs that had fallen to the ground. For some reason the clamor now ceased; Letizia could see the tip of the standard move through the trees, and the procession passed on.

And now three visitors were coming across the courtyard—a young man of graceful carriage, a young woman, and an older one, the first two well poised, the third excited and gesticulating, apparently over the disturbance Signora Bonaparte had

just witnessed. She went to the door to be ready to greet the guests, when the children rushed in pell-mell, ahead of them, eager to tell of what they had seen. They were reprimanded by their mother, who, after greeting the new-comers, turned, with an apology, to quiet Pauline, a pretty child but a little more excitable than the others. She was much attached to her brother Napoleon and was crying:

"They stoned Napoleon and hurt him. He had blood on his forehead!"

Here the oldest of the visitors, a Signora Sallicetti, volubly broke in:

"It is true, Signora Bonaparte; two stones actually fell in our carriage. I myself was almost killed. It was your son Napoleon who is always stirring things up. Charles here," indicating the young man beside her, "would have flown to his rescue, had I not held him by the arm. But, Charles, you tell it; my heart is beating too terribly. Have you, Letizia, any *sal volatile*?"

Despatching Pauline for the restorative, Letizia turned to the young man, whom she did not criticize for any failure to aid her son, knowing what he had on his hands in the excited woman before her; but already he was reassuring his hostess, though it occurred to him that here was a woman who needed support about as little as any woman he had ever seen.

"Do not be alarmed, signora," he said. "Napoleon settled them—as usual," he added smilingly; then, seeing that his excitable aunt was a little more composed, continued: "Joseph was there, but it was Napoleon they aimed at. The procession was marching by, clerics, sympa-

thizers with Paoli, and the customary rag-tag rabble, and Napoleon stopped to watch it, with that half-amused expression of his, when the tail end of the crowd, the rabble again, signora, took it into their heads to jeer at him—called him 'traitor,' 'lover of the French,' and all that."

At this confirmation of all that he had been saying, Fesch glanced at Letizia significantly; but again the excitable Sallicetti broke in.

"It's Napoleon's fault, Letizia. Your son should have nothing to do with those low-born Jacobins!"

For all her poise, Letizia could scarcely suppress a smile, the caller's face shone so scarlet under the latest importation from Paris, one of those gorgeous creations called a *chapeau à la belle poule*. The main part of the hat was bateau-shaped, in color apple-green sprinkled with silver dots; and surmounting it were three sky-blue ribbons shaped like pleated Chinese junk sails, with a wisteria-hued velvet bow at the stern and pink ribbons, like banners, floating out from here and there. It had the effect of a gaily colored galleon under full sail on the excited lady's high-built coiffure—a galleon, be it said, tilted a bit off its keel by the late excitement. This, Madame Sallicetti—she preferred the French title—discovered to her consternation and was reassembling it before the large mirror.

Letizia, however, turned from the spectacle to ask:

"And Napoleon, was he seriously wounded?"

"No, madame; a large stone struck him in the forehead—a deep gash, but he did not fall."

"And Joseph?"

"He took it like a man," returned the youthful visitor.

"Both were unmoved; but if I may venture it, signora, I think Joseph was steeled by his younger brother. For though it is past, they were in real danger of being killed; and Napoleon was like a rock—a rock with the eyes of a falcon," the young man added, mixing his metaphors enthusiastically. "It was his demeanor that quelled them."

Letizia, accustomed to bloodshed, was not perturbed by the accident itself—only perhaps for what it portended; and she turned to the other guests, Madame Sallicetti and her protégée, Mademoiselle de Launey. She was a tall girl of fine carriage and very evident breeding, with dark eyes finely set and inclined to serious mood, partly by nature, partly because of certain vivid memories of July, '89, in Paris. Her father, an officer of the Guard, had fallen in the sack of the Bastille.

The voluble Sallicetti had now recovered sufficiently to address herself to the Abbé Fesch with many commiserations on the unhappy state of affairs on the island.

"I declare dreadful things will happen here in Ajaccio!" she exclaimed. "Why, they're happening every day! Soon Corsica will be unfit to live in. For myself I plan to emigrate to France."

"But where, my dear signora?" returned the abbé. "To Toulon, Marseilles, Nice? The frying-pan into the fire! The Revolution is quiet for the moment; but it will break forth soon in more blood."

"Oh," said the lady, "that cannot be! The French are too polite,

too refined. What do you think, Madame Bonaparte?"

Letizia turned.

"My place is here with my people," she answered firmly, "until we are driven out."

"Bravo, mother!" said a voice from the doorway, and two young men entered and bowed respectfully to Letizia and their guests.

The elder, Joseph, was twenty-three, with the large head that was apt to characterize the Bonapartes, fine features which showed some intellectual power, also a little indolence, especially in the heavy-lidded eyes.

The speaker, Lucien, then seventeen, and slighter in line of head and body than his brother, was much more vivid, though darker in coloring. In his profile, swarthy and incisive, one might have found the counterpart to the head on some fine old coin.

He was the orator of the family, and for the benefit of his mother's guests, and because he liked to talk and had often been told he spoke well, he plunged into an explanation of the affray.

"Just rabble, followers of Paoli, and some foolish priests—your pardon, uncle"—this, catching the eye of Fesch. "But they're vexed at the new Civil Constitution taking away some of their vested rights. It is equitable too," he declared with all the arrogance of youth. "Church and state should be separate for the common good."

The usually good-natured abbé caught him up.

"With their separation follows anarchy!" he indignantly exclaimed.

Both to plague his uncle and to

seize the opportunity for more eloquence, the youth staged another forensic display, when Letizia interfered.

"Lucien!" was all she said; and brave as the young man might elsewhere show himself, that "Lucien" was enough.

"Pardon, mother," he said with a smile. "I did not mean to plague dear Uncle Fesch, but times are changing. In the new order, the Revolution, lies our only hope."

"What hope, monsieur?" the young woman, Mademoiselle de Launey, asked, in a voice piercingly sweet. "I have seen your Revolution at work, you see, messieurs; men slaughtered—the innocent; unspeakable things done to their bodies; my father's head carried on a pike!"

Lucien bowed and was about to utter some apology when his mother spoke rapidly in Italian, which the girl could scarcely understand. "You see, Lucien, your impetuosity has hurt. Go find Napoleon. Tell him I wish to see him before he leaves."

"I cannot, signora, for already he is off somewhere inland."

Then, taking the opportunity, he made his escape upstairs, carrying off Joseph with him, while Letizia rang the bell-rope for old Mammucia Caterina.

When the wine, a thin sour wine from their own vineyards at Melleli, was served, Letizia turned to talk with the young Frenchman, Charles de Revillé, scion of an old Touraine family, whom Madame Sallicetti had appropriated during his stay in Corsica, as she did all things French. Letizia liked the young man both for his manner and his defense of Napoleon, for that was a refreshing

experience just now, when everybody was attacking him.

"You do not like our Corsica?" she hazarded, by way of indirection, as she took a seat by his side.

"On the contrary I do, signora—like her and sympathize."

"Also with my son, I think, from what you said. You know him well?"

"For the past year only. It is a great honor," he added.

"You mean, signor?"

"That he is going far."

"Would you say on the right road? But that is a strange question for a mother to ask; and we Corsican mothers are proud. But somehow you have the air of a father confessor. Forgive me, signor; I do not jest. I mean you have great poise for one so young."

"I shall be twenty-one in October, signora."

"You are almost of an age then. Napoleon's birthday is in August. But you haven't yet answered my question."

"Which, madame?"

"Does he follow the right road?"

"That is a hard one to answer, signora, for one of my youth. I see many roads and, like the English poet's Hamlet, am sometimes of more than one mind. As for the Revolution"—here he lowered his voice so that Mademoiselle de Launey should not hear—"no limb can be amputated without some blood-letting."

"So speaks my son. As for myself, I am a very selfish woman, caring only for my family and for Corsica," she declared, to add thoughtfully, after a pause: "I have watched him as only a mother can—in childhood winning and sweet, though sometimes

hard to manage; then, a few years back, ever studying but absorbed in his dreams—*what* dreams, signor! And now a change has come over him—not merely that of arrival at manhood, I mean. He is firmer, and yet in spite of his firmness unsettled still. I know all you young men are that until you find yourselves—yet—” Here she broke off suddenly. “At any rate, I am glad that you are not one of those that criticize.”

“I cannot criticize, signora,” he answered. “Since, however I might differ with him on any one course, I think all his instincts are right.”

“If he only trusts them,” he was about to add, but finished instead, “And I have seen his mother!”

“Thank you, signor—for my son.” And with this she went over to her other guests, who now rose to go.

As she descended to the linen-room, she pondered this conversation, by which she had been deeply impressed. In Ajaccio, yes, in all Corsica, every man’s hand might be against the boy, but here at least was one—he seemed a thoughtful and superior young man too—who had been held by some quality in her son. Again she recalled the dream, and in a flash she saw it all; there would be others, countless others who would yield to that spell. Then she shook her head, as if disturbed, and, like all practical women with duties ahead, she put these distracting thoughts from her mind.

“Did you ever see such a household?” gossiped the voluble Sallietti, as her carriage jolted over the cobbles. “And her dress, when

every one knows the high-waisted gown is the only thing!” Here she glanced down at her own, quite in the Parisian mode; remembered, too, the galleon that rode so triumphantly on her head. “And those shabby old chairs, and that thin, sour wine—ugh!”

“I thought she was very kind,” interrupted her niece.

“I know; but she’s so—well, let us call it careful. All the Bonapartes are,” the lady asserted with a nod of conviction.

“Perhaps, in these days, a widow with a large family has to be,” remarked Charles.

“But not like that! And that old archdeacon positively hoards it. You should have seen how angry he was when the children got that mad-cap Pauline to pull his purse from under his bolster and scattered all the gold pieces over the floor. The old man’s rage was scarcely clerical, I assure you—no, of course, I wasn’t there, but I heard all about it. Take it all in all, the Bonapartes are a very badly brought up family!”

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That night a messenger brought a note to the Casa Bonaparte, addressed to Lucien from the Jacobin Club and written in the young lieutenant’s vigorous parade-ground style:

“My brother:

“I am to confer with Paoli at the Convent of Rostino. I start from the road behind the mole at sundown. Recently you have grown over-critical. In your zeal you have doubted my principles. I ask you now to go with me and see what I feel for Corsica. “NAPOLEON.”

(To be continued)

CATS

And the Subtle Intimacies of the Spirit

FRANK SWINNERTON

THE OTHER day I was turning over the pages of an old French primer, and I came across two sentences intended for translation by the young. They were: "Le chien est l'animal le plus fidèle. Le chat est un animal très égoïste." And as if these assertions left any question in the pupil's mind, there followed in the next exercise the words: "The dog is very faithful. The cat is extremely selfish." Now, I am far from supposing that sentences in French primers claim to express profound truths, because if that were so it would mean that all uncles specialized in pens and all gardeners possessed amiable sisters; but these two repeated statements are by way of being general assertions. They do not say, "My cat is extremely selfish"; they imply, "All cats are extremely selfish." Maurice Maeterlinck, also, has dramatized the sentence in "The Blue Bird," possibly through a recollection of lessons learned in youth. His dog is all that is excellent; his cat is a libel. Children are thus assured, in their most tender years, that whereas the dog is faithful, the cat thinks only of itself. The one statement may be true enough; the other is entirely false. Some cats may be disdainful; they may be sly; they may fuff and

spit and scratch. In these respects they are not unlike some human beings. And yet I have heard one man who spoke in a spiteful way of another rebuked with the words, "Tell me, Jones, as cat to cat!" What a libel! May not cats, in private talk, rebuke each other equally with the remark, "Tell me, Tiddles, as man to man"?

For it is true of cats as it is true of men that if you bring up a cat in the way he should go he will not depart from that way all the days of his life. A cat that is treated as a chattel will think meanly of itself. It will creep and run, steal food, and be generally ignominious. Whereas a cat that is treated as a feline being will respond to the intelligence of its owners and will reveal the most remarkable qualities. Of Mrs. Gummidge (a rather thoughtful cat who lived with my family) a visitor who had been trained in a bad school once said wonderingly, "She isn't like a cat; she's more like a friend." The remark was true. Gummidge was a friend. She pushed her way into the family circle whenever she could. She appeared inconveniently at considerable distances from home, being bent upon taking walks with members of the family, as if she had been a dog; and she had to be carried

home again before the walk could be continued. She was a bad mother, for this reason; and when her single kitten was born she punctuated its early squeals from another room with annoyed reproving growls of her own, through a wish that this new-comer should not interrupt companionship with her beloved humans. The kitten was nothing to Gum-midge. Poor Bubble (so called because she squeaked)! Her early life was melancholy indeed. Only later did she become adorably naughty and as attached as her mother to the two-legged species of animal.

I have agreed that there are cats and cats. In French villages one may see truly deplorable cats, just as one may see truly deplorable dogs, who are all the time scavenging, running grimly in and out among chickens, and sitting, filthy and very matter-of-fact, upon depressing door-steps. It is clear that these are material-minded cats. Their thoughts run upon food and the avoidance of blows. Of delicate nurture they know nothing. One may see women like this in poor districts in England; not quite anxious, not quite starved, but by circumstances reduced to a daily diet of frowzy economy. Such are the cats in a French village. Their one notable feature is that as a rule they seem to be upon negligent terms with the dogs of the village, who are similarly given to scavenging, and whose range of padding exploration is wider and more adventurous.

In an English village cats are very different. They seem better cared for. Many of them are smug.

They almost put their plump gray paws before their mouths as they yawn, and, through having no cares, they are apt to grow fat and lazy. To such cats food is so much a matter of course that it is a source of reverie. When I see some of these plump English village cats I sometimes wonder why they do not wear black silk dresses in the afternoon, with gold locketts about their necks. I wonder that none of them has ever sent me cards of invitation to saucer parties, marked "games," and "cushions at ten."

There are millions of common tabby-cats all over England, some of them a dusty brown with thin bony streaks of black through the brown, and some as richly decorated with fawn and chestnut as one can imagine. There are cream cats and gray cats, brown cats, Siamese cats, Persians, caroty, tortoise-shell, and a hundred other sorts. And just as the stupid may dismiss working-people as uninteresting, so one may foolishly dismiss the tabbies as uninteresting. One may care only for the earls and duchesses among cats, or at lowest the dames and courtesy ladies; and in that case one will learn very little about the humanity of true feline nature. For me the tabby is the best of all the cats, and the most charming cat I ever knew was a tabby. An old friend of mine once told me that he could never take any interest in novels about people who had incomes of less than a thousand pounds a year. I forgot to ask him whether he drew a line in the matter of cats, but it is possible that for him cats do not exist at all.

Now, my own experience has

been that birth and breeding are quite as likely with cats as they used to be with humans to produce superficial sameness. The aquiline nose and pallor of the Hon. Mabel has affinity with the supercilious uninterestingness of the Hon. Fiddlededee. The sameness, perhaps, is not essential sameness, but is a hauteur, a strong intrenchment behind manner, a slight lack of camaraderie, which entirely conceals strong personality from the casual eye.

I have never really enjoyed my contacts with pedigree cats. These duchesses of the feline world are very beautiful, and no doubt—since their owners do so—one can love them reverently; but just as I am bored by majestic ladies, so I have great weakness for the less ceremonious cat, who regards friendship with a person of the human species as at least a possibility. A cat should have rubbed shoulders with the world if it is to be really attractive.

Nor do I greatly care for the much admired Siamese. I have only known two of these, and one was a howling and disconsolate wanderer with a murderous hatred of cats less regal than himself, while the other was a poor half-witted creature who was too terrified of everything and everybody to respond to any form of kindness. Friends of mine are idolatrous of the Siamese, and I admit his extraordinary beauty. The piercing blue eyes, and the rich brown and fawn of his coat, make him an animal to be admired. But beauty is not everything, and my friends may keep their Siamese (if they can), with no fear of any design

of mine to steal or alienate the affections of their idols.

For it comes to this, that I like the really human cat. I like a cat that will treat a dog with contempt, and by impassivity will turn the dog into a disquieted and humbled visitor with important errands elsewhere; and then, having routed the dog, will reveal the fact that the battle has been a nervous strain, and the victory won not without courage. I do not write as anti-dog—far from it!—and the pleasure I describe arises not from the discomfiture of the dog but from the courage of the cat. The dog will quickly dismiss the scene from his attention, because dogs have many interests; while the cat, subsiding again, will tremble slightly, will feverishly lick a paw (much as the agitated human will cough or blow his nose), and will philosophically realize that what has happened may happen again, with a less fortunate issue. Cats know very well indeed that courage comes and goes with the wind, that one is brave to-day, but that tomorrow sudden loss of nerve may ruin all, and set one scampering headlong before a barking fury.

And another type of cat that I admire is the observant. I once knew a little cat—the most beautiful tabby I ever saw—who would stand on a chair, with her paws resting on the cross-bar of its spindled back, watching for half an hour together the coming and going of people and dogs and other little cats in the roadway outside the house. Romeo, for that was this cat's name, had other characteristics, but her intentness of observation was extraordinary.

Always the intentness became passionate when another cat could be seen, but the attitude, so delicately assumed and maintained, never varied. Romeo it was who would return, racing, from any distance when I whistled for her as one whistles for a dog. And upon arrival Romeo would insist upon giving a long history of her ramble. She could not rest until she had told the tale of all that she had seen. Observation again, you will notice; and I should imagine good observation, because Romeo was a realist. No dog could have been more faithful than this open-air cat; no dog, certainly, was ever more intelligent or more full of whimsy and attachment.

I have seen it objected, by a dog-lover, that whereas a dog caresses those he loves, a cat caresses *herself* against those who love her. Was there ever anything more grotesque! It would be as fair to say that a dog caresses with the object of pleasing or placating, and a cat for its own delight. Is the lover's caress wholly unselfish? On the contrary. It is a proud and privileged self-gratification. But the charge of selfishness against the cat is so easily made by those who do not care for cats and those who resent their dignity. There are some who are puzzled and even terrified by the silence and restraint of cats. There are some to whom the jolly boisterousness of the dog seems hearty and English. There are some who prefer dogs because a dog will cringe under a master's blow and will unresentingly suffer any personal indignity. It is not my present purpose to arraign or to defend the dog. The dog has

far too many lovers to need defense, and I am not the one to conduct an arraignment. But I must be allowed to say that the dog is for those who require demonstrative affection, and for those who like to feel masterful; while the cat is for those who care little for demonstrative affection, and much more for the subtle intimacies of the spirit.

I say this with full recognition of the fact that the best of domestic cats become unruly when there is fish for dinner (I cannot speak of the duchesses, because of course the duchesses may despise fish), or when the wind is high. I will not gloss over the fish, but will manfully admit its strange effects. To the wind, however, we owe the spectacle of intoxicated cats careering through our houses, and prancing sideways with feathered tails and flashing eyes, electrically transfigured into furies, which we should never have if there were not this strange creator of madness in the demure. The most sedate of cats may yield to the wind as vehemently as the young and excitable. What is the cause of the phenomenon? I do not know. But when the wind dies down Tippetty-witchet will be found lazily yawning, soft and warm in his bed, stretching long paws idly to the sunshine, as if he had never been the insane capering creature of the previous night. He will look dreamily over the top of his head, as if inviting play, until it will be hard to believe that it has been he, and not a nightmare, that has been so active.

But it has been Tippetty-witchet all the time, for Tip is the Proteus among animals. Watch him trembling and silently miaowing and lash-

ing his tail, while sparrows chirp and peck at crumbs outside the window. Watch him silently dismissing a dog or another cat from the garden. Watch him assisting in the kitchen, sitting very quietly on the corner of the table as meat is prepared for lunch, and every now and again suppressing with a lick that uncontrollable paw which has been raised to take something not intended for him. Watch him lolling before the fire, stretched in a paroxysm of sensuous happiness upon the hearth-rug, or stalking a beetle as it wriggles its way over the graveled path. Recall the stealthy and terrifying quietness of Tip's concern with a mouse-hole; the noisiness and volubility of his explanations as he returns breathless from a marauding expedition. He is never the same cat (and when I say "he" I think I mean "she," since in my own experience the female cat is invariably more clever and more attractive than the male) for two hours together. A dog is more likely to be the same—what the dog-lover would call dependable—but a cat is incalculable.

I insist that a cat is not selfish, any more than a charming human being is selfish; but Mr. Kipling's cat, that walked by its lone, is at the bottom of all cats. Strange, fascinating, charming creatures they are, these cats. They are like ourselves. We are all familiar with the exciting phrase about the *gant de velours* and the *main de fer*. It is so that I think of cats, as incarnate will. One may win them with love; but one cannot "train" them. They will come and go as they list; will caress or will not caress as they feel inclined; but after long experience of many cats I know that this will of theirs is not selfishness. It is a quality to admire in cats as in human beings, this unbendable personality; and if we are wise we shall recognize it as such. And the next time a strange cat turns indifferently from our proffered caress we shall say to ourselves, "This isn't selfishness; it's a snub to me for being gushing." And we shall pat with impunity the next dog that trots up to us and servilely noses into our hands for a stranger's valueless greeting.

BEHAVIORISM

Its Effect on Ordinary Mortals Should It Become a Craze

BERTRAND RUSSELL

IN AN American learned periodical I once found the statement that there is only one behaviorist in the world, namely, Dr. Watson. I should have said there are as many as there are modern-minded men. This is not to say that behaviorists are common in universities, nor yet that I am myself a behaviorist; for ever since the year in which I saw Russia and China I have realized that I am not up-to-date. Objective self-criticism, however, compels me to admit that it would be better if I were. In this article I want to set forth certain difficulties which are felt by persons like myself, who, while accepting what is modern in science, have difficulty in divesting themselves of medievalism as regards what is worth living for. I want to ask, not only what is the logical bearing of behaviorism upon values, but what is likely to be its effect upon ordinary men and women if widely accepted in a necessarily crude form? It has not yet become a craze, like psychoanalysis; but if it ever does, its popular form will no doubt differ greatly from Dr. Watson's teaching—as greatly as popular Freudianism does from Freud.

The popular version of behaviorism will, I imagine, be something like this. In old days, there was

supposed to be a thing called the mind, which was capable of three types of activity: feeling, knowing, and willing. Now it has been ascertained that there is no such thing as the mind, but only the body. All our activities consist of bodily processes. Feeling consists of visceral occurrences, particularly such as are connected with the glands. Knowing consists of movements of the larynx. Willing consists of all other movements depending upon striped muscles. When, recently, a famous intellectual married a famous dancer, there were some who expressed doubt as to their congruity. But from a behaviorist standpoint such a doubt was misplaced; she had cultivated the muscles of legs and arms, he the muscles of the larynx, so that both were acrobats, though belonging to different branches of the profession. Since the only thing we can do is to move our bodies, the popular votaries of the creed are likely to infer that we ought to move them as much as possible. At this point, difficulties will arise as regards relativity. Should the different parts of the body move relatively to each other? Or should the body as a whole move relatively to the vehicle in which it finds itself? Or is motion relative to the earth the criterion of virtue? The ideal man on

the first view is the acrobat; on the second, the man who runs up an escalator which is coming down; on the third, the man who spends his life in an *aéroplane*. It is not easy to see on what principle the resulting controversies are to be decided, but on the whole I back the *aéronauts*.



When we consider the conceptions of human excellence which dominate the most powerful sections of the most powerful countries, we are led to the conclusion that behaviorism merely supplies a theoretical justification for what is already believed. The acrobat should be the ideal of those who believe in physical culture, and hold that a nation's manhood depends upon its athletics, which is the prevalent view in the British governing class. The man who runs up a descending escalator should be the beau-ideal of the muscular Christians, who regard the development of muscle as the ultimate good, provided it can be divorced from pleasure. This is the view which the Y.M.C.A. endeavors to inculcate in China, and which our rulers regard as appropriate to all subject races and classes. The *aéronaut* represents a more aristocratic ideal, reserved for those who exercise mechanical power. But over and above all these there is a supreme conception, which suggests Aristotle's unmoved mover; it is that of the ruler at rest in the center, while all else revolves round him at varying rates, thus securing for him the absolute maximum of *relative* motion. This rôle is reserved for our supermen, especially financiers.

Now there is a quite different conception of human excellence which has come down to us from Greece

and the Middle Ages, but is being gradually displaced by the outlook due to the domination of machines over the imagination. I believe this older outlook to be *logically* reconcilable with behaviorism, but not *psychologically* in the behavior of the average citizen. In this older outlook, feeling and knowing are considered as important as doing; art and contemplation are thought to be as admirable as altering the positions in space of large quantities of matter. The cherubim love God and the seraphim contemplate Him, and in this consists their supreme excellence. The whole ideal is static. It is true that in heaven hymns are sung and harps are played, but they are the same hymns every day, and no improvement in the construction of harps is tolerated. Such an existence bores the modern man. One reason why theology has lost its hold is that it has failed to provide progressive machinery in heaven, though Milton provided it in hell.

It may be laid down that every ethical system is based upon a certain non sequitur. The philosopher first invents a false theory as to the nature of things, and then deduces that wicked actions are those which show that his theory is false. To begin with the traditional Christian: he argues that, since everything always obeys the will of God, wickedness consists in disobedience to the will of God. We then come on to the Hegelian, who argues that the universe consists of parts which harmonize in a perfect organism, and therefore wickedness consists of behavior which diminishes the harmony—though it is difficult to see how such behavior is possible, since complete

harmony is metaphysically necessary. Bergson, writing for a French public, holds a threat over those whose acts refute him, which is even more terrible than moral condemnation; I mean, the threat of ridicule. He shows that human beings never behave mechanically, and then, in his book on laughter, he argues that what makes us laugh is to see a person behaving mechanically; that is, you are ridiculous when you do something that shows Bergson's philosophy to be false, and only then. These examples have, I hope, made it plain that a metaphysic can never have ethical consequences except in virtue of its falsehood; if it were true, the acts which it defines as sin would be impossible.

Applying these remarks to behaviorism, I deduce that if, and in so far as, it has ethical consequences, it must be false, while conversely, if it is true, it can have no bearing on conduct. Applying this test to popular behaviorism (though not to the strictly scientific form), I find several evidences of falsehood. In the first place, almost all its votaries would lose all interest in it if they thought it had no ethical consequences. Now at this point it is necessary to draw a distinction. A true doctrine may have *practical* consequences, though it cannot have *ethical* consequences. If you attempt to extract things from an automatic machine by means of one coin, when it is constructed to require two, the truth has a *practical* consequence; namely, that you must offer it another coin. But no one would call this consequence ethical; it merely has to do with how to realize your desires. Similarly, behaviorism, as developed in Dr. Watson's

book with that title, has undoubtedly all sorts of important *practical* consequences, particularly in education. If you want a child to learn to behave in a certain way, you will be wise if you follow Dr. Watson's advice rather than, say, Freud's. But this is a scientific matter, not an ethical matter; ethics only comes in when it is said that action ought to have certain ends in view, or, alternatively, that certain actions can be classified as good or bad independently of their consequences.

Now I find that behaviorism does tend, however illogically, to have an ethic in the proper sense of the word. The argument seems to be: since the only thing we can do is to cause matter to move, we ought to move as much matter as possible; consequently art and thought are valuable only in so far as they stimulate the motions of matter. This, however, is too metaphysical a criterion for daily life; the practical criterion is income. Take the following from Dr. Watson:

"In my opinion, one of the most important elements in the judging of personality, character and ability, is the history of the individual's yearly achievements. We can measure this objectively by the length of time the individual stayed in his various positions and the yearly increases he received in his earnings. . . . If the individual is a writer, we should want to draw a curve of the prices he gets for his stories year by year. If from our leading magazines he receives the same average price per word for his stories at 30 that he received at 24, the chances are he is a hack writer and will never do anything but that."

Applying this criterion to Buddha, Christ, and Mohammed, to Milton and Blake, we see that it involves an interesting readjustment in our estimates of the values of personalities. In addition to points already noted, there are two ethical maxims implicit in this passage: one is that excellence must be easily measurable, the other that it must consist in conformity to law. These are both natural consequences of the attempt to deduce ethics from a system based upon physics. For my part, the ethic suggested by the above passage from Dr. Watson is not one that I can accept. I cannot believe that virtue is proportional to income, nor yet that it is wicked to have difficulty in conforming to the herd. Doubtless my views on these matters are biased, since I am poor and a crank; but although I recognize this fact, they remain my views none the less.

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I will now take another aspect of behaviorism; namely, its views on education. Here I cannot cite Dr. Watson, whose views on the subject, so far as they appear in his works, seem to me excellent. But he does not deal with the later parts of education, and it is there that my doubts are strongest. I will take a book which, while not explicitly behavioristic, is, in fact, largely inspired by the outlook with which behaviorism is connected; I mean Professor M. V. O'Shea's "The Child: His Nature and His Needs." This is a book for which, in the main, I have the highest respect, because its psychology is admirable; but its ethics and esthetics seem more open to criticism. To illustrate the esthetic lack, I take the following passage:

"Twenty-five years ago pupils learned to spell from ten to fifteen thousand words; but as a result of investigations carried on during the past two decades, it has been found that the typical graduate of a high school does not need in his school work, and will not need in later life, to spell more than three thousand words at the outside, unless he engages in some technical pursuit, when it may be necessary for him to master a special and technical vocabulary. The typical American in his correspondence and in his writing for the newspapers rarely employs more than fifteen hundred different words; many of us never use more than half this number. In view of these facts, the course in spelling in the schools to-day is being constructed on the principle that the words that will actually be used in daily life should be mastered so that they can be spelled automatically, and the technical and unusual words that were formerly taught but will probably never be used are being eliminated. Not a single word is being retained in present-day spelling courses on the theory that it will be valuable in the training of memory."

In the last sentence, we have a perfectly sound appeal to psychology in refutation of a former argument in favor of memorizing. It appears that memorizing does not train the memory; therefore nothing should be memorized on any ground except that just that fact should be known. That granted, let us examine the other implications of the above passage.

In the first place, there is no point whatever in being able to spell anything. Shakspere and Milton

could not spell; Marie Corelli and Alfred Austin could. Spelling is thought desirable partly for snobbish reasons, as an easy way of distinguishing the "educated" from the "uneducated"; partly, like correct clothes, as a part of herd domination; partly because the devotee of natural law feels pain in the spectacle of any sphere in which individual liberty remains. If it is thought that print, at least, ought to be spelled conventionally, it is always possible to keep proof-readers for the purpose.

In the second place, the written language, except in China, is representative of the spoken language, in which resides the whole esthetic quality of literature. In the days when men retained the feeling that language could and should be beautiful, they were careless of spelling but careful of pronunciation. Now, even persons of university education do not know how to pronounce any but the commonest words, and are consequently unable to scan a great deal of poetry. Apart from professional students of literature there is probably hardly a single person under forty in America who can scan:

"Scattering un beholden
Its aerial hue."

Instead of being taught to spell, children ought to be taught to read aloud, if any care for esthetic consideration existed in education. Formerly the paterfamilias read the Bible aloud, which served admirably for this purpose; but now this practice has become almost extinct.

Not only is it important to know pronunciation, but it is also desir-

able esthetically to have a large vocabulary. Those who know only fifteen hundred words will be unable to express themselves with either precision or beauty except on simple topics and by rare good luck. About half the population of America at the present day spends as much time on its education as Shakspeare spent, but its vocabulary is hardly a tenth of his. Yet his must have been intelligible to the ordinary citizen of his time, since it was used in plays which had to be a commercial success. The modern view is that a man has enough command of language if he can make himself understood; the older view was that both in speech and in writing he should be able to give esthetic pleasure.

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What is the conclusion for a person who, like the present writer, accepts, for practical purposes, the scientific part of behaviorism, while rejecting the supposed ethical and esthetic consequences? I have the highest admiration for Dr. Watson, and consider his latest book enormously important. I consider that at the present time physics is the most important of theoretical pursuits, and industrialism is the most important sociological phenomenon. Nevertheless I cannot cease to admire "useless" knowledge, and art which has no purpose except to give delight. The problem is not logical; for, as we have seen, if behaviorism is true it can have no bearing upon questions of value, except in the subordinate way of helping to show what means to, use for a given end. The problem is in a broad sense political: given that the bulk of mankind are certain to commit

certain fallacies, is it better that they should deduce false conclusions from true premises, or true conclusions from false premises? A question of this sort is insoluble. The only true solution seems to be that ordinary men and women should be taught logic, so as to be able to refrain from drawing conclusions which only *seem* to follow. When it is said, for example, that the French are "logical," what is meant is that, when they accept a premise, they also accept everything that a person totally destitute of logical subtlety would erroneously suppose to follow from the premise. This is a most undesirable quality from which, on

the whole, the English-speaking nations have, in the past, been more free than any others. But there are signs that, if they are to remain free in this respect, they will require more philosophy and logic than they have had in the past. Logic was formerly the art of drawing inferences; it has now become the art of abstaining from inferences, since it has appeared that the inferences we feel naturally inclined to make are hardly ever valid.

I conclude, therefore, that logic ought to be taught in schools with a view to teaching people not to reason. For, if they reason, they will almost certainly reason wrongly.

CARYATIDES

ROBERT RUTHERFORD

Figures have I beheld, from granite hewn,
 Supporting with uplifted hands the weight
 Of massive lintels. You had thought that soon
 Beneath that stress they must disintegrate,
 So vast the burden, yet unbowed they stood,
 With stony eyes that seemed to challenge Fate.

Have I not seen the counterpart of these
 Immobile images in fleshly guise?
 Unyielding human caryatides,
 Whose lips are set as though they stifled cries
 Of anguish for the burden that they bore,
 The while they challenged Fate with stony eyes.

THE FRENCH TOUCH

SOPHIE KERR

FOR TWENTY years Miss Eva Herlein had owned and operated with great success the best millinery shop in Telton, which is a sprightly and prosperous old town not many miles west of the Ohio River. It was not the only millinery shop there, but it was supreme. Miss Eva had ideas, energy, taste, and the true milliner's eye, which means the power to see, to visualize, if need be to imagine the right hat for the right head. This was the chief reason she held her custom so well; she couldn't sell any one an unbecoming hat. She said, "If a woman doesn't look better with one of my hats on, she can't buy one," and that was the standard to which she stuck, even though it lost her an occasional sale.

Miss Eva was not young, neither was she old. She was exactly forty and didn't look more than thirty-three on her good days, nor more than thirty-nine on her bad ones. When she voted she said blandly "over thirty," and if she was inclined to be reminiscent now and then, she took care to mention that "I went in business at eighteen, right out of high school"; and then she would bring in later, "twenty years I've been in business," so that all the women present would think she was thirty-eight. But it was a subterfuge; Miss Eva had had a rigorous two

years' apprenticeship before the year her father died and she invested all that he left her in her shop.

If she was single it was not for lack of offers. Miss Eva had been a handsome girl, high-colored and up-headed, with a jolly sociable way that every one liked, young men especially. She was handsome still, for she had kept her figure, and she had her clothes made at one of the best places in New York when she went to that city for her biennial visits to acquire stock for her shop, and to freshen up her mind with a dip into metropolitanism. The men of the wholesale houses where she dealt admired her, invited her to dinner and the theater if they were single; and the married ones asked her to their homes, where she made good friends of their wives. Yes, Miss Eva always had had a way with her.

But she didn't care a cent about getting married. Her hat-shop with its mirrors and its lights and its stands in front, and its well run workroom behind, satisfied her utterly. She was one of the new school of business women, one of those, according to the internal revenue collector, whose contributions swell the income-tax statements so interestingly, one who does not need a man's strong arm to protect her, having two strong ones of her own. Nor did she grow wistful and moist-

eyed when she saw her friends' children growing up all about her. At such times she thanked heaven that she had no sons of her own to endure through the know-it-all age, and no daughters bedaubed with cosmetics and familiar with hip-flasks.

There was, actually, only one great unsatisfied feeling in Miss Eva's life, and it was for neither wifehood nor maternity. It was, briefly, that she had never gone to Paris, never studied the millinery art under the tutelage of the master creators of hats, never been able to acquire, at first-hand, what is called "the French touch."

Oh, she bought French models, plenty of them, and dissected them professionally; but that was not the same. They did not impress her as she thought they should. She discovered that the sewing in these models was often sloppy, that the frames were not mechanically exact, that their air of dash and go and chic depended largely on some little tricky stunt which Miss Eva herself might have originated, and very often did. She suspected that they were cooked up hastily and indifferently for the American trade, while the great artist saved his best things, his masterpieces, for the Parisians.

If she could only go to Paris! It would not take her quick trained eyes and fingers long to see and to get hold of the subtle differences, the indefinable delicate nuances of the French touch. Miss Eva felt sure that it was nothing she could not absorb and reproduce, and her imagination pictured sumptuous salons, exquisite boudoirs where the making of hats became a hushed and sacred rite, a process treated with reverent

awe, an inspired divine art, and not at all a business.

Miss Eva would never have fostered this idea so fondly, dreamed of it so constantly, if it had not been for Mrs. Germont—Mrs. Harold Montgomery Germont—social leader of the town of Telton, and the prize of Miss Eva's customers. Not that she bought as many or as expensive hats as various others, but she led the fashion, inexorably, in everything. If Mrs. Germont went to a shop, the other smart ladies of Telton also went there. Her patronage was a solid asset to any one in business, not only because she brought so much patronage, but because she herself was a fairly liberal buyer and paid her bills with admirable promptness. But because she had once been abroad she arrogated to herself a knowledge of foreign matters which, though largely in her imagination, was as trying as if real, and it came out strong on her hats. Mrs. Germont never came to Miss Eva to get a new hat without sighing and repining for Parisian elegance. She never tried on a shape, however new and becoming, without shaking her head solemnly and saying: "Very nice, Miss Eva—ve-ry nice—one of the best things you've ever offered me. But so American—so typically American! Of course, over here, one mustn't expect the French touch."

Miss Eva had heard it so often that it made her gnash her teeth. She put twice as much time and effort on Mrs. Germont's hats as on any one else's, and she turned out things which she considered superlative. They were too. Mrs. Germont's hats were stunning. But Mrs. Germont's constant repetition of "the

French touch" was the secret goad that kept urging Miss Eva Parisward.

Only—how could she go? She was sole manager of her business and dabbled in every branch of it. She designed hats, occasionally made one, acted as head saleswoman, kept her books, bought her stock, ran her workroom—did all the big things and many of the small ones, and did them all well. It was a one-woman show, Herlein's. Even Roberta Brady, the quick and clever Irish girl who had been trained by Miss Eva since she was fifteen, even Roberta, usually steady and dependable, sometimes got flurried in emergencies, fussed the workroom girls, offended customers. Miss Eva felt sure that if she went away and left her shop to Roberta, she would find no shop when she got back.

Matters went on in just this way, Miss Eva yearning vainly toward Paris, Mrs. Germont lamenting the French touch, until the vogue of the *cloche* struck the country so forcibly. The first two seasons of this omnipresent style were nothing special in Miss Eva's life, but when the third season came around and the *cloche* still reigned to the exclusion of everything else, Miss Eva sat up and took notice. Now, it seemed, now was her grand chance to go to Paris. Even Roberta could hardly fail to carry on a business which was nothing but making and selling the little close hat which with slight variation has ruled the Marcel waves so long. Roberta had quite a flair for the *cloche*; she thought out new creases, unusual *cocardes*, ducky little cuttings and twistings. No, Roberta could not go far wrong

while the *cloche* was the fashion; Miss Eva knew it.

This once decided, Miss Eva got herself a passport, a letter of credit, a new week-end case, a steamer ticket, and a warm traveling-coat, packed up, and kissed Roberta good-by, all in the space of ten days. She had thought that going abroad was a tiresome difficult process, but it turned out to be alluringly easy. She went down to New York, arrived in the morning, had a comfortable breakfast at a good hotel, bought a couple of remedies for seasickness and two of the latest novels, and took a taxi to the pier in plenty of time for a ten-o'clock sailing.

Nothing happened on the trip except the usual routine. They sighted several other steamers, saw whales spout and porpoises leap. There were a concert and incidental collections. Miss Eva found to her surprise that she was a good sailor, and though they had some hours of rough weather, she did not need her remedies for seasickness. She sat at table with people so uninteresting that they hardly registered on her consciousness, and her steamer-chair neighbors were equally negligible. So Miss Eva had plenty of time for thought and dreams.

In her visits to New York she had become familiar enough with the finest hat-shops; she knew their soft carpets, their mirrors artfully placed in fine paneling, their cushioned seats, their color schemes, gray and mauve, gray and black and gold, mulberry and silver, Adam green and antique gold, everything nicely calculated to give the atmosphere of luxury, to make the customers

exquisitely comfortable and play up all their best points. The saleswomen were well bred, low-voiced girls with pretty hands; they dressed simply but in good taste and in advanced styles. There were only a few hats on view, but they were skillfully placed to enhance or complement the scheme of decoration. The saleswomen brought out other hats from hidden cupboards, one at a time, handling them as one handles flowers, offering them as one offers something rare and precious and lovely. It was all designed to make the final revelation of the staggering price not a check but an opportunity. Miss Eva had observed all these dramatics of the retail trade with approval and interest.

But in Paris—in Paris—ah, there, she knew, the shops would be finer, infinitely more distinguished than in New York! There she would see the real thing, the making and vending of hats evolved into the finest of arts, an exquisite pageant of millinery carried to the *n*th power of beauty and taste. What new ideas she would garner! How she would sit at the feet of the great powers and grow in wisdom!

"I must keep very careful notes," said Miss Eva to herself. "I can use that little blank-book Roberta gave me for a steamer present, the one with the title stamped on it in gold, 'My Trip Abroad.' That will do nicely; there's a pencil to go with it."

Miss Eva purposed to waste no time among the lesser lights. She knew the three great designers, the three great millinery giants whom she must approach. There was, first of all and most distinguished,

Artoux—Amelia Artoux! With her Miss Eva felt a sort of spiritual kinship. She had always found hats with the Artoux label inspiring, even though they might have faults of workmanship. Now, if she could only see some of the best of Artoux's creations, some of the things which she kept for the slender exotic *marquises* and *comtesses* and *baronnes* who flit from left to right through Sunday supplements—ah, then she would have penetrated to that most mysterious, that most desirable, that most intangible—"the French touch."

After Artoux, Miss Eva proposed to see Emilia Ray, and Françoissette, but they were not so vital to her purpose. Artoux had the secret. It might not be worth while to bother with the others.

She wondered, over and over again, what sort of salon Artoux possessed. She imagined it hung in silver cloth, with arabesques of gold, pillows of apricot and hydrangea blue to make luxurious the seats of antique rose-flushed marble. Alabaster lamps, gently luminous, would turn the svelte girls who served the Artoux clients into goddesses of charm. Mirrors, framed in silver and onyx, faint perfumed incense burning in a golden jar, sweeping draperies of silken tinted gauze, furred rugs into which the foot sank in delicious silence—these, too, must be there. And the constant soft patter of French, music to the ears, as the goddesses offered their semi-divine wares, would complete it! The more Miss Eva thought about it, the more her enthusiasm and anticipation grew.

Landing at Cherbourg at seven o'clock in the morning did not dash

her spirits. She smiled when the customs officer asked her fiercely if she had any cigars and cigarettes, as one smiles at an amiable racial idiosyncrasy; and she found the porters, with their greedy protests that any tip given them was not half enough, only amusing—and gave hers an extra five francs. The little French train with its crocheted tidies on the plush first-class seats amused her also. And the nearer she got to Paris, the higher her delighted excitement raged. She felt a perfectly silly desire to giggle and prance about. It just seemed too funny and gay and ridiculous and happyfying that she, Eva Herlein, of Telton, Ohio, had at last reached the long sought end of her desires.

She liked her hotel, for the clerk and concierge spoke English, and there was a nice little fair-haired boy at the door who looked like an American youngster and smiled at her as she came in. She prodded the bed and found it comfortable, investigated the hard under-pillow and promised herself to snatch it off before she retired, and she thought the wash-bowl which swung on pivots to dump the waste water a real curio. "I must write Roberta a post-card and tell her about that," she decided. "It's a scream."

She could hear the taxis in the street outside with their absurd little horns—"Toot-toot-tooty-toot"—and she liked the strange sound. She unpacked her dresses and hats and rang in a businesslike fashion for the chambermaid, who turned out to be a man with a big mustache and a funny woolen vest. He could not speak a word of English, but he knew what Miss Eva wanted and

made understanding and soothing gestures at her. Again Miss Eva felt the desire to giggle, giggle frantically. My goodness gracious, here she was in Paris—in Paris, all the way across the ocean, and a man was going to press out her blue crape!

"I won't go out this evening," she thought. "I'll have me a hot bath and a good dinner and a nice rest, and then—*to-morrow morning!* There's no use wasting any time. I'm going to get there bright and early before the crowd."

But after dinner was over she could not resist strolling out on the street a few blocks into the Paris night, the friendly noisy Paris night, with its flares of lights and sudden shadows, its barred and shuttered shop-fronts, its little bright cafés half indoors, half on the sidewalk, its hurrying, pushing, chattering people. Miss Eva fell in love with it, suddenly, intensely; it made her feel choky and emotional, without reason, which is the best way to feel choky and emotional. "I'm silly," she told herself, "but I can't help it." When she finally returned and went to bed, she was in a state of a seven-year-old on Christmas eve. "To-morrow! To-morrow!" She ought to have dreamed that Santa Claus came down the chimney and brought her a big bandbox labeled, "The Frenchiest Touch of All—For a Good Girl"—but she just slept.

Indeed, she overslept. It was half-past ten before she finished her breakfast of hard rolls, sweet butter, and the strange dark liquid which the French imagine is coffee, and in her freshly pressed blue crape, and the smartest hat she had ever made, started on her pilgrimage.

Since her hotel was on the Rue St.-Honoré, and Artoux is on the Rue de la Paix, and the concierge had kindly traced out for her the very short distance on her map of Paris, she decided to walk. With every step her excitement rose. She felt very solemn, too; a pious devotee approaching a venerated shrine. All the little fascinating shops on the Rue St.-Honoré flaunted themselves in vain. Later she would look at them, yes. But now great things were toward, great events in the wind. On to Artoux!

She had no difficulty in finding the number, but she looked in vain for a sumptuous window displaying hats like treasures in a coffer. Then she discovered that Artoux, strangely enough, was not on the street floor, but upstairs, actually the fourth floor. There was an elevator, a small slow elevator, that came and went at leisurely intervals, but it took Miss Eva so long to discover it, tucked away in a corner, that she began to think she would have to climb the stone stairs that went winding up, up, up, dizzily but spaciouly round the center hall. At last the elevator came, clacked open its wooden doors; and Miss Eva rose like a blue crape angel going up to a little special heaven with worldly implications.

The elevator man jerked a casual thumb toward the right when she asked, "Artoux?" a thumb whose casualness and impatience said as loudly as words, "Those stupid Americans!" Miss Eva heard vaguely the speech of the thumb, but it did not matter. She was now on the same floor as Artoux. The miracle was due to happen!

She opened the door timidly, reverently—and found herself in a crowded bare little entry not as big as her bath-room at home, an entry jammed with towering piles of band-boxes heaped in untidy fashion. In a sort of niche of the entry, facing the door, sat a dumpy, sour-faced elderly woman, with her hair strained back in a sloppy knot, and about her shoulders a black knitted crochet shawl. An unpainted shelf before her served her as a desk, and she was writing in a big book as Miss Eva came in. She favored the new-comer with a quick cold glance and bent to her work. A little skinny girl dashed out of an inner room, into and through the entry, and the woman raised her head and bawled something after her in a strident French that made Miss Eva jump back.

Was this Artoux—*Artoux's*?

She found that she was being pushed from the back, and so she reconsidered her retreat and came on in, propelled, as she discovered, by a slender, highly painted woman in black, with a black love-lock slicked on each cheek, a little black hat down to her nose, a black pearl in one ear, a white one in the other. She had sharp aggressive elbows, and having driven Miss Eva before her, she deftly got her to one side with a single arm-thrust. For an instant Miss Eva was furious, but she forgot her anger because the new-comer had willy-nilly pushed her into the stronghold of Artoux.

This is what Miss Eva saw: a big bare room, with no carpet, a badly scarred floor, long door-like windows without curtains, mirrors in the poorest of wooden frames hung along

the walls anywhere and anyhow, a dozen or so of kitchen chairs, a forest of hat-stands with hats begun and hats half done stuck up on them, but never a finished hat—and at the end of the room a counter with two high lamps, half-made hats lying on their wide brims, a counter piled with the elements and skeletons of hats, and round the counter some half-dozen workwomen, carelessly dressed, and no more impressive than the old girl in the entry, snipping and stitching, making and trimming, absolutely intent on their work and paying no attention to anything going on about them.

To this, to what was going on, Miss Eva now slowly turned her dazed yet comprehensive attention. No one took the slightest notice of her as she stood by the door looking around, though there were many people there. Girls ran back and forth uttering shrill cries, snatched at the hats in the workwomen's hands, bore them away, or had them snatched back with cries equally shrill. Customers—Miss Eva supposed them customers because they had coats and hats on—edded and swirled through the crush, pushed the hat-stands out of their way, struggled for mirrors. Every kitchen chair was occupied by a seated woman gazing attentively at herself in a mirror, while behind her a saleswoman fitted something, often but the bare bones of a hat, upon her head. Here and there hats were being made on the customer's head, hats chopped out of great felt disks by mighty shears, the scraps falling on the already much-littered floor.

Artoux! Artoux!

No silver cloth, no golden arabesques, no shaded lights, no apricot cushions, no marble seats, no alabaster lamps, no incense, and most noticeably, no soft gentle voices. Every one shrieked at every one else, and all shrieked together.

The woman in black had snatched a kitchen chair from under the nose of a chic beige blonde, had seated herself in it, and was haranguing her *vendeuse*. Something was wrong with the hat she had on, something vital, horrible. Her shrieks dominated all the other shrieks. Then a bitter silence fell on her as the *vendeuse* considered the hat from every angle, adjusted it, turned it ever so little. Then both *vendeuse* and woman in black burst forth in fresh shrieks. Shrieks of triumph from the black, shrieks of humility from the *vendeuse*. She had discovered the mistake; she would set it right. They waved their arms in time to the shrieks. Miss Eva longed to cover her ears; she also felt a sacrilegious urge to laugh. This—Artoux's!

Back and forth ran the saleswomen, more and more strongly the customers pushed about, while the little errand-girls skittered and slid through the press, their heels clicking on the wooden floor an endless resounding tattoo.

"Of all the rag-time places I ever saw!" thought Miss Eva involuntarily.

Now she began to look seriously at the fruit of the hat-stands. A green fancy pinned on the crown of white *crin*, a felt turban, unlined, its twist of tasseled ribbon dropping from it; a brown Bangkok with a brim cut part way round, a rosette of orange velvet speared on it by a

single pin; an apple-green Milan all bashed out of shape and with no trimming at all, a bird-cage of black wire partly covered with tulle. "Rag-time," said Miss Eva again—"just rag-time!"

But this wouldn't do. She wasn't getting on. She wasn't seeing anything; at least she wasn't seeing anything that was of the least use to her. She summoned her will, put out an imperious, a compelling hand, and caught one of the flitting saleswomen by the arm.

"I want to see Madame Artoux," announced Miss Eva firmly.

It was a request sufficiently bold to make the saleswoman stop, look, and listen. She also hastened to explain, in fair English, that it was impossible. Had madame an appointment? No? A letter, perhaps—no? Well—then—She was flitting away, but Miss Eva caught her tight once more.

"Listen here," she said, "I've come all the way from America to see Madame Artoux, and I've got to see her. Even if it's only for five minutes. I'm a woman in business myself; I've got a place considerably bigger than this in Telton, Ohio—"

Her determination and the mention of business gave the saleswoman pause, though she did not quite understand. Miss Eva's handsome intelligent face, her good clothes, helped the impression that she could not be negligible. Perhaps this was a customer, or a potential customer of some value. No Frenchwoman in business but will give ear to a customer. "I will see," said the saleswoman. "Wait a moment, madame, please."

"I'm getting used to waiting,"

said Miss Eva grimly, to the departing back.

In a few moments the saleswoman returned, motioned Miss Eva to follow her through a close-smelling passage back of the entry into a tiny office, as bare as the big room in front, with a cupboard, a table, and two chairs for its only furnishings. A woman was there, shrieking into the telephone, a woman who was, Miss Eva thought, about her own age or older, with cold gray eyes under brows which met, full wide lips, long nose, high forehead. The hands that held the telephone were big and bony, a worker's hands, in spite of the pink manicure stuff on them. She crashed the telephone into place after a final volley of crackling language.

"Bo'jour, madame," she said, her eyes boring holes straight through to Miss Eva's spine. It sounded more like "Hands up!" Then she waited for her guest to speak.

The gimlet eyes, the curt greeting, with the overwhelming surprise Miss Eva had just experienced, had destroyed her self-possession completely. It was her great moment, but she fumbled it. She began stammering, confusedly, but ardently too. "I've always had the greatest admiration for your models, Madame Artoux. I'm—I'm just crazy about them, really—I've always considered them the very cream of Paris—and I've come all the way from America to find out how you do it, what's your great secret—you don't send us your best things, I'm sure, and I thought—if I could only see you, talk with you—I might learn, I might find out—"

Madame interrupted. "Que dit-

elle, Laure?" she snapped at the saleswoman.

Mademoiselle Laure translated. It is quite possible that Mademoiselle Laure did not get the exact spirit behind Miss Eva's phrases, did not catch the admiration, the yearning, the reverence behind them. But she said what Miss Eva had said, approximately. As Mademoiselle Laure spoke, madame's brows darkened, her eyes became cold, congealed in anger and resentment. She burst into a series of short sentences which by their tone and abruptness stung Miss Eva's cheeks into scarlet. At the end of it she made one guillotining gesture. It was dismissal, absolute, final.

"But wait—wait—look here—" began Miss Eva, but Mademoiselle Laure was hastily pushing her back, pulling her imperatively by the arm. She, too, had become definitely unfriendly, and her grip was like a gendarme's. At the entry she drew Miss Eva back for a moment into the big surging swarming salesroom. "Madame say to show you zis," she said nastily, pointing up to a lettered sign, hung conspicuously above a mirror.

Miss Eva looked and read: "QUI COPIE VOLE!" She had enough French to catch its meaning: "WHO COPIES STEALS!"

The insult, the effrontery, the slamming down and treading on her honest reverence, her humble wish to worship and to learn, made Miss Eva so furious that she could not speak. They had taken her for a thief, her, Eva Herlein, with a shop just as big and a lot better looking than this Artoux shop. She was there to steal their ideas, was

she? Of all the—of all the—no, there was nothing she could say that would do it justice. She turned round and went out and walked all the way down the stone steps. Her cheeks were still on fire, her eyes smarted, her throat ached.

Six weeks later Mrs. Harold Montgomery Germont entered the Herlein shop to buy her first fall hat. Miss Eva, as usual, attended her—as she did all of her best trade. She brought out two models, one a cyclamen purple, the other a spilled-claret red. "High colors are high style," she said, smiling at her little play on words.

Mrs. Germont tried one, and then the other. "They're both so *good* . . . I really can't decide which I like the better. . . . I believe I'll be very extravagant and take the two of them."

Miss Eva did not hurry her. "You'll enjoy them—and they won't be duplicated. They're French felt—see—so soft and pleasant on the head."

"Delightful! Yes, I think I must have both of them." She posed in them alternately a little longer with great content. As she rose to go she looked about the shop. "Nobody'd know your place, Miss Eva, with those lovely silver panels on the walls, and the apricot and blue cushions, and those ducky alabaster lamps. It's exquisite. I knew if you ever got to Paris it would do everything for you. Oh, I don't mean the shop wasn't attractive before, but now—well—it's the French touch. It shows in everything you do—those two hats, for instance. You'd never have

made them just that *way*—you know—if you hadn't been to Paris. You understand what I mean? They're so *different* over there. Don't you think?"

Miss Eva handed the two hats carefully to Roberta, then turned and gave her customer a long speculative look. After all, why be bitter? She had spiked Mrs. Germont's guns forever. She had won a victory out of her strange defeat, for she was wise enough to

count knowledge gained by experience a proud asset. "Yes," she said at last, "I learned a lot of things—in Paris. They are different; yes, indeedy. And the French touch—" she winced. She remembered—then with a glint of humor she chose her words that they might tell the truth to herself yet reveal nothing to her hearer. "About the French touch—well—I'll say you got to see it working with your own eyes before you appreciate it *right*."

GARDENS

LAURENCE MCKINNEY

I want not a garden where people pass
 With measuring look and censoring eye
 And know each time I have cut the grass
 And where I have planted things, and why.
 Where the windows look, with the shades half drawn,
 Like tired eyes on a dull parade,
 On the well pressed sod of an empty lawn
 And the lonesome cool of the maples' shade.

Give me a garden behind a wall
 Where sentinel hollyhocks guard the way,
 Where never the world comes in at all
 Or the clangorous noise of a man-made day;
 Where every casement frames a scene
 That the hand of God has painted free,
 And faerie fancies dance between
 The flowers for only my heart and me.

1916
1823
28
1. 11. 1916, 1917

LOVE, ARMS, SONG, AND DEATH

Alan Seeger Dared Live Without Compromise

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

UNLIKE Shelley and Sidney, the two poets he resembled most, Alan Seeger wrote no formal defense of poetry. His life, dedicated to his "three idols, Love and Arms and Song," was the only apology he made for the poetry in the world. He was Beauty's celebrant, and, living only to serve her, had a haughty disdain and scorn of lower things. The ordinary pitch of life was not attuned to the intense vibration of his spirit; of necessity he sought the quickening impulses of love and war. His passionate ideal nature demanded an epic existence, and he found his epos in a heroic death and a few exalted poems.

Seeger's career offers the rare example of one who dared live bravely and without compromise. To the self-imposed law of beauty he was faithful to the last. No dumb acquiescence to outward pressure, no final surrender; his early and heroic death prevented that. Seeger cared nothing for the little loves that blunt the edge of sensibility and pall the strange wonder which is the poet's only care to preserve intact. Wrapped in a Byronic cloak, haughty as Mephisto, he stood arrogantly aloof, steadily refusing to implicate himself in the crawling affairs of business and convention. And so,

until the time of his enlistment in the Foreign Legion in 1914, he was a failure before men's eyes, having accomplished nothing they could measure by the thumb-rule of success.

Many people did not like Alan Seeger. Those who did not know him well frankly disliked him, called him a poseur and an esthete, said he was conceited, exquisite. It was bound to be so. He was in the world, but *of* it, never. The same poetic quickening that intensified its beauty also magnified its sordid seaminess. And had not the opportunity of a glorious sacrifice come to him, Alan Seeger would have inevitably sunk, perhaps like Ernest Dowson, into miserable exhaustion or galling compromise. He was geared, not to the cog-wheels of commerce or the treadmill of professional life, but to the larger mechanism of a universe of which he felt himself to be a small but perfectly integrated particle. For with all his aloofness and contempt of the world, Seeger knew better than most others what made it move, and to move in alignment with its macrocosmic laws was the aim and happiness of his life.

The details of Alan Seeger's brief career and gallant death have only been partly told, but the main

outlines of his life are fairly well fixed. He was born in New York on June 22, 1888. Both his parents are still living. His father, Charles Louis Seeger, is one of the empire-builders of modern commerce, for he was responsible for the development of the huge rubber resources of Mexico. His mother before her marriage was Elsie Adams, a member of an old and distinguished New England family.

When Alan was a year old his parents moved to Staten Island and took a house overlooking the mouth of New York Harbor. It was here, at the gateway of the Occident bustling with shipping to and from the great ports of the world, that Alan spent the first ten years of his life, growing up between a brother older and a sister younger than himself. It was here that he watched for hours the navies of the world passing in review; the great outgoing liners sunk to their water-lines with cargoes, the waspish tugs darting to and fro amid the glamorous pageantry of maritime commerce. The spectacle could not fail to stimulate Alan's eager imagination, and coming home he would draw upon the walls of his nursery crude representations of the great vessels with their smoking funnels, gaunt masts, and tangled cordage.

When Alan was ten years old his family moved to New York City, where Alan attended the Horace Mann School until he was twelve. At this age it was his delight to chase the clanging fire-engines as they dashed along the New York streets, and even in manhood he could not resist the lure of the fire-alarm. A three-horse fire-engine in

full career was one of the few things that had power to charm him during the later unhappy days in New York. Here was excitement, violent and immediate. No matter where he was or what he was doing, Seeger would throw up the window when the fire-engines rolled past, and hang over the sill until they disappeared.

Thus far his childhood had been without a strongly determining influence, but in 1900 Mr. Seeger's business took the family to Mexico, where Alan was to spend the next four years of his life, years particularly susceptible to impressions that were to contribute largely to his development. It was from those early years in Mexico, supplemented by the long vacations of his Harvard days, that Seeger's poetry probably derived its rich pictorial quality, bright with the colorful profusion of semi-tropical foliage. Mr. William Archer says, "Assuredly it was a fortunate chance that took this lover of sunlight and space and splendor in his most receptive years to regions where they superabound." No one will deny after reading Seeger's poetry that this early Mexican influence was extensive and profound. Alan himself realized this. Next to Paris, he probably loved Mexico better than any place on earth, and from letters written to his father it seems that he seriously considered returning there after the war.

Between 1904 and 1906 Alan prepared for college at the Hackley School at Tarrytown, magnificently situated on the grassy cliffs overlooking the Hudson. A vacation among the New Hampshire hills and a winter in California brought

him into contact with new scenes of extraordinary loveliness and considerably strengthened his rather delicate constitution. At school Seeger suffered not a little because of his inability to excel in sports, but he made up in pluck and perseverance what he lacked in strength. He rode well, and at all times during his life was an indefatigable walker. As a boy he made long excursions into the country surrounding Mexico City, and while at college he went on frequent walking tours, often out-distancing companions apparently stronger than himself.

From the Hackley School Seeger went on to Harvard College, matriculating with the freshman class of 1906. Here Seeger passed through the alternate phases of loathing and loving the whole thing. Speaking of his enthusiastic second stage, his mother says, "he was in perfect despair over having wasted the years, and not entering into the life there." Alan himself, writing in the last days of his life, gives an illuminating glimpse of his first years at college. "As you may remember," he writes to a friend, "in the years when I was at College I was a devotee of Learning for Learning's sake. My life during those years was intellectual to the exclusion of everything else. The events of that life were positive adventures to me. Few, I am sure, have known more than I did the employ of the intellect as an instrument of pleasure. I shut myself off completely from the life of the University, so full, nevertheless, of pleasures. I scoffed at these pleasures, that were no more to me than froth. I felt no need of comradeship. I led the life of an anchorite. At an age when the

social instincts are usually most lively I came to understand the pleasures of solitude. My books were my friends. The opening to me of the shelves of the library—a rare privilege—was like opening the gates of an earthly paradise. In those dark alleys I would spend afternoons entire, browsing among old folios, following lines of research that often had no connection with my courses, following them simply for the pleasure of the explorer discovering new countries. I never regret those years. They made their contribution. Their desires were simple and all the means of satisfying them were at hand."

His own account of his life at Harvard accords perfectly with the reminiscences of his friends. He is reported to have had "a somewhat exotic appearance, due to picturesque clothing and a conspicuous mat or thatch of black hair." A contemporary, recalling a meeting of a literary club at Harvard, says: "Alan sat through the entire evening in absolute silence, hardly deigning as much as a reply to questions directed at him. After the meeting, on being questioned as to his extraordinary behavior, he announced with perfect naturalness that the conversation had not appealed to him, and added 'that by temperament he was not interested in trivial talk.'" Certainly no man was ever more wary of petty enthusiasms than Alan Seeger. He would not talk unless he was passionately aroused. He said what he thought, and if he had nothing to say he was silent. But when he did talk, he spoke with enthusiasm and energy, even though his ideas might not be

strikingly original. A Harvard faculty member of that time says of him: "Many persons found him almost morbidly indifferent and unresponsive, and he seldom showed the full measure of his powers. . . . I grew to have a strong liking for him personally, as well as a respect for his intellectual powers. But I should never have expected him to show the robustness of either mind or body that we now know him to have possessed. He was frail and sickly in appearance, and seemed to have a temperament in keeping with his physique. It took a strong impulse to bring him out and disclose his real capacity."

During his senior year Seeger became one of the editors of the "Harvard Monthly." Kenneth Macgowan, a class behind Seeger, and Walter Lippmann were also members of the staff. During the year Alan contributed ten poems to the "Monthly," of which three ("Tezcotzinco," "Broceliande," and a translation from Dante) are included in his published work. If Seeger had written nothing else, or nothing better than this college verse, he would scarcely be entitled to consideration even as a minor poet. The work of his college days is not particularly striking except in its surprisingly wide range of themes, drawn from Greek, medieval, Gaelic, and Romantic sources. Its dominant note is a vaguely anonymous cry for beauty, reiterated in more than one singing line and felicitous phrase. Great technical facility and a fine sensitiveness are clearly evident, but at best the college verse is only the prelude to the grander and more exalted poetry that he was

to write up to the very day of his death.

With the completion of his college years Seeger began to feel the stirrings of new and stronger passions that the quiet intellectualism of university life could not satisfy. It was an inevitable phase in the development of the poet. Life broke over him in a great and glorious wave of romance; the serene academic spell was broken, the charm dissolved, and from that time forth he was haunted by an image of happiness that seemed forever to elude him and destroyed irremediably "the peace of mind and power of concentration so essential to the intellectual life." Henceforward the emotional rather than the rational faculty was to be his clue in beauty's maze. So, "obsessed with a burning vision of Happiness, he left the quiet groves of the Academy and went down into the city in search of it."



Seeger came to New York in 1910 and for two years lived an apparently futile and purposeless life, writing but little, vainly seeking the romantic stimulus he was never to find in his own country; he fell upon the thorns of life in the very city toward which he had looked so hopefully. He seemed to be interested in nothing except criticizing the United States, its people and its art, and was well on his way to becoming a complete dilettante. He refused to settle down to a job in a newspaper office. Mr. Archer Huntington gave him a place in the Hispanic Museum, but the attendant routine galled him, and he left after a few weeks. He was too proud to try hack writing and could never bring himself to

submit his poetry to the criticism and possible rejection of magazine editors, whose standards he despised. At this time he affected the pallid estheticism of the nineties, a pose which at no time was part of his real nature, and which he afterward discarded entirely.

During 1911-12 Seeger virtually isolated himself in a small attic room at 61 Washington Square. The old house, which now bears a plate testifying to the world that Alan Seeger, poet and soldier, once lived there, can claim its full share of American literary history and tradition. Frank Norris wrote most of "The Octopus" there. Stephen Crane, Theodore Dreiser, and O. Henry have lived there in times past. Seeger's poor cramped attic, low-ceilinged and half-windowed, looked out on a courtyard cluttered with ash-cans and clothes-lines. It was in such a room that the young poet fresh from a sheltered campus records his first reactions to the ugliness of New York. The first four sonnets of the sequence beginning,

"Down the strait vistas where a city street,"

are a spiritual chronicle of the year intervening between Harvard and Washington Square, and were written during the ebb-tide of Seeger's early disillusionment. Quite probably the roots of his fatalism are traceable to this perception of the shocking disparity between his romantic idealization of life and the bleak reality of life as he found it. The young poet already knew after a single year of disillusionment that the workaday world moved to a

dreary tempo altogether unsuited to the beamy rapid motions of his own soul. A letter written at this time to a college official with whom Seeger was on terms of friendship contains a startlingly prophetic sentence, the first of those fatalistic utterances that were to become so frequent in Seeger's later poetry and letters. It was something more than mere affectation that caused Seeger to write, "My only salvation will be to die young, and to leave some monument, which being, if such a thing is possible, more beautiful than the life it commemorates, may seem to posterity an only and an adequate excuse for that life having been."

Walter Adolphe Roberts has recorded some impressions of the poet at this time that may fill out the portrait I am attempting to sketch. Mr. Roberts says: "I first met Seeger in 1911, in a little French table d'hôte kept by three Breton sisters named Petitpas. He was then twenty-three years old, and as handsome as a child of the sun. His complexion was of a singularly luminous brunette tinge, and at that time he affected closely cropped side-whiskers extending about three-fourths of the way down in front of his ears. He usually wore a soft shirt and scarlet tie which harmonized with his warm complexion. Alan attracted the attention of John Butler Yeats, father of the Irish national poet, who foretold that Seeger would do good things in literature."

That summer Seeger spent a month at the MacDowell Memorial Colony at Peterboro, New Hampshire. Edwin Carty Ranck tells the following anecdote indicative of Seeger's haughty and aristocratic bear-

ing toward the rest of mankind: "The Colony was crowded and the beds were scarce. Seeger came to me rather peremptorily one night and informed me that he had been directed to sleep on a sofa in the annex. He said he detested sofas, and wanted to know if I would not give up my bed to him. I told him to go to the devil, quite good-naturedly. He took himself off with imperturbable *sang froid* and slept on some clean straw in a near-by stable."

It had become clear to Seeger that American morals and modes of living were wholly uncongenial to him, and he believed that the life he craved was awaiting him in Europe. In the autumn of 1912 Alan Seeger left New York, never to return, and sailed for Paris without plans, prospects, or a great deal of money. The move was both fortunate and fatal. Paris was the spark that ignited Seeger's magazines of poetry, yet it must also be remembered that it was gratitude to Paris that sent him charging to his death in the Battle of the Somme. But between 1912 and 1916 were four passionate years during which Seeger, completely enamoured of youth and poetry, plunged into the *vie de Bohème* of Paris. He took lodgings at 17 Rue du Sommerard, near the Musée de Cluny, and chose for his intimates the artists and the students of the Latin Quarter.

Paris held him for a while in utter thralldom. Again he began to write poetry, destroying more than he preserved. Love and Paris were the only themes he knew during his first two years in France. No one, I believe, has ever so completely captured the spirit of the great capital

in a few poems. Seeger loved Paris in all her aspects—the midday gloom of some obscure quarter, the green lights lessening in the west, the boulevard tables screened with box and bay trees. The shapes and sounds of Paris life came to him through all his senses, palpitating with eagerness to feel, hear, and see beauty in all its forms. Yet the city did not claim him wholly, for during the summer months he made long tramping excursions through the provinces that later he was to defend.

In Paris, Seeger matured rapidly, undergoing a tempering that was to change him from the young esthete of New York to the hardy and virile soldier of the Foreign Legion. No scrutiny of the merely external facts of his life can account for this change. Outwardly he lived the care-free life of the Quarter, writing, loving, dreaming. But both in his life and his poetry a strange chemistry is at work, slowly precipitating the turbulent stream of his life. Externally the metamorphosis is seen in his dress, his manner, and his choice of companions. A quiet and manly conservatism begins to supplant the more exquisite pose of his youth, and it was this development as much as anything else that led to Alan's complete reconciliation with his father in July, 1914. Father and son spent a few pleasant days at Canterbury, days of such intimacy as they had not enjoyed since Alan was a boy.

Seeger had altered. He had grown sterner in his resolution to serve beauty even more faithfully than before. And we realize that he had undergone a complete spiritual revo-

lution when he wrote to his *marraine*, a month before his death, "The noticeable young man you describe as having seen at Lavenue's was probably myself, for it was my pleasure in those days to be noticeable just as now it is an even greater satisfaction to merge into the whole, feeling myself the smallest cog in the mighty machinery that is grinding out the future of the world, whatever that is to be." If a clear vision of one's relation to the universe is humility, the Alan Seeger of the Foreign Legion was one of the humblest men that ever lived.

After a year in Paris Seeger was vaguely suspecting what we now know to be a fact, that only the catalysis of war could wholly clarify the perturbation of his spirit and give him the stimulus necessary for the expression of the great poetry surging within him. His life thus far had been divided between service to love and song. Hitherto they had satisfied him, but now the nostalgia for war begins to oppress him, and a desire for the fierce and heroic exertion of battle sears the very fabric of his poetry. War was the logical, the ultimate stage in Seeger's development as a man and a poet. In 1911 he had considered leaping into the Balkan cockpit as Byron had done a hundred years earlier. But Seeger's patriotism glowed brightest for France, and was to be the final factor in his decision to bear arms in her defense.

His battle ardor breaks into a major key in much of the poetry written at this time. In the poem beginning, "Do you remember Paris of glad faces?" he has a swift and certain presentiment of his death on

the battle-field. Even while he gazes on the face of love, he cries:

"Dear face, when courted Death
shall claim my limbs and find
them

Laid in some desert place, alone or
where the tides

Of war's tumultuous waves on the
wet sands behind them

Leave rifts of gasping life when
their red flood subsides . . ."

His old restlessness, quiescent for a time, is reasserting itself, more poignantly, more irresistibly than before. Seeger probably realized that if he lived long enough life would compromise him, slay him utterly; a thing that death could never do. So when the fuse of war began to crackle, and the opportunity for which he had longed was at hand, he hesitated not a moment. Prompted by a generous gratitude to France, urged by his passion for experience, and obeying the cosmic necessity that underlay his fatalism, Alan Seeger enlisted in the Foreign Legion as a common infantryman scarcely three weeks after the outbreak of the war.

He was under no illusion that he was fighting a "war to end war." The same faith that made him surrender to the impulse of normal living and of love, forced him now to make of himself the instrument through which a greater force might work out its inscrutable ends through the impulses of terror and compulsion. He wished only to move in harmony with a universe whose masses are in continual conflict. Believing that wars are the "birth-pangs of new eras," he thought them as natural as childbirth and as justifiable. In his first letter written

from the training camp at Toulouse he states his position quite clearly: "In this universe strife and sternness play as big a part as love and tenderness, and cannot be shirked by one whose will it is to rule his life in accordance with the cosmic forces he sees in play about him."

The story of Alan Seeger's twenty-two months of service on the northern and western battle-fronts has been told once and for all in his "Letters and Diary," written in the first-line trenches under heartbreaking conditions of vermin, mud, and dysentery. Seeger's first high enthusiasm never waned. Even in the presence of carrion and decaying death his love of war did not desert him. His fierce energy and bravery are unbelievable. In the battles of the Marne and Champagne he volunteered for all the most dangerous reconnoitering, wrote poems in the trenches by night, and poured out his whole being in a flood of longing for the hour of sacrifice. Poetry and romance are not easy to find in modern warfare. But by his words, his actions, and his glorious death in the bayonet-charge of Belloy-en-Santerre Alan Seeger showed that man's joy of battle was not wholly extinguished at Ronesvalles, that the romance of war did not utterly perish with Sir Philip Sidney.

Yet for all his intense bravery Seeger was unpopular in the Foreign Legion. At one time plans were considered for dealing with this haughty young gentleman who was in the habit of withdrawing to a corner to write, and who refused to fraternize with his fellow *légionnaires*. The regiment appointed a commit-

tee to order Seeger to apply for a transfer. When the committee approached Seeger with the ultimatum he answered scornfully: "I never alter my course because I am threatened or disliked. My reason for being here is to serve France. For me, the men who sent you simply do not exist." Considering the fact that the Foreign Legion is composed of the world's choicest ruffians, a rare quick-on-the-trigger crew who would not hesitate to dispose summarily of any one who opposed them, Seeger's attitude is seen to be one of supreme courage. By his answer he created a new respect for himself in the Legion. Thereafter he was better understood, and after proving by repeated acts of bravery that he was utterly fearless he became more popular among his comrades. Sergeant Morlae, a rigid disciplinarian who trained Seeger, praises him as a soldier on the march and under fire. Alan's feeling toward the Legion is shown by his action a few months later. When the French government extended to all *légionnaires* the privilege of entering regular French regiments Seeger remained loyal to the Legion (where the danger was much greater), saying, "I am content here, and have good comrades."

After seven months of comparative inactivity on the Aisne, Seeger's regiment was transferred to Champagne, where he took part in the tremendous struggle of 1915. The Battle of Champagne lasted a month, and Seeger's eagerness for action passes all understanding. He courts destruction with "taunts and invitations," by creeping up to the German barbed wire in broad daylight and leaving a card bearing his

name. He aspires to win the Croix de Guerre by bringing in some "live prisoners." While he is held in reserve he makes daily jottings in his diary, expressing the hope that he will soon get into action. When Joffre orders the Legion to advance, Seeger exclaims: "I thrill at the prospect of being in the thick of it. The German positions are to be overwhelmed with a hurricane of artillery fire, and great assaults will be delivered all along the line. It will be a battle without precedent in history." Knowing that he is going over the top in the first wave of an infantry-charge he says: "I have been waiting for this moment for more than a year. It will be the greatest moment of my life. I shall take good care to live up to it." The next day he went into battle in an effort to pierce the German line and liberate the invaded country.

He returned, scratched, and envying his friends who were more seriously wounded. Seeger's day had not yet come, but with an ever-deepening fatalism he prophesied his own glorious end on the battle-field. One of his comrades says: "Alan unceasingly reiterated his presentiment that he would be killed in battle. We used to try to stop him, but it was no use. He felt absolutely sure that he would die in action." To Seeger this seemed the noblest, the only way to die, and his sole fear was that he should expire in some inglorious fashion, killed off by a skulking sniper in some petty raid. In a letter to his mother he briefly summarizes his attitude toward the supreme sacrifice he was so eager to make: "Death is nothing terrible after all. It may mean

something more wonderful than life. It cannot possibly mean anything worse to the good soldier."

To be a "good soldier" of the Legion was the height of Seeger's ambition. He achieved his end after driving his frail body through a grueling physical ordeal, and before he fell in action he was regarded as one of the best soldiers in a corps of fighting men.

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Amid the clangor and turmoil of battle Seeger wrote his best poetry, breaking completely with the classic tradition that had influenced his earlier work. His war poetry is lyrical, unique, passionately his own. It is big with the beauty of eternal things—glory, conflict, love, and death. Such poems as "The Aisne" and "Champagne 1914-15" pulsate with the very beating of the poet's heart which feels

"That kinship with the stars that
only War

Is great enough to lift man's spirit
to."

In "The Hosts" he salutes his comrades who are moved to fight and die

"By the powers that force
The sea forever to ebb and rise,
That hold Arcturus in his course."

Perfectly happy for the first time in his life, the poet thrilled with the sense of his life's blood flowing close to the heart of a cosmic entity of which he felt himself a part. Seeger always thought of war as a drama of destiny, and he was proud to be both actor and spectator of that drama.

In "Maktoob" (which is the Turkish for "It is written") Seeger

acknowledged the power of a fate from which there is no escape, and after complete submission to the will of this Oriental destiny, there came to his heart

"The resignation and the calm
And wisdom of the East."

It is a combination of this Oriental fatalism and an overpowering hunger for a newer mightier experience that inspires the unforgettable line,

"I have a rendezvous with Death,"

probably the most famous line of poetry written during the war. Several explanations of this line have been suggested by Amy Lowell, William Lyon Phelps, and others; but none seems to be so plausible as the one offered by Walter Adolphe Roberts, who knew Seeger intimately in Paris. Mr. Roberts says: "The word *rendez-vous* is one of the commonest words in the vocabulary of the French soldier, and was constantly used by officers and men in a variety of ways. *Donner un rendez-vous à quelqu'un* is to make an ordinary everyday appointment with some one. It is the equivalent of our slang word 'date,' but also bears connotations of place as well as time. It was commonly used to designate the time and place of attack. To Seeger, hearing the word used twenty times a day, and recognizing the beauty of the word itself, nothing could be more natural than to link the idea of a *rendez-vous* with that of Death, an idea which we know to have preoccupied him constantly at this time." The juxtaposition of the ideas made him immortal wherever English or French is spoken, for his poems have been translated by the

French poets André Rivoire and Odette Raimondi-Mathéron.

Seeger rose to his full stature as a poet in his "Ode in Memory of the American Volunteers Fallen for France." The ode, which was to have been read before the statue of Lafayette and Washington in Paris on Decoration day, May 30, 1916, started out to be a *tour de force* but now stands as the ultimate expression of Seeger's genius. In simple dignity and poetic power the ode has not been surpassed by any poem inspired by the war. Beginning with a commemorative passage of quiet beauty, the poem ascends to an exalted glorification of the handful of Americans,

"Who not unmindful of the antique
debt

Came back the generous path of
Lafayette."

As an American who was not wholly pleased by his country's "too proud to fight" attitude, Seeger takes a bitter pride in saying:

"Accents of ours were in the fierce
mêlée;

And on those furthest rims of
hallowed ground,

Where the forlorn, the gallant
charge expires,

When the slain bugler has long
ceased to sound,

And on the tangled wires,

The last wild rally staggers, crum-
bles, stops

Withered beneath the shrapnel's
iron showers:—

Now heaven be thanked, we gave a
few brave drops;

Now heaven be thanked, a few
brave drops were ours."

The ode, written a month before his death, fittingly concludes the career of Alan Seeger the poet. The man was to go forward yet a little while, impatiently chafing under the restraint of trench warfare, longing for the moment of the brilliant attack. He was enamoured of death, not because he loved life less, but because he loved glory more. Alan Seeger did not want to die because he was sick of life. War had made him happy, strong, had inspired his best poetry, filled him with the resilient energy of a young man, and rescued him from a disillusionment that once had threatened to wreck him completely. Now, just as he was ready to enter upon the richest promise of life, and to enjoy those experiences of beauty which he still craved, the hunger for a triumphant death and a glorious immortality fired his imagination. And concentrating all his strength and love into the few precious days that remained, Alan Seeger joyfully awaited the time and place of his final rendezvous.

The tale of Seeger's end and of the days preceding it has been told by his closest friend Rif Baer, an Egyptian. Seeger had contracted bronchitis in the trenches, and after a two months' *congé de convalescence* returned just in time for the big Somme offensive of 1916. "He had grown slightly thinner," says Baer, telling of his friend's return; "his face seemed slightly paler, and his fine eyes with their faraway look, ever lost in distant contemplation, were still as dreamy as ever . . . We saw each other every day . . . I shall never forget how one phrase was often on his lips: 'Life is only beauti-

ful when divided between War and Love. They are the only two things truly great and perfect . . . I have known love, and now I want to make war—but fine war—a war of bayonet charges, the desperate pursuit of an enemy in flight, the entry as a conqueror with trumpets sounding, into a town we have delivered. These are the delights of war. Where in civil life can be found any emotions so fine and strong as these?"

On June 21 Seeger and Baer left their sector in the Thiescourt Woods for an unknown destination which proved to be the Somme. On June 22, Seeger's twenty-eighth birthday, they reached Boves about 10 A.M. Under a blazing sun that seemed to have escaped from the furnaces of hell they started for Bayonvilliers. "It was the worst march since the war began," says Baer. "Weighed down by their sacks, prostrated by the heat, men fell by hundreds along the road. Hardly twenty of the two hundred forming the company arrived without having left the column. Seeger was one of these few. He told me afterward of the terrible effort he was forced to make, not to give up. At every halt he drank a drop of *tafia*—rum and coffee—to give himself heart, and when he reached the end of the march he was worn out, but proud. He had not left the ranks."

On June 30 they left Bayonvilliers and marched to Proyart, to be nearer the line of battle, which was at its height. The two friends renewed an agreement made many months before, that if one of them should be fatally wounded, the other was to kill him outright, thus sparing him the torture of a lingering death.

The day before his final charge, Seeger showed Baer a revolver, saying: "I have more luck than you. If I can still use my arm, I shall have no need of any one." And there is a story that goes about the Legion telling how Seeger, horribly wounded in the stomach and knowing that death was only a matter of a few agonizing hours, was seen to lift his revolver to his head and blow out the remaining sparks of his life.

The comrades were to have a leave of absence on July 4, but as they went into action on the night of the third Seeger said to his friend, "I cannot hope to see Paris again now before the sixth or seventh, but if this leave is not granted me—*maktoob, maktoob*," he finished with a smile.

Alan's sector was the first to go into action, and Seeger was in the first wave. Describing that final charge at Belloy-en-Santerre Rif Baer writes: "I caught sight of Seeger and called to him, making a sign with my hand. He answered with a smile. How pale he was! His tall silhouette stood out against the green of the cornfield. He was the tallest man in his section. His head erect and pride in his eye, I saw him running forward with bayonet fixed. Soon he disappeared, and that was the last I saw of my friend."

The next day, after the riddling cross-fire had ceased, Alan Seeger's body was found in a shell-pit into which he had crept to die. In that last sublime dash he had offered his body as a target to a battery of machine-guns and fell mortally wounded in the stomach. His company, after sustaining fearful losses, rode on an irresistible wave of victory into the town of Belloy-en-Santerre. But Alan Seeger was not among the triumphant company that delivered the little town. He had met death as he always hoped he should, charging an entrenched enemy, bayonet in hand, and the banners of his beloved France streaming over his head. He was buried in a deep trench, together with one hundred of his comrades on Hill 76, a little south of the village of Belloy.

We do not know what Seeger's last thoughts were as he lay mangled and bleeding upon the battle-field, but we may be certain that his spirit leaped forth to welcome death as it had always welcomed life. "*In-shallah*, death is but a transient thing," he used to say, firmly believing that it was but another step in the glorious and predestined pilgrimage toward a deeper experience of beauty, the only reality Alan Seeger ever knew.

TO MEN OF GOOD-WILL

A Study of the Permanent Values of Christmas

HERBERT PARRISH

"CAPTAIN," said I to the mate. "Sir to you," replied the mate.

"Will you smoke?" said I, handing him a cigar.

"That will I," he answered, taking the weed.

You make no mistake calling a mate "captain." He has invariably been captain—of something or other in the way of craft. He hopes to be a captain quite soon again. He is inwardly persuaded that he would make a better captain than the "old man" below taking a snooze. Therefore the title touches his pet complex. It soothes and stimulates him. He will begin to spin.

Thus it was that, under the broad and starry Southern sky on a moonlit night, the sails drawing taut in the steady trade, the vessel lifting evenly over the enormous swells, I heard the story of how the doctors administer the "black bottle" to obstreperous and moribund patients in hospitals. I listened to accounts of swordfish rising out of the water and stabbing seamen in small boats over the gunwales. I was told of coast-guards who retired from the service as millionaires after incredibly short seasons in the twelve-mile limit. Of gunmen along the docks of New York who would do a man

in for twenty-five dollars. Of a voodoo queen in Haiti. Of steering by dead-reckoning on the Grand Banks. Of a tribe on the West African coast that still eat "long pig." Of priests in the South Seas who walk on red-hot stones. Of the sailor's longing to leave the sea and settle down ashore. Tales for the marines. The tale of a tub.

That inferior constellation, the Southern Cross, glittered above the horizon. In the ecliptic swam the half-moon. And Jupiter was rising in the east.

"I have heard of people," said I, "who have been able to see four of the moons of Jupiter with the naked eye."

"Moons of Jupiter?" he queried vaguely.

I remarked on the size of the planet in comparison with our own satellite. A lecture by Einstein to a girls' school.

"Humph!" he exclaimed, "it looks smaller to me."

Eight bells struck.

"I'm goin' below," said the mate. "I allus read a chapter of the Good Book afore I turn in."

It was Christmas eve, and I was conscious of the peculiar emotion that so often takes possession of the soul on that occasion. A nostalgia

for the simple pure joys of childhood. The quiet serenity of home. The nip of cold in the northern air. The first fall of light snow. The glitter of the stars in a higher latitude. The kindly greetings. The swarm of memories. Of friendships. Of shyly prepared gifts. Of the silent gathering of the congregation for the midnight mass. The white altar. The soft light of the candles. The clear ringing of bells in the distance. The aromatic scent of the incense. The odor of pine-trees. The outburst of Christmas carols and hymns. The racial happiness of the Day. There is a sadness. A hesitation. A doubt. A tug between the emancipated and critical intellect and the inherited emotions, the complexes of childhood. A question of relative values. Is the world better off for its sophistication, its loosing from the moorings of a simple unquestioning faith, its investigation of dogmatic authority, its acceptance of new conceptions? At such a time as this the question comes. Do the stars have any other purpose than to shine?

If some of the mate's yarns had seemed to me a trifle high in color, no doubt some of my speculations, or even scientific facts, would have seemed to him *muching mallecho*, subversive of all accepted truth.



I was ruminating over the problem of it when the professor came blundering up the companionway. The professor never did get his sea-legs on during the whole voyage. Perhaps he carried too many heavy ideas in the ballast of his brain.

"Come down and play a game of chess," said the professor. "I have

invented a new gambit, and you shall be the first victim."

"You talk," said I, "better than you play."

"We can talk at the same time," said he.

We descended into the cabin and pegged the men into their holes on the board, drew for colors and began. I outlined my incredulity in some of the mate's yarns and the mate's blank unbelief in the simple facts of astronomy.

"Pooh!" said the professor after he had set the trap of his new gambit, which was not in the least new but only the old queen's pawn dodge. "The mate's stories are all true enough. But as for seeing the moons of Jupiter with the naked eye, who ever heard of such a thing but yourself?" He peered at me through his enormous horn-rimmed spectacles.

"Besides," he continued after I had taken the pawn, "people always believe what they wish to believe. There is no such thing as the will to believe. There is only the desire to believe. Freud is right. The will is bent and twisted like a reed in the wind by the emotions, the passions, as they used to be called, the desires. It is desire that rules belief, not will. And the reason, if one may make a distinction in the faculties of the brain, is but the instrument which justifies choice and decision."

"Do you mean to tell me," I asked, advancing the red knight, "that the multitudes on land tomorrow who will attend the Christmas services in their churches are actuated solely by desire and not through conviction based on a religious teaching that controls the will and regulates the emotions?"

"Christmas!" said he. "Bah! The Saturnalia. A pagan festival. Goes back to the very dawn of history. The first day after the winter solstice in the northern hemisphere. The first day their crude instruments could detect the return of the sun. Joy to the world. The sun-god was coming back. There would be another spring. Food. I tell you it's in the blood. Part of the race inheritance. A mob complex."

"But the will," I hazarded, eying the dangerous location of his white queen. "Granted that the will is swayed by the emotions, it is at least a matter of volition whether one encourages the religious emotion by allowing the imagination to dwell upon the religious idea of the Incarnation. For you will admit, I suppose, that imagination affects the emotions?"

He looked up from the board, pulled out his meerschaum pipe, and lighted it before replying.

"It is something like this vessel," he remarked. "The wind moves it along by pressing upon the sails. The wind corresponds to the emotions that move the man. You cannot order the wind to change. But the helm directs the course. You can direct the vessel by turning the helm so that it will move even against the wind—indirectly. Well, the helm may be compared to the will. That is to say, you can put ideas into your imagination by what appears at least to be an act of volition, and the consequent emotions will move you in the direction suggested by the ideas imagined, provided they soak deep enough into the nervous system, or what some people call the subconscious mind. But

why you make the choice of the particular idea, and whether you really do make such a choice or are persuaded to it by some deeper emotion, is yet again another matter."

"At any rate," I persisted, removing my king's bishop from a position of imminent danger, "you will not deny that the Christmas story appeals to the imagination of multitudes of people and, since it affects their emotions in a religious direction, has a religious value?"

"Value!" he exclaimed, attacking my queen with a rook. "Value for primitive folk, the uneducated, savages, and children. Value for a certain phase of the race's development. Yes. But for me the day itself has no significance whatever. There is no evidence worth considering that Jesus was born on the twenty-fifth of December. It is certain that he was not born nineteen hundred and twenty-six years ago at least by two or maybe four years. Besides, the theological doctrines of orthodoxy distress me. Who can make anything of the *Logos* of Philo that the author of the fourth Gospel adopted? What modern philosopher thinks in the terms of the medieval schoolmen—Nature, Substance, Hypostasis, Person, Procession, Generation, Relation—in the sense in which they used them? Bolstered up by the anathemas of conciliar decrees. It reminds me of that monk in Browning:

"There's a great text in Galatians,
Once you trip on it, entails
Twenty-nine distinct damnations,
One sure, if another fails."

Can you affect people's imaginations by asserting something that their

imaginations are incapable of grasping? Can you control the will of free men by theological threatenings?"

I castled. It was necessary. His queen and two knights were bearing down upon my line.

"As a matter of fact," he continued, "the ordinary teaching you hear in the churches is little better than sheer heresy. Most Christians conceive of Jesus as a kind of second God. Indeed Justin Martyr who was the chief advocate of the *Logos* doctrine at Rome in the third century, spoke of a 'second God.' Your Nicene Creed and your ordinary preacher give the idea that the second person—meaning an individual like ourselves—disengaged himself from the tangle of the eternal Trinity, came literally down from a local heaven, and was born as a child. They worship the babe in the manger. His hands are the hands of God. His tears are the tears of God. Now for my part I shall refuse to worship a baby."

"Because perhaps," said I, "you never had one."

"Ah, yes," he replied, wiping his spectacles, "my mother—"

"Women do," I suggested, "in a way."

"They do indeed," he answered. "I admit it."

For some moments the strategy of the game kept us both from speaking. It was my move, and the professor's king's knight's pawn had advanced to a position in support of his queen's bishop that interrupted my plan of attack. One of those serious pauses that every chess-player knows. The professor leaned back in his chair confident of the strength of his position. Outside on the deck I

could hear the creaking of the cordage in the blocks. At the port-holes I could catch glimpses of the waves, their spray turned to silver in the moonlight. Presently I saw the opening and moved. Once more we took up the thread of our talk.

"But aside from the theology," I insisted, pressing the advantage I perceived on the board in an attack I had started with a rook and my two bishops, "is there not something about the day that merits consideration even from so learned a person as yourself?"

He put up his hand as if to ward off both the compliment and the strategic attack of my pieces.

"I will quote you," said he, "a passage from Chamberlain. I learned it by heart because it is so admirably expressed and so true. In his 'Foundations' he says: 'No battle, no change of dynasty, no natural phenomenon, no discovery possesses a significance which can be compared with that of the short life upon earth of the Galilean. His birth is, in a sense, the beginning of history. The nations that are not Christian, such as the Chinese, the Turks and others, have no history; their story is but the chronicle on the one hand of ruling houses, butcheries and the like, and on the other represents the dull, humble, almost bestially happy life of millions that sink in the night of time without leaving a trace.'"

"Excellent," I exclaimed. "And how do you account for it?"

"Why," answered the professor, "I account for it primarily in view of his character. Jesus was not the androgynous figure of the church windows, the anemic unreal being

of the ecclesiastical artists. He was a man. You might call him, if you like, The Man. You will find that scientific sociology makes four types of character: the forceful, the convivial, the austere, and the critically intellectual. Jesus was forceful without harshness. He was convivial but never weak. He was austere and not disagreeable. He was critically intellectual while still a young man. I take the accounts in the four Gospels with every critical allowance. He drove out the money-changers and faced death with unmoved courage, yet little children clung to him with joy. He attended the banquets of the rich, but his companions spoke of him as the holy child. He fasted long and prayed all night, but he ate and drank like other men, and spoke of the fullness of life. He gave a new law, at least more positive and profound than those of old time, and was crucified at about thirty. He has all the virtues of the character types and none of their defects. He combines their qualities of excellence in one harmonious whole. I do not accept Klausner's estimate that he was the product of his time and circumstances. He is more. He is a portent in the creative process."

There was a pause while the professor very neatly captured one of my castles.

"You might even say then," I advanced, "that he was a new species in the course of evolution?"

"Exactly," replied he. "That is how I regard him. Moreover there is a mystery in the consciousness he had of the divine. I do not presume to fathom this, but whenever I read

the Good Book, it grips me. He spake as never man spake."

"You do not feel then," I asked, "that the discoveries of Darwin have destroyed the possibility of religious belief?"

"That will depend a little," he answered, "upon what you mean by religion. If you mean the crude anthropomorphism of the early chapters of Genesis and the tribal deity of primitive Judaism, I certainly do. But if by religion you mean that there is an intelligent first cause and that it is possible that man can have a relationship to that first cause—call it God if you prefer—then I do not see how Darwin in any way affects the matter. In one manner of looking at it science and religion have nothing to do with each other. Science investigates the how of things, while religion is the philosophy of the why of things. But in another and deeper way of regarding the matter religion and science are in reality one and the same thing. There can be but one source of all truth in the ultimate. The scientific man may not consider himself religious. He may never go to church. He may reject all creeds. But what he knows he derives from the source of all truth. And in so far as he is successful in the application of his knowledge, he conforms himself to the ultimate laws of being which are, I take it, the laws of God. Now technically speaking we use the term religion when we speak of moral or spiritual laws. But this is a narrow use. Moral and spiritual laws come from exactly the same source as those which we call scientific. Darwin himself did not realize the unity of truth. He had

the Victorian view of religion. I think that the best type of scientists and the better sort of theologians have gone beyond that narrow conception. They tend to make a synthesis."

"You implied just now," I said, "that you regarded Jesus as an instance of the creation of a new species in the course of the evolutionary process. And I inferred that you so considered him because of his remarkably balanced and universal character and because of his extraordinary insight. But I had supposed that the process of evolution implied, not a mere single instance of a new type, but a continuation and development of that type in other instances."

"Why, just so," he replied. "Have I not said that he started a new course of history? Human beings have in many instances been changed since his time. The process may be slow. But what are two thousand years in the evolutionary ages? The Jurassic age was much longer in working out its results. And there have already been many cases of men and women who have risen very close to his type, if not quite equaled it. There have been, and there may be again, reversions, depressions, in the process, but in the long run the world grows better."

"And that reminds me," he added, running his king's bishop five diagonal squares in the direction of my queen, "that those who minimize the real humanity of Jesus and picture his birth, life, and death as merely something to be looked at as one might look at the Passion Play at Oberammergau or a religious motion-picture, a dramatic spectacle to be believed in, do mankind no

service. If he were in any sense different from what we are, except in the degree of his perfection of character and the depth of his spiritual insight, he would be valueless to mankind. There must be the possibility of our attaining to his stature. And remember that character is to be judged by what it aims to attain rather than by what it is at the moment."

"Do you mean that we can become what he was?" I asked.

"That is just what I mean," said he.

"Then perhaps you spoke rather too, let us say, scientifically, when, at the beginning of our talk, you minimized the value of the observance of one day in the year as a commemoration of his birth?" I suggested.

"Perhaps I did," he replied.

"Checkmate in three moves," I announced.

"Your game. But at least we are not yet in the twelve-mile limit."

"It is an ancient custom of the day," I admitted.

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Next morning the sea, the blue mirror of eternity, gleamed with the dazzling light of the new day.

"Merry Christmas to you, mate," said I—for the captain was on deck.

"Merry Christmas to you, sir," replied the mate.

"And which chapter in the Good Book did you read last night, mate?" I asked.

"I read, sir," said he, "that one where the angels sang at the birth of Jesus." A light came in his face as he added, "And well they might, sir; well they might."

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SIOUX

An Indian with a Sense of Humor

EDITED BY THOMAS B. MARQUIS

I AM FULL-BLOOD Indian, twenty-six years old. My people are the Ogallala Sioux, living on Pine Ridge Reservation, in South Dakota. I have land allotted to me there, but it is leased out for five years to a white man, for cash rent. I like to work at farming and stock-raising, but I do not care to manage my own place. The trouble is, if any Indian prospers that way his relatives want to stay at his place. So not many of them work their own farms. I had for a while a government job at the agency. But every day at meal-time I had lots of company. It took all of my money to buy grub, so I decided to quit the job. That is the Indian way. We are not supposed to get rich like white people. When one has anything he is expected to help all of his poor friends. I like these ideas of my people, but they prevent us from building up our homes like the white people do. Anyway, for two or three years I have been staying on other reservations, to see new country and get acquainted with other Indians. I work on farms or at other labor. I have worked for other Indians, but I prefer to work for the white people.

Most of my boyhood up to eighteen years was spent at Pine Ridge

boarding-school for Indian children. My grandmother was a medicine-woman. She told me lots of things about how to take care of myself. She told me lightning always strikes where there is iron. She said if I got caught out in a thunder-storm I must tie my horse to a tree and go away from the tree and the horse. One time I did this, and my horse got loose, so I had to walk home.

She said a cedar-tree is the safest place when lightning is flashing. It never strikes a cedar-tree. She always kept some cedar branches in the house, and if lightning began to play she sprinkled the cedar twigs upon the hot stove. The odor prevented lightning from entering the house.

My grandfather was a warrior at the Custer battle on the Little Big Horn River. My father was a boy in the Ogallala camps by the river. My grandfather's brother was Chief American Horse, who lived to become very old.

In their meetings I have heard different ones of the old Sioux men boast of having personally killed General Custer. This talk always was among Indians only. None of them would say that if white people were listening.

Still, I have heard it said many

times that in the exciting mix-up nobody recognized General Custer or any other white man with him. This seems most likely, because many of the old Indians at all times have difficulty in distinguishing different white men from each other. I have heard various old Indians say: "All white men look the same to me. I cannot tell one from another."

I attended three years at the Santee Indian School, in Nebraska. When I went back to the reservation I talked with older people about what I had learned. I told one certain old man about Adam and Eve and the Garden of Eden. He listened to all of it. He sat there and smoked and thought about it for half an hour before he said anything. Then he declared: "I do not believe any of that. It is all a lot of white man lies."

A missionary came one day to a Sioux man's farm on Pine Ridge Reservation. He said he wanted to baptize the seven-year-old son. The father came in from his work in the field. He did not want his son baptized, and he disputed with the preacher. Finally he said: "There is the gate. Go away from my land." The missionary went away.

A few days afterward an Indian policeman came and took away the boy when the father was not at home. When the boy came back late that afternoon he announced: "I have been baptized. I feel good."

The father was angry. He told the boy, "I will take all of the baptize out of you." He set himself at preparing the sweat tepee for use. He said to me: "You must wait on me. Bring some wood." I got

wood and built a fire to heat the stones.

When everything was ready he took the clothing from himself and son and they went into the sweat tepee. I stood there by the closed entrance until he called for his pipe, which I had ready for him and handed in to him. After he had smoked and prayed he brought out the boy. He gathered some sage-grass and used it to wipe the perspiration from his son's body. Then he said: "Now all of the baptize is gone out of you. You are pure, like an Indian ought to be. Do not let the white people deceive you again with their lies."

But the boy still wanted to be baptized. When he became older he went to the church. He still belongs to the church people. His father does not like it, but he does not make any opposition. Indians usually allow their children to do whatever they want to do in matters of that kind.

All of the burials nowadays among the Ogallalas are in graves like the white people use. I have never seen any other kind of burial.

At a funeral of one of our boarding-school boys there were lots of people. We had the school band there, and the preacher conducted the services. When the men began to shovel dirt down upon the coffin the preacher's hat fell into the grave and almost got covered up. It was hard not to laugh. It sure looked funny.

One certain squaw was doing a lot of wailing and singing of the death-songs. As the people all were going away she walked backward down the hillside, still wailing while

she looked toward the grave. She stepped into a hole and fell over backward. Her feet and legs stuck up into the air as she kicked around trying to get up. When she got to her feet she ran away toward the brush by the creek. Everybody sure laughed at her. They couldn't help but laugh, even if it was a funeral. The preacher laughed too. It sure was funny.

At another funeral, as the people were wailing and singing sad songs one old squaw broke forth into a war-song. She hollered right out and kept it up. Nobody tried to stop her. It appeared she had gone crazy. It sure was funny, her singing a war-song at a funeral. She was pretty old, so I suppose that was why she forgot. Besides, it was not her relation being buried. Helpers in wailing sometimes join themselves to a funeral party for the purpose of obtaining needed money. The friends of the dead are expected to pay something for such manifestation of sympathy.

The Ogallalas still often follow the old custom of sacrificing personal belongings when a death occurs in the family. As bereft ones are mourning, other Indians are permitted to come into the house and help themselves to anything they wish, to take it away as their own. Whatever personal things of the deceased are not buried with him are given away if they have not already been taken by plundering visitors. Whoever sits up and guards the dead while awaiting burial has a recognized claim for special gifts. Whoever digs the grave has a claim preferred above all others. This last friendly office ordinarily is

performed by a chosen former companion.

I dug a grave for a boy friend of mine. I worked all alone at it. I was sixteen years old. It distressed me to do this kind of favor for my friend, but I could not refuse when his people asked me. All the time during the digging I was sad. It was not on account of the hard work, but because it grieved me to think I was making a place for him to be covered up and stay there forever. Several times when I sat down to rest I cried. The father afterward gave me the boy's best horse, his good saddle and bridle, some other keepsakes, and some money.

I once was one of a party of eighteen young men who sat up all night with the dead body of a squaw. A few days afterward her father gave each of us five dollars—ninety dollars in all—and he gave us also an entire beef, butchered and dressed, for us to divide up among ourselves.

Other Western tribes where I have visited have customs like these, but differing somewhat. At one reservation I visited an aunt who had married into that tribe. Her home was near the agency cemetery. One day a funeral party passed along toward the cemetery. My aunt said to me and my cousin, "Boys, as soon as those Indians leave the cemetery you must hurry over there and get whatever you find at the grave." We watched, and as soon as the people left we went there. On and about the grave we found many pieces of new calico, lots of candy, several silver dollars and half-dollars, and some other things. We took everything. When we got back

to my aunt's house she said, "That is good." When her husband came home he also said, "That is good." We saw other Indians going to get things there, but they were too late. Yes, the things were left there to be taken by Indians—any Indians who wanted them and got there in time to get them.

After I returned from the Santee school to our reservation, when I was about twenty-two years old, I had lots of arguments with the older people about the Indian ways and beliefs. It is not very polite for young Indians to talk back to old people, but I had to tell them I did not believe some of their stories.

One old man told me about something that was supposed to have happened a long time ago, when his grandfather was young.

Seven Sioux went on the war-path, to steal horses or to get scalps. After eleven days of traveling they found themselves in a country that was barren—no game, no birds, no tracks of anything. They became very hungry.

They saw a lone buffalo. One man said: "That appears to me not a real buffalo, but some harmful medicine. Let us go on our way." But the six others wanted to kill it, which they did. They ate the raw liver and kidneys and lining of the second stomach, which Indians like raw, and they cooked some of the flesh. They ate their fill. The doubting man was so afraid that he would not eat.

Pretty soon the one man saw that his six companions all had become snakes, although they still had their human heads. One of them said to

him: "You were right. It was wicked medicine. Go back and tell our people."

The remains of the buffalo then assumed the form of a very large snake. It turned slowly around and crawled away toward a hill. The six Sioux men snakes crawled after it. They went to a hole in the hill-side and disappeared into the hole.

The one remaining Sioux was greatly distressed in mind because of this disaster to his companions. He took the back trail for the tribal camps. When he arrived there the people all gathered about him to hear of his adventure. As they waited for him first to eat and to smoke, some squaws began already to cut off fingers in mourning, since his manner indicated he had very bad news to tell. But he could not say anything. Each time he tried to speak, his throat became choked. So he never did tell just what had happened.

I don't believe that story. I told the old man I did not believe it. I asked him how it was found out what happened to the six lost ones, since the returning man never could tell. He did not try to answer my question. He just flared up and said, "You young people who have been to the white man school think you know a lot, but you don't know anything."

An old Sioux medicine-man told me how he got his medicine. He went out into the hills and stayed there by himself three days and nights, all the time fasting and praying. During that time a hail-storm came up. Hail fell thickly all about him, but not a stone touched him. Then a snake crawled up to him, lifted its head, and talked to him.

It said: "I am not a real snake. I am Jesus. I will give to you something good—a good medicine." It spat out of its mouth a hailstone that at once became changed into an ordinary round stone.

This round stone was that old man's special medicine. He used it in doctoring sick people. He used also the songs and prayers, but this was his principal cure. He never would tell anybody exactly how he worked it. But one time I and two other boys decided to watch him and find out. We went into a house where he was working over a sick man. He ordered us out, but we did not go. Pretty soon he again told us to go outside, but we just stood there and made no reply. He became angry. He threatened that if we remained there he would put upon us the man's sickness. But we were not afraid, so we stayed. He kept himself hovered around the bed though, so we did not learn anything about his medicine. None of us got sick.

I don't believe he got that stone the way he said he did. It didn't sound to me straight about the hail falling all around him but not touching him. Do you think it could do that? Do you white men doctors ever use anything of that kind in your treatments?

I joined one time a peyote religious society. It was while I was visiting at another reservation. A young Indian came to me and asked, "Are you the Sioux who is visiting here?" When I said I was, he said: "To-night we are having a feast. Come with me and have a good time." That night he took me to a big tent where about a hundred old and young Indian men were assem-

bled. They were stewing and eating peyote. They all were in the happy mood produced by this plant. They had songs and prayers. One man was wearing on his head a circular piece of pasteboard. He was the chief. They called him Jesus. I ate some of the peyote. It made me feel good and happy. I felt like I loved everybody in the world. They told me that now I was initiated into their society. They passed a hat to take up a collection of money for me. It amounted to \$42.80. They gave it all to me. That is the way they do when somebody is initiated, especially if he is from some other reservation.



The Ogallalas still keep up the old custom that forbids a son-in-law and a mother-in-law from speaking or from noticing each other. They follow also to a considerable extent the old ways that make grown-up brothers and sisters avoid each other. A little sister and her little brother may associate together, but when they grow to be thirteen or fourteen years old they must act as if they were strangers to each other.

The mother-in-law and son-in-law custom extends also among relatives on the two sides. These two sets of relatives must not mingle on intimate social terms. They all may be friendly in feeling toward each other, so friendly that many presents go back and forth. They may be in the same house or tepee, and may remain thus for a long time, but their social manifestations should be quite distant in character.

A certain middle-aged squaw used to talk to me a great deal when I was a boy. She was jolly, and she joked

with me. She gave me food delicacies when I went to her home. She told me many good stories and gave me lots of good advice. I liked to be around where she was.

But my cousin married her daughter. Then it was not permissible for him to speak nor to notice this middle-aged mother-in-law who had been so good a friend to me. And I, being the son-in-law's cousin, now was supposed to stay away from her. Many times afterward I saw her, but I never thereafter spoke to her nor she to me. I got to thinking maybe she would talk to me if I should address her. But she never gave me a chance. She always would be looking the other way. One time I started to say something to her, but it seemed my voice could not make a sound. After that I never tried. My cousin liked her, and she liked him and gave him many presents—clothing and food and money and other gifts. Lots of times he would cut wood for her and help her in other ways. But they never spoke to nor looked at each other. I sure felt bad about not talking to her any more, but I couldn't help it.

At an Indian play party one time we had a lot of fun with a certain man and his mother-in-law. This Indian always was playing jokes on other people, but he was a good fellow if a joke were played on him, so all the people liked him. At this party we decided to fix up a good joke on him.

In one of our games two people are blindfolded and set down in front of each other. They must not speak or laugh or do anything to show who they are. They use their hands, feel-

ing of each other's heads, faces, clothing, to find out who is sitting opposite. Whoever finds out first wins the game.

We blindfolded this jolly young Indian man and his mother-in-law and led them to the seats. Neither of them knew what we had in mind. So they sat there and felt carefully about each other's faces. Pretty soon the squaw got hold of one of the man's braids. He was the only young man in that community who wore braids. She let loose instantly and turned aside and jerked her shawl up over her head and face. She said something aloud to some one else near-by, and when the man heard her voice he jumped up and threw off his blindfold and ran out of the house and did not return that night. It sure was funny. Everybody whooped and hollered. For a long time afterward the people teased him about it.

I know a Sioux young man who one time was hitching up his team to go to town. His mother-in-law happened to be at his place that day. When she saw him getting ready she wished that she might go along. But her daughter was away somewhere, so the older squaw had not any one there to talk for her. She decided, though, that she would climb into the back end of the spring-wagon, without saying anything, and thus go to town.

She waited until the man got into the seat, ready to start. Then she quickly climbed into the back part and sat down. After they had gone a little distance, for some reason she stood up a moment. Just at that moment the man hit the horses with his whip, and they jumped forward.

The mother-in-law fell out. The team and man kept on going.

Of course the squaw could not call to him. So she got up and chased after the wagon, caught up with it, and again climbed into it. A little further along the road she stood up again, the horses jumped forward again, she fell out again. The same thing happened a third time. Then she decided to go back home.

The squaw told some friends about it, and these told other people. Everybody found it out, and they sure joked the young man about it all. Some of them told him he did it just right, that he was teaching her good manners, that she ought not to have tried to go with him. But he always said he never knew she had been in the wagon. It sure was funny though.

When I get married I am going to talk to my mother-in-law; that is, if she will talk to me. I don't see any need for not speaking at all to a mother-in-law, if she is a good squaw and we are friendly.

My only brother, older than I am, came to our reservation to see our people when he had grown to be a man. Our parents died when we both were young. My uncle kept me with him on the reservation. My brother was taken by relatives who lived among white people. He grew up altogether among the whites and attended their schools. His thoughts and his ways became the same as the white people have.

We all were sure glad to see him, and he was glad to be with us. But he did not know how to be Indian. He would put on an apron and go into the kitchen and help my aunt with the cooking. He tried to make

us smaller children draw straws to see who should wash the dishes. Indians do not do things like that, so when visitors came to our place they all looked at him and laughed.

He did not like to live on the reservation, so he went back to live among white people. Our people liked him all right, except for one thing: he always talked so loudly, like white people do. Indians ordinarily talk quietly. So if one of them gets to carrying on a conversation in a loud voice, as some of the young people who have been away to school several years are likely to do, the Indians say, "Gone crazy." I guess that was the way they thought about my brother. When he got into conversation with other Indians he made more noise than a whole houseful of them put together.

But the schools are good. It has been lots of help to me to know how to read. I was reading not long ago about a man being shot up to the moon. He landed there on top of a mountain. Some people were in a valley, and he decided he would jump down to where they were. When he jumped, his parachute opened, but instead of landing again on the moon he lit back upon the earth, at some place in Europe.

I got to thinking about it, and it seems to me he must have made up some of his story. He said there is not any water in the moon. I don't see how people can be living there without water. Still, the whole thing was published in a magazine.

After I had read it I got out some nights and looked at the moon. I wonder how big is the gun they use to shoot a man up to it. Do you know, doctor?

THE RASPBERRY DRESS

ADA JACK CARVER

EUGÉNIE LASTON was nearly sixty.

When she was in her early forties she had put on deep black—a kerchief tied under her chin at home, and many veils when she went abroad—and had become an old woman. This was the custom among the people with whom she had lived since her marriage, a stocky, blue-eyed peasant folk who, in the days before the war, had drifted to the Louisiana bayous from Burgundy and the north of France. To these people the kerchief and the veils are a symbol: they signify that a woman has forever renounced the world, the flesh, and the devil.

But Eugénie hated her black clothes. They were irksome, distasteful to her. She hated the very smell of black. She could even taste it, a dull dyed color against the tongue. From the folds of the black kerchief her face, still beautifully pointed, looked out with rebellion. Her eyes, with yellow flecks in them, were sullen, lit at times with the flash of secret laughter.

In the community where Eugénie lived, women treasure innumerable bags and boxes. These boxes are filled with the trinkets, the fripperies of their youth. In one of her most secret places, hidden away under layers of ragged old quilts, Eugénie, unknown to her family,

hoarded her savings, nearly two hundred dollars in greenbacks and silver; money which, in old-woman ways, she had earned through the years: crocheting and knitting, piecing quilts, embroidering altar-cloths. . . . Eugénie had hoarded this money for a purpose.

When long ago she had put on a kerchief, she had said to herself, rebelliously: "Tchick! In a year or two, as soon as I get money enough, I'm going back to New Orleans, dressed fit to kill. I shall go and visit my good friend, Jeanie Jomette." . . . That was nearly twenty years ago. Life on the bayou was hard; and Eugénie had buried one child after another, with yellow fever and smallpox, little sickly blue-eyed girls. Now the two that were left to her were married and had girls of their own. But the prospect of her journey still lent purpose, direction, to Eugénie's days. She would go down by boat. That is the only way, of course, to approach New Orleans, in some sort of river-craft. She would buy herself a silken dress; and when she was out of sight, beyond Martin's Ferry, she would throw her kerchief overboard, into the black bayou water.

Every spring on Fat Tuesday Eugénie would say to herself, "I should have gone down for Mardi gras." And during the Lenten sea-

son, when people think of their sins, Eugénie muttered: "I better go down this Easter. I'm getting old."

And now the spring had come again; and for the first time in years Eugénie's two daughters were up and about, with no new baby on the way, and none underfoot. It would be a good time to go. Some fine day she would say to her daughters, Silla and Rose: "Me, I'm going away for a little trip. . . . A week or so. I'm going down to the city."

They wouldn't ask any questions. They had never understood their mother (they took after their father's folks), but they were respectful and dutiful girls. "Poor mama," they would say; "her mind's on the river." By which they did not refer to the sluggish stream that crawled in front of the door; when a Louisianian speaks of "the river" he means the Mississippi.

Eugénie was not of peasant stock. . . . In her youth she had drifted about from one house-boat to another. There were tales told of her birth; of how she was not really born at all, but was found by an old bayou ferryman curled up in the reeds, like Moses, wrapped in a gorgeous Spanish shawl . . . and crowing with delight at the blue, untroubled, monotonous drift of the water-hyacinths. . . . Later, when she was in her twenties, Eugénie had kept a "house of entertainment" on the river, below New Orleans. The big boats used to stop at her place; and the townspeople and the wealthy sugar-planters, when they had guests from the north, brought them out for gumbo and bouillabaisse suppers. On such occasions Eugénie would dance for them. One time, she remembered,

an artist had painted her in a red dress. "The Red Dress," he had called the picture. Eugénie remembered the dress well. It was made of pigeon-throat silk, and it dropped off of one shoulder. In one hand she had held a red fan. She had looked as if she were about to dance the Spanish fandango. . . . People had said that the artist was in love with her. Eugénie wondered sometimes what had become of the picture, and of the painter.

Perhaps because Eugénie's youth had been spent on the river, she remembered it so vividly. The Mississippi is queer. It does something to you. At times old Eugénie was vague, *distract*; and her sons-in-law would say she was daft. Then her Madonna daughters would get angry, offended. "You let mama alone! Her mind's on the river."

The goings-on of Eugénie's youth would have filled a book; for Eugénie had loved all over the State, clear down to the Ouachita River. Her past was in layers. Once when she was seventeen she had had a brief infatuation for a sailor from Buenos Aires. Ah, well, life was as tranquil, as meaningless now as an old outworn shoe. For Eugénie had been an old woman going on twenty years; and there were no steamboats any more, and no wine and no whisky. And the sun was too hot, and the moon was too cold, and she had too many granddaughters.

Holy Jesus! What a noise and to-do they made, swarming like flies, here, there, and everywhere, so a body could scarcely sleep. "Grand-mama, you is forget," they would say, "how people feel when they young."

Ah, but had she forgotten?

Eugénie's granddaughters began with little Fleurette, who was six, on up to Aline, sixteen and a half. Aline looked as Eugénie had looked when she was a girl—all French and Spanish; all languor and insolence, with the same red mouth and mournful eyes. What lying eyes the child had! "What's the matter with you, Aline?" the river boys would ask. "What's eatin' on you, honey? I reckon you need some lovin'."

Eugénie lived with her two daughters and their families in a rambling, rickety two-story abode made out of an old river steamboat. One daughter lived on the upper deck, and the other one down. Their husbands—shiftless, improvident, sleepy-eyed—picked moss and fished for a living and raised a little rice and sugarcane. Across each deck of the house, upstairs and down, a clothes-line was flung. What a lot of clothes it took for ten growing girls! It seemed to Eugénie that her two daughters did nothing but make dresses and wash them, so those chits would look decent and clean. The dresses were fashioned just alike, and of a grayish material bought by the bolt from the store. The girls, to look at them, might have been orphans, out of an orphan asylum. Sometimes Aline would rebel, with tears in her eyes. "I wish I had a dress, made out of some other color."

At such times old Eugénie, where she would be sitting smoking her corn-cob pipe, would smile to herself. "Aline, she gets that from me." And sometimes, when her daughters were out of earshot, Eugénie would call Aline to her side. "Come, *chère*." She would feel the girl's

slim thighs, and pinch her smooth round arm. "Wait. Maybe I got two bit, hid away . . . for a new ribbon, *hein*?"

Aline and the priest were the only fun and excitement old Eugénie ever had. The priest was very old too, and when he came to call, her daughters turned him over to Eugénie to be entertained. They had a feeling that there was something between these two, a common bond—because Eugénie and the father had both loved the old steamboat days; because Eugénie for her part had known life and living, and the father the white way of heaven. They were great cronies, these two, Eugénie and Father Brochet. The father had little creases in his cheeks, and a sense of humor. And somehow Eugénie felt that this good man, so close to God and the devil, understood her better than any one else on the bayou. Well, he ought to, of course. Had she not confessed all her sins, and become a good Catholic?

Eugénie's sins, purple and gold and scarlet, hung furled and tattered like battle-scarred flags in the arsenal of her heart. Sometimes, weeping, she took them out and looked at them, and put them away again. Such beautiful sins!—sins so near to goodness you could scarcely tell them apart; you could scarcely tell where the good left off and the bad began.

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One bright morning during this Lenten season, Eugénie's sons-in-law brought her a letter. "Who's writing to you from the city?" they asked. Eugénie hurried to her little room to read it. Her hand shook.

. . . The letter was from her old friend, Madame Jeanne Jomette.

"How are you getting along, Eugénie? . . . You remember the artist who painted you? He is boarding with me, and we sit and talk of old times. . . . I have a nice, fine house now, with plenty of room. If you ever come to the city. . . ."

This letter decided Eugénie, filled her with yearning. She would go down and visit Madame Jomette. On Easter Sunday morning she would take the train for Baton Rouge, and catch the excursion boat. . . . She set about at once making her preparations. She was as shameless, as secretive as an old mammy-cat. The week after next would be Easter. Already John Politte, who kept the meat and fish market in town, was grooming his Easter beef, the finest in all the country-side, which, on Easter Sunday, would be paraded through the streets in garlands of flowers. . . . Eugénie got her clothes in order: her petticoats, her "josies," her stockings, and her kerchiefs. When they were all ready she packed them into a bundle. Then she took her darning out to the deck. "I'll patch up them children's clothes, before I go 'way," she said. She sat and thought of her trip; of how she would buy for herself a fine silken dress; of how pleased Jeanne would be to see her again.

Upstairs Eugénie's daughter Silla was running her sewing-machine—*hum, hum, hum, hum!*—making Easter dresses for her children. Downstairs her daughter Rose was running *her* sewing-machine, making Easter dresses for *her* children. Scraps of dull grayish cloth littered the place.

"Bah! The color of river-bilge!" Eugénie said to herself. Eugénie, dozing, had Easter thoughts. "Look here!" she called once, shrilly, to her youngest granddaughters, who played near-by with their dollies. "Look here; you must be good children. Good little girls. I raised your mamas right."

The little girls looked up at Eugénie with pretty, intense, yellow eyes. Their little gold faces were eager, and Eugénie grew more vehement. "What long legs girls have these days," she thought, darning, "and how tall my granddaughters are getting! Soon they'll all be grown, and I'll be an old, old woman." Aloud she said: "Look here, Fleurette, you and Marie. You must never let the boys kiss you!"

"No, grandmama," the little girls answered, in shocked voices. And Marie, who was ten, piously clasped the hands of her dolly together as if it were praying. "No, granny."

Eugénie blinked at Marie, very fast, striving to keep her eyes open. "Marie," she said sternly, "is you been to catechism this week? Is you been to confession?"

Marie's voice was drowsy. She dropped her demure yellow eyes. "Yes, grandmama. I say to the father: 'Father, I accuse myself of—of slapping my little sister; of sassing my good kind grandmama, what darn all my clothes.'"

Eugénie grunted. The baby, with her sly little baby sins! She slapped at the gnats and the flies. The scent of sweet-olive stained the air; and along the bayou wild plum and haw lifted their bloom, like white lace spread out in the sun. . . . Presently there was talk from the

little girls, excited, staccato. "Yonder come Aline and her beau! I saw 'em first!"

Eugénie peeped through the shrubbery. It was nine o'clock in the morning, and that Jules, that lazy *garçon*, he ought to be out in the fields, instead of making love this time of day. Well, it wasn't like it used to be. Girls used to stay indoors till sundown to take care of their skins; nice, well mannered young ladies. They waited for the moon to do their courting. Eugénie peered, and the little girls peered. The eyes of the old woman and the eyes of the children were dark with excitement. Aline's beau parted from her lingeringly at the gate and went on down the road, playing on his mouth-organ. He played the lazy drawling grumble of a train, far off in the Indian pine-woods. He played the lonely mournful whistle of a steamboat. Well, he was just the sort of boy Eugénie used to like when she was young; tall, untroubled, indolent, with a lilting sway to his shoulders.

Once he turned and threw a beautiful careless kiss to the girl Aline. Eugénie could feel it in the air as it passed over her head. You could see at a glance that Aline was in love. She seemed to have bloomed overnight. It was just as if an artist had touched her up in places, a high-light here, a shadow there. Even the children could sense it. They looked at her and drew in their breaths. "Oh, Aline!" they screamed. Aline's slim hands strayed to the flowers; her eyes laughed in the face of the sun. She put her arms around her grandmother's neck. "Grandmama," she asked, "were you ever in love?"

Eugénie shook her off. Bah! The question was an insult. She began to rock very fast. "I don't think much of that boy, that Jules. How come he ain't at work, out in the field?"

But already Aline had forgotten Eugénie. She stepped over and through her little sisters, humming; and Eugénie, left to herself, laughed softly. In love! What did Aline know about love, such a baby? But for some reason Eugénie felt happy inside. Aline was just like she used to be, all Spanish and French. She would have to talk to Aline, give her a little lecture. "Look here, Aline," she would say, "you must never let the boys kiss you, *chère*." Eugénie felt pleasantly stirred, awakened. She liked to watch people in love. Time was when she had had a hand in every love-affair in the parish. She could no more help dabbling in love than she could help breathing.



The next morning at breakfast, upstairs with Silla, there was a heated discussion. Silla was the mother of Aline, and one day Eugénie took her meals with Silla upstairs, and the next day with Rose below. Eugénie, from her crowded seat far down at the foot of the table, heard Silla and Aline at it, having it nip and tuck. She listened. Aline, it seemed, wanted a store-bought dress for her Easter. There were tears in her voice; it seemed to be a life-and-death question. There were tears in Silla's voice too. "Look what done happen to her, since Aline go out with the boys! She got all kind of notion!" Aline's mother threw out her hands, with a knife in one and a

fork in the other. "Nothing don't suit her no more. Now she got to go gad about and dress like a fancy woman."

"Oh, but mama!" Aline threw out *her* hands, with a violet in one and a rose in the other—she had no use for a knife or a fork; she ate nothing at all any more. "Oh, but if you could see, mama, the so-pretty frocks in the stores! Red ones and pink ones, all trim in ruffle!"

Eugénie listened with interest and strained her old ears. She could just see those dresses the child described, fluffy and fussy, like crape-myrtle trees. She had raised her own daughters religious, but her grandchildren were different. She hadn't had much to do with them, with their upbringing; she had served her time when they came along. . . . Little lovely, secret things were always cropping out in them, things that puzzled their mothers. But Eugénie knew, understood. So the stores in town were full of dresses, dresses with ruffles! She got up from her place at the table, sly like a cat. "I believe, me, I go spend the day with Tante Antoinette," she said to her daughters, yawning. She went and washed her face and hands, and put on a fresh black "josie." She got out her black cotton gloves, her veils, and her Sunday shoes. And into her bag went some of her savings, sixty dollars in greenbacks.

Eugénie walked along the bayou until she reached Martin's Ferry. There she waited for the bus that would take her to town. She had not long to wait; it was Saturday, and the buses ran every hour, taking the country-folk in to trade. . . .

It is no uncommon sight in the streets of this town to see a little old black-garbed woman gazing wistfully in at the shop-windows, and holding tight to a worn black purse, as if afraid it will fly away.

The pretty town spread out along the bayou, under trees that were gold in the sunshine and purple deep in the shadows. Against mossy old walls and the sides of houses the crimson Rambler splashed; in the gardens were red Japonicas and rich double poppies. Through the heart of the spring ran crimson, the keynote, the motif. The earth is old, thought Eugénie, older than I am, older than any one is; yet it bedecks itself in scarlet twice a year, and in purple and gold. This year was a red season. Holy Mother! It would be a red Easter! Hats and frocks and parasols, petticoats and purses. Raspberry red, the shop-girls called it. Eugénie walked about, peering and gazing, dragging her tired, still sprightly old body.

Once, as she walked about, she passed the church, the beautiful gray-walled cathedral. Girls and young men and children passed in and out. Some, Eugénie knew, went in to confession—oh, the beautiful sins of youth! Eugénie went into the church to rest. Her back ached with the unaccustomed walking, and her old feet were tired. In the vestibule she paused and dipped her yellow fingers into the holy water, which an angel proffered her from a gold-fluted shell. In the church she knelt before a pew and then sat down. Near her, the plush curtains of a confessional stirred, were drawn closer together; and Eugénie sighed. It had been so long since she had known

remorse, contrition. She felt for her prayer-beads.

"Bless me, father, for I have sinned. I accuse myself, I an old woman, of desiring a raspberry dress." . . . She peeped about her, through her fingers. Well, purple and scarlet, pontifical colors, were not unknown to the church. Almighty God! Even the Virgin Mary was all in purple and crimson! . . . Eugénie got to her feet, and passed out of the church. It lacked but a day and a week until Easter; and Eugénie could see herself, all dressed up in red, going down to New Orleans. . . . What would the artist say? Would he remember? Her heart beat high with excitement; her still lovely pointed face grew flushed with laughter.

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It was hard to pick out the right one among so many. And they were all so different from the frocks she had loved and worn long ago. Eugénie would enter a store and stand about, pointing. "How much is that?" she would ask. "*Mais non*, and that?" At last she beheld a red dress and knew it as hers. A raspberry dress, with ruffles. It had a bodice and a rippling skirt, and the dress was forty-nine dollars—a fortune. "That one I want, that one," she whispered to the startled young clerk. She opened her bag, with the money tied up in a black cotton handkerchief. "And me, I want a pretty red fan."

Eugénie rode home on the bus, through drifts of flowers that lay along the marshes. The sky above the bayous changed from glory into glory. God made the heavens and earth, she thought, and mixed scarlet

in with the dying sun. God likes purple and scarlet. Well, when she had come back from New Orleans she would put away her finery, lock it up in her *armoire*. She would save it to be buried in, some far-distant day. How pleased the sweet angels would be!—so much white must grow tiresome in heaven.

When she reached Martin's Ferry, Eugénie got out of the bus. She went into the bushes and took off one of her three petticoats. In this she wrapped her dress and her fan. If she should encounter her daughters, she would say, "Just some old quilt-scrap that Tante Antoinette gave to me."

That night, when she was alone, Eugénie took out her raspberry dress, as she took out her sins, and looked at it and touched it and put it away again. How beautiful it was! As she lay in her narrow widow's bed she dreamed of it. How shocked they would be, the other old women, if they knew of her raspberry dress! Along the bayou, where old women wear black, there can be no sin like the sin of desirous and unholy age. Once in the night Eugénie got up and counted her money: more than enough to buy her a ticket down to the city and back, and have a big time in the bargain. She would go and stay at Madame Jomette's. How glad Jeanne would be to see her! "You are looking young," Jeanne would say. "The years have been good to you, *chère*."

Nights like these Eugénie could not sleep very well, with a moon as broad as a whisky-barrel coming up out of the bayou. The bayou water was high this spring. It came up and took all the windows, each little

window a picture, moving with blue water-hyacinths. Eugénie got up and stole out to the gallery, to the sagging deck of the old river steamboat. Trees closed about it; vines hung around it. It was moored and anchored to the earth, with its wanderings over forever. . . . Once as Eugénie sat there, she thought she heard some one sobbing. She got up and tiptoed to the little room where Aline, her granddaughter, slept. She peeped in at the one little window. "Aline, Aline . . . honey?"

But no sound came from within, only the deep breathing of a young girl asleep.

The next morning, a Sunday, it seemed to Eugénie that Aline looked pale. And her eyes were so mournful. "Aline, honey, what's the matter with you? I reckon you need some lovin'."

Well, whatever the trouble, it was something to do with that Jules, that lazy *garçon*. The two had quarreled perhaps, and to-morrow the child would be happy again. Eugénie was annoyed, and tried not to think of Aline. "Humph!" she said. "It ain't my affair, no!" But on the morrow Aline was more pale than ever. She was silent and very still, and Eugénie missed her laughter. "Look here, Silla," Eugénie said to her daughter, "how come you don't put a ruffle or two on Aline's little Easter dress?"

Silla gazed at her mother with her thin tired smile. "Dour" is not a French word. It is Scotch. But it describes the way Silla looked . . . "God in heaven, mama!" she cried. "A ruffle? For s'pose I put a ruffle on each one of them children's dresses? I wouldn't have time do

nothing else, just make ruffle." Silla looked into her mother's still lovely, discreet old eyes. "And beside, mama, you reckon Aline would have Easter thoughts, in a ruffled dress?"

Eugénie blinked. "Easter thoughts? Well, a girl like Aline needs a ruffle," she grumbled. "They go together, ruffles and girls."

Later that same morning Eugénie sought out her youngest granddaughters, Fleurette, and Marie who was ten. Children keep up with what's going on. They spy around and eavesdrop. "What's the matter with Aline?" their grandmama asked. "What's ailing your sister?"

The eyes of the little girls grew round. "Oh, don't you know, grandmama? Jules, he ain't been around for a week. She want him to come back and kiss her."

Eugénie shooed them away, like flies. Such children! But that night she sat up and listened. This time she knew; she was certain she heard Aline sobbing. She got up and crept to Aline's window, soft like a cat. Eugénie knew the sound of a girl's broken heart. Her own had been broken many a time, long ago. . . . The moon trailed a shimmering path on the water, like a lady with a long satin train. Eugénie crouched low and listened. Bah! She could spank Aline, pining away because of a boy's lazy laugh and the insolent shrug of his shoulders. Ah, but *she* knew! She knew how it was!

Eugénie crept back to bed. Perhaps to-morrow that Jules would come. But Jules did not come. Wednesday's sun rose and set, and still no Jules. Then Thursday, Good

Friday, and Saturday. On Saturday night, after every one had gone to bed, Eugénie walked boldly into Aline's room and lighted the little oil-lamp. This would be her last chance at Aline, for to-morrow she, Eugénie, would be gone; already her things were packed, in a bundle. Aline's Easter dress hung against the wall, a little gray slip of a thing, the color of bilge-water. Eugénie, grumbling, sat down by her granddaughter's bed, in the one little rickety chair.

"Me, I don't think much of that Jules," she began, hurriedly, "a boy that is like to die of the laziness. And beside—bah!—love, it ain't everything, *chère*. It is nothing."

But Eugénie knew she was lying, she, a priestess of love; and she knew that her granddaughter knew it. She stared at Aline. How lovely and pale the child looked, in her tumbled-up bed, her dark hair spread out on the pillow! From under Aline's pillow the beads of a rosary crept, bead by bead, like vicious little blue bugs. . . . So the child had been praying! Beside the bed was a little *prie-dieu*; so the child had been down on her knees! Eugénie felt indignant, afraid. What awful thing had happened, that Aline had had to go and tell God the Father about it?

Aline sat up in bed, her hands clasped about her bare knees; one shoulder was bare, and her round brown arms. This child, thought Eugénie, is my very own; more mine than my own two daughters. . . . "Love, it ain't nothing," she said hypocritically, slapping out at the flies. "Bah! It is less than nothing."

But Aline seemed not to hear her. "Grandmama." The girl's voice choked, grew husky. "I—I—she's a mean old hateful *town* girl, granny, all dress up in a pink ruffled dress."

Eugénie puffed on her pipe. She felt gladness, relief. So that was it!—another girl, a town girl. She looked at Aline and saw herself as she had looked long years ago. Then, lifting her eyes, she saw herself in a little cracked mirror above her head; saw herself as she was now, with a yellow, still beautifully pointed face, and old mournful eyes. Why, she'd look like a Mardi gras, all tricked out in red! Suddenly it seemed to Eugénie that nothing in the world mattered but to see this child's proud head again unbowed; to hear her laugh once more, in the face of the sun. . . . She was startled to hear herself saying: "Bah! What does a boy care for a pink dress, if there's a red one around?"

She blinked very fast, and got up, and reached for the little oil-lamp. She seemed to be somebody else, not herself. Feet that were not her own carried her to the door. "Come," she whispered, "come with me, *chère*. See what grandmama got, lock up in her press."

As she slipped the dress over Aline's head, there in the dead of night, it seemed to old Eugénie that strength flowed into the girl with those silky red ruffles. "My daughter Silla is a fool," thought Eugénie. "*Mon Dieu!* How is a girl to flirt properly without a red ruffle or two?" Aline in the red-ruffled dress looked tall as a princess. Her eyes were round and shining; her red mouth smiled. She unfurled the fan and

used it, as fans are meant to be used. She looked as if she were about to dance the Spanish fandango.

"Granny," she whispered, "granny . . . is you buy these so-pretty things just for *me*?"

Eugénie found herself nodding. "*Mais oui*," she said, "just for you."

She stared at Aline. Why, the girl was her very image, herself grown young again! But as she stared, some dim troubled memory stirred Eugénie's old unquiet heart. She began to cackle, her voice very thin.

"Aline, *chère*, you must be good girl. I raise your mama religious. Aline—" (What was this that she heard herself saying?) "Me, I'm saving some money for you, *mon enfant*, if you is good girl. For when you get marry, *hein*? To help buy a trousseau, and linen perhap, when time come for marry with Jules."

But Aline seemed not to have heard her. The girl's eyes were mournful, and strange. . . . And Eugénie grew more vehement.

"Aline—you must never let the boys kiss you. . . ." ~

The sun shone on the bayou, on the drifting and tedious hyacinths. And Eugénie, adjusting her kerchief, thought she had never seen so many lilies in bloom in the garden. There was something in Eugénie's blood, something French, that adored the lily. She went out to gather an armful to take to Easter service.

Ah, well, she must go to confession; she must be absolved from her sins, before she could receive the body and blood of the Christ. Not that she had very much to confess; just a few little colorless baby sins, like the sins of Marie who was ten. The old priest would go to sleep, as he listened. "Holy father, I accuse myself of finding fault with my two kind daughters, who provide me a home. I accuse myself of—of telling a lie, a little white lie, concerning a raspberry dress—"

The breath of the lilies was so thick, so intense, that Eugénie nodded above them.

CONFLICT

WILBERT SNOW

The sea is forever quivering,
The shore forever still;
And the boy who is born in a sea-coast town
Is born with a dual will:
The sun-burned rocks and beaches
Inveigle him to stay;
While every wave that breaches
Is a nudge to be up and away.

FROM RODEO TO ROTARY

Even Gentility Cannot Destroy the Pioneer Vision

ERNA FERGUSON

IN THEM days," said one old pioneer with a sigh for past joys, "nobody cared if a man took a drink—or even if he didn't." Broad-minded tolerance was the rule. "Them days" were in the eighties and nineties when the railroad had just struck Albuquerque and a handful of men were building the town. They were young men who could visualize a city back of the frame shanties with false fronts two stories high; who could foresee railroads, industries, vast populations, and a city life. They worked, they dreamed, they started preposterous projects for irrigation, for colonization, for capitalization; and on almost every count they failed. What they started to do, they did not do. They builded better than they knew, however, for they lived lives full of high endeavor; and while they died disappointed and a bit bewildered they left their children a heritage of the real spirit of the pioneer, which is the spirit of doing the best you can with what you have.

These builders were the gringos. When the American army marched into Texas during the Mexican War they sang a song, it is said, "Green Grows the Grass." The Mexicans, hearing that, coined the name "gringo," and it stuck. It is the scorn-

ful retort for "greaser" as applied to the Mexican. The gringos came from everywhere. Native Americans from all the Eastern States—keen-eyed, blue-eyed Yankees; fiery young Southerners; men of youth and promise from European countries; Jews eager for trade—a heterogeneous lot who amalgamated easily because of the magnitude of the job they had to do.

When they began to come, Albuquerque was a typical Mexican town. Sitting on the banks of the Rio Grande in a cottonwood grove, it had the open plaza of Spanish towns the world over, an ancient mission church, low rambling adobe houses, and peaceful quiet ways. Usually the plaza was a dust-pit. In wet weather it was a lake, and householders coming out in the early morning could shoot ducks from their front doors. Spanish was spoken. The States were far away, and only occasionally a strange creature came to trade in his harsh English speech. The first comers were trappers who followed the rivers, trapped the beaver, and hunted both Indians and game. Usually they married Indian or Mexican women and were absorbed into the life of the country, doing little to alter its old easy ways. The tales they carried back interested

others, however, and in time regular communication was established.

Then the wagon-trains were the big event of life. The town still dozed between trains. But when the wagons came it was a big day. For years everything was hauled across the plains. Grand pianos, a parlor organ, the boiler and engine for the first flour-mill, even brick to build houses, came on ox-drawn wagons. Traders established homes and opened stores on the plaza. Twice a year the men went east. In those days St. Louis was three long months from Albuquerque; or maybe Albuquerque was three months from St. Louis. Merchants from several towns usually combined for protection and elected a captain for the expedition. He rode horseback, often miles ahead of his outfit, scouted for Indians and located water-holes for camp. Hostile Apaches and Comanches roamed the plains; and sometimes, when they were on the war-path, an escort of "U. S. troops"—old-timers said U. S.—was allowed. This was only when the officers could be convinced that real danger menaced, and often the most hideous tragedies occurred when military escort had been refused. Sometimes, in dry seasons, the animals were forced to cover a two or even a three days' journey without water. Those were times of great anxiety and often of heavy loss, as the animals might falter and die.

When the going was usual, fifteen miles a day was considered good time. At night the animals were unyoked and allowed to roam under guard in search of food. If the Indians were dangerous the animals were penned into a hollow square

formed of the wagons. Each man made his own fire and cooked his own food, a ration of beans and coffee, supplemented by what could be bought in the towns, and the game with which the country was rich: buffalo, deer, antelope, and small game such as rabbit, quail, and duck. So the trader might live like a lord with all outdoors to breathe in, songs and stories at night by the camp-fire, the spice of danger, and profitable trading. When they reached St. Louis the wagons were unloaded of hides and pelts, buffalo-ropes, and silver bullion, and reloaded with goods for the frontier stores, farm implements, and necessities and luxuries for the homes.



All this brought rapid changes to Albuquerque. The calm of two centuries began to be broken by strange disturbing rumors. Restless gringos always wanted new things. For instance, a pump. Water for household use was in the old days hauled in hogsheads from the Rio Grande. Allowed to stand, the silt went to the bottom, and a more or less clear fluid could be drawn off for use. It was probably reasonably free from germs, and the town thrived on it. In time, however, the usual wild-eyed radical decided that water could be got more easily than by ox-power, and he sank a pump. It was the wonder of the countryside. People drove for miles to see the green-painted monster, from whose maw gushed a stream of water as clear and cold as a spring. When its ways were understood and Albuquerque had developed a sophisticated taste for clear water, the pump in the plaza became the center of the

town life. While men lolled smoking in the *portales*, women came for water with jars on their heads, treading gracefully in their sweeping black skirts and shawls.

Following close on the first water-works came Quong Lee, the first washee-washee. Quong Lee was naturalized at Fort Stanton, and he came to Albuquerque to make his fortune, which he did by the grace of the Celestial gods. One of Quong's patrons was Colonel Potter, a gentleman who liked clean shirts but who was not so eager about paying his bills. In time the colonel's account grew to such proportions that Quong protested. The colonel explained that he was temporarily out of funds but that he owned some very fine mining-stocks in the Cerrillos mines. He suggested that Quong accept the stock in lieu of cash. He showed certificates marvelous with gold seals; Quong's Oriental eye was caught, and the deal was made. Within the month along came General Ulysses S. Grant with a well organized group of New York suckers and bought all the mines in the Cerrillos region that he could get. Quong realized several thousand dollars and gratified the dream of his lifetime and a hatred as deep. He bought a carriage and a spanking team. He hired a fat darky and a fat German, for Quong hated darkies and Germans, and with them on the box he rode in state up and down the streets of the town. Finally Quong married one of those ladies known in that delicate age as "soiled doves" and moved to San Francisco, which was reported to be growing into a town even larger than Albuquerque.

A contemporary Denver news-

paper has left a picture of the Albuquerque of those days, the days of the Civil War, which touched the frontier only lightly when Confederate troops swooped in and out on their way to a battle or two. The Denver paper says: "Albuquerque has the tallest flagstaff, the finest Catholic church, and the worst-kept hotel in the territory. Here is the town where Sibley took his toddies while his Texans were being whipped by Coloradoans, here is where Ash Upson is now operating in the four-fold enterprise of editor, butcher, claim agent, and director of *bailes*." Your true pioneer was a man of versatility, and Mr. Upson was not the only citizen of Albuquerque with manifold enterprises. Mr. Brown, whose first name is forgotten, lived in the round adobe house at the foot of the flagstaff and operated as both barber and dentist. Dr. Faber, who wore a diamond stud even when his shirt was not clean and a tall silk hat even in the morning, was physician, undertaker, and justice of the peace. Those, in fact, were the days when a man was men.

Ash Upson's paper, which even in its ancient yellowed copies reflects the restless growing spirit of the times, was the "Albuquerque Review." Founded in 1862, the paper's policy was naturally strongly Republican and antislavery. It was also opposed to negro soldiers, a frequent complaint of the frontier. Its concentrated effort, copy after copy, was for the bringing of a railroad, "whose bands of steel should link the Atlantic and the Pacific and bring untold wealth" to New Mexico. The prompt payment of subscriptions also concerned Mr. Upson. In spite

of editorial announcement that all subscriptions were payable in advance, the editor often urged delinquent subscribers to pay up at once. Though the paper contained only four pages, Mr. Upson had space for comment on world affairs six months old, feature articles, and poems full of deep feeling. One such poem celebrated the virtues of Doña Victoriana Armijo de Perea, who died in October, 1865. The poem and the obituary did not appear until a December issue, but Mr. Upson was in no danger of being scooped by a rival, and probably the sob stuff and the poem took just so long to germinate and come to fruition in the editorial mind.

Always the gringo element was working for the coming of a railroad. Mexicans, fearful of change, held back. Old newspapers reflect the conflict. Francisco Perea ran for Congress on a platform opposing the railroad, on the ground that it would ruin the wagon freighting business. Edward Bradford built a hotel which he named the Atlantic and Pacific, in honor of the railroad he hoped would come. Mr. Bradford was a man to spare no expense. He shipped furniture, dishes, and featherbeds across the plains. He defied all precedent and had door and window frames of wood, a refinement considered a rank extravagance by a population accustomed to keeping out the cold with blankets hung in the openings.

Stimulated by Mr. Bradford's effort, later hotels grew in grandeur. There came a day after the arrival of the railroad, when one hotel manager decided that his patrons must wear coats in the dining-room. Conster-

nation, immediately followed by indignation, protestation. Anyhow they had no coats. Spot Moore, the manager, stood firm. No coats, no food. As his hostelry, the Armijo House, was the only place in town where a real meal could be had, the affair looked serious. A couple of cowboys, strong for the rights of man, protested with their fists. Moore, however, was willing to fight for gentle ways; he would do violence in his dining-room to save it from profanation, and he bested the insurgents in a fair fight. So the regulars scattered all over town looking for coats. Gentility had come to stay.

Meanwhile John and Mary Boyle were running their joint down on Front Street. Their guests were section-hands in from the railroad who cared little for grandeur but liked Mary's kindly ways and good Irish wit. All were welcome at Mary's house. All a man could eat, all a man could drink, and a place to sleep were his. Mary undertook to see that he was sobered up in time to go back to work on Monday morning. She even kindly took care of all pay-checks, merely asking a man to write his name on the back so that she would remember him. "Just put your name on your check, deary, so I'll remember you when you come again." If, on Monday morning, he usually found that he had used up all his cash and all his credit too, that was surely no reason for not appreciating Mary's hospitality. So the Bucket of Blood flourished.



By this time all Albuquerque had changed. In 1880, when the railroad came, its tracks were laid at the

foot of the inhospitable sand-hills a mile east of the pleasant shady town on the river. Then the town began a daily trek from Old Town to New Town. New Town was destined to win. The old church and the low adobe houses were left dreaming in the pastures, and the town grew up around the hideous red-painted station-house baking in the sand. Cool adobe houses were abandoned as not sufficiently progressive, and stores and saloons were built of boards. A town-site company was formed; the back pasture was cut up into building-lots and sold by the enterprising; and Albuquerque, New Town, began.

Not having enough money for two stories and not really needing two-storied houses, merchants still longed for "blocks" two stories high. So they ran up false fronts to the height of a second floor and painted windows up aloft. Narrow and tall they sat along the one street; Railroad Avenue, of course.

The street was a deep sandy stretch which became a series of stagnant pools in wet weather. To avoid floods the buildings were set high, sometimes as much as five feet above the street-level, and the board-walks were reached by steps. Under the walks dogs dozed and children played. Worn Studebaker wagons hitched to posts stood while their owners transacted business, Mexican ponies drooped over dropped rein, and every hour or so came the jingling street-car which brought passengers from Old Town to New Town. The car was not regular, but it was accommodating. The Mexican drivers, mounted on stools, smoking cigarettes, could be persuaded to

wait while a lady finished her shopping; rides were charged if change was lacking; and children were allowed to amuse themselves by driving the mules on dull days. In return the public was quite willing to admit that a driver might occasionally need a drink and to wait while he went into a saloon to get it.

The town was well supplied with saloons, an average of about four to the block. The greatest, perhaps, was the White Elephant, for many years a recognized institution of the Southwest. The men who fought and conquered Indians, and the Indians; the men who fought and put down lawlessness, and the lawless; the men who made and the men who broke the laws of the new Territory; the men who built the railroad; gamblers, politicians, the professional and business men of the town—everybody dropped in at the White Elephant. Its reputation was based on the absolute honesty of the games, on its magnificence and superior taste and the open-handed expenditure of money. No "hand-oil paintings" of naked ladies were more alluring than these. The solid mahogany bar and fixtures cost twelve thousand dollars. The very cuspidors cost fifteen dollars apiece. The bar was so long that fifty men could get their feet on the rail at one time, and often did. Play was so high that on one historic night twenty-four thousand dollars was taken in at the tables. An equally historic night, but one of less pleasant memory, was that on which a man blew in from Denver and won eleven thousand dollars.

Vying with the saloons in popularity was Trimble's Livery Barn where the town's socially unambitious

forgathered. On sunny days they sat in the shadow of the high boardwalk. On cool days they dangled their legs from its edge. Craps, stories, and general gossip were varied by an occasional cock or dog fight back of the stable. Many a bit of business was started there. Teamsters, coal and ice and butter and egg men, met and traded. Real-estate transfers were undertaken. When preliminaries had been arranged the meeting adjourned to a saloon, the town's most popular lawyer was called in to make the papers, and everybody took a drink. "For in them days, nobody cared if a man took a drink—or even if he didn't."

Law, in the early days, was adequately administered by the sheriff. For many years that office was held either by Perfecto Armijo or Santiago Baca, both Castilians of true blue blood, both men who commanded the respect of Mexican and gringo alike. The sheriff was elected, of course, by the suffrage of free and independent citizens. But in Albuquerque there was a preliminary formality not specified in the constitution.

Before election each of the candidates rode out into the mountains and on to the range and brought in as many lusty followers as he could. Usually each side put on a parade. Usually the two parades met in front of the Armijo House. Usually something started trouble. In short, usually there was a great free-for-all fight. Stones, the butt-ends of guns, fists, and two languages were the weapons used. Apparently the thing did not rise to the height of killings. It was just a neighborhood ruction, observed with pleasure and

interest by the remainder of the population seated at ease on the roofs, in the windows, or on the steps of the Armijo House. Later they all went to the polls and voted, as a matter of course, for the victor of the preliminary row—the primary of those days.

Though honors were thus divided, Perfecto was really everybody's favorite sheriff. A gray-eyed sandy-haired Castilian, he was friend of both Mexican and gringo; he commanded the respect of the most progressive Americans; and he was the answer to the old misconception of the Mexican as a coward. Perfecto was as brave as a lion, and to this day all old-timers will tell with joy and chuckles of his doings. Everybody knows of the time when three drunken Texas cowboys tried conclusions with the "little greaser" and found themselves flat in the dust and seeing stars. Nothing gives more joy to the raconteurs than the well founded tradition that Perfecto carried no gun and that he was quicker with his fist than the best known gunman with his shooter.

As time passed, however, the trains brought in more and rougher citizens and more sophisticated youngsters from Eastern law and medical colleges, and more formal living came about. A city government was established, and a city marshal was elected. The first holder of that office was Milton Yarberry, a Texan himself, quick on the draw, and understanding well the ways of bad men. Yarberry was a good marshal for a while. Then he began to feel his authority, and he killed a couple of men. The first affair, the killing of a man named Brown, involved a woman, and the

jury, recognizing a private fight when it saw one, acquitted Yarberry. On the second occasion Yarberry exceeded his authority. On a stormy night, Campbell, a harmless carpenter, was struggling along against a stinging blowing wall of sand, when Yarberry, probably drunk, ordered him to halt. Campbell, either not hearing or not heeding, did not stop, and Yarberry, angered, shot. Perfecto knew that his friend was in real danger that time, and he offered him a horse and a chance to escape, but Yarberry would not go, expecting his friends to save him at the end. But he had gone too far. He was formally tried, found guilty, and sentenced to hang. The hanging of Yarberry was quite the event of the season, and cards of admission were issued by the sheriff. The leading man was allowed to play his part as he wished. He wished to express his opinion of the friends who had failed him, and he expressed it fully, freely, and vituperatively. Standing on the gallows with the rope around his neck, Yarberry cursed them all up and down. Finally he turned to the sheriff. "How much time have I, Perfecto?" "All you want," answered Perfecto, and closed his watch with a snap, which was the signal to the hangman. The rope was cut, the weight dropped, and Yarberry was jerked off his feet in the midst of a sentence. So he learned that real civilization had come to stay.

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Following law and order came many gentler demonstrations. A commercial club was founded, for instance. The rules pointed out that wine would be served to gentle-

men on request by the steward except on ladies' night, when there would be dancing in the lounge. A committee of women selected a particular sandy stretch for the city park. They planted trees and put up a fence to keep out the town's milch cows wandering home at night-fall. The children carried water faithfully to those trees, which now stand like monarchs of some primeval forest. Mrs. Frances Willard came herself to organize the W.C. T.U. A library was founded. A volunteer fire company was organized. In time they acquired a truck and uniforms. When the iron bell was rung by the discoverer of the conflagration, all members of the company rushed home for the uniforms. Then they brought out the truck, hitched it on behind one of Oakey's hacks, and proceeded in proper form to what might be left of the fire. Socially the firemen were most important, and the firemen's ball was the conspicuous event of the season.

In the nineties there was bull-fighting, introduced by Jacobo Yrisarri. He built a bull-ring of the approved style and brought from Old Mexico a toreador of wide reputation and beautiful name, Antonio Fuentes. Fuentes had the beauty of a Valentino and a verve and snap in action which made him the idol of both men and women. In fact bull-fighting was a profitable sport while it lasted, both with the inhabitants of Old Town who might have been expected to inherit a fondness for it, and with the inhabitants of New Town who should not have approved it at all.

In addition to Fuentes a company of matadors, picadors, and ordinary

bull-tenders was brought in. The bulls were real ones from the Staked Plains, and many a gory fight delighted the Rio Grande Valley folk from Santa Fé to Socorro. Old Town made the most of the occasion, with flags and guns and everything to sell.

Two sad episodes brought the royal sport to an end. One was a bull who would not play and who responded to all the airy temptations of the picadors only with a dull incurious eye. He had to be removed for his more fitting end in the slaughter-house. On the other occasion the bull showed too much fight. Quite unexpectedly he turned on his tormentors, ran them around the arena, and finally reduced them to the very unsportsmanlike method of attacking him from the rear. This so incensed the audience that they threatened vengeance on the bull-fighters, and the sheriff was obliged to end the fight in order to save them.

Fuentes stayed around for some time, making love to the señoritas. But by the end of two years his money was spent, his gay spirit broken, and one summer afternoon he was found on the steps of the jail, stabbed to death with one of his own daggers. So the royal sport came to an end with the royal fighter, and Albuquerque lost its Valentino.

Another event of sporting interest was the Territorial fair which was put on in 1881 and which proved to be the first of a long succession of fairs. Racing was the drawing card. Horses were imported from Colorado, from Texas, even, rumor said, from Kentucky's blue-grass

region. A race-track was graded near the river, a grand stand built, the newspapers shrieked with enthusiastic forecastings. The races were all that had been hoped. Money changed hands in rapidly increasing sums from railroad magnate to cowboy, from miner to professional man, from Mexican to gringo and back again. Even the owners who had first protested at the accommodations offered their horses were appeased and eagerly contracted to come again. Roulette-wheels spun wildly, peanut and popcorn sellers did a thriving business, as did the venders of "spiced lemonade" beneath the grand stand, where ladies of voluptuous beauty reigned.

The governor of New Mexico that year was Lew Wallace, then engaged in writing "Ben-Hur." The governor came from Santa Fé as an honored guest, driving sixty-five miles to attend the fair. The president of the fair, anticipating the governor of North Carolina, said: "Governor, I have some fine old bourbon. Would you, do you—" "Bring it on, governor; bring it on," boomed Governor Wallace, anticipating the governor of South Carolina. Such geniality prevailed at that fair that even an unseasonable downpour of rain could not spoil it. The exhibits of fine old Spanish shawls and embroideries were ruined. The agricultural and mining exhibits got stuck in the mud and never arrived at all. But Albuquerque was doing things, and it held its next fair according to plan.

Since those days everything has changed. Paved streets are now the town's boast. People who used

to build adobe houses and paint them to look like brick are now building stucco houses to look like adobe. Country clubs, luncheon clubs, women's clubs, everything of the Eastern order flourishes where the vision of young men once evoked a town from desolate stretches of sand. But the pioneer vision is not gone. The young men of to-day are still obsessed by visions, still marching on to a greater Albu-

querque. The sons of the men who sat under the boardwalk by Trimble's Livery Barn now ride in limousines to the Rotary luncheon at the Franciscan Hotel. They make speeches in which they promise each other increased population, industries, more new railroads, a more citified life. And a great sign-board outside the city welcomes strangers to a town which will have a population of "50,000 by 1930."

AT THE POETRY CONTEST

For J. E.

BARBARA MADISON TUNNELL

She holds no brief for birds and flowers and spring,
 Nor dusk nor dawn ensnare her wary pen
 (Let the light-hearted say the soulful thing;
 Let the sore-stricken masquerade again).
 With gesture gay and glib and pert phrase pat,
 She writes of impish wraiths, frail facile hands,
 Babbitts and blondes, a spry and reckless hat,
 A windy clothes-line, tea, fantastic lands.
 Wilful, gamine, she scorns an earnest art;
 In domino, to carnival she hies,
 Perches a cap-and-bells upon her heart,
 And flings confetti on the staid and wise.

"Her subjects are too slight," the judges say,
 And thus profoundly go their witless way.

THE AFFAIR OF MONSIEUR AND MADAME

JAMES MAHONEY

"BUT, WARM or cold," concluded the ex-conductor of taxis, wiping from his brow the perspiration sweated upon it by the vividness of his memory, "that is not, one must confess, the pleasantest thing to find in one's taxi."

¶ They shivered, all of them, at Ventrillon's dinner at that expensive Café de la Victoire; and in the bright, squat-mirrored, *art-nouveau* private dining-room, there stirred for the moment an uneasy silence.

The beautiful Madame de Rigmaraule sat mute and motionless in her draperies of mourning purple, a single scarlet blossom like an open wound beneath her left breast. She had said nothing, done nothing; and nobody but Ventrillon had noticed even that. But from the very beginning of the tale, her face had grown continually paler beneath its brown dust of Brunette powder; her scarlet-enameled lips, which, when parted upon her huge yellow teeth, made of her the living embodiment of a poster-artist's idea of a courtesan of the cafés, had become compressed almost to invisibility; her bosom, what fashion had left of it, had heaved ever more rapidly; and, by some subtle contagion, quite without their knowing whence it spread, the nervous intensity of her interest had extended to all the rest.

Ventrillon watched her, his dark

eyes deepening in wonder, as he became aware of an arresting possibility behind what he saw. "Sacré Ventrillon!" he said under his breath.

If that possibility should prove to be a certainty, there was within his power a *coup de théâtre* which, if anything could, might turn that dinner of his into a success after all; and that, as one will see, was absolutely imperative. But that was not all. It would set Madame de Rigmaraule forever free from the responsibility which, until then, had blighted her life, and that would be virtuous. And it was not beyond the range of possibility that, through her gratitude, it might enable him to manage a commission for her portrait; and that, in the case of a woman with a millionaire for a husband, was a detail not to be ignored.

Then, quietly, unobtrusively, nobody but Ventrillon knew exactly when, Madame de Rigmaraule did the thing that convinced him.

"Ought I, or ought I not?" asked Ventrillon. "The answer is: I shall."

But who was this Ventrillon, this slim youth with eyes that were precocious connoisseurs of all the fruits on the tree of knowledge, but with the countenance of one into whose diet none of those delicacies had as yet entered? Ventrillon was Ventrillon. Aside from that, he painted, as nobody but Ventrillon

could paint, or perhaps the devil himself. But he was not in the habit of giving dinners. He was hardly in the habit of eating them. Not regularly, at least, and never at that expensive *Café de la Victoire*.

But that dinner was not banal. There was the ex-conductor of taxis. There was the very blonde and very ample café singer who had brought him. There was an authentic Russian princess who in her exile had, at middle age, found freedom—and was making the most of it. There was a dancing-man from Montmartre who existed only to produce an effect of ultra-chic, even at the risk of looking exactly like a dancing-man—and was one, though only one, of her ways of making the most of it. There was a brusque old lady of eighty-six who had just returned from crossing the Sahara Desert on a camel. She had brought her grandson, a corpulent youth of eighteen—"to see a little of life," she said. "Great hulk that he is, he is still too innocent to understand his prayer-book." There were a little typist who posed on the side as a photographer's model for picture postcards, a bulky piano-tuner with communist tendencies, an American girl who was "studying voice," and a young government employee who, she thought, looked like a count. Also there was a sour-visaged little old maid who had come alone, tightly shirt-waisted to chin and wrists, ate not a morsel of food, and spent her time glaring with malevolent suspicion at each of the others in turn. Also there was little Trictrac, the poet, who was not a guest. And also there were Monsieur and Madame de Rigmaraule.

But least banal of all was the fact that until they had entered that room Ventrillon, their host, had never set eyes on any of his guests; that is to say, with the exception of Monsieur and Madame de Rigmaraule. And he had first set eyes on them only that afternoon.

He had often heard of them, of course. Who that had ever been in Paris had not? Who indeed in the whole civilized world had not heard of the fatal loveliness of that somber lady, Madame de Rigmaraule?

Of all that was told of her, however, all that was known for certain was that, with all her fatal loveliness, she was—amazing fact!—respectable as the Mother of God, and that for that fatal loveliness, somewhere, somehow, a man had died.

As for Monsieur de Rigmaraule, Monsieur de Rigmaraule was the husband of Madame de Rigmaraule.

Before that he had been a certain Achille de Rigmaraule who imported frozen beef from the Argentine, and his existence had been only one of the things that are as they are. Even during the war, he had been forced, for supply of the army and the nation, to continue precisely that existence, precisely as it was. But it had made him a millionaire. Whereupon Madame de Rigmaraule, then a widow, had married him.

For him the marriage had been epic. He, Achille de Rigmaraule, pure and simple, very pure and very simple, expecting nothing from the exhilarating pageant of life, getting nothing from it save a fair profit on frozen beef from the Argentine, had been married by one of the great and tragic figures in it, a lady for desire of whose fatal loveliness a man had

died. It was exactly as if he had been married by Helen of Troy.

Such was Ventrillon's dinner. But until the tale of the ex-conductor of taxis, nothing had happened. Nothing, that is, save what has happened to the miserable host at many a more conventional affair.

When the first flutter of arrival and introduction had subsided, though they continued to smile politely, he found their eyes continually meeting his, inimically, helplessly, accusingly, fixing upon his youthful shoulders alone the blame, as who should say: "Eh b'en, here we are! But why the devil are we?"

So he had set them talking upon the topic, The Most Terrible Experience of My Life.

"Whatever it leads to," he thought hopefully, "they will at least have an opportunity to tell about their operations for appendicitis."

It had led to the tale of the ex-conductor of taxis.

His most terrible experience had taken place while he was yet a simple conductor of taxis. One moonless night, in an unfrequented and sinister quarter, he had opened the door of his taxi to find inside a faint smell like the taste of bitter almonds, a small glass vial glittering on the seat in the gas-light that streamed green-cold through the window, and, sprawling in one corner, with its mouth and eyes wide open, the corpse of a young man, which stared at the roof of the taxi like a lost soul listening to its damnation read from above. The ex-conductor of taxis, under the nameless fascination that compelled him, had put out his hand and touched it. It was still quite warm. But, warm or cold, it was

not the pleasantest thing in the world to find in one's taxi.

The dancing-man broke the silence. "I must confess, *moi*," he lisped superciliously, "that I have never owned a taxi."

"Oh, close your trap, Fernand!" exclaimed the authentic Russian princess. It is astonishing how these Russians pick up languages, even language; and the princess adored Montmartre. "Of course you haven't. You can't even afford to hire one."

But these remarks went entirely unheard. One by one the rest of the company had turned to stare with Ventrillon down the long table to that end where sat Madame de Rigmarauale. Then they pushed back their chairs and rushed to her aid.

Quietly, unobtrusively, nobody but Ventrillon knew exactly when, Madame de Rigmarauale had fainted.

It must be admitted that she had done it becomingly, even magnificently. Instead of falling forward with her head and hair in the sauce of her *perdrix truffée*, the tall woman had draped herself handsomely over the back of her chair, the folds of her purple garments flowing from her, clinging to her, like her own somber past, and the scarlet blossom bleeding stanchlessly among them.

"Thank God!" cried the American girl with emotion; "at last this party is getting a little pep to it!"

"Sacré Ventrillon!" repeated Ventrillon. "Madame de Rigmarauale was the woman in that taxi!"

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That woman, heavily veiled, and wrapped in an opera-cloak, had first appeared in the tale of the ex-conductor of taxis, waiting in the shadow of the entrance of a great house in the

Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. A striped canopy made a canvas tunnel from the doorway to the curb. The house was illuminated brilliantly, and there was the sound of an orchestra playing a love-waltz inside. At the curb a young man of the last elegance was frantically signaling the taxi with his top-hat.

Doubtless because of his preoccupation with other matters, when the pair entered the taxi, the young man neglected to give an address, and when the driver politely pointed out the omission, he exclaimed impatiently, "Oh, the outer boulevards, of course!"

"But what point in the outer boulevards, monsieur?"

"All points, name of God!" shouted the young man, and shut the door, immediately opening it again to add, "And take as long as you like to arrive at them!" Whereupon he slammed it shut to stay.

Now, the ex-conductor of taxis was not unaccustomed to veiled ladies, nor to such commands from the young men who accompanied them. It was not until, after two hours spent in circling the outer boulevards, the young man had parted with the lady at her door in the Avenue Victor Hugo, and was about to enter the taxi again, that there came the first hint that this was no ordinary affair.

"Now you may as well take me home," he said wearily; "not that it matters."

His face was pale, and his voice so hoarse it was a whisper. But the address he gave so stupefied the driver that he did not at first consider those details. It was 69 Rue de Buffon, and that is in a shabby

tumbledown quarter where the walls and bars of the Jardin des Plantes make one think of a prison-yard, and is not an address for a fashionable young man who frequents balls in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne and drives about in taxis with ladies from the Avenue Victor Hugo. The driver was still pondering this incongruity when, in that quarter, he opened the door for the young man to descend. Then he had ceased to ponder anything at all. For he had found what he had found.

"I know there is a God," said Ventrillon, hugging his young stomach and beginning at last really to enjoy the warmth and comfort of the food and wine that filled it, "for although it was only Madame Luck who provided my other guests, who but the good God Himself could have sent me Monsieur and Madame de Rigmaraule?"

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As Ventrillon prowled restlessly up and down the boulevards the afternoon the good God sent him the Rigmaraules, from every table where sat alone one of those little ladies who sit there alone—though alone no longer than they can help it—her gaze would follow him, at first expectantly, and then regretfully, until he disappeared in the strolling crowds. His eyes, questing hungrily beneath the gay awnings of the cafés, seemed to betray a state of mind which, to them, was interesting to say the least. Also he was young, with the grace of a mythical demigod and the countenance of a Christian archangel; and although those questing eyes had evidently seen too much that was neither mythical nor Christian, they

held for those little ladies a promise of that theoretical something beyond the beyond, toward which their faith still yearned undestroyed by practice. Much practice.

"Besides," said each to herself at the undeniable elegance of his costume, "indubitably he is rich."

But they were wrong, all of them, and on all counts. He had not in all the world a single copper sou, and those hungry eyes of his were seeking only some acquaintance, any acquaintance, whom he might inveigle into buying him a meal. Or at least a bock.

"It is curious," he mused disconsolately, "how, when one's pockets are full, one meets one's acquaintances everywhere; but when they are empty, they have all left town." But such philosophizing does not, as say those practical Americans, buy the baby shoes. Nor had it in all that day bought Ventrillon a meal. Nor even a bock.

At last, however, before the Café de la Victoire, he stopped short and repressed a shout of delight.

Among the fashionable idlers on the *terrasse* of that expensive café sat his old friend, Tric-trac, alone, and slowly consuming—yes, it was a bock! Ventrillon's thirst drew with renewed insistence at his throat. Also on the table before Tric-trac, like a porcelain Tower of Pisa, leaned an incredibly tall stack of saucers from previous bocks. "Fourteen!" counted Ventrillon in excitement. "It is not a poem he has sold but a novel! Fourteen! No, it is a play—"

But that was not all. The moment his eye fell upon Ventrillon, Tric-trac sprang to his feet, and with

his face alight, and both hands outstretched, came running toward him. "Ah, Ventri, my old post!" he cried effusively. "My comrade most dear! And just when I need you most! I am in the most ghastly situation—*épouvantable*, I assure you! Come and sit down with me and I shall tell you all!"

Ventrillon controlled the avid outburst of joy within his stomach, and accepted the offered seat. "In the meanwhile," he said graciously, "I permit you to offer me a bock."

"A bock!" cried Tric-trac in horror. "No, in the name of God, my calf! It was a bock that ruined me! I had gone all day without food or drink and could find no friend from whom to ask a loan. I could endure my thirst no longer. So I entered here and ordered a bock. Surely at last some friend will pass, I said to myself, and he will pay for it. But no friend passed. For fear that the waiter would demand to be paid, I had to order another. Thus I have drunk fourteen. Regard me my buttons!" He stood upright, and truly, upon his swollen little stomach, his waistcoat buttons were like the buttons in tufted upholstery. "If I leave I shall be arrested. If I stay I burst. Thank God, you have come at last!"

Ventrillon stared and he swore. "And we trouble to maintain a life which is like this! *Mon vieux*, I haven't a sou! Not a commission in more than two months, and this morning my landlady put me out with nothing but what I could walk out in."

"But—but," stammered Tric-trac incredulously, "but when I saw you, you looked so—so sacredly p-prosperous!"

"Naturally," said Ventrillon, "I chose to walk out in my best. But all day I have regretted it. I am convinced there was a piece of two sous in the pockets of my old corduroys, and there are places where it would buy me a beer."

Tric-trac's face went greenish white about the corners of his mouth. "Oh, Ventri," he blubbered, full of beer and emotion, "you were my last hope! My landlady put me out this morning t-too!"

He collapsed into his chair, with the result that the Tower of Pisa toppled and fell, its elemental disks shattering into fragments on the pavement. "Oh, my God!" groaned Tric-trac, "now there is breakage to pay as well!"

"Your last hope!" cried Ventrillon, "and you, Tric-trac, were mine! Does that mean nothing to you? As long as there is hope, there is the risk of disappointment. Without hope there is no longer any risk of anything at all. That is why the eyes of pessimists are so gay, while the eyes of optimists are so sad. Waiter! Two bocks! And include these others—and the débris—in my *addition*!"

"Oh, God!" moaned Tric-trac, "do I have to drink another?"

"My friend," said Ventrillon, "I shall do you the inestimable favor of drinking them both."

"But how will we pay, Ventri? How will we pay?"

"In our present condition of finances, can we not pay as easily for sixteen as for fourteen? We can, in fact, pay as easily for sixteen dinners—"

Upon these significant words from his own mouth Ventrillon stopped

short. Then suddenly he leaned across the table and grasped Tric-trac's arm so tightly that he winced.

"*Ecoutez*, Tric-trac," he said; "if we attempt to leave this place we shall be arrested. If we stay, your capacity for beer has been exhausted, but we can both eat. In fact, we *must* eat! Then why shall we not order those sixteen dinners?"

"But why sixteen, Ventri?"

"Why not? Unless you have a prejudice against even numbers—"

"But we cannot eat sixteen!"

"There's no reason why we should eat more than one apiece—unless we so desire. Our guests can eat the others."

"Our guests!"

"Yes, my friend. I have always wanted to be present at a dinner-party where they served champagne and *perdrix truffée*. For two reasons. I have tasted champagne. And I have never tasted *perdrix truffée*."

"Champagne!" gasped Tric-trac. "*Perdrix truffée*! Oh, Ventri, if only one could! But who would pay? God knows we cannot!"

"Too much beer," said Ventrillon, "renders one stupider than I had supposed. If we cannot pay, who will be left to pay? Obviously those guests!"

Tric-trac gaped. "But we should be arrested!" he objected.

"Then we should have somewhere to spend the night," said Ventrillon.

"Yes, at the prefecture of the police!"

"But why should we be arrested? Why cannot something happen at that dinner-party to make it so great a success that they will be glad to pay? In that case we could even take up a collection."

"A collection!" For a moment Tric-trac regarded Ventrillon with unqualified admiration. Then again doubt dragged down the corners of his mouth. "But," he said, "if nothing happens—"

"When I am there," said Ventrillon, "something always happens. And the party I contemplate is one at which it is practically certain to be almost anything. Name of a dog! Look, Tric-trac! What a beautiful woman!"

Tric-trac turned. A tall woman in draperies of mourning purple, with a single scarlet flower beneath her left breast, had descended from a taxi and was sweeping her way in like a goddess toward the *terrasse*, continually dropping things as she walked. She dropped a bracelet, a lip-stick, a handkerchief, a cigarette-case, a theater program, an embroidered bag, and a small sable choker. A fat little man who followed her like a worshiping lap-dog picked them up.

"It is Madame de Rigmaraule," said Tric-trac.

"Ah!" exclaimed Ventrillon. "The beautiful Madame de Rigmaraule!"

To his astonishment, he soon became aware, in spite of the effect she produced, that the hands of the beautiful Madame de Rigmaraule were large, that her ankles were large, that her large-featured face beneath its applied brown and scarlet was that of an ordinary bourgeois housewife, mustache and all, and that her figure, lean and large-boned beneath its somber draperies, bore at important points an undeniable resemblance to that of a marasmic ox. Yet as she made her way in among the tables those draperies flowed with a consciousness of great beauty,

and the consciousness of the consciousness of others of that beauty, and all along the *terrasse* they whispered reverently: "Look! It is the beautiful Madame de Rigmaraule—the one for whom a man once died!"

She did not, like a female politician, or a successful procuress owning real estate, demand attention. She accepted it, carrying her head as one who must perforce receive deference accorded her for something neither her merit nor her fault.

"Sacred morning!" swore Ventrillon, astounded. "She is not beautiful at all. It is simply that she behaves exactly as if she were. That ought to be ridiculous. I wonder why it is not."

The reason, he decided, was to be found in the sadness written upon her face, the profound tragedy buried in her great sorrowing eyes. "How she must have suffered!" he thought with a pang, and brooded a moment with his eyes fixed upon that weary painted face. Then he shrugged his shoulders.

"But why," he said to Tric-trac, "should I waste tears upon the sorrows of others, when we may need them for our own? Besides, we have barely time to invite our guests—"

"But whom can we invite? It is evident that nobody we know is in town—"

"Ah, if that is all that disturbs you, watch me and learn wisdom. Waiter! A telephone directory, and a pair of dice!"

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Their waiter, in a state of excitement verging upon the apoplectic, rushed to the desk of the proprietor. "Monsieur!" he burst out, "a young man has just ordered a dinner for six—"

teen in the dining-room of the *première*! He insists upon champagne and *perdrix truffée*, but leaves the rest of the menu to our discretion—expenses not to be considered! And an *addition* of sixteen bocks he and his friend have already drunk to be charged on the *addition* of the dinner—and the breakage of all the saucers!”

“But is that a thing to excite one’s self about?” demanded the proprietor impatiently. “It is not, thank heaven, the first dinner ever ordered in the dining-room of the *première*—”

“But, monsieur, you have not seen what they are doing! They are sticking pins in the telephone directory for the names of the bureaux of control, and throwing dice for the numbers—in order to telephone invitations to guests of whom they do not even know the names! Monsieur, I think they are both mad.”

“No,” considered the proprietor. “Sixteen bocks. They’re Americans.”

“But, monsieur, they speak the best French! They know all the gross words!”

“They always learn the gross words first. You will accept the order of these Americans and assure them of the most excellent service.”

Ventrillon and Tric-trac were in the *cabinet téléphonique*. Ventrillon had asked for madame. In every case he asked for madame.

“The wrong number, madame?” he was protesting. “Why must one complicate the designs of God by assigning moral values even to telephone numbers? What is there of good or evil in the courses of the stars or of right or wrong in the arrangement of the universe? Moral values, madame, have been invented

entirely by man, and exist only in his imagination. Let us then accept the wisdom of God and say that no telephone number is the wrong number, especially if it leads to a voice as charming as your own. . . . Ah, if you are afraid to come? . . . But each lady is to invite also an escort. . . . Anybody you please, madame. Your husband, your fiancé, your—your—let us say, friend—or even, if you like, a *sergent de ville*. . . . If it is that you do not want to come, why not say the cruel words direct? . . . Then, why not come? . . . But no, madame, it is no joke. You may telephone the management of the café. . . . Ah!” he said, turning to Tric-trac, “there is a woman who understands life. She says she knows she ought not, but she will. Now, two more places to fill—”

Back at their table, Ventrillon threw the dice, while Tric-trac, his eyes tightly closed, thrust his scarf-pin at random into the open telephone directory. Tric-trac opened first one eye and then the other. “Elysée,” he said.

“Two-six,” read Ventrillon from the dice, and then, “five-one.”

But Elysée 26-51 was never to be called. For it was at that moment that Ventrillon felt a timorous tug at his sleeve, and looked up to behold a fat little man who stood there flustered, blushing, and stammering excuses. “You will pardon my intrusion, messieurs,” he said. “I assure you that I am not in the habit of doing such things—but the lady who is with me insisted—” It was the little man who had accompanied Madame de Rigmarauale.

“Your wife, monsieur?” inquired Ventrillon comprehendingly.

"Ah!" said the little man with the sudden confidence of one discovering a confrère, "then monsieur too is married?"

"Oh, no, monsieur," said Ventrillon; "my knowledge is purely academic."

"But *my wife*," said Monsieur de Rigmaraule, "is no ordinary woman. I dare say you have already observed her remarkable beauty? We need make no secret of it, messieurs, that a man has died for her. I dare say that surprises you—*hein?*—in the wife of one who was only an importer of frozen beef from the Argentine—and a little man besides. She has sent me, messieurs, to ask the pleasure of your company for a few moments at our table."

"*Ecoutez, Tric-trac!*" whispered Ventrillon the moment the back of the little man was turned, as he trotted off ahead for all the world like a dog that has successfully executed its master's command; "this Rigmaraule is rich, *pas?*"

"He is a millionaire."

"And his wife is a celebrated beauty. And I have not had a commission in more than two months. *Tric-trac*, we shall cultivate the acquaintance of these Rigmaraules!"

Madame de Rigmaraule, with her hands clasped against her cheek, fixed upon them her great stricken eyes. "Messieurs," she said in her plangent voice of sorrow, "you must forgive the impertinence of the request I am about to make. This life is sometimes very cruel, messieurs. One is made as one is made, and one cannot help that. But sometimes, because of the way one is made, one can be the cause of

appalling things. Surely it is not one's fault, messieurs, and yet one must suffer the remorse. One can only strive to forget. One spends whole nights going from one place to another seeking some adventure to divert one's mind from one's anguish. It is not the life one would choose, but what else can one do?"

"For example," said Monsieur de Rigmaraule, "I don't think I shall ever learn to enjoy staying up so late. I should prefer—" and his little china-blue eyes grew wistful with his words—"a place in the country where one could sit in the garden in one's slippers and grow pears on a wall—"

"Achille," said Madame de Rigmaraule, always in that weary aching voice of pain, "you have the soul of a peasant, and you have never really understood me. In the country there is nothing to divert one's mind. One sits in the house, and looks out of the windows, and remembers, *mon Dieu*, and remembers!"

"Forgive me, my dear," said Monsieur de Rigmaraule humbly. "I am very foolish, when I have what I have."

"Messieurs," said Madame de Rigmaraule, "we have been watching you from our table, and I considered it would perhaps divert my mind a little to know what you were doing; it is extraordinary, you know, to do such things. So I took the liberty of asking your waiter as he passed. Messieurs, one cannot neglect any opportunity for curious adventure, any chance for momentary forgetfulness, and such a party as you are giving is not banal—it seems to promise—and yet, messieurs, I hesitate—"

"But, madame," cried Ventrillon,

"you need not hesitate! We have yet two places to fill, and I had just said to my friend—had I not, Tric-trac?—what an honor it would be to fill them with Monsieur and Madame de Rigmaraule!"

"Ah, that marches, *mon vieux!*" said Ventrillon, clapping Tric-trac on the back as they sat down again at their own table. "Already beer. Champagne and *perdrix truffée* to come. If things go well, a feather-bed afterward; and there is nothing so good as a feather-bed after a heavy meal. And if things go well enough to divert the mind of that poor Madame de Rigmaraule, why not a commission for her portrait besides?"

"Yet I cannot like it," complained Tric-trac. "I have not liked it from the start. I foresee—"

"Foresee!" cried Ventrillon. "My friend, the good God has made this a world of accident in which a man's every act incurs eventually some inevitable, trivial, and inconsequential doom, which one can never foresee. Let us then enjoy the act, since we must suffer the doom. Besides, you will like it better when you are full of champagne and *perdrix truffée*."



Madame de Rigmaraule came out of her faint. "Ah, pardon! Pardon!" she begged, stretching her hands to those about her. "It is the heart, and such an access of emotion!"

"I know," said the old lady of eighty-six. "I was thinking the same thing myself. What if that young man had been my little Aristide here, while I was away trapesing about on some camel—"

"The young man!" cried Madame

de Rigmaraule. "Ah, yes! But what of that woman? What of her suffering for a thing that was in no way her fault? If she was beautiful, did not God make her so? And even so, she had, perhaps, done all she could to save him from her beauty. Perhaps she had coldly repulsed his every attempt to see her alone. When she saw that was of no avail, perhaps at last, even at the risk of compromise, she gave him rendezvous in a taxi after a ball—to explain that she was virtuous, that she even loved her husband; in effect, that she would not, and even could not, fulfil his desire, and that he must never see her again. Imagine how she must have suffered for him in that taxi! How she may have pressed her lips to his forehead as she left it—like a mother! And all her life there must eat at her heart the knowledge that it was her beauty that was the cause of his death. Life must have become for her one ceaseless striving to forget. Imagine her desolation! Her agony! Her unendurable pain! Ah, my friends, life is cruel! Cruel! Cruel! She could never forget!"

"I am entirely of your opinion, madame," said the ex-conductor of taxis, with conviction. "That young man made a sacred nuisance of himself. Imagine also that taxi-driver, and all the time he had to sacrifice at that inquest—as well as having a natural horror of corpses besides! Truly people ought to think twice before they go committing suicide."

Abruptly Ventrillon leaped to his feet. He noted with satisfaction that he thus commanded the attention of the room. His moment, the

moment for the *coup de théâtre* that was to save his dinner, himself, Trictrac, and even Madame de Rigmarauale, that moment had come.

"Monsieur," he demanded of the ex-conductor of taxis, "the address of that young man, you said, was 69 Rue de Buffon, did you not?"

"Yes, monsieur, and you may well imagine my surprise—"

"And what," demanded Ventrillon, "did you say was his name?"

"I don't remember saying, monsieur, but it was Henri Duval."

"*Henri Duval!*" shouted Ventrillon. "Truly this is all there is of the most extraordinary! I happen to know the true reason for that young man's suicide, and I assure you it was not the woman in that taxi."

There was a veritable sensation.

"That it was not!" exclaimed Madame de Rigmarauale. In fact, it might be said she screamed it.

"Yes, madame, that it was not. If she has suffered, it has been entirely without cause, and if she but knew the true story of his death, she would suffer no more—"

"Then there is to be another story!" cried the café singer excitedly, and precipitated her blonde amplitude into the nearest chair. "That will be chic! Yours"—to the ex-conductor of taxis—"was very chic."

Ventrillon waited patiently until the rustle of the group about Madame de Rigmarauale subsided, as they too sought chairs to listen.

"One day last spring," he began, "I happened to find in one of the boxes on the Quai des Augustins a book on the fly-leaf of which was written the name of an old friend. As I fluttered the pages, a letter fell to the pavement. I picked it up.

The address was that of my friend, and as the handwriting was rather feminine in character, I said to myself, 'How droll, if I have caught the old camel in an indiscretion!'

"So I bought the letter, for the amusement of taking it to him and witnessing his discomfiture.

"*Messieurs et dames*, I could repeat that letter now, word for word. It was not from a woman but from a young man. And that young man's address was 69 Rue de Buffon, and his name—was Henri Duval!"

"But what was in that letter, monsieur?" cried the little typist.

"Nothing more nor less, made-moiselle, than the true reason for the suicide."

There was an eager stir among his listeners. "Ah-h-h!" breathed the little typist, "I had divined it! Oh, how I hope that after all it was for love—*love!* Where is your hand, Marcel?"

"After reading it," Ventrillon continued, "I wished to know more of this Henri Duval, and so, after all, I took the letter to my friend—"

"Ah," whispered somebody to somebody else, "now we shall have the letter!" Ventrillon smiled.

"Henri Duval, my friend told me, was one of those young men whose sole ambition is to be considered a part of the world of fashion. He was poor, however, a medical student dependent upon his mother and his sisters in the country; and in order to present such an appearance to the world, he lived in the cheapest of garrets, and frequently starved, as well as bleeding that mother and those sisters at the four veins. My friend, his only confidant, used to lend him money—chiefly for the

amusement of hearing him talk. Life to him consisted entirely of a list of the invitations he received. If he was invited to dinner, it was a dinner of the last elegance. If he was invited to call, it was at a house of the last elegance. If he was invited to a *soirée*—”

“My friend,” interrupted the Russian princess imperiously, “pray let us make short work of this young man and his last elegance, and proceed to that sacred letter!”

“Yes! Yes!” they supported her from all sides. “The letter.”

Ventrillon raised his hand. “We are coming to that,” he said, and imperturbably continued with Henri Duval:

“Now, of all that was of the last elegance, what would have been to him of the very last elegance was to make a conquest of a woman of that world in which he so desired to play a part—a married woman after the manner of a novel of Balzac.

“When at last he came to believe he had done such a thing, he considered it the crowning point of a brilliant career. But he was mistaken in the woman. She was a woman of fine character, who felt nothing toward him save her usual kindness toward everybody. She consistently refused to see him alone. He believed that she was afraid to allow herself to be alone with him. At last, to put an end to his importuning by convincing him once for all, she promised him a rendezvous. It was the afternoon before that rendezvous that he wrote that letter to my friend.”

Ventrillon’s heart began to beat fast. He had come to that part of his revelation which not only would

undoubtedly prove sufficiently sensational to turn that dinner into a memorable success, but also would produce upon Madame de Rigmarau an effect nothing short of momentous. She was straining toward him, hanging upon every word. In a moment, when he would look at her again, her face would have become radiant, and her eyes luminous with gratitude, not perhaps without future profit to him. She would be forever set free from her long suffering.

“The letter read—” he began.

“Ah!” the expectant exclamation ran through his audience.

“Dear benefactor and friend:

“I went to your house this morning, but they informed me that you were out of town. So there is not a soul from whom I can borrow. I have nothing left to pawn save the clothes I must wear to-night, and I am without a sou.

“To-night she gives me rendezvous at last—in a taxi. We are both invited to the same ball—a ball of the last elegance, I assure you, to which I must walk, *hélas*, since I have not even the price of a Metro ticket. We are to leave together alone in a taxi. But I shall not be able to pay the taxi-fare. It is ruin.

“If you were here you could save me. As it is, I have stolen a bottle of prussic acid from the laboratory, and when the driver asks for his fare when he has driven me home from her house, it will not be because I have not the money that I cannot pay it, but because I no longer exist.

“Good-by, my friend, forever.

“HENRI DUVAL.”

For a moment there was silence.

Then, grieved and puzzled, the little typist spoke. "You mean," she faltered tremulously, "you mean it was *not* for love—"

"My friends," stated Ventrillon impressively, "that Henri Duval killed himself for no other reason than that he could not pay his taxi-fare."

"Oh, no!" cried the little typist. "Life is not like that!"

"Mademoiselle," said Ventrillon gently, "unfortunately, or perhaps not so unfortunately, life is as the good God has made it—not as you or I might desire."

Then, at last, he permitted himself a glance at Madame de Rigmarauale. To his alarm, he beheld her face sagging loose on its bones as if beneath a deadly fear.

"But, monsieur," protested the ex-conductor of taxis, "that cannot be the same young man! The one in my taxi had enough money on his person to pay his fare a dozen times!"

"Ah!" cried Madame de Rigmarauale, "then it could not have been because he could not pay his taxi-fare!"

"No, madame. There was a thousand-franc note in his overcoat pocket—"

"But was that all?" demanded Madame de Rigmarauale fiercely. "Was that all the money he had?"

"Every sou. The note was neatly folded, loose without a pocketbook, and there was not another sou on him. I am an honest man, madame, and I would not have touched—"

"Oh-h-h-h-h!" cried Madame de Rigmarauale, choking hoarsely and rising unsteadily to her feet. "Then it *was* because he could not pay his taxi-fare! That thousand francs was a thousand francs he did not know he

had! I knew he was poor, and I slipped it into his pocket, out of pity, when I kissed him on the forehead—like a mother!"

She was gazing apparently into empty space, and as she gazed her voice abandoned her. Her somber draperies, no longer flowing with a consciousness of great beauty, hung dowdily incongruous upon her ox-like figure; and her face, completely relaxed, became the caricature of the face of an ordinary bourgeois housewife, upon which the painted scarlet smirk glared as inappropriate as the smirk of a clown. Her eyes were fixed upon her own image in the broad mirror at the other end of the room; but, search that image as she might, there was there no fatal loveliness for desire of which a man had died. No man had ever died for desire of it.

Her legs gave way beneath her, and she sank into her chair, burying her face in her arms on the table. This time the only reason that her head and hair were not in the sauce of her *perdrix truffée* was that a waiter, in the course of the service, had removed her plate.

Ventrillon stared at her, aghast at himself. He had robbed her of her reason for existence.

The glances of resentment the rest flung over their shoulders at him as, with little cries of excitement and alarm, they again rushed to her aid, did nothing to comfort him. It is not in such an atmosphere that one takes up collections.

"Tric-trac," he whispered, grasping Tric-trac's arm, and pulling him toward the door, "I feel a lively desire to go away from this place."

"Aha!" screeched a shrill voice in

a vengeful cackle. "I knew it! I knew it from the start! Thieves! Thieves! They would leave us to pay! But I have trapped them—just open that door if you dare!" It was the little old maid who had come alone. Rocking on her toes, she enjoyed in advance her little triumph.

Ventrillon boldly flung open the door.

The little old maid who had come alone had not come alone. Though she had left him outside the door, she had taken Ventrillon's advice literally and had brought a *sergent de ville*. "The one, of all of them," thought Ventrillon bitterly, "who had least need of the protection."

For a moment he and Tric-trac stood petrified. Then, in one last effort, he summoned all his impudence. "Ah, come in, monsieur!" he said graciously; "your place has been waiting for you all this while. Allow me to introduce you. Mademoiselle Brissot, whom, I believe, you already know. Madame the Princess Sapoureff—"

"Princess!" gasped the *sergent de ville*, staring open-mouthed at the Russian princess. Then he wheeled ferociously upon the little old maid.

"Mademoiselle!" he demanded, "why did you not tell me there were to be princesses! Then I could have worn my new uniform!"

But he turned immediately again to Tric-trac and Ventrillon. "But, princesses or no princesses, messieurs," he cried, "you are under arrest!"

"Oh, Ventri," moaned Tric-trac in despair, "did I not tell you?"

But at that moment Monsieur de Rigmaraule advanced from the

inimical group about Madame de Rigmaraule. His jaw was set, his step assured; and one would have said he had grown at least four inches taller. "No!" he said quietly, but with authority, "you shall not arrest my guests!"

Madame de Rigmaraule raised her tear-stained face. "Achille!" she screamed. "Come back at once! Let him take them away! I never want to see that young man again!"

Monsieur de Rigmaraule faced her. As he faced her, he seemed to grow another inch. "My dear," he said, "be silent. This is a matter of business, and you do not understand business. Monsieur," he said to the *sergent de ville*, "your intrusion at my dinner is an impertinence. I shall have you reported to the prefect."

"Y-your dinner!" stammered the *sergent de ville* in confusion. "Do you mean to say that you—you are paying for this dinner?"

"As it is my dinner, of course I pay."

"Then—then—" sputtered the *sergent de ville*, and broke off in another outburst of indignant disgust directed upon the unfortunate Mademoiselle Brissot.

"Mademoiselle," he shouted furiously, "this is entirely your fault! You have lied to me! As you see, this dinner is paid for! And princesses, besides!"

"Monsieur," said Monsieur de Rigmaraule, lowering his voice confidentially to Ventrillon, "I hope you will excuse this interference into your affairs, but it seemed you were in a difficulty."

"But, monsieur," exclaimed Ven-

trillon, "it was needed, God knows! My friend and I haven't a sou between us. We thank you a thousand times!"

"But it was not enough," said Monsieur de Rigmaraule. "I shall tell you something. When one is married to a woman for whom a man has died, it is like being married to a celebrated character in history, and such is not for every importer of frozen beef from the Argentine—and a little man besides. But one cannot say to a celebrated character in history, 'My dear, to-night we shall pack our trunks, for we are going to the country to-morrow to grow pears on a wall.' But to-night I shall be able to say exactly that. And I shall say it. I must tell you that I feel capable—I feel free—without disrespect, I feel that a burden has been lifted—and I feel also the desire to do something for you. You are a painter, are you not? Then why do you not let me give you a commission for my portrait?"

"Your portrait!" gasped Ventrillon.

"Yes, monsieur. Let us say, in the costume of Napoleon. Napoleon, you know, monsieur, was a little man."

Ventrillon was silent. All his mind had become a single rebellious question such as has tormented the minds of men since men began. "Oh, why," he demanded tragically within himself, "why am I constructed in this unreasonable fashion?" For not even the sudden salvation it had just brought him could mitigate the horror of what he had done to Madame de Rigmaraule.

At last he wrenched his chair from the table. "Ouf!" he thought in

disgust as he climbed upon it. "This is what it is to have the romantic temperament!"

Then, standing in the seat, he cried to them all: "*Messieurs et dames!* There is not in all the story I have told you to-night a single word of truth. I invented it under the impulse of the moment, hoping only to entertain you. From my heart I regret it, if any person here has been affected by it. I apologize—"

Madame de Rigmaraule stared at him blankly. Suddenly she burst into hysterical laughter. "And I suppose," she said, "that you think I was affected by it! Ha! ha! ha! My dear young man, I never believed a word of it! I knew it was impossible!" She pulled herself together. Carrying her head as one who must perforce accept the deference given her for something neither her merit nor her fault, she calmly surveyed the room, bringing her eyes to rest on Ventrillon in cold disdain.

In his admiration, Ventrillon forgot for the moment his own situation. She produced the entire effect produced by a beautiful woman.

He felt a tug at his coat. It was Monsieur de Rigmaraule. Ventrillon stepped down to face his ruin.

"You say you invented all that story yourself?" inquired Monsieur de Rigmaraule in deep perplexity.

"I—I am afraid, monsieur," faltered Ventrillon, "that is exactly what I said."

The brow of Monsieur de Rigmaraule contracted with the pain of ratiocination, intense, agitated, and profound. "Then, monsieur," he said at last, "there is only one explanation.

You invented exactly what happened that night. In fact, it is the only thing that could have happened. But, my friend, I could never have thought of it myself, if you had not suggested it; and you say you are without a sou. Then will you consider this an advance payment on that portrait?"

It was not until later that Ventrillon recovered sufficiently to count the notes. It was a packet of two thousand francs.

"Now, my dear," said Monsieur de Rigmaraule, turning to Madame de Rigmaraule, "it is time for us to go. I must settle this *addition* at the desk, and we have barely time to pack our trunks to-night to go to the country."

"But we are not going to the country!" exclaimed Madame de Rigmaraule.

"My dear," said Monsieur de Rigmaraule, "you are entirely mistaken. We leave to-morrow morning. Come!" With that the little man turned and marched toward the door. "Quite," thought Ventrillon, "in the costume of Napoleon."

The tall woman hesitated a rebellious moment. Then she followed. But, as she walked, her dark draperies flowed with a triumphant consciousness of great beauty, and a consciousness of the consciousness of others of that beauty, the fatal loveliness for desire of which it was not true no man had died.

Tric-trac, lost in inward contemplation, had removed no more than a shoe which he still held in his hand. "Ventri," he said at last,

"there is something I *must* know. It is a question of how one must regard life, and you are the only one who can tell me. Which was true, that story you told to-night, or your denial of it?"

Ventrillon, in his shirt, was hanging his best trousers over the back of a chair, arranging them so as to preserve the creases for a to-morrow now assured. "But how can you expect me to know," he said a little impatiently, "when I invented them both?" Then he turned to examine the bed in that excellent room at the Hotel of the Ambassadors and of the Council of State, modern comfort, and a bath on the fifth floor. "Feathers!" he exclaimed. "Ah, the good sleep of those full of food and owning two thousand francs!"

"Then, Ventri," said Tric-trac, his brow more deeply furrowed than ever, "what do you suppose really happened in that taxi?"

"Does anybody ever know what really happens in taxis?" inquired Ventrillon, still annoyed.

"But one would *like* to know," Tric-trac persisted.

Ventrillon turned angrily upon him. "But does it matter? Does what *really* happens ever matter? What *really* happens, my friend, is the affair of the good God alone, and His affairs are a subject upon which, though everybody has the opinion that suits him best, nobody knows anything whatever. Look, for example, at Monsieur and Madame de Rigmaraule—and," he added, leaping into bed and wriggling himself luxuriously between the sheets, "look at me!"

I AM PSYCHOANALYZED

You Can and You Can't; You Will and You Won't

VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER

I DECIDED to be "psyched." My reasons for doing this were manifold. I was mentally perturbed about many things. I had distressing fears. I lay awake at night, obsessed by absurd dreads and fancies. I found work difficult. My ideas got clogged on the way from my brain to the paper on which I wished to spell them.

I had heard of wonderful achievements of psychoanalysts. A friend described in glowing terms what one had done for her.

"I am much happier than I was!" she exulted. "All sense of depression and languor has departed. I arise in the morning after a peaceful night's sleep feeling that the world is mine and that life is full to overflowing with beautiful things. Oh, my dear, you must go to my man!"

✧ "Does he ask you dreadful questions?" I suggested timidly.

"No, indeed! He is not that kind of a person. He is not sexy, like Freud. Although," she added, "he is one of Freud's disciples. But he has moderated the great man's ideas to suit his own."

✧ "He would have to modify them tremendously to suit me," I declared.

"Please see what he can do for you!" she urged. "You look harassed and run down. Do try him!"

My family echoed her words when they heard what this man had done for others.

My friend arranged to have me meet the analyst at her home. We had a friendly cup of tea together, we three. I found him an agreeable person. He did not gaze at me with piercing eyes, nor did he use professional jargon. At the end of an hour I had promised to make an experimental call upon him.

The approbation of my family confirmed me in this resolution.

On my first visit to the analyst I was warned that I must not talk to others of my course while it was in progress. That would, so to speak, gum up the works.

The warning was quite unnecessary. By the time I had taken three treatments, I had discovered things about myself that determined me to close my lips eternally regarding the inner workings of my mind.

✧ For I learned, of course, that I was all the things that I had flattered myself that I was not. That is, unconsciously I was all of them. But I had been taught to suppress the evidence of these vile traits, and in suppressing them had set up complexes and inhibitions that had wrought havoc with my nerves.

✧ I perceived all this early in the

game. It was then that I spoke timidly of the expense of the course upon which I had launched.

"I—I—fear I cannot afford to go any further," I stammered.

The analyst looked at me with a reproachful smile.

"I expected you to say that," he averred. "That is an unconscious resistance on your part. You might better do without some of the things in which you are accustomed to indulge yourself—some of the pretty clothes you like to buy—and go on with this work. You can be cured, and I want to cure you. I will make special rates for you, as I have said."

I protested vaguely that I did not want to be under obligations to him. Again he smiled.

"It is your ego that makes you say that. It is gigantic, and you cannot bear to have it touched. It is wounded by the thought that some one is helping you. You should recognize your tremendous egotism. Drag it out into the light and look at it. Moreover you must consider that it is hardly fair to me for you to begin treatments and then drop them. People will say that I have failed to cure you when really you have not given me a chance."

His argument was unanswerable. Such a worm as I did not dare suggest that here *his* ego spoke. That would have been pronounced another form of resistance on my part.

For that one word, Resistance, is the unfailing weapon of the analyst. If you summon courage to protest that you really are not at heart a murderer, adulterer, thief, liar, or coveter of other men's goods, you are informed that it is Resistance that

makes you fancy this. It is also a Defensive Mechanism. And when the master makes this affirmation to the abject creature before him, the creature shrinks back into his abjectness.

The matter with me, I was informed, was that I was started wrong from the beginning. My parents had the idea that I should be trained in self-control, in obedience, in respect for their commands, in regard for the laws of decency. Once I uttered a feeble word of defense of my progenitors.

"At all events," I peeped, "my mother's children were rather pleasant to live with. They were more agreeable because of that kind of training."

"Yes!" my mentor snorted. "No doubt they were! You were brought up in what is called a *refined* atmosphere. And you are paying the penalty now."

"But I loved my parents dearly," I quavered.

"Surely you did! They were like gods to you. And you have never freed yourself from their domination. That is why you have such a sense of guilt."

I probably looked my amazement, for he went on to explain:

"Yes, you were ruled and taught that certain things were taboo, must not be mentioned, must not be thought of. Now, you, as a full-blooded normal animal, felt and thought all these things. And when you felt and thought them you also felt that you were sinning against a divine command. Thus you became possessed of a sense of guilt. It is that sense of guilt that has affected your whole outlook. It is

that which keeps you awake at night, which gives you the horrors."

The man was probably right. Yet should my parents have allowed me to do all the antisocial things of which a vigorous and daring small child is capable? When I hear the modern child answer an accusation with a *tu quoque*, I try vainly to comfort myself with the thought that this small child at least has no inhibitions and no repressions, nor will he ever have any sense of reverence. I comfort myself still more with the reflection that I do not have to live with him.



I soon understood that there must be nothing in my whole experience which I shrank from discussing.

"If there is such a thing in your consciousness," I was warned, "you are its slave. You must drag it out into the light and get rid of it. Are there such things in your memory?"

Are there such things! Who has not memories which he shrinks from reviving? At my silence my companion repeated his query, with labored patience, as if addressing a naughty child or a moron. I felt that I was both.

"Yes," I admitted faintly. "But I would rather not speak of them."

"You *must* speak of them, and now," was the severe command.

I did my best to talk of the subject that I most shrank from thinking of. It was agony, yet I struggled with my emotions. I received no sympathy.

"My dear madam," the voice was stern, "you must not let emotion rule you! You must be stronger. Go on with your story."

The admonition had the desired

effect. With a mighty effort I obeyed. I do not know what good it did. I do know that I went home so shaken that I longed to crawl off by myself, and so weak that hours later, when a member of my family spoke to me affectionately, I broke down and sobbed, completely unnerved by the ordeal of the afternoon.

Did it make it any easier for me to think of that topic thereafter? It did not! From the moment when I spoke to the psychoanalyst of it I have never dared let myself dwell on it. That moves me to wonder of what use it was to drag it out into the open.

Of course I went through periods when I hated my torturer. It speaks much for my will-power that I could force myself to return to him again and again. And as he made certain motives plain to me, I found myself analyzing him unmercifully. I could see when *his* ego was touched. I did not tell him so. He would have come back with the declaration that I was using Resistance to defend myself, that I was excusing myself by accusing him.

Of course I got lots of kick out of it—sometimes. I smiled to myself occasionally when I heard him say things about me that I was just thinking about him. I have never been a meek person. Yet I will award to this man the palm for having produced in me an apparent meekness that must amaze those who know me best. When one has been reduced to the point where it is proved that at heart one has broken all the ten commandments, besides committing other transgressions of which the unimaginative Moses ap-

parently never thought, one hesitates to set herself up as an authority on morals or manners. But—here is the compensation—psychoanalysis also enables one to see other people's weaknesses. This is sometimes productive of secret glee. It is also conducive to a large sympathy for the other fellow.

When my neighbor confesses to me that she contemplates running away with another woman's husband, who am I to chide her? Was I not in posse a destroyer of homes, only suppressed and inhibited by over-refined training?

Yes, it teaches infinite charity toward every one except the analyst. Somehow I find it hard to throw my garment of comprehending pity over him.

Yet I am clear-sighted enough to appreciate that the reason I cannot love him is because he has hit my ego so hard. I actually cringed the first time he said to me: "You are inherently selfish. What you flatter yourself is altruism, is nothing but self-gratification. You are not altruistic; you are not generous. You are self-centered, grasping, acquisitive. When you give, it is that you may experience a thrill of self-righteousness. When you take flowers to an ill person, it is that you may pat yourself on the back and tell yourself that you have performed a gracious deed. If you were deprived of this self-aggrandizement, you would be unhappy."

I admitted that he was right. I also admitted that the maternal love which is the strongest part of my nature is but selfishness, a carrying out of a biological urge, shared by the four-footed beasts. But they

are less selfish than I; for when their children no longer need them, they get out of the way. I don't.

"I fancy," I argued in vapid self-defense, "that some parents would commit suicide, if they dared, rather than be in their children's way."

"Which would be the acme of selfishness!" he exclaimed. "That very remark shows the immensity of your ego. You would shadow your children's lives sooner than be put in an inferior position, where you would have to allow them to care for you. When you speak of a willingness or desire to die, it means that you fear death—fear it terribly."

That is another funny thing about this science. If you think you want to do a thing, it is proof positive that you don't. I don't quite grasp this principle. It is empiric perhaps. Anyway if I ever find myself thinking of death as a happy release from care and perplexity, I shall know that I am afraid to die. I would not be, I am sure, if life were a continuous course in psychoanalysis.



In spite of all this, I am glad I was psyched. For there is a ray of light on the picture I have painted in such dark colors. It is the fact, insisted upon by my analyst, that all the people I know (except perhaps the wise psychoanalyst himself) are as rotten as I. Yes, that is the word he used. Rotten. When I remember what he told me about myself and reflect that others may be just like me I think the ugly Anglo-Saxon adjective none too strong.

Yes, I am glad I followed the advice of my family and my friend. The course was a great eye-opener.

I do not find that it has removed all my fears and inhibitions. Yet it may have removed what my teacher called my sense of guilt. As I appreciate what I was naturally, and what I have succeeded in making people think I am, I actually congratulate myself on my powers of deception. Such deception is not wrong, my instructor says, if one only acknowledges to one's self that she is all the vile things he claims she is.

I have not confessed to him what I now confess to my patient reader, that when I muse on the self that was born *me*, and see that my parents managed to train that *me* into a seemingly reputable member of society, my respect and admiration for them mounts as the airplane to the skies. They were wonderful. Without the repressions which they taught me to exercise I might even now be in a felon's cell, or years ago have sat down, for my last rest, in the electric chair. Psychoanalysis has brought me to an appreciation of my father and mother such as I never had before.

✕ There was one point on which my instructor and I crossed swords. He contended that if, in what is called free association, I thought of something that had been told me in confidence, I should speak it right out. For instance, if my analyst asked me suddenly, "What are you thinking of?" and I happened to be thinking that a certain friend had confided to me the truth about the skeleton in her family closet, it was my duty to say as much.

"But," I protested, "that would be dishonorable. I would have no right to betray a confidence."

"It would not be betrayal of confidence if you spoke of it to your analyst," the man insisted. "Your friend should tell you nothing that you could not confess during your treatment."

When I disputed this point, he declared, of course, that my argument was the result of my Resistance, a desire to escape telling him that which I should reveal. I asked him if he did not think it might be well for his patients to wear a placard inscribed, "*Please do not give me any confidences; I am being psychoanalyzed.*"

He did not smile at my feeble effort to be jocose. Members of his profession are singularly lacking in a sense of humor. No wonder, poor dears! spending years digging around in the unsavory depths of human personality.

Horses and dogs are much nicer than most people. *Their* minds are not sinks of iniquity. If they were, there are no equine or canine analysts to tell them so.

Of course my dreams, dissected and analyzed, revealed lots of strange complexes. I have always been a great dreamer, a sort of female Joseph, although I never attached much importance to my dream experiences. In fact I have rather enjoyed dreaming as an innocent pastime. I never shall again.

My analyst insisted that I tell him all my dreams. Every one was a nut for him to crack. And every one meant some sordid trait whose existence I had never suspected. No matter how lovely, how poetic a dream might be, it was a symbol of some ignoble characteristic. You, the uninitiated, have not the least

idea of all the things one brief vision may symbolize. I got to dreading dreams. I reached the point where one of them would startle me from slumber and I would shoo it off with some such phrase as, "The psycho-man will catch you if you don't watch out!"

At last I actually succeeded in forgetting what I had dreamed. I fancy the analyst suspected me of willful forgetfulness. If so, he was not far wrong. But I did not acknowledge what autosuggestion had done for me. I became wary under constant probing. I wonder if secretiveness might not develop into an art through long months of psychoanalysis. I stopped short of that. I had learned enough about myself to know when to stop.

I discovered from psychoanalysis that there are two sure signs that a thing is, so to speak, festering in the subconscious. One of these signs is the refusal to speak of it. The other sign is the frequent talk of it.

For I was told that I had strong mental or psychic reactions toward a member of my family.

"Your constant reference to her proves that," my analyst declared.

Again, there was a certain person whose name I rarely mentioned.

"Your failure to speak freely of So-and-so is most significant of his influence over you."

You see the man got me no matter which way I turned. I was reminded of the old rime:

"You can and you can't;
You will and you won't.
You'll be damned if you do;
You'll be damned if you don't."

That was my case exactly.

While I was undergoing my many treatments I resolved to write this article. I did not admit to the doctor what I was going to tell my readers.

Perhaps it was this hidden purpose that interfered with his changing my nature completely. I am rather glad I kept something back. Somehow it revives in my breast the tiny spark of self-respect that psychoanalysis had gone far toward extinguishing.

Again, I do not regret the weeks of torture and anguish through which I have struggled. The fact that the course is ended puts a new glory into the sunshine and a sense of release into my heart, even when I remember that I could have taken a certain beautiful trip for the price that my analysis cost me.

That last sentence proves the truth of my analyst's diagnosis. I *am* selfish, materialistic, and acquisitive. But so hardened have I become that I do not blush at this exposé of my real character.

I know that my scientific and conscientious psychoanalyst is as glad as I to have his sessions with me end. I doubt if my cash compensated for the inability to utter in my presence the curses that he longed to heap upon my head. I hope that these repressions did not set up in him an injurious inhibition. I should hate to have anything disagreeable happen to him, for he is a nice man and understands his job. If I do not understand it, the weakness is mine, not his; a weakness acquired, mayhap, in my infancy when my over-zealous forebears were striving to make the beast in me behave like a human being.

WHEN AMERICANS DISCOVER AMERICA

And Accept the Painful Facts of Existence

ERNEST BOYD

COLUMBUS, I suppose, was one of the few foreigners who were agreeably surprised when they discovered America. The others, for the most part, have recorded impressions which have become a tradition of alien condescension and misunderstanding that flourishes right to the present hour. The Pilgrim Fathers, of course, were in search of a temporary resting-place in this wicked world, preparatory to their departure for the next, and so their sufferings were nothing more than might be expected as the portion of sinners here below. Whether satisfied or disappointed, they decided to see their experiment through, and, to that extent, they may be classed among the happy foreigners who landed on these shores, settled down more or less contentedly, and made it possible for subsequent Americans to discover America.

Meanwhile the stream of foreigners bent upon discovery continued, and as their activities were more spectacular and not so gradual, they took a precedence which still gives them more importance than they deserve. It has taken two hundred years, at least, for Americans to discover America, but visitors are not

so dilatory. They noticed certain things at once, and they have been noticing them ever since. Times have changed, but foreign comment has hardly changed with them. Europeans are still shocked by the legendary defects in the social system of the United States. The American accent is nasal; the American cuspidor is capacious; the women are spoiled; the nation as a whole is sunk abjectly in the worship of money.

When Americans hear these shameful charges, they hang their heads in mortification, and, according to temperament, they deny or deplore these manifest deviations from the high ideals of the Founding Fathers. The man who has hitherto confined his art to the sizzling stove, patriotically acquires a bright new cuspidor. Those in possession of that cherished urn begin to rationalize, and argue that it is no more ridiculous than a British monocle, and no more disgusting than a Frenchman's predilection for snails. National gallantry forbids any discussion so indelicate as that concerning the American Woman. It is pretty generally felt that if she is spoiled, nothing is too good for her. Anyway, Americans are entitled to treat their women-folk as they see

fit. After all, who pays the bills? As for the sordid pursuit of gain, was J. P. Morgan sordid when he formed his library and placed it at the disposal of scholars? The Rockefeller Foundation is not the only gem that shines in the statistics of such benefactions by American business men.

These irrelevancies are easily refutable, which doubtless explains why they are so often refuted. The discoveries of Americans about America are of a very different order. The right of every American citizen to Liberty being sacred, his discoveries in this connection are correspondingly alarming. Having thrown off the tyranny of kings and shuddered at that "coldest of cold monsters," the State, the American is pained at finding that Liberty is further away than ever. In moments of extreme despondency—especially since the passing of the Eighteenth Amendment—he has been known to declare that his share of freedom was less than that of any other nation; and whenever possible he has gone into exile to nurse the wounds to his patriotic self-respect. From the perspective of a Paris café the hideous realities of prohibition seem more convincing than in New York. The prices, at least, are an indication that Americans are being robbed of more than their birthright.

The High Cost of American Idealism is the theme of melancholy meditation in those circles where, amid depreciated currency, the wounded spirit of the Pioneer fitfully glows. Though the franc slump and the lira fall, they can never reach a level corresponding to the humiliation of those who view from afar the Land of

Promise, and, in a sense unintended by St. Paul, see it "through a glass, darkly." Their psychic trauma is profound, if the actual physical grounds of their complaints are barely perceptible, and no rise in the value of the dollar can purchase oblivion of the depreciation of sterling Americanism. Consider those lilies of the literary field, the Younger Intellectuals, now kings in exile, as they survey the wreckage of their dreams by the stern hand of puritanism. They were not unlike their fellow-citizens; they, too, had Vision; they believed in Service, even if it were only self-service. It was a bitter moment for them when they realized that no compromise was possible with the drab provincialism of American life. Annulling various unsanctified marriages and sundry undefinable but kindred ties, they filled the bath-tub for the last time with synthetic gin and orange-juice, surrounded themselves with the old familiar faces and dimpled knees, and in a haze of hosiery and ribald laughter embarked upon the great hejira. What could be more natural than that they should turn to the cradle of the Revolution, the land of Rochambeau and Lafayette, where the pictures in "*La Vie Parisienne*" come true, and Bouvard and Pécuchet are unknown for want of a chronicler comparable to the creator of Babbitt?

In the pleasant land of France the American really becomes aware of all that his own country might have been. There people do not drink hard liquor, and hence no sinister ban falls upon the cocktail. French printers cannot read English, and hence they set up masterpieces which would not

even reach the unsympathetic eye of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, so Elizabethan is their idiom. No committees of busybodies dwell upon the opportunities for evil of the bobbed skirt, for the *jeune fille* knows her place—likewise that of her skirt—and all others can safely be left to take care of themselves in a well regulated Latin society, where not only are men men, but women are women, and everybody knows it, and takes measures accordingly. Seated at the Folies Bergère, the Transatlantic pities the inhibited producers of "Artists and Models" and Earl Carroll's "Vanities." If these did not desire to glorify the American Girl, how easily they could emulate their Parisian confrères and make nudity not only respectable but dowdy. The all-pervading and agreeable consciousness of sin, which the American does not find in Paris, is one of those dreadful heritages from the past which add a zest to the domestic life and manners of the Americans. Clearly this was not what the Fathers planned for their descendants.



Those who do not take flight, but stay to face the hardships of their own people, are a pitiable spectacle. They are tortured by such doubts and torn by such conflicts as no foreign mind could conceive. Pity the young college man who is the vice-president or assistant vice-president of a great concern. Upon him is thrust the ignominy of security of tenure, an adequate and rising salary, and office furnishings that never were on any other land or sea. He gazes forlornly at the spacious room, the thick carpet, the bright array

of sharpened pencils, the cunning row of bell-buttons; his limousine is waiting for him in the street below; the golf club calls him—but his heart is heavy. Business is no longer exciting; he is not being amused; he is merely getting very well paid in an honorable position for doing a not too excessive amount of work. His sorrow and degradation are complete.

Here, too, is something never intended by the heroes of '76. This man's soul is stifled. He must expand. Do not ask him to use the money and leisure which he possesses for some disinterested work of research or self-development. Do not tell him that men with much greater ability, and an even more terrible security of tenure, work happily in European government departments, unknown to the public and often unrewarded by anything more than the mechanical annual increases of salary and the routine order of promotion, and that this high-grade civil service is a national asset. Our friend knows his rights as an American. He must do something that brings in immediate and palpable profit. He must not be asked to sink his personality in the anonymity of a big corporation. If he does not do something quickly, both he and his friends will forget that he ever had a personality, and what use is a personality if you cannot "sell" it to your public? Away with the humdrum round-table conferences, with their talk of "ideas in the ring," "angles on this," and "slants on that." This jargon of commercialism is unworthy of a great soul poised for flight. He is off! He has soared into the empy-

rean! He has gone into profiteering for himself. In twenty years the glass-topped table will gleam benignly at him, he will push all the bell-buttons in succession, and he will call a conference of "the boys." He will have realized his own identity; he will be the owner of a chain of stores. The promise of American life!

Less tangible but more horrible fears chill the American soul when the native-born soothsayers turn a baleful eye upon the national scene. To be a not too Tired Business Man, relatively contented with the simple pleasures of the golf-course and the baseball game, and then to be accused of the crime of infantilism! The last honest joys of the he-man are embittered by the thought that he is just a grown-up child, and that his shouts of encouragement at the Polo Grounds or in the Yale Bowl are no more becoming to his dignity as an American citizen than the frenzied steps of the Charleston in a Harlem cabaret. His desire to see his own side win is a pathological manifestation, a sign that he has not progressed beyond the stage where children brag to each other about their parents.

With dreadful forebodings serious Americans attempt to check this reprehensible tendency to indulge in gregarious sports and to be amused by professionals in games no longer played by the spectator. The culprits, in their innocence, do not think of the British crowds that swarm to football matches, of crowds that watch the three-day cricket matches at Lord's, of Spaniards hysterical over bull-fights, of Parisians swarming to the Longchamps races.

When Europeans meet in thousands to watch other people playing games for them, they are unconscious of their high destiny, and so, if any one were to shout "Adult-infantilism!" at them, they would laugh. Americans should be made of sterner stuff, and they apparently are, for the thought of their derelictions disturbs them. The puritan abhorrence of sports and games emerges in a new psychological disguise to haunt their consciences, no longer moved by threats of hell-fire. The new witch-burners are psychiatrists, and in the name of Freud, Jung, and Adler they torture the sinner into repentance.

When the stately homes of England echoed to the rattle of ping-pong balls some twenty years or so ago, no Cassandra arose to warn the people that such games were not played on the playing-fields of Eton, and that crazes of that kind were not for a nation that should think imperially. But Americans are confronted with the ghosts of such yesterdays, and are challenged to reconcile their momentary belief in mah-jongg with their forgotten enthusiasm for bicycling and roller-skating. Yet here one sees more children on roller-skates daily than have been seen in the British Islands since that fad died, a generation ago. It is the duty of an American to have a long memory, and once again he is caught in the neglect of his duty. If Englishmen, as has been said, take their pleasures sadly, then Americans are urged to take theirs seriously. "They shall not pass!" say the gladiators of true Americanism, as they point to the fads of yesteryear. "Lest we forget!" respond the contrite citizens.

The deadly sin of pride possesses the wicked American heart. People unaccustomed to the use of wealth have the unpardonable habit of behaving like *nouveaux riches*, and as that alien phrase indicates, such vices should be left to the older nations which invented them; they are obviously un-American. What would Thoreau and Benjamin Franklin say if they could see how badly these people behave, how the mighty have fallen? It is all so undignified! Here are gray-haired men calling stately matrons "the girls." Washington would absurdly have said "the Ladies" (with a capital L); and if a French senator ever murmurs the word "cabbage" as a sign of his dignified affection, no right-thinking citizen will know what *chou* means, so that he will be all the more keenly aware of his own vulgarities. With the doom of Adult-infantilism ringing in their ears, Rotarian, Kiwanis, Shriner, and the rest will not be misled by the dinners of the lord mayor and aldermen of London, by the robes of noble peers, by the ancient vestments of beef-eaters, by the mummeries of old costume and tradition. They will abandon all feasts together, and if they have uniform, insignia, or other adornment of Satan, they will tear it from their trembling bodies. Such fripperies may become the second childhood of John Bull; they are not for a grown-up country like the United States.

On every hand the American is confronted by the spectacle of his own unworthiness. His dental clinics, his community houses, his innumerable organizations for uplifting the immigrant, which he fondly

regarded as proofs of the goodness of his democratic heart, of his laudable intention to lend a helping hand, produce only the worst of Dead Sea fruit. The sociologists tell him that the objects of his solicitude harden their hearts and refuse to be assimilated. Furthermore he is shown that if they could be assimilated it would mean disaster, because of the inability of Wladimir Spasowicz to feel and think as Increase Mather would have done in similar circumstances. Then come the social workers and paint the ghastly picture of the pampered moron, the male of the species with the moral sense as exiguous as the plucked eyebrows of his rouged and manicured girl friend, and as lacking in intelligence as she in length of skirt. Bob-haired bandits in embryo—when not in fact—they defy the hopes of the most optimistic, and their strident slang enables them only to answer the questions of the tabloid newspaper photographers when they come to exhibit to eager thousands the knees of the Girl Wife Who Murdered Boy Friend. Otherwise they provide statistics for tables of illiteracy.

Why should the American soul not be clouded by nameless fears, as these discoveries are made? Too many ennobling sentiments have been uttered, too many "drives" have been launched, too many lofty ideals have been preached, for an American to effect the necessary compromise. His transitions from theory to practice have not been made easy. Most of his discoveries are painful. When he hears that the average mental age in this country is that of a child of twelve, his comments,

whether ribald or sorrowful, all seem to assume that in Europe the man in the street is a Solon—on the Continent a Solomon, with the privileges of concubinage belonging to that high estate. When some French peasants recently tried to murder a priest because they thought he was possessed of devils, the "Temps" did not print photographs and interviews with the characters in the drama. Consequently the American press did not send special correspondents to the trial, and the world did not laugh at a pendant to the Dayton case. A moron in Europe is just a moron; to America he is something more.

To the American mind a moron appears rather in the nature of a thankless child, and Adult-infantilism is sharper than a serpent's tooth. In other lands of less glorious destiny the time-honored rôle of the village idiot is deemed sufficient for persons who, when they cross the ocean, suddenly find themselves accorded a status and privilege to which they cannot rise. Rhetoric and flag-exercises cannot effect that transformation of inferior human material which the pained surprise of the American patriot presupposes. Individuals who might be employed in the useful obscurity to which their lack of qualifications condemns them are expected over here to be born again, and they are encouraged to make claims upon life of which they can make no use.

It is natural, therefore, that, instead of leaning against the village pump, with straws in the side of their mouths, or propping up the village public house, they should prefer to qualify for a front-page story, with

photographs, in the illustrated newspapers.

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It is unkind of Nature not to have made the dreams of the early republic come true. If she had, the discovery of America by Americans would not now be taking place. It is discouraging to find that a pampered, hygienically prepared moron is actually more of a social nuisance than his counterpart in Europe when left in the station to which the Lord and the common sense of the community have called him. Conditions which are the commonplaces of life in other countries become unexpected calamities in the eyes of a great many Americans, because the despotism of facts is apparently one of the tyrannies which were abolished by the Declaration of Independence.

Eminent liberals have even decided that the public is a "phantom," and after a hundred and fifty years of excogitation it appears that the Voice of the People is not the Voice of God. In other words, Queen Anne is dead; and the exploring mind of the political philosophers has pushed intrepidly forward to the establishment of that interesting fact. This is perhaps the most revolutionary of all American discoveries about America, comparable indeed to the exploit of Columbus himself. The adventure of that early voyager is not diminished by the thought that there was land on the other side of the world, even if its existence seemed doubtful to the European mind of the period. Similarly one ought not to underestimate the daring of the discoverer who tells us that the public is not competent

to decide all national questions, simply because one always knew that such was the case. People have to find out these things for themselves; we live and learn, so to speak.

That, in effect, is what Americans are doing, but the process is complicated because each time some perfectly natural human phenomenon is encountered, the reality is so unlike the dream that the American observer loses his bearings. He takes refuge in the despairing theory that Nature has betrayed him, that his national destiny is being thwarted. The mass of men remain as they always have been; their institutions and beliefs are mostly makeshift and

absurd. These are the constants in the history of mankind, and they are bound to be true of America to-day as they were of medieval Europe, or the Egypt of the Pharaohs. Every age and civilization has found its own anodyne for the painful facts of existence. America is still engaged in discovering those facts, but their acceptance is being postponed while the indignant American spirit cries out its anguish at the unkind tricks of fate. For the moment Science has been called upon to diagnose in learned terms what are obviously the growing-pains of the infant man, who has far to go before he is to become an adult.

TO A LADY

EVELYN BIGELOW CLARK

I thought the lovely women all were dead
Deep in the tombs of long forgotten kings,
And stately beauty was forever fled
And gone the way of all sweet tender things.
I thought that charm was but a fragrant name
The heart remembers in its inner shrine,
Until one day at evening, when you came
And laid your hand in blessing into mine.
Your face was beauty's image, and your voice
Awoke the chords upon the lyre of love,
And then I knew why men once made their choice
By gallant deaths their loyalty to prove.
The dead queens rest in rosemary and rue,
Yet all their beauty lives again in you.

THE HOLY GULL

ADRIANA SPADONI

As GIULIA stood staring out into the gray sky where the gray gulls swooped above the idle fishing-boats moored to the wharf, her heart was as heavy as the leaden air.

What did it avail to tend so solicitously the four younger children, to keep them clean, wash their clothes, prepare their meals, when, just as she had reduced her world to order, along came another baby? Giulia's thin little brown face drooped with discouragement.

Only a month until Christmas when the rickety tenement in which she lived would buzz with excitement, a Christmas tree sparkle with light in every flat, even in the rooms of Carlo, the poorest of the crab-fishers. Other little girls would display beautiful dresses, new toys; some would have rings and bracelets.

But she—Giulia's eyes filled with tears. Gone was her last lingering hope of the coral beads so temptingly hung about the throat of the wax lady in the window of Tiriddu the Watchmaker. For in the next room her mother lay in the big brass bed, Pietro Giuseppe Emanuele, last week's addition to the Castaglione family, snuggled to her.

Now, besides Netta, four; Rosalia, three; Maria, two; Anna, one; there was another to dress, wash, and feed, soothe when fretful, walk the floor

with during the few moments she might have snatched for play. Many a night, the strength of her nine years exhausted by the tasks of the day, Giulia had given thanks that the two intermediates between herself and Netta had been "taken by the grace of the good God."

Her hands clenched, and looking up to the gray gulls circling with greedy cries, her throat tightened.

"Why didn't you take him to the Barinis?" she demanded. "They have only two, and their father owns his own boat and does a fine business with booze besides."

Or why didn't some one shoot all the gulls?

She had often suggested this to her father, but he had only laughed and told her she was a smart girl. Smart she might be, but what good her wisdom, since none followed her advice, and the gulls continued to bring babies?

"I wish the good God would take *him* too—before Christmas," she murmured, while the tears dropped unchecked upon her patched apron.

"Giulia!" At the weak call from the next room, she gulped, rubbed a grimy fist across her eyes, and turned from the window. Nothing better offering as an outlet to her overwrought nerves, she slapped Netta, then, somewhat relieved, heated the gruel for her mother.

When it was ready she carried it to the woman lying in the big brass bed.

While her mother ate the gruel, Giulia stood thoughtfully considering Pietro Giuseppe Emanuele.

"Mama, are you really glad the gulls brought another baby?"

Her mother sighed. "Hush, little daughter. It is the will of the good God." This was the old, old answer to all questions concerning poverty, babies, and misfortunes in general.

Without a word, Giulia picked up the empty cup and returned to the kitchen. But as she went about getting her father's supper, her narrow shoulders sagged.

Punctually at six he came, clumping in his big rubber boots, a frown of anxiety in his eyes. All day he had struggled with the worn engine of his boat; and now that he had patched it to makeshift efficiency, a storm was brewing. Even if he succeeded in reaching the fishing-grounds, the catch would be poor. Leaning low over his plate, he drank the hot soup, grumbling at the fretful whining of Anna cutting a troublesome tooth, and the wails of Maria as Rosalia snatched the biggest pieces of bread from her plate.

"Thanks be to the saints that the last is a boy!" he mumbled as he finished his soup and rose from the table.

"*Babbo mio*," Giulia questioned quietly, "didst thou ask the gulls to bring a boy?"

"No!" roared her father. "I did not ask them to bring anything."

Taking the huge net from the corner, he flung it over his shoulder and strode to the door.

"Then—thou didst not want him either?"

The man shrugged. "It was the will of the good God," he returned and went out.

Giulia finished her soup in silence.

When not another drop remained in the pot, she lifted her three sisters from their chairs, gave Anna an empty spool to ease her aching gums, and washed the dishes. Then she ironed a dress for Rosalia, mended Netta's doll, and set the bread. Standing on a chair she stirred the heavy mixture until its sponge-like quality proclaimed it ready. Then she carried the big pan into the tiny room she shared with Netta and placed it at the bottom of the bed. Here, warmed by their bodies, it would attain the right consistency to be shaped to loaves in the morning. Before she had finished, the children were asleep, huddled in little bundles on the floor. With deft hands she undressed them, tucked Rosalia and Maria into the crib in the corner by the stove, secured Anna at the foot of her mother's bed, pushed Netta over to the side of her own cot where her short legs could not reach the rising dough, and, too weary to undress, crept in beside her.

Soon the long delayed storm broke. Wind howled about the building, doors and windows rattled, but Giulia slept on heavily. Only the woman in the big brass bed woke and lay staring into the darkness, thinking of her man on the sea in his patched boat, the four daughters sent from heaven, and the new baby.

"Aye, aye," she sighed, and her lips trembled. "It is the will of the good God."

But in the morning the sun shone again, and hope returned. After all,

the new baby was a boy, the other children were strong and healthy, Giulia was growing up, her own place awaited her in the factory.

"God is very good," she murmured as she rose unsteadily and dressed.

Two days later she went back to work.

When she was gone, Giulia cleaned the house as usual, took Netta, Rosalia, Maria, and Anna down into the damp back yard, and left them to play among the broken boxes and rusty cans. Returning to the flat above, she went into the bedroom and stood again thoughtfully considering the new baby. He was fat and brown with a dense thatch of black hair and long black lashes. As babies went he was a nice baby. But this sleeping peacefulness did not deceive her. The strategy of new-born infants was too well known. As soon as he discovered the absence of his mother, and he would discover this very shortly, he would shriek with rage. Being a boy and therefore more impatient than the others, he would shriek louder than they had ever done, resist more strenuously the insulting subterfuge of his bottle. She would have to walk the floor with him for hours, cajole him into taking his food, concern herself with his whims from morning until night.

"I won't do it," she whispered fiercely. "I won't do it."

Pietro must be got rid of. Neither her father nor her mother had desired him any more than she had done. But they would do nothing to free themselves from this burden. Now that he was here, they would put up

with his tantrums, worry themselves if he were ill, take anything from the others that he desired. In this strange way did the minds of grown-up work.

If she were to be free, she must devise her own escape. Long she stood gazing upon the sleeping Pietro, her brows puckered in thought.

Suddenly they cleared. "Oh!" she breathed softly. "I know!"

Pietro woke and gurgled at her, but she only glared back at him.

"We don't want you," she explained coldly. "And I'm going to take you away."

"Gurr-r-r!" Pietro replied indifferently as she lifted him from the bed and began to array him in the best white dress designed for his christening.

When he was robed to the last detail, even the enormous strings of his bonnet tied under his chin, she wrapped herself and the baby in her mother's black shawl and, making sure that the halls were empty, crept noiselessly down the stairs. Safely in the street, she broke into a run, down the steep hill toward the wharf, along the lumber-yards that fringed its edge, on to the old white house tottering above the water. Once this had housed many families, but the increasing prosperity resulting from bootlegging had emptied it of all but the big gray rats and, high on the top floor, Marta the Wise Woman.

When people spoke of Marta they said, "Poor thing!" and tapped their foreheads, although years ago she had been the most beautiful girl on the beach, and men had fought for love of her. But she had laughed at all except Gino, biggest and bravest

and handsomest fisherman on the wharf.

The date of the wedding had been set, the banns read twice, the last piece of lace-trimmed linen folded in Marta's trunk, when a terrible storm had risen on the sea and Gino's boat had been found drifting on the strong flood-tide.

For weeks Marta had lain in delirium, to come from it with a wild gleam in her black eyes, her lips forever mumbling the secrets whispered to her by the powers of darkness. At first many had sought her aid, since one so afflicted has control over the evil eye and knows charms against faithless lovers and false friends. But so terrible had her powers proved, so deadly was the havoc she wrought, that now no one sought her, but gave her money when she crossed their way, and, once out of her sight, said prayers to undo her influence. Fishermen making port at dawn often saw her light burning high in the rickety building, or found her on the wharf watching the sea with mad black eyes.

Panting under the burden of Pietro Giuseppe Emanuele, her knees knocking together in terror, Giulia climbed the last long flight of steps to the Wise Woman's door. From behind it came the low rumbling murmur of Marta's voice talking with her friend Mefistofelo and the small black imps that do his will. The color fled from Giulia's face, and freeing one hand she crossed herself and made the holy symbol on the forehead of the smiling Pietro. Then she knocked.

The door opened instantly, and she looked up into the gleaming eyes of Marta.

"I—I have brought you a baby," Giulia stammered and held Pietro toward her. "He is a very nice fat baby, and I—"

With a sharp cry like that of a hungry gull, the Wise Woman snatched Pietro Giuseppe Emanuele and slammed the door.

Again and again Giulia beat upon it, calling her demand to open, since she had not been given time to explain further necessary details. But only her own knocks echoed back to her, for now the mumbling had ceased, and death-like silence lay behind the closed door.

Finally Giulia turned and went slowly down the stairs, back up the steep streets, to her own kitchen. There, while she scoured and cleaned until the place shone, she sang at the top of her lungs. For when she ceased she heard the low rumbling of the witch talking with the powers of darkness, or saw Pietro's black eyes smiling at her.

But when all was spotless and Anna asleep in her midday nap, Giulia went out again. By a circuitous route which took her once more past the white house tottering above the bay, she finally reached the shop of Tiriddu the Watchmaker. Here she stood lost in admiration of the lovely coral beads clasping the swan-like neck of the wax figure. She even considered entering and asking to be allowed to hold the precious thing, but so formidable was Tiriddu with the magnifying-glass screwed into one small green eye, while he cast suspicious glances at her from the other, that she could not bring her courage to it. And when finally he removed the glass, and bellowed to know what she was star-

ing at so long, she ran away. This time she hastened by the tottering white house without even looking up, for her protracted inspection of the beautiful necklace had again fortified her courage. It was well worth the loss of Pietro Giuseppe Emanuele, with his masculine powers of annoyance.

Now as she prepared the evening meal, she did not sing to drown the laughing eyes of Pietro, but several times she stood before the cracked mirror above the sink and, her powers of visualization sharpened by the memory of the necklace, admired it upon her own brown throat. She could even feel the beads, smooth and cool against her skin.

Just as the soup was ready, her mother returned from the factory and went instantly to minister to Pietro. For a moment a thick silence hung in the room; then a curdling scream tore the air, and her mother, pale and trembling, advanced upon her.

"The baby!" she gasped. "Where is Pietro?"

Giulia continued nonchalantly stirring the soup.

"A gull took him," she explained. "A big gull came and took him out of my arms as I sat by the window. The gull said it was a mistake that they brought him here. They meant to take him to—"

Further explanation was impossible, since her mother seized her and shook her violently back and forth.

"The truth! Quick! Tell the truth! What hast thou done?"

"A big strong gull—" Giulia murmured through chattering teeth as her mother's grip tightened.

"Speak!" her mother screamed. "The truth! What hast thou done?"

"A big—gull—by the—window— He was strong—he will—carry—safely—"

With a piercing cry of despair, her mother ranshrieking into the hallway. The next moment the place was full of women, all talking at once, raining threats, even blows upon her, cursing, praying her to tell the truth. But Giulia, terrified now almost to unconsciousness, stuck to her story.

A gull had brought Pietro. Her own father and mother had told her this. The gull had come straight from the good God. But the good God, when he saw his mistake, since already they had too many babies—did not her father say this often?—had sent the gull to take him away.

"She is bewitched," the women said solemnly and made the sign of the *corni*, moving farther from her in fear and respect. But her mother sat moaning and rocking in the chair, her apron thrown over her head.

Nor did she cease moaning and rocking, even after the men, summoned by the excited children, filled the kitchen until her father had difficulty in pushing his way through.

In the confusion of his arrival, Giulia slipped away. In the darkest corner of the cellar she crouched, her bewildered brain struggling with this vast illogic of adults. Had they not both said they did not desire Pietro? And now that she had relieved them of the burden, they cursed her!

But if this hubbub were going to continue—Giulia turned her mind gravely to this angle of the complication. To have excited women for-

ever shrieking in the kitchen, her mother moaning and rocking—it would be almost worse than having to care for Pietro.

It would probably not continue, however, more than a day or two. There had been just such an uproar when Anna was thought to have swallowed the stopper from the holy water bottle. And when Rosalia had locked herself in the sink cupboard and gone to sleep there. And when—countless occasions of terrific noise and bustle occurred to her. Giulia shrugged her shoulders. This also would pass.

Having reached this conclusion, Giulia crept from her hiding and returned calmly to her own flat.

The neighbors had gone out, but the building still hummed with excitement. Women clustered in knots in the hallway, while the older children rummaged among the cans and broken bottles in the back yard, as if Pietro might have descended by his own efforts and concealed himself. In the kitchen a huge red-faced policeman considered her moaning mother and distraught father with the superior calm of the imperturbable Saxon. But his most subtle questioning failed to shake Giulia's story.

"It is as I have told," she repeated with detached indifference. "The big strong gull which brought him to us took him away again, as I sat by the window holding him in my arms."

Finally, bored by the whole proceeding, and secretly agreeing that there were already too many babies in the world—at least troublesome Wop babies—he made the last useless note in his little red book and departed.

But Pietro's mother sat on, moaning and rocking. Nor would she allow Giulia near her, but shrank at her approach, crying: "Cursed one! Bewitched by the devil!"

All night and all the next day she sat rocking and moaning while her husband ran hither and thither, following every wild clue that fancy suggested.

On the third day, however, when the most vivid imagination of friends could suggest no further possibility, he returned to the fishing and Pietro's mother to the factory.

But happiness had fled from the house. It grew strangely still, like an empty church or a room that holds the dead. Every evening her mother returned from work, a little whiter, a little thinner, more silent, with a strange deep shadow in her kind eyes. She neither spoke to Giulia nor looked at her, and, when a week had passed, took Anna with her in the morning and left her in the day home until she returned at night.

In her own tiny flat Marta the Wise Woman went laughing and singing about her work. The wild light in her eyes softened, and the thin hands, forever moving as if seeking something just beyond her reach, grew quiet. Now she no longer mumbled to herself as she counted the coins of charity hoarded in the tin box under the mattress, but every day she spent more of them in adornment of Pietro. A tiny gold ring circled his fat finger; a gold bracelet clasped his chubby wrist. A fine string of coral beads depended from his deeply creased neck.

In return for these baubles, Pietro

waxed fatter, gurgled his delight more loudly, put out his little arms to Marta, and slept peacefully on the lean breast.

Then, two days before Christmas, Pietro did not smile or gurgle his pleasure at the new belled rattle Marta dangled before his eyes, but turned from it and lay sleeping heavily.

It was a stormy day, and with the coming of darkness the wind shrieked and wild voices cried to the Wise Woman. Usually she feared the storm and closed the window tight against the sight of the sea lashed to whitecaps and the memories that grew sharper in the darkness. But to-night she heard nothing save the low whimpering of Pietro as she crouched below the tiny shrine of the Virgin, beseeching her aid.

"Holy Mother!" she cried, "it is now many hours that he sleeps, crying like a restless little bird. Send some sign that I may know what to do."

But all through the long stormy night the blue eyes of the Virgin looked coldly upon her, and no sign came.

Not until just before dawn, when the wind suddenly died and rain ceased to deluge the earth. Then, in that terrible space of pale silence, the Virgin spoke:

"You are a wicked woman. For ten years you have not been to confession, nor have you had this baby baptized. If he dies he must burn forever."

With a loud cry, Marta the Wise Woman leaped to her feet, a sudden clear light of reason in her eyes.

"Holy Mary, restore my baby to me, and this day I will confess my

sins in the church. Also I will give ten candles of finest wax to thy altar and have a mass said for all the infidel babies dead without blessing of Holy Church. For I know that thy kind mother's heart sorrows even for these."

"Ecco," returned the Virgin gently, "I accept thy repentance. The baby shall recover."

And even as she promised, Pietro woke from his heavy sleep and gurgled for the first time in two days.

Now the blackness was lifted from Marta's brain, and she made her plan carefully. At dusk, since that hour was safest from prying eyes, she would seek absolution of her neglect and arrange with the good father for Pietro's christening. Since she could not leave the baby alone, she would take him with her, concealing him in some safe place in the church, while she made her peace with God.

All day she stitched happily, fashioning a marvelous gown for the ceremony of Pietro's baptism. And as she sang, Pietro, quite recovered from his temporary ailment, laughed and gurgled with her. At dusk, wrapping him in her shawl carefully, so as not to disarrange his elaborate toilet, she slipped out.

It was silent and dim in the big church, the only light the candles burning before the side altar of the Blessed Mother. The sweet odorous dusk, fragrant with Christmas greens, soothed her like a gentle touch; and when she reached the beautiful *presepio* her eyes smiled softly as they had not done for years. Here a life-sized figure of the Holy Mother bent above the manger in which lay the infant Gesù. The good Joseph stood beside her, and through the manger

door peered the sainted ass upon which Mary had ridden. Above the Child hovered a great dove, symbol of the peace and love he was to bring upon earth.

For a long time Marta the Wise Woman knelt in adoration. Then the good father came from the sacristy, walked quickly down the aisle, and disappeared into the last confessional.

Marta rose, removed the infant Gesù tenderly, placed him out of sight among the greens, and put Pietro in the manger. With a parting kiss and injunction not to cry, since she would return soon, she went to seek absolution and share her secret with the priest.



As the door of the confessional closed behind her, two figures entered the church and came quietly down the aisle to the *presepio*. A little distance from the manger, Giulia and her mother dropped to their knees, bowed in prayer beneath the weight of their grief. For in the last week, her mother had grown so white and thin that twice each day Giulia had mounted the stairs to the Wise Woman's door. And turned from its silence in tears.

"Blessed Virgin," Giulia prayed, "return him to us, since my mother will die without him. And he was such a nice baby, with big black eyes, and—"

"Grruur-r!" Right out of the manger came the sound, striking Giulia so that she shrank back in terror.

"Grruur-r!" Now the Holy Bimbo kicked his fat legs and clutched for the bright blue robe of the Virgin.

With a stifled cry, Giulia reached the manger and snatched Pietro to

her. Turning, she held him out to her mother, now whiter than the whitest wax candle, her lips moving in noiseless sounds.

"It is our baby," Giulia whispered, her fear vanished. "See, *mamma mia*, it is our Pietro."

Stumbling to her feet, her mother took him. "My baby! My baby!" she sobbed. "A miracle! My baby is restored."

"*Ecco*," Giulia agreed. Then, taking her mother by the hand, she led her quickly from the church.

"Lest the Virgin repent and take him back," she explained. "Since he is a very nice baby, more beautiful even than the Holy Bimbo himself."

At the warning, the woman held him tighter, and they ran, much to the delight of Pietro, who chortled and snatched at his mother's tears.

But safe once more in the kitchen, loud again with the excited babble of neighbors, even Pietro himself sank into insignificance before the eminence of Giulia, who told over and over how, kneeling before the manger, the holy gull above the infant Gesù had spoken:

"Here is your baby. It is just as Giulia said. I took him away, and I have brought him back. She spoke the truth."

"A miracle! Most surely a miracle!" the women cried and crowded about her, eager to touch this child to whom visions were vouchsafed, and for whom miracles were performed.

"She will be a holy woman, a nun," they whispered among themselves.

But Giulia gave no heed. For she stood before the cracked mirror above the sink, happily fingering the coral beads about her throat.



The CENTURION

JOHN ERSKINE



THE CHILD:—The Christmas season has its appeal for more than Christians. It is the one feast of the church in which all who have ever caught its spirit seem ready to acknowledge something sacramental, quite apart from dogma. It is the feast which apparently cannot be shadowed by theological debate. It expresses a poetry more convincing than the historical fact in which it began. For all of us, at this season the child is born.

Emerson said that every man has a religion, but few know what their religion is. One suspects that at Christmas-time even the orthodox celebrate in their hearts not so much the coming of a god as the perpetual apparition of childhood. We celebrate both, but childhood receives the more vital part of our worship. We bring it the finest sort of tribute; for the moment, at least, we imitate it, become innocent in spirit, generous in our gifts, kindly in our speech. We enact the miracle of life's abundance, and fetch unearned and unexpected treasures down the chimney or out of the stockings. It may be that our ritual of Christmas presents springs from the doctrine of God's gift to man, or from religious customs far older than Christianity itself; but whatever the

origin, our annual generosity now has in mind chiefly childhood and its faith in Santa Claus, and we call ourselves blessed if we can provide what the children ask for, without having earned.

Such a tide of emotion would hardly rise at one season if it were not stirring in us, more or less, all the year. Our deep thoughts always turn to infancy when no other image of life can express them; the baby in arms is a mirror to our souls, and on his more or less unconscious face we can observe the profound reflection of ourselves, solemnly contemplating our possibilities. It is doubtful if any man ever enjoyed the wisdom which almost every man imputes to his progeny twelve hours old. Since it is so long before the little miracle learns to talk, the impression of wisdom wears off but slowly. It is easy to believe that the silence of the child is a brooding on some heavenly vision, from which the reluctant consciousness has been brought away, and that the acceptance of this world comes only with forgetfulness. When once the child begins to speak, we are sure it will some day be as one of us, knowing our good and our evil, but within its mysterious silence it seems to have another order of wisdom, to which

we cannot attain. The Word became flesh, theology says, but with reverence we may consider that tragic miracle of the divine Word learning to talk—putting off godhood, that we grown-ups may understand what it says.

In the philosophy each man carries about with him, life may be defined as a growing thing. We talk of the progress of civilization, meaning that as time passes, there is always more civilization, and it is always better. No dogma in theology is harder to prove, yet most skeptics of religion can without the slightest strain believe that the main trend of life is upward. To such a faith law and order seem on the increase, not simply in the realm of morals, but in the physical world; intelligence is sprouting everywhere, like a weed, and the most fortunate man is he who is most up to date, on the frontier where civilization grows thickest. To such a temperament the child brings encouragement. The small life illustrates the larger stages of our supposed change and improvement; we can watch the soul being born, as we say, the consciousness awakening, the affections taking root, the words forming on the lips. And that unnatural wisdom in the infant's face—what is it but proof that we have produced children more richly endowed than ourselves? Progress can move no faster.

Some of us, however, though we have not read Plato, lean to his idea that life is no progress but rather an attempt to return, to recover something lost. Lost on this earth, perhaps, at the end of some golden age, or left behind when we were taken from the presence of the gods, at the

beginning of our cycle. Before the soul would consent to be incarnated, the old poets said, it had to drink the waters of forgetfulness; but it seems to us, watching the infant and the child, that Lethe takes effect slowly. The new-born trail their clouds of glory, and wear the manner of brooding still on other scenes than this earth. We elders, when we try to formulate the perfection to which, after long effort, we but faintly hope to return, go to childhood for the pattern—to what the infant seems to represent in its first days, while it yet remembers.

For either philosophy the Christmas season brings cheer—new faith, new courage, a new release of goodwill. The child in the cradle calls again to mind the infinite perfection, the beginning and the end.



WISE MEN:—The Wise Men are the romance of the story. Perhaps they furnish the irony too. How romantic to see the kings with their gifts, wise kings at that, kneeling before the manger, with the sleepy cattle looking on! They came from the East, that mysterious region from which life and wisdom, in the old stories, always emerge. What were they wise about? At first blush, we might say the story doesn't specify their wisdom. They followed a star, the kind of light which makes us think of spiritual things; and they may have been astrologers, bent on scientific observation. What an end to their search for truth, to find this forlorn family in the stable! Or it may be they knew some of the old prophecies, from the times when the Hebrews were in captivity.

What irony, if these Wise Men were heirs of the former captors, yet made a long journey to kneel before the son of David! We should like to know what they thought, and just why they gave their handsome gifts, and what they said when they got home. But their departure is as inscrutable as their going. Whoever reported the story was either setting down an event which happened, in which the mystery of the East was felt, or else he was a supreme artist. Christmas-time would be far poorer without the Wise Men and their star.

Commentators like to point out that the shepherds and the Wise Men establish a certain balance in the legend—the revelation of the Child was to both Jews and Gentiles. A literary man, interested in the problem of language, in the miracle of revelation which occurs whenever we speak and are understood, would stress rather the fact that the shepherds, who were used to angels, heard angels, and the Wise Men saw the star. It was the astonishment of Pentecost a little early—men learning, each in his own tongue, the wonderful works of God. Some of us still hear angels. For the moment, however, we might consider the point of view which is accustomed to stars.

The old astrology, and some modern attempts to revive it, would suggest that the stars compel us. In their orbits and conjunctions our fate moves, or reaches a crisis. This idea of compulsion science has dislodged from the stars, though man, who loves to think he is compelled, remains unconvinced; he persists in locating his pet fate somewhere, if not in the skies, at least in the atom,

in the cell, where his ancestors can take the blame, or pass it on back. Yet the stars continue to control us, by stirring the imagination and by enlisting our love. If they do not drive, they surely lead us. We can think of nothing more apt, when we reach for an image of the soul. The sun is too hot, and both sun and moon are too variable. Worst of all, there is only one of each; they mean little to us, even in the measurement of time, unless we refer them to something fixed on earth. Perhaps that is why the beauty they suggest is physical, not altogether of heaven. But the stars appear in their orders and celestial patterns, they march before us at the hour when contemplation is a strong instinct, and they seem complete in themselves, as heavenly monitors should be.

It is not surprising that man thought himself of some importance to the stars, and gradually persuaded his primitive heart that these far lights in their stately dance were planning his future for him. Not surprising when you consider the disproportion there otherwise is between the pygmy traveler or mariner and the gigantic worlds he uses to steer his course. The disproportion is as great in the compass, but there it is somewhat concealed from casual philosophy. Finding your way by the stars, however, you could hardly escape the thought that their serviceableness springs from a friendly interest, at least. Milton makes Adam ask Raphael about it. It doesn't seem economical, he says, to set all these worlds in motion just to provide light for man and his wife. From such an idea a mind less steady

than Milton's might easily proceed to the belief that stars furnish more than light.

They do, as a matter of fact. If we are no longer important to them, they become constantly more important to us. If for no other purpose, we need them to talk with. They are the metaphor of great souls, who are wise, following light, or who follow light because they are wise. Perhaps we needn't ask what the three kings said when they went home. Perhaps there was nothing to say. Perhaps the following of the star was its own reward, and the finding of the child marked the end of the heavenly pilgrimage. Of course in the Christmas story all lesser interests lead to the Child, yet it is not out of the Christmas spirit to interpret the gifts of the Wise Men as thank-offerings for the starry guide, votive trophies to commemorate a journey through light.



ANGELS:—And some of us do hear angels. The Child brings them to mind. One especially, that angel who spoke to the shepherds. Afterward there were a host with him, praising God suddenly—or perhaps the minds of the shepherds were slow, and their perception gradual. Once they were aware of angels, however, they continued to find them; kneeling before the manger at Bethlehem, they saw beside them oxen and shining seraphs.

Angels are the language of another day. Yet no language once spoken by man is dead, not even though we may have forgotten or abandoned it. And at Christmas-time we haven't quite forgotten. At other seasons

we speak in a less vivid reality. The messengers which now ply from the infinite to man's intelligence are so numerous, so varied, so subtle, that we lack time and energy to envisage them as persons. Our heralds of service and of power, our bringers of sound and light, we are content to name in large groups. We call them, not cherubim, seraphim, powers, principalities, but imagination, instinct, foresight, intuition, subliminal consciousness. Remembering a little Greek, we say an angel was only a messenger—and we lose our angels in an etymology. But some of them we lose more reluctantly than others. The angel of annunciation may have left us without being missed; the angels of the resurrection too, perhaps, and even our guardian angel. But the Christmas angels are the last we willingly let go. At this season of infinite good-will, the state of mind returns to us which first, ages ago, made them necessary to the story of the child.

The theologian has his own way of dealing with the matter—a great way, in the ages of great theologians. But theology, too, is a language, a method of expression to which man is urged by a profound and difficult subject-matter. Simple folk, who have their moment of importance at Christmas-time, like to turn their backs on those disputes of the doctors, which issue—so it seems to the simple—in little grace. We prefer to read the story with the help of our best experience, with a lowly heart, in the old phrase, but at least with a loving one. According to the text itself, nothing was said to the shepherds and the Wise Men about the

divinity of the Child. They saw that for themselves. They would perhaps have been astonished, peasant and king alike, if there at the manger, in the mother's presence, the appearance of divinity in the infant had been substantiated by those statements as to its paternity which an unimaginative age now makes from the pulpit. We envy these first pilgrims, who were permitted to translate their own adoring hearts into the conviction that what they looked on was divine, offspring and essence of God. We, too, should like to be summoned, not by a creed, but by angels and a star. We envy the blind man who called to Christ from the wayside and was cured. To begin with, he had only a need, and perhaps a hope. His theology came as the consequence of his experience; he saw, and Christ was divine. If you say skeptically that the blind man in his gratitude exaggerated, we know you have never been hopelessly blind—and then cured.

To understand the Christmas angels, we have only to remember the experience which first spoke through them, and the hope which led to that experience. Long ago the Hebrew prophets, in spite of their emphasis on the exclusiveness of their race, their special favor with God, dreamed of a universal possibility in character; of a character, that is, which should be valid not for all times and in all places, but for all worlds and for all states of existence. That profound East, out of which came the wise kings, speculated richly about all varieties of the infinite; the Hebrews limited themselves somewhat, and considered the

universally moral. It was a dream of what we might call in the truest sense the catholic virtues, virtues which would be approved anywhere, at any time, as in science the law of gravitation is approved. Indeed, this ancient vision of character had in it just the notion of infinite applicability which we look for in a scientific principle. Our chemistry and our physics must hold for all the worlds we can find with the eye, with the telescope, or with the imagination. Everywhere two and two must be four. The Hebrew people had spent centuries wrestling with nations whose virtues were to them as vices. Even Jehovah had to fight his way against rival deities. No wonder they began to reach after the idea of a set of virtues which would be at home not only among every tribe of men, but throughout all ascending and descending states of being.

This universality they naturally ascribed to their God. It was what they thought of first, when they considered his character at all: "If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there."

A set of virtues which should be valid through all states of being, from the humblest of finite things to the last reach of infinite goodness. The same set of virtues, the same character at every stage, no doubt—yet how to express that long ladder with all the steps bridging between the heavenly home and the earthly house of God? Moving figures from older religions were ready to hand—the winged beasts of the apocalyptic books, the messengers with many faces, the magic wheels. Contem-

plating the image of God, they began to see angels.

There was one limitation in this Hebrew dream, or so many men felt. These universal virtues belonged only to God; man had no hope of acquiring them. Angels were no language with which to speak of ourselves. Furthermore, the attention of the dream was on the universality; the race was not agreed as to what the virtues were. The point of the Christmas story is that to simple men and to wise kings, at the same moment, the child was revealed. In childhood they saw universal virtue, and they realized that the dream had been made man. However the idea might be argued afterward, at the moment it carried conviction in itself, like those laws of nature which need only to be observed to be believed, so infinitely illuminating they are. This child brought this sort of persuasion, there in the manger, later at Nazareth, later on the cross. He would be the same personality, with the same appeal, whether living or in hell, or neighbor to the Father of all in heaven. There was so much of him to know, you needed the help of other creatures than man to know it; so much of him to praise, you needed aid in worship. His friends and companions "heard the voice of many angels round about the throne . . . and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands . . . and every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying,

Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him."

If the child did not mean all the human things we find in his face, asleep in the manger, perhaps Christmas would never have become the great feast of the year, not even for the devout believer. For him, Easter ought to be the climax of his yearly ritual. The child might have been divinely born; yet without the hope of immortality, what would the Christian theology mean? If the child did not still excite in our hearts ineffable emotion, we should not cling as we do to our Christmas angels; those others who rolled away the stone would be more comforting. We don't need the shepherds in the story; at least, they are not essential. The Wise Men would have sufficed. After all, the shepherds made no great effort; they only walked to the neighboring town, and perhaps they never thought much of what they saw. Their praise to God may have been for hearing those lovely messengers. But even now, when we see the child, the Christmas angels return to our speech. They are simpler than others, as befits the character they express. They are not terrible. Their chief use is not to tell us that Christ is born. We should not need so many for that; one was enough for the shepherds. But we still like to have with us, as they had suddenly with them, a multitude of the heavenly host, helping us in their orders to chant the infinite range of life and love and birth, which with God is glory and with man is peace.



The ROVING CRITIC

CARL VAN DOREN



UNION OR LIBERTY:—Talk about the New South runs rather too often to statistics proving that the mills in North Carolina and the hotels in Florida and the universities in Texas compare very favorably with similar enterprises in those parts of the country which were not altogether interrupted by the Civil War. The plantation has ceased, except on the screen and on the Broadway stage, to be the romantic memory it was. The Southern colonel is as archaic as the cut of his beard. Whoever recently has sung the South has taken for granted that the Union was as righteous as it was irresistible and that the Confederate States seceded in a mood of gallant error which, having passed, leaves them reconciled, and even strenuous in the simple plan of a single nationality.

But there is a still newer South being considered here and there. It is less a growth than a rebirth. Calhoun, that hard logician, has been brought back to state again the doctrine of local rights. Current minorities, finding themselves ridden by the egregious majority now in power, have come to suspect that the South was America's great minority and that its suppression made the American world free for majorities and made, in time, those ma-

jorities a menace to humane civilization. Thus seen, the South has been freshly examined in another light. Was the South only holding on to an indefensible and moribund economic system, or was it not also cherishing, like Athens, an aspect of liberty to which the Spartan North was blind? May the South not have been upon the higher path and have been merely drawn into the lower by force? What if that older South should turn out to furnish, by an example long neglected, the guidance which the nation obviously needs?

Such questions give the theme to Edgar Lee Masters's "Lee: A Dramatic Poem" (Macmillan), in which they are argued with a vigor and eloquence never before devoted to them by a poet. This is all the more significant for the reason that "Spoon River Anthology," less than a dozen years ago, made Lincoln almost the silent hero of the book, the shadow of greatness which lay across the dingy village. In "Lee" Lincoln is almost the villain, who out of loyalty to the dead hand of John Marshall and fidelity to a metaphysical concept of union feels obliged to make war upon the South when it asserts its right, as it believes, to resume its sovereignty. Slavery is not the issue. Lincoln at the outset

has no intention to abolish it, and Lee hates it. The issue is union or liberty.

"Union may be for liberty if it
floods
With vital dew the roots spread far
below,
Of Locke, Lorenzo, More, the great
Virginian;
Or it may feed the banyan tree to
grow
Over the land with darkening do-
minion.
The heavens must not be hidden,
nor the land
Devoured and tangled—let the
Union be;
But still resistance is the fruitful
hand
Which trims and tends the growth
of Liberty."

Lincoln, as Mr. Masters now sees him, is only

"the blossom of one episode,
Whose bud is Union, he is not a root
Which feeds the trunk and branches
and the buds
With life to every tendril, leaf,
volute."

While as to Lee:

"His branches shall be riven
And cast to earth in sorrow and
defeat;
Yet they shall nourish earth, and
smiling heaven
Shall bless the grass lands and the
fields of wheat.
If no great plan of his shall ever
flourish,
No victory, nor ultimate campaign,
His duty done from day to day shall
nourish,
Like the crushed harvest of the
yearly grain."

Union, that is, should be regarded as the sentiment of a moment, the tool of a particular task. Liberty is the sentiment of eternity, the end and not the tool. Which is sacred, the tool or the task?

Mr. Masters, thus carrying his argument beyond casual ways of thought, has gone likewise beyond the easy ways of drama. His method recalls Thomas Hardy's "Dynasts." Lee appears on the stage at the time when he is deciding between the Union and Virginia, when the personified Republic asks him for his decision, at Gettysburg, on his way to Lexington after Appomattox, in his funeral procession. He is a character only in the sense that he is a reasoning will. No one in the dramatic poem is personalized. The narrative—it can scarcely be called action—is furthered by two indeterminate spectators, Ormund and Arimanius, who exist to comment upon what is happening. The Republic speaks, as do Virginia, the South, other States and sections, the mountains, the students at Washington University, a soldier, a mountaineer. The drama is the argument. Mr. Masters has chosen the dramatic form as the most economical way of setting forth his opposites, but he is nearer poetry than the theater. The poetical vigor of "Lee" may be shown by a passage in which the Republic announces its intentions toward the resisting South:

"Be wild protest, and be the moan-
ing dead
As a trumpet trampled under foot;
and my surprise
As a flood upon a sleeping town; and
be my swords

As the rays of the rising sun, to make
 as gourds
 Of autumn under vines, the white-
 ness of their bones,
 Until my beauty be as mountains of
 snow
 Which the traveler sees afar, and
 Time shall know
 That Force is Right until the
 strength
 Of Truth o'ermasters Force at
 length.
 If Revolution be of God, its over-
 throw
 Must be of God; and like opposing
 forces
 Of nature, recreates for conqueror,
 And for the conquered, life with
 fresh resources.
 The South rebels, and heaven de-
 crees the War."

This is the rough vigor of "Domesday Book," but it is vigor. It strikes at the root of its theme, and it finds an imagery and a language worthy of the theme.

If "Lee" at a first reading appears difficult, that is chiefly because it undertakes to reverse a historical judgment which has been establishing itself for more than half a century. Because the Union survived, a union, even a devouring union, has been thought of as natural and destined. History, it must be remembered, is written by the survivors. But history is a field into which any spade may dig. Mr. Masters, in this centennial year of Jefferson's death, has merely sunk a Jeffersonian spade into the field. The survivors, he thinks, have written history wrongly. They have been, at least in the North, so much absorbed in the dramatic spectacle of the will

to union as it put forth its powers during the war that they have enlisted their imaginations on one side only, and have identified that side with right and the other side with wrong. They have done this because the will to union was still, years after the war, going on with its work. Looking back over a century or so, they have taken for granted that the road which has led them to where they are was the proper road for their fathers to have taken. But the latest decade or so, suddenly aware that the federal government has obtained an enormous and, some observers now begin to think, an excessive power, has asked itself whether after all the road to the present situation was the proper one. From this change in attitude toward the present speedily follows a change in attitude toward the past. The past is what the present makes it, or makes it out to be.

Many observers have latterly taken up this changed attitude. Mr. Masters is the first to have presented it with genuine poetry.



THE ETERNAL TENDERFOOT:—What underlies "The Orphan Angel" (Knopf) of Elinor Wylie is as bold a fancy as ever set a novelist off. It is that Shelley was not really drowned as the world supposes, but was picked up in Leghorn Harbor by an American brig on the way to Boston, came to the United States, and tramped on a chivalric Shelleyan quest from Massachusetts to California. Mrs. Wylie gives him an excuse, which is that he thought his wife no longer loved him, and a motive, which is

that he was going to the rescue of a girl whom he supposed to be in need of help. But though there are thus reasons for his flight from Europe, the fancy furnishes its own authority. A poet, not a historian, has made the book. Had that wild-haired pilgrim of eternity not hunted in vain through the Old World for justice and the end of his pure desires? Might he not, if given the opportunity, have turned in despair to the New World to continue his search? And what more logical than that at last he should have been brought up on the borders of the Pacific, his eyes ranging further toward remoter Asia? The part of Mrs. Wylie which delights in comedy sees Shelley as the tenderfoot of eternity, always the strayed archangel whether on shipboard or in Kentucky or among the savages of the plains or at the end of his quest, when it dissolves as he touches his goal. The eternal tenderfoot never unlearns the manners of the rational universe from which he has come. He is forever knocking head and shins against the world of custom and accident. Yet his archangelic quality is so evident that he somehow survives; he charms even while he mystifies. For the part of Mrs. Wylie which delights in comedy is here mastered by the part which believes in poetry. A creature so beautiful and eloquent and courteous as Shelley can, though at much expense to himself, prevail even in the face of stupidity and selfishness.



LOCUS CRITICUS:—Even if the six stories in "The Casuarina Tree" (Doran), by Somerset Maugham,

were not intelligent, dexterous, supple, and neat, the volume containing them would be worth buying for the postscript alone. In a few words it says all that ever needs to be said about the sport, so dear to readers and so vexatious to authors, of identifying the living originals of characters of fiction. Though Mr. Maugham is speaking particularly of the "smaller communities in the countries washed by the China Sea," he speaks in effect of readers everywhere. "They have small acquaintance with arts and letters and do not understand that the disposition and appearance of a person in a short story are dictated by the exigencies of the intrigue. Nor has it occurred to them that actual persons are much too shadowy to serve as characters in a work of the imagination. We see real people only in the flat, but for the purposes of fiction they must be seen in the round; and to make a living personage it is necessary to combine suggestions drawn from a dozen sources. Because a reader, unprofitably employing a useless leisure, recognizes in a character one trait, mental or physical, of some one he knows and is aware the author has met, it is silly to put the name of this person to the character described and say: here is a portrait. A work of fiction, and perhaps I should not go too far if I spoke more generally and said a work of art, is an arrangement which the author makes of the facts of his experience with the idiosyncrasies of his own personality. It is an unlikely, and unimportant, accident if it happens to be a copy of life. So the Greek sculptor of a famous piece gave a woman six

toes, because thus he thought doubtless to increase the slender elegance of her foot. Facts are but a canvas on which the artist draws a significant pattern."



GORGEOUS INVENTIONS:—The publication of "What Price Glory" makes clearer, though the production made clear enough, that the merit of the play must principally be looked for in the language. The characters are neither very memorable nor even very distinct one from another. The action is not only loose and episodic, as it aims to be, but also, as it doubtless did not aim to be, a little angular and stiff, without the easy flowing and unfolding of drama at its best. The language, however, belongs with the flowers of American invention. The impression is conveyed, since most of the persons of the play speak in virtually the same tongue, that this was the ordinary speech of the American Expeditionary Force. Of course it was not. Nothing less than an army of Maxwell Andersons and Laurence Stallingses could have poured out such a rapid fire of gusty hyperbole and high-handed mendacity and rough-shod images. Yet the speech of the marines in the play has the look of life about it, because it takes its tone and rhythm from the actual A.E.F. And it has the look of art about it, because it increases the tempo by crowding good thing upon the heels of good thing and so prevents the dullness which goes with all popular speech except in occasional happy moments. The minor scandal caused in 1924 by the profanity in the play seems at

present even sillier than it did then. The French characters might as well have been censured for speaking French. Profanity is the essential salt of a soldier's speech, and means nothing. The language of "What Price Glory" is made exciting not by its standardized profanity but by its gorgeous inventions. This is the way Captain Flagg complains of amateurs in warfare: "Damn headquarters! It's some more of that world-safe-for-democracy slush! Every time they come around here I've got to ask myself is this an army or is it a stinking theosophical society for ethical culture and the Bible-backing uplift. I don't want that band of Gideons from headquarters. Now you watch that door. Watch it! In ten minutes we're going to have another of these round-headed gentlemen of the old school here giving us a prepared lecture on what we're fighting the war for and how we're to do it—one of these bill-poster chocolate soldiers with decorations running clear around to his backbone and a thrilling speech on army morale and the last drop of fighting blood that puts your drive over to glorious victory! . . . The side-whiskered butter-eaters!"

This is the American language of 1918. "Three American Plays" (Harcourt Brace) by Mr. Anderson and Mr. Stallings exhibits also some amusing examples of that language credited to the end of the eighteenth century in "First Flight." It is not historical, but it comes nearer to it than the nonsensical jargon, cribbed from Sir Thomas Malory and William Morris, which Americans have traditionally used in historical fictions.

SHORT CUTS

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1926.

Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. B. J. Brimmer Co.

The fourteenth issue of this indispensable annual, called the Sesqui-Centennial Edition, contains not only the customary anthology and yearbook of American Poetry, but also an extended survey, by various writers, of poetical activity in all sections of the country. As criticism the volume is not remarkable; as compilation it is heroic.

This Believing World. By Lewis Browne. Macmillan Co.

A sympathetic, dramatic, and enlightened outline of the origin of religions from magic to Mohammed.

Darwin. By Gamaliel Bradford. Houghton Mifflin Co.

A pleasant portrait, slightly sweetened and diluted as if out of consideration for tender-minded laymen who in 1926 still want to be assured that the great scientist was also a good husband, father, and friend, if not, of course, quite a Christian.

England. By William Ralph Inge. Charles Scribner's Sons.

An informed, energetic survey of contemporary Great Britain with an eye on the near future. The author dislikes America and machinery and loathes most forms of radicalism.

Plato's American Republic. By Douglas Woodruff. E. P. Dutton & Co.

In a dialogue written in the Socratic manner an imaginary Socrates somewhat Britannically tells how he visited America, inquired into the causes of the national habits, was baffled, and suffered deportation. The comments are sharp and amusing.

An Autobiography of Abraham Lincoln.

Compiled by Nathaniel Wright Stephenson. Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Letters, speeches, and public papers of Lincoln so arranged and annotated as to tell his story in his own words.

Debts and Credits. By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Four or five of these stories are clear and brilliant. The others have traces of shell-shock.

Introduction to Sally. By "Elizabeth." Doubleday, Page & Co.

The adventures of a cockney Helen, beautiful but dumb, in a world maddened by her illiterate charms. Not even "Elizabeth" ever wrote another book more delicious.

Rip Van Winkle Goes to the Play. By Brander Matthews. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Theatrical reminiscence need not always be the most dreadful weapon in the armory of old age. Mr. Matthews, reviewing the theater from 1860 to 1924, writes nowhere with more spirit and with a more open mind than in his account of the season of 1923-24.

Demosthenes. By Georges Clemenceau. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Clemenceau's apologia under the guise of a study of his master in oratory.

Pope. By Lytton Strachey. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

A nugget of criticism, valuable enough to make the day lucky for any reader who takes it up.

A Million and One Nights. By Terry Ramsay. Simon & Schuster. 2 vols.

All that's fit to print about the movies, particularly their history. Monumental, Thomas A. Edison calls the work. Hardly any other word will do.

Catch up with the Sun at Hollywood .



FLORIDA charm with all its varied allurements—outdoor sport, brilliant social gaiety, pleasures and delights of seashore and country club—unfold in full flower at Hollywood Beach Hotel. Midway between Palm Beach and Miami, the most beautiful hotel in Florida, it is the Northland's ideal winter sanctuary.

Front-a-front the ocean, its windows overlook the emerald sea. Just a step in your bathing togs from your room to beach and surf.

Roomy suites, vast lounges and dining hall, every luxurious convenience, yet homelike comfort throughout, make this gorgeous hotel a dream of

beauty and content. Exquisite tableware, featuring fresh vegetables, fruit, butter and eggs from the hotel's own farms, captivates a jaded appetite.

Every day a day in June. No halfway climate. Genial summer and warm surf always. Life is not keyed to one note. You live as you please, and do as you please, drawing your enjoyment from a wealth of recreation and entertainment. Tennis, horseback riding, motorboating, aquaplaning, by day; dances, musical concerts and recitals by night.

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The CENTURY FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

THE purpose of this department is to help CENTURY readers to avoid investments in which they are likely to lose money, or in which the risks involved are greater than the circumstances surrounding the investment would justify the individual in taking; and to assist them in the choice of sound investments that meet their requirements. It is hoped that inquiry will be made regarding securities and dealers before funds are invested rather than afterwards. Questions will not be answered in regard to purely speculative operations. Return postage should accompany each inquiry.

In addition to this Readers' Service, THE CENTURY will publish in this part of the magazine each month the announcements of reliable banking and brokerage houses that it can recommend. No house will be permitted to use these pages until it has been carefully investigated, and every effort will be made to accept only the offerings of safe securities and the announcements of responsible and reliable houses.

Address all communications to READERS' FINANCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT, THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Investment Questions and Answers

Short and Long Term Investments

CONNECTICUT.—Q. Will you suggest a few bonds where I can invest with a maximum of safety \$5,000 which I have just received from building and loan shares? I realize that such bonds would pay little more than 5 per cent. and while I could put this money in a savings bank at 4½ per cent., the bond salesmen here say that money rates will continue to decline, until possibly savings banks will lower their 4½ per cent. rates. Under such conditions bonds are preferable for me. On the other hand, I am informed that banks are buying fewer bonds because prices are so high — and this would tend to show that some knowing people expect bond prices to come down. What is your opinion?

A. Both stock and bond prices are at a high level and the writer, along with many authorities, believes that both classes of securities will experience a drop from current quotations within a year or so at which time there may be opportunities to purchase some of the best securities available in the market at a greater advantage than at present. Basing our advice on these facts, investors might do well to temporarily employ their funds in short term securities and await a recession in prices when more advantageous investment in long term issues might again be made. Such short term securities as:

United Light & Power 5½s, due 1928
Chicago Rock Island & Pacific 5s, 1929
Tri City Railway & Light 5s, 1930

give a 5 per cent. return with the additional assurance that they will not decline as will long term bonds in a period of market depression so that they could be disposed of without loss for a switch into long term bonds at lower prices in such a period. You might consider this plan for investing your \$5,000. If it should not meet with your entire favor, however, the following still seem fairly attractive at current prices:

St. Louis-San Francisco prior lien 5s, 1950
Denver Gas & Electric 1st and ref. 5s, 1951
Kingdom of Norway 5½s, 1965
U. S. Steel 5s, 1963
Baltimore & Ohio genl. & ref. 5s, 1995
Federal Light & Traction 1st 5s, 1942
Commonwealth of Australia 5s, 1955

Building and Loan Associations

CONNECTICUT.—Q. Will you please advise me what

the special risk is which would justify the rather unusual interest rate offered in the enclosed circular? It is clear that 10 per cent. is high. Do you consider such an association a suitable investment for one whose chief aim is the maximum of reasonably sure income? I am not averse to taking some risk but cannot afford the time to be continually watchful of my commitments as is necessary if one seeks income appreciation through conservative stock speculation.

A. We have no specific information in our files of reference regarding the Continental Savings and Building Association, of Dallas, Texas, but basing our opinion on the matter contained in literature which you sent, it appears to us to be an entirely suitable institution for the accumulation of funds. It has been the experience among associations of this character where they have confined their operations to their home territory and have been managed by local business men of responsibility and experience that they have proven safe and satisfactory vehicles for the investment of savings. We see nothing in the literature or by-laws of this association (a copy of which we have, issued in 1921) to indicate that it is not such a concern.

Good \$500 Bonds

CONNECTICUT.—Q. I have \$500 to invest and am anxious to have it well secured. I have under consideration the following securities and wish your advice. (1) N. Y. N. H. & H. col. tr. 6s, 1940. A local banker speaks in very high terms of this security. (2) Gatineau Power Company 6s, 1941. The circular enclosed indicates that it is well secured, having the backing of the Province of Ontario. (3) State of Queensland 7s, 1941. (4) Anaconda Mining 1st S. F. 6s, 1953. Shall be deeply indebted to you for advice.

A. All of the bonds you list are entitled to good investment ratings and you would not make a mistake to put your money in any of them. At present offering price the Gatineau Power Company 6s yield 6.05 per cent.; N. Y. N. H. & H. col. tr. 6s, due 1940, selling around 100, yield 6 per cent.; State of Queensland 7s, due 1941, selling around 113.75, give a yield of about 5.62 per cent. and Anaconda Copper Mining Company 6s, due 1953, selling around 103½, give a yield of about 5.75 per cent. to maturity.



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MANY men meet the situation by going over their investments with us from time to time.

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353 Fourth Ave. New York

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc. Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912

of THE CENTURY

published monthly at Concord, N. H.

For October 1st, 1926

COUNTY OF NEW YORK, } ss.
STATE OF NEW YORK, }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared W. MORGAN SHUSTER, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the President of The Century Co., publisher of THE CENTURY, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Name of	Post-Office Address
Publisher, THE CENTURY CO.	353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Editor, HEWITT H. HOWLAND	353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Managing Editor, NONE.	
Business Manager, NONE.	

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

Owners, THE CENTURY CO.

353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Stockholders: W. Morgan Shuster, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; William W. Ellsworth, New Hartford, Conn.; Geo. L. Wheelock, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Robert Underwood Johnson, 327 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Donald Scott, Huntington, N. Y.; Edith True Drake, 17 East 8th Street, New York, N. Y.; W. F. Clarke, Scarsdale, N. Y.; George H. Hazen, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Gardner Hazen, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Egerton Chichester, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; The Pennsylvania Company, Trustee for Josephine Kern Dodge, Philadelphia, Penna.; Estate of Roswell Smith, 253 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Estate of Annie G. Smith, 253 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Estate of Geo. Inness, Jr., Cragmoor, N. Y.; Julia G. Inness, Cragmoor, N. Y.; Hannum Securities Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Dana H. Ferrin, White Plains, N. Y.; James Abbott, Yonkers, N. Y.; Geo. C. Fraser, 20 Exchange Place, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

THE CENTURY CO.

(Signed) W. MORGAN SHUSTER, President.
(Signature of Publisher.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1926.

JAS. J. TATTAN,

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(Seal)

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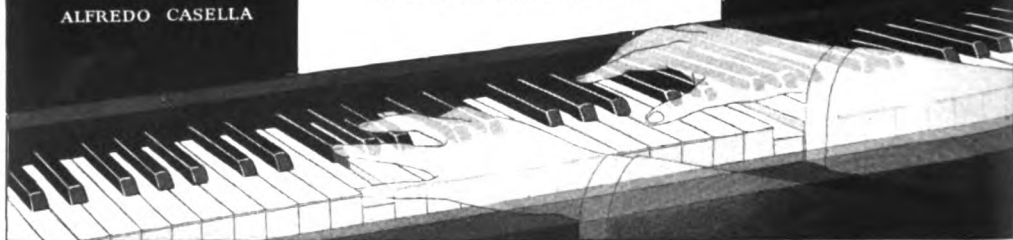
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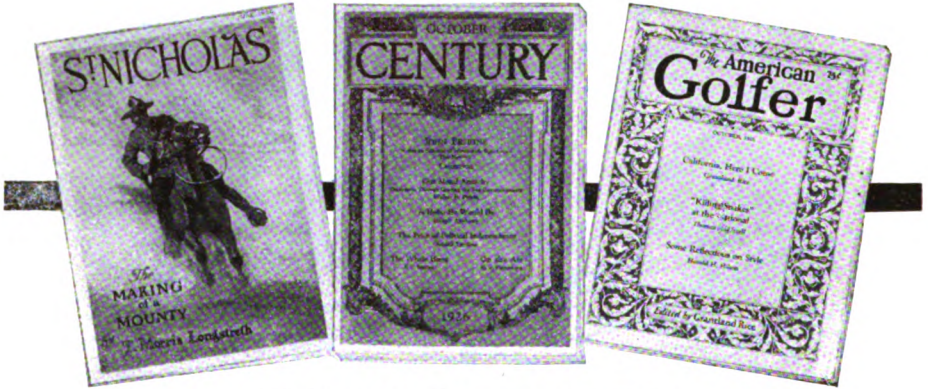
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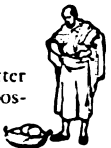


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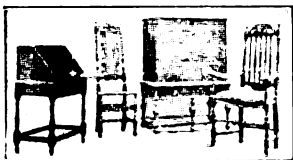
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The Citizen from Emporia

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1927

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VOL 113

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In the FEBRUARY CENTURY

AN INDUSTRIAL DIVORCE

Wall Street replies to Professor Ripley

Maurice Hely Hutchinson

A GREAT MAN'S WIFE

Did she alone know him?

Charlton Lawrence Edholm

BISHOP'S BEER

A temperance experiment and its bearing on prohibition

Alice Katharine Fallows

THE MODERN WOMAN

Philosophers grow dizzy as she passes by

Will Durant

MOTHER'S SON

"You ain't tough enough for this sort of life"

Captain Dingle

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Beams of super-audible sound-waves, and what they do

Frank Thone

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Freedom, responsibility, knowledge: the conflict between the old and the new

Howard Madison Parshley

GENERAL MANGIN

A brilliant portrait of a man of original and compelling genius

David Gray

Departments

THE CENTURION

John Erskine

THE ROVING CRITIC

Carl Van Doren

*Also stories, articles, and poems by Frederick Simpich,
Anzia Yezierska, Jacqueline Embry, Rose Feld,
Robert Gordon Anderson, and others*

C. 1-27

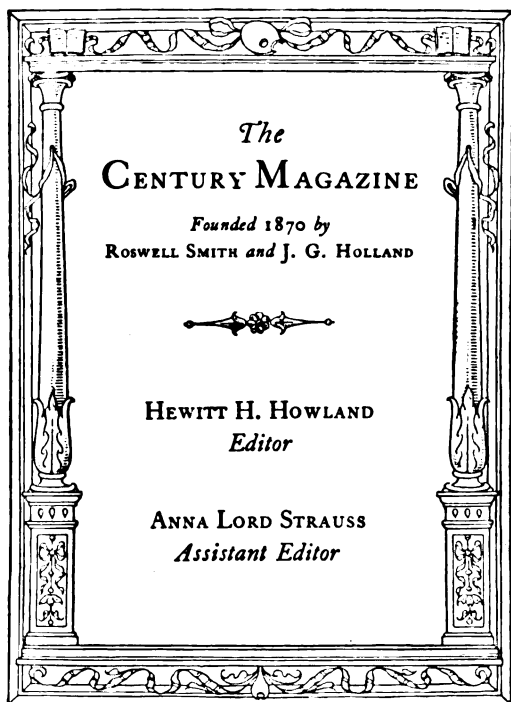
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Among Our Contributors

J. B. S. Haldane (The Duty of Doubt) some one has said is "the cleverest of the scientific prophets"; but he is far more than clever, as "Daedalus," published three years ago in *THE CENTURY*, proved most conclusively. Mr. Haldane is a reader in biochemistry at Cambridge University.

Homer Croy (Money Brains) wrote "West of the Water Tower" and was promptly initiated into the best-seller class. He came from Missouri.

Henry J. Reilly (Our Crumbling National Defense) began a distinguished career when he graduated from West Point, 1904. Rose rapidly, served in Philippines, Mexican border, World War, where he was decorated by France as well as by his own country. Was for years editor of "Army and Navy Journal" and has corresponded for many papers and periodicals. Washington is his present address.

Mary Eleanor Abbott (Idealism) came out of Radcliffe in 1924, after two years at Vassar. When she isn't painting she writes. She is the daughter of Professor Wilbur C. Abbott of Harvard, whose delightful essays are known to all essay readers.

Frederic Prokosch (New-Englander) lives at Bryn Mawr though born at Madison, Wisconsin. Poetry, painting, and tennis are his chief occupations.

Henry Kittredge Norton (The International Mind in the Making) is an expert on the Far East; spent years in China and Japan, will go shortly to the

Mediterranean countries; is a valued contributor to the most important magazines.

Karl W. Detzer (The Superior Woman) well known to *CENTURY* readers. An Indianian, resident now of Northern Michigan, where he draws inspiration from the Great Lakes.

Lawrence Lee (A Song after Farewell) is of Montgomery, Alabama; graduate of the University of Virginia, resident of New York City. Has appeared with both prose and verse in many magazines.

Rollin Lynde Hartt (Some Thoughts on the Usual Subject) has published many books, and traveled the world over for magazines and metropolitan papers. He is anchored now in New York.

Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant (The Citizen from Emporia) has done much social work and investigation in both Boston and New York; is a regular contributor to magazines; a native of Massachusetts, she lives now in New York City.

Rose Lee (The Social Swim in Angora), a Baltimorean, graduate University of Chicago, contributor to "Nation" and "New Republic." Abroad all of 1926, much of the time in Turkey.

Hugh A. Studdert Kennedy (First in Crime), England born, brother of the rector of St. Edmonds, Lombard Street, who is affectionately known as "Woodbine Willie"; was London correspondent of the "Christian Science Monitor" before coming to America—San Francisco—to live. His "Tonic of Disaster" appeared in the August *CENTURY*.

Robert Gordon Anderson (Those Quarrelsome Bonapartes) has been a Napoleon student for many years and now is realizing an ambition in writing *THE CENTURY*'s new biographical serial.

R. H. Mottram (The Stranger Takes a Look), native of Norwich, England. "The Spanish Farm," to which Galsworthy wrote an introduction, made his name known in England. His *CENTURY* contribution is one of the number of sketches in which he hopes to present a vision of the European battlefields from the point of view of the volunteer officer of 1914. We shall print another of the sketches later in the year.

Monroe Heath (Masque) after graduating from Harvard spent several years in his native town, Colorado Springs. Is now with the publishers, Henry Holt & Company, New York.

Nancy M. Schoonmaker (Where Does She Stand) is a Kentuckian living now at Woodstock, New York; has studied the political activities of women in Europe; writer and lecturer, author of "The Eternal Fires."

Llewellyn Hughes (Mr. Nobody) born in Penarth, New South Wales, came to Canada as a civil engineer, and then to Harvard for postgraduate work. To the war with the Canadians, where he picked up literary material and drank a little German gas.

FOUR REASONS WHY

☞ *First* ~ FINANCIAL

A series of articles on investments and other questions of finance, subjects of importance to every reader who hopes to make two dollars out of one; by Maurice Hely Hutchinson, investment banker with a literary charm matched only by his financial technique. Read his reply in February to Professor Ripley's famous "Atlantic Monthly" articles.

☞ *Second* ~ BIOLOGICAL

A series of articles on the science of life in which the ultra-modern biologists are called back from their advance-posts and told in brilliant style, with authoritative voice, that they have gone too far for safety. "The New Testament of Science" is by Professor Walter B. Pitkin of Columbia University.

☞ *Third* ~ PROTECTIONAL

A series of articles on Arms and Appropriations in which the reasonable demand is made that we carry out the provisions and program of our National Defense Act passed by Congress in 1920. Timely, truth-telling, fearless story of the situation by Brigadier-General Henry J. Reilly, O.R.C., U.S.M.A. 1904.

☞ *Fourth* ~ BIOGRAPHICAL

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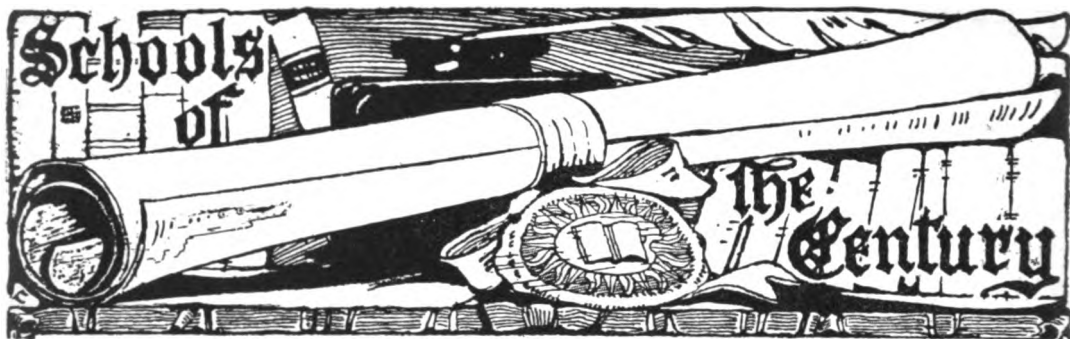
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A REPLY TO PROFESSOR RIPLEY



¶ A striking feature in the February CENTURY will be a powerful reply to the articles contributed to the "*Atlantic Monthly*" by Professor William Z. Ripley, on the subject of Corporate Finance.

¶ This reply is by Maurice Hely Hutchinson, whose experience, as a member of an old-established firm of investment bankers, constitutes sufficient endorsement of his qualifications for writing on this subject.

¶ Mr. Hutchinson confounds theory by confronting it with practice; and reinforces practice still further with the soundest of economic theory.

¶ His counter-attack upon the general processes of Professor Ripley's reasoning, as well as upon the detailed flaws in his argument, is a masterpiece of logic. He combines the proud confidence of one who has faith in his calling, with the finish of a scholar, and the humor of a man of the world.

¶ The reply is further remarkable as offering, in a single sentence, a profound crystallization of political philosophy. It points the way to union, rather than discord, between efficiency and liberty.

¶ In the forceful language of one whose philosophy has been refined in the furnace of experience, Mr. Hutchinson has contributed a permanent memorial to the ethics of Investment Banking and of Big Business.



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from Ownership*

BY

MAURICE HELY HUTCHINSON

February Century

The CENTURY MAGAZINE

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No 3

THE DUTY OF DOUBT

We Take Nobody's Word for It

J. B. S. HALDANE

WE ARE taught that faith is a virtue. This is obviously true in some cases, and to my mind equally false in others. There are occasions when the need for it must be emphasized. Nevertheless at the present time I believe that mankind is suffering from too much, rather than too little faith, and it is doubt rather than faith that must be preached. I am not thinking wholly or even mainly of faith in the Christian or any other religion, but simply of the habit of taking things for granted. Nor am I praising a blind and haphazard doubt, which is as unintelligent as blind faith, and far less fruitful. Greece and Rome produced a sect of skeptic philosophers who produced valid reasons for doubting anything whatever, and finally left themselves with no motives except the gratification of their instincts. Christianity swept away skepticism along with many nobler philosophies. And any system in which the suspense of judgment leads to the suspense of action will inevitably perish at the hands of men who are prepared to act, however

utterly nonsensical be the motives that lead them.

Modern science began with great acts of doubt. Copernicus doubted that the sun went round the earth, Galileo that heavy bodies fall faster than light ones, Harvey that the blood flowed into the tissues through the veins. They had each a theory to replace the old one, and their observations and experiments were largely designed to support that theory. But as time went on these theories, too, were found wanting. The planets do not go round the sun in circles as Copernicus thought; gravitation is a more complex affair than Galileo or even Newton believed. And nowadays, though many experiments are made to support old or new theories, large numbers merely go to prove them false without putting anything in their place. One can hardly open a scientific journal without finding a paper with some such title as, "On an Anomalous Type of Inheritance in Potatoes," or, "Deviations from the Law of Mass Action in Concentrated Sugar Solutions."

The statement of any general principle is enough to raise active doubt in many minds. Moreover the authors very often make no attempt to put forward an improved theory; and if they do so it is generally in a very tentative form. "The results so far obtained are consistent with the view that . . ." has taken the place of "Thus saith the Lord . . ." as an introduction to a new theory. Moses apparently regarded "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" as an absolute principle of right conduct; Einstein would certainly not regard any of his laws as final accounts of the behavior of matter.

Now the method of science, which involves doubt, has been conspicuously successful over a certain field. But there are many who affirm that that field is strictly limited. "In the realm of religion and ethics," they assert, "we have reached finality. You may not be certain about the principles of physics, but I, and every right-minded man and woman, are certain about the principles of right and wrong; and those who question them deserve to be treated as criminals." This attitude is rather commoner in the United States than in most civilized countries, not because Americans are more stupid or less educated than other nations, but because they live amid a more homogeneous moral tradition. The Englishman who thinks it wrong to live with a mistress has only to cross to France to find people doing so without exciting serious disapproval. The Russian who regards making a fortune as a disgusting vice has only to enter Finland (if his government will let him) to find quite decent and useful

individuals practising it. But the American has a long way to travel before he or she will find otherwise respectable women smoking cigars without unfavorable comment, or governing classes who regard the self-made millionaire as inevitably vulgar and unpleasant.

Now there are conditions when it is an advantage that moral principle should be unquestioned. It is roughly true that our laws are the laws which would have been suitable for our grandparents, and our moral code that which would have sufficed for our great-great-grandparents. It takes about two generations of effort to effect a great legal change, say prohibition or Irish home rule, and a good deal more to dethrone a generally accepted principle of moral conduct, such as the different moral standards of the sexes or the wickedness of sport on Sundays. In a society which is not altering much in other respects this stability is an excellent thing, though of course the desirable moral code will vary from place to place. Thus the South Pacific islanders almost universally practised infanticide or abortion, and very often cannibalism or head-hunting. The islands were as thickly populated as was possible with the methods of agriculture and fishing available, and if the population had not been kept down by these methods famines would have occurred. The missionaries have taught them that these practices are wrong, and so they are now, since European diseases and drinks have replaced them as checks on overpopulation.

Now the moral code of Europe, North America, Australia, and New Zealand is to a large extent the code

which was found to work in medieval Europe. Of course it has altered since the Middle Ages, but it is far more similar to its ancestor of six hundred years back than to the codes, say, of China, Arabia, New Guinea, or central Africa to-day. The medieval code was evolved in a society mainly engaged in small-scale agriculture and small-scale industry, dominated by a small educated class of priests, and a still smaller military nobility. And the oddest traces of this survive even in the United States. University professors are no longer in holy orders but they are expected to conform to a standard of conduct much stricter than that demanded of business men or soldiers. The head of the state no longer wears a sword and chain-mail on public occasions. (I am not talking about kings, who still occasionally wear swords, and who, when explosives have been superseded by other methods of killing, will probably carry dummy bombs.) But he still behaves to the heads of other states in a manner appropriate to a medieval knight. We are delighted (at least if we are shareholders) when company presidents and directors effect a combination with another corporation in the same line of business, but we expect our premiers and presidents to maintain our national independence to the last drop of our blood.

And the same applies to property. It was obviously right that a medieval workman should own his own tools and workshop. It is obviously impracticable for a modern factory worker to own half a lathe and twenty square yards of floor space. It is only gradually being realized

that the idea of absolute personal ownership so suitable when applied to a spade or a chisel leads to inconveniences when applied to a share certificate. And those who realize it most fully are convinced, why I am not very clear, that those inconveniences would vanish if only the ownership were transferred to the state. The truth is more probably that the idea of absolute ownership is ceasing to work and will have to be replaced as the idea of absolute position has been in physics or that of fixed species in biology. The believer in absolute ownership will at once ask me what I have to put in its place and will raise a triumphant shout when I say that I do not know.

Now supposing I go to a physiologist and convince him that his otherwise admirable theory of conduction in nerves will not explain, let us say, the action of cocaine in blocking them, he will not immediately ask me to produce a theory better than his own. Nor will he abandon his former view; he will try out modifications of it and see whether they work. He will quite likely spend a couple of months in experiments suggested by a theory which he regards as probably false. And when he arrives at a scheme of ideas which will fit all the facts so far known he will hardly dignify it by the name of theory, but call it a working hypothesis.

"Yes," my opponent will say, "and do you expect men to die for a working hypothesis as they will die for a faith?"

Well, men have died for odder things. On the occasion of Napoleon III's *coup d'état* in 1851, Baudin,

a deputy of the Second Republic, was trying to rally opposition in the streets of Paris, though with little hope of success. A workman shouted, "Why should we risk our lives for your twenty-five francs?" referring to his daily salary as a deputy.

"Stay here," said Baudin, "and you shall see how a man dies for twenty-five francs." He died.

And every day men do risk their lives for working hypotheses. Half the art of war consists of doing so. The dispositions of the enemy during a modern battle are more or less unknown. On the available evidence the commander-in-chief forms a hypothesis on which he must then act with the utmost vigor. The great general is the man who stakes everything on his hypothesis while realizing that it is only a hypothesis and must be modified from moment to moment.

Just the same is true of scientific work. A good many biologists experiment on themselves. Of course it is occasionally necessary to make experiments which one knows are dangerous, for example in determining how a disease is transmitted. A number of people have died in this way, and it is to my mind the ideal way of dying. Others make experiments which are apparently risky, but really perfectly safe provided the theory on which they are based is sound. I have occasionally made experiments of this kind, and if I had died in the course of one I should, while dying, have regarded myself not as a martyr but a fool. For all that, I have no doubt that the theories to which I intrusted my life were more or less incorrect. One

at least has already been proved so, and the history of science makes it clear enough that many of the others will be. But though they had their flaws, they were good enough to enable me to predict the safety of those particular experiments, and I hope that I never regarded them as much more than working hypotheses.

My objection to the thought of many people on all subjects, and of all people (including myself) on some subjects, is that it is in a pre-scientific stage. They seem to be incapable of acting on certain momentous topics unless they are certain of their premises. Now all I should be prepared to say in favor of democracy is that it is, in my opinion, the least objectionable form of government so far devised for men and women of certain sections of the human race. But acting on that opinion I should be willing to risk my life on its behalf in defending it against government by a military autocrat like the kaiser or a secret society like the Ku Klux Klan. Yet I hope that I have not closed my mind to the claims of other forms of government, for example the rule of such a voluntary aristocracy as the governing group of Italy or Russia.

Similarly in the field of religion it seems to me very probable that in certain respects the structure of the universe resembles that of my own mind. This opinion leads, I think, to implications as to moral conduct different from those of materialism. But if we try to clothe this idea in the terminology of religion we can do it in many different ways. Some of these may serve to make man more

like God; they also have the converse effect in bringing God, in our ideas at least, down to the level of man.

It is characteristic of a good scientific theory that it makes no more assumptions than are needed to explain the facts under consideration and predict a few more. For example it is quite likely that the inverse square law describing the force between two electrically charged bodies ceases to hold when they are very close or very far apart. In half an hour I could write down a dozen laws of a more complicated kind which would agree equally well with all the observed facts. But no one nowadays would be interested in such a law. Scientific men agree to suspend judgment when they do not know. On the whole, however, the opposite has been the case in the history of religion. Where there was obvious room for different opinions, for example as to the nature of Jesus' relationship with God, a highly complex theory was gradually built up and was accepted by most Christian churches. The Unitarians regard themselves as more reasonable than the Trinitarians and have adopted a quite different theory. To my mind a far more rational view than either would be as follows: "I believe in God and try to obey and imitate Jesus, but I do not know exactly what is their relationship." That is certainly the view of millions of Christians, but no important religious body dares to adopt it. They prefer to go on thinking along pre-scientific lines. And it is this pre-scientific outlook of religion, rather than anything specific in its tenets, which brings it into conflict with science. "A creed in harmony with

the thought of to-day" is no better than the Athanasian Creed if it is taken as a creed and not a working hypothesis, for the simple reason that it will not be in harmony with the thought of to-morrow.

As a matter of fact the Christian attitude to faith probably rests on a misunderstanding. Diseases of the nervous system and chronic diseases of the skin are particularly amenable to cure by suggestion and other psychological methods. Jesus' recorded healing work was mainly confined to these complaints, and required faith in the patients. But this faith was a belief that they would be cured, and not an assent to historical or metaphysical propositions. Christian Science is so often therapeutically successful because it lays stress on the patient's believing in his or her own health rather than in Noah's Ark or the Ascension. But the Christian churches have tended to accumulate more and more dogmas in their schedules as time went on, so that faith has become more and more intellectual and more and more of a strain on the intellect.

It is just the same with politics. Political creeds fall into two classes. There are the conservative beliefs that institutions which have worked fairly well in the past will go on working under new conditions. Opposed to them are the radical beliefs that policies which have not been tried at all, such as universal disarmament, or have been tried far away or long ago, for example prohibition in Arabia, are the only solutions for our problems. The good party men honestly hold these beliefs; the politicians say that they hold them. Fortunately this is

rarely the case, though occasionally an honest man like Robespierre or W. J. Bryan rises to power and acts as if he believed in his own speeches. As long as the average voter's thought is pre-scientific, a politician dare not say: "I am inclined to think the tariff on imported glass should be raised. I am not sure if this is a sound policy; however, I am going to try it. After two years, if I do not find its results satisfactory I shall certainly press for its reduction or even removal."

Nevertheless the successful politician often acts in very much that way, and quite calmly goes back on his policy of a year ago. His enemies accuse him of broken pledges; his friends describe him as an inspired opportunist. In England and the United States the two-party system permits a government to remedy the grosser mistakes of its predecessors, while continuing their successful policies without too great a show of enthusiasm. The tacit agreement to this effect between the party leaders gives our politics a certain air of unreality, and many of those who seek for truth in the mouths of politicians turn with relief to Russia. The government of the Soviet Union not only admits but boasts that its policy is experimental. Many items in its early program were failures, and some of these have been withdrawn. Others equally daring in their conception have proved successful. Hence the evolution of the new social order has been amazingly rapid. The Communist party has been in power for less than nine years, but it has contrived to evolve a fairly stable system combining some of the advantages of capitalism

and socialism. No doubt the Russian people has proved an ideal subject for large-scale experiments. But the growing distrust of constitutional government in Europe suggests that there, too, the present generation is more prepared to be experimented on than were its fathers. And if we are to escape the despotism which will follow a revolution either to the Left or the Right, our present rulers and those who support them will be well advised explicitly to imitate the extremely capable Bolshevik leaders, and adopt an experimental method.

In the sphere of ethics the same principles must, I believe, be applied. The circumstances postulated by the older ethical codes have ceased to exist. In a more primitive community our most obvious duty was quite literally to our neighbor. In a village we knew our neighbor's affairs pretty well, and if we did not always succeed in loving him as ourselves we could pretty often be of assistance to him. In a great city one may have a department-store on the left and a man one never meets on the right. An occasional gift to charity or even an evening a week spent on welfare work in a poorer quarter is not the psychological equivalent of taking in Mrs. Johnson's children during her illness and going to the assistance of Mrs. Kelly when her husband comes home drunk. All through the civilized world experiments are being made as to how best to help one's fellow-creatures without falling into hard officialism on the one hand or indiscriminate gifts to the undeserving on the other. The mere multiplicity of these experiments goes to

show how few of them have been completely successful.

Again the invention of contraceptive methods and the economic emancipation of women have created new problems in sexual morality. If a given action has different consequences now from those which would have followed fifty years ago, it is from the ethical point of view a different action. Contraception is leading to experiments on rather a large scale in Europe; and most of them, like most laboratory experiments, are unsuccessful. Married women are discovering that no children or a single child seldom lead to happiness; unmarried women who try the experiment rarely find satisfaction in a multitude of lovers. On the other hand a spacing out of childbirths is generally found to be advantageous for all concerned, and there is a small but perhaps a growing body of experience favoring an experimental honeymoon before marriage in lands where divorce is difficult, and an experimental period of marriage where it can easily be dissolved. The public discussion of such topics generally leads to the promulgation by both sides of dogmatically held opinions, and a failure to realize that the questions at issue can only be decided by experience. This failure is unfortunate for two reasons. It means that many more experiments in behavior, often of a disastrous type, will be needed before the question is cleared up, than would be the case if a serious attempt were being made to collate the results of those going on to-day. And it is extraordinarily difficult to love one's neighbor when he or she differs from one fundamentally on moral

issues, though quite possible to do so if one believes that he or she has made an unfortunate mistake in conduct because of uncertainty as to what, under the new conditions, was right or wrong.

Such then is the case, or rather a fragment of the case, for doubt. It is very nearly the same as the case for freedom of speech. Plato described thought as the dialogue of the soul with itself, and doubt is just a refusal to deprive either side of a hearing. Just as freedom of speech facilitates right action by the state provided the speakers and those who listen to them have a share in deciding policy, so doubt is a virtue if, and only if, it is the prelude to action. A merely negative doubt is like freedom of speech divorced from political responsibility. This was the condition of affairs in India in the ten years before 1919, when the Indian politicians were permitted to talk indefinitely, but possessed no effective share in the government. India is barely beginning to recover from the type of political thinking which flourished during that unfortunate epoch.

There are some who will admit that doubt may be a necessity in a scientific era, but hold that art and literature flourish best in an age of faith when they become the interpreters of a great religious or philosophical system rather than the symptoms of intellectual unrest. While such opponents bring forward Dante and the architects of the European cathedrals, forgetting Milton and Phidias, I shall do no more than cite the opinion of John Keats in a letter to his brother. "Dilke is a man who

cannot feel he has a personal identity unless he has made up his mind about everything. The only means of strengthening one's intellect is to make up one's mind about nothing—to let the mind be a thoroughfare for all thoughts, not a select party." Keats certainly did not strengthen his intellect at the expense of his esthetic powers, and his "Hyperion" is little more than an account of the supersession of good ideas by better, a process which as he showed, so far from stifling art, may inspire it.

Finally I shall perhaps be told that I am preaching pragmatism. But where the pragmatist says that a belief is true because it works, I have attempted to suggest that it is often false although it works, and that belief is not, as James preached, a necessary preliminary to effective action. And where the pragmatist exalts the will to believe, I have attacked it. The desire for intellectual certitude is laudable in the young, as a stimulus to thought and learning; in the adult it easily becomes a vice. History, when it is taught as the history of human thought, makes it abundantly clear

that most of the intellectual certitudes of our forefathers were illusory, though often of temporary value. One intellectual certitude has from time to time been replaced by another at the expense of a sufficient number of martyrs. So long as our education aims at inculcating dogmas, religious, political, ethical, or scientific, fresh relays of martyrs will be necessary for every step of human progress. And while I do not suggest that humanity will ever be able to dispense with its martyrs, I cannot avoid the suspicion that with a little more thought and a little less belief their number may be substantially reduced.

To sum up, science has owed its wonderful progress very largely to the habit of doubting all theories, even those on which one's action is founded. The motto of the Royal Society, "Nullius in verba," which may be paraphrased, "We take nobody's word for it," is a sound rule in the other departments of life. The example of science shows that it is no check on action. Its general adoption would immeasurably hasten human progress.

MONEY BRAINS

HOMER CROY

IF YOU have been to Monte Carlo, and if you have noticed a little, undersized, inconsequential Frenchman with bug-eyes and a pair of thick glasses balanced on a thin, sharp, humped nose, then you have seen the great Chavoix. He is, in fact, Monsieur le Directeur Chavoix.

Many a time he has been mistaken for a waiter, but it does not ruffle him. Nothing, it is said, does that, except money going the wrong way. His word is law, and the silent watchful little man dominates the Casino as completely as Napoleon did Compiègne. He is the one man between the powerful international syndicate, which owns the establishment, and the public.

Possibly it does not disturb him to be mistaken for a waiter, because once he *was* a waiter. It had been in some little obscure restaurant in Paris where he could polish glasses until they looked like the Ritz; and when he worked there he was the same slight, inconsequential-looking person as when he came to Monte Carlo to—er—polish the public.

No nation in the world loves money so much as do the French; and Chavoix, the little waiter, made most of his fellow-countrymen seem like spendthrifts. All French people are supposed to have a stocking under a loose stone in the living-

room floor, but not the thrifty, planning, scheming Chavoix. He trotted his savings off to the bank and got his little three per cent. Then he began to invest them; the man who once sold a gold brick to a Frenchman is now as old as Chauncey M. Depew.

It was not long before Chavoix owned the little restaurant in Paris, and took off his professional shirt-front and put on a clean one. Rung One. But being the owner of a little restaurant was nothing to Chavoix; he had just begun. He wanted to make big money. Money, money, money; that was what counted with Chavoix, and it was the key-note of his character, and if any idea or project made money for him nothing else mattered. Although big money was what he wanted, he wanted little money too.

There was the incident of Florine, the waitress. She had been ambitious to be an actress and had played a few small parts, but it takes money in Paris to rise in the world theatrical; and so, wearing her little black and white waitress cap, she flitted among the tables, smiled upon customers, and helped trade generally.

One day ten francs was missing; the girl had stolen it, Chavoix said, and called the *agents de ville*. They took her away, sobbing, protesting; she had not done it, she said; she

would have revenge and so on, but it was useless. Chavoix sent the girl to prison.

"A franc's a franc," he said.

Any one who sets out to make money can make it; that is, if it is the biggest and most consuming thing in his life. Chavoix made it, but bringing it in by passing out food was not fast enough.

"There must be quicker ways," he said.

Soon he was at Monte Carlo, master of a restaurant two sizes larger. Trade was much better here; people who came to Monte Carlo didn't die when they let loose of a franc. One day Chavoix went into the great white and gold Casino, and his little bug-eyes saw more evidences of wealth than he had ever seen before in his life. This money, in the form of chips, was everywhere, piled in heaps, and was flung across the table as if it were of no more value than the mats under the beer-glasses in Chavoix's own café. From that time on he never rested; he must be where the money was, for money attracted him as inevitably as a raccoon coat attracts a chorus-girl.

At first, he went as one of the guest-guards, as they are politely called. His duty was to move among the guests, ostensibly to be of assistance if the players wished some service done, but in reality it was to see that nobody so far forgot himself as to commit suicide in the Casino, for this negligence was considered the height of bad manners. No lady or gentleman would do it; also it was bad for business. For a day, after such an unpleasant scene, the tables were deserted—ah, monsieur, it was terrible. Outside in the garden was

where the considerate went, for many reckless people come to Monte Carlo, tortured and in debt, and decide to risk all on the turn of a wheel—and often the perverse wheel turns the wrong way. These people have to be watched, the desperate ones who are determined to go away rich or not go away at all; and when Chavoix first came it was his duty to keep a sharp eye on these haggard faces.

But the relentless Chavoix did not remain a guard long; soon he was in a private room of his own in one wing of the establishment, and on the panel of the door was a little brass plate which said, "Contrôle."

Now that he was Monsieur the Managing Director, he was just as relentless in regard to money as he had been in his *petit* Paris days.

"You must have money brains to get along in this world," he said. "Money brains," he repeated and rubbed his hands together; "that's the only kind that counts."

To him the world was neatly divided into two classes: people with the kind of brains that could make money, and those with the kind that couldn't. He had no use for the latter.

Cruel tales were told at the Casino of what he had done for money. A *croupier* who had stolen a few francs had to take his family and flee to Italy. A short time afterward a report came back that the discharged man had killed himself. Chavoix looked up from his papers.

"It was none too soon," he said.

A person who knew these things only too well was Murger, floor-manager, which meant that he must see that all the tables played and

that everything was as quiet and seemingly as peaceful as a W.C.T.U. meeting. But behind it, always, eternally, was the pressure of the relentless Chavoix.



One night an American entered, a middle-aged man with gray hair. He showed his passport at the door, as demanded, bought his ticket of admission, and after wandering about the Casino for a time, secured chips and began to play. His name, as shown by his passport, was Feltman, and he was from Detroit.

He played hesitatingly at first, for evidently it was his first time in the gaming-rooms. Murger, the smiling and immaculate, walked up and down, always in evening-clothes, seemingly merely one of the players; but he was alertly on the watch, for at Monte Carlo one never knows at what moment . . .

Feltman played without a system, which showed that he was an amateur, for without a system at Monte Carlo one has no more chance than a monkey in a fundamentalist heaven. But as the wine of midnight stole through the humming, buzzing, tense room he began to call for more chips and to play more and more recklessly. At last, as the tables became deserted, the green covers were thrown over them. But Feltman, at one of the few remaining tables, played on. Morning came and Murger tapped him on the shoulder.

"I am sorry, monsieur, but it is now that we close to-day. The tables must be brushed, the floor must be cleaned, is it not true?—and then, monsieur, we begin again," he

said with professional cheer. "Will monsieur again honor us?"

Feltman had lost six thousand dollars, and it showed in his eyes. Now was the time one must be careful of suicides, at this time in the morning—in the garden. The guards slipped after him, but Feltman moved away, and Murger returned to his round of inspection. He had seen such things many times.

It is the custom at Monte Carlo for the people to dine and go from their dinner-tables to the Casino and, after a brief stroll or a chat with friends, to proceed to the night's amusement. It is not, however, until nine or half-past that the heavy players arrive; in fact, the early dinner-hour is a slack time at the Casino. But the men, the staff, must be on duty. Murger that evening was moving about the room seeing that all was in readiness for the night's play; the *croupiers* must be checked, the money-changers must report, the whole intricate system must be in perfect running order, for there must not be the slightest hitch in the fierce battle soon to be waged. One of the guards advanced toward him quickly and deftly, but not so quickly as to attract the attention of the guests just beginning to arrive. The man made a slight, almost imperceptible gesture of his hand, and moved away, Murger at his heels.

They went down the secret stairway and out into the garden, where a guard held a small dark-haired woman grimly by the wrists. It was another of those things that constantly hover over Monte Carlo, for in the guard's pocket was a pistol he

had taken from her. He had been passing through the garden, on his round of duty, when he had seen a form moving among the flowers and palms and had crept up on her. Another moment would have been too late.

The poor woman's face was haggard, and in it was the bitter frustration of living. "Please let me," she pleaded. "It will be much better—I can't live now."

It was another of those little tragedies that never get to the outside world.

"Who are you?" demanded Murger.

"Nobody, nobody."

He looked at her sharply; he had never seen her before—she had never played in the Casino.

"Please let me go now," she said. But this could not be, for the Casino must be protected.

Chavoix must be the one to say what should be done with her, and Murger led her up the back stairs to Chavoix's room. What would Chavoix do?

"This is Monsieur the Director," Murger explained. "He shall decide."

The woman seemed to realize the powerful man she was before. After a moment she composed herself, her face softened, her hands became steadier, and the wild, fierce, pitiful look passed from her eyes.

"I am Mrs. Feltman," she explained; and in spite of herself she could not keep a sob from her voice. "My husband played here last night and lost everything we have—all our money. I slipped off from him, and I was going to end it; that was all." Her hand moved slightly. "It

would be peaceful," she said simply. "Death always is."

In a dull, heavy, emotionless voice she began to tell her story, while Chavoix, his hand among his papers, looked at her dispassionately. She was French born but had gone to America as an immigrant and had sewed in a little shop and saved her money. She had gone to Detroit, where she had met Feltman, and they had been married. He had taken her savings and put them into a small business; and, thank God! the two had made a little money—it was much harder to make money in America than people in France thought.

"Then our little boy was born," she said, and searching in her bag she brought out a portrait framed in leather.

She had always longed to come back to *la belle France*. "No one born in France can ever forget its loveliness," she added simply. This they had done on the small savings. They had brought most of the money with them, and she was going to invest it in her own France and send her little son to school in France; but last night her husband without her knowledge had left the little pension where they were staying, and had slipped away and had lost all their savings—everything.

So simple and yet so dramatic was the poor woman's story that Murger was moved. But Chavoix continued to gaze at her impersonally.

The woman realized that Chavoix could help her, and a faint hope began to grow in her face. Suddenly she bent forward and clasped his hands in hers, and tears fell upon them silently.

"Please, monsieur," she begged, "will you not give me back my money? It is not much for you—for the rich Casino—to return." She was swept along now by the idea of getting the money back, but she did not know Chavoix. "I beg you," she cried. "It is not for myself that I ask, it is not for my husband—he deserves it—it is for my little boy." And again she tried to kiss his hands, but he drew them away. "Have you not a little boy?" she cried.

"Take her away," he said. "Turn her over to the police."

The trembling woman rose; a new fire came to her, a new determination, a new bitterness.

"I will come back," she said. "But it will not be to the garden."

Chavoix moved uneasily; this indeed was another thing. In the Casino, in the playing-room! He knew only too well the wild scene of disorder, the screams of the women . . . the deserted tables. After all, six thousand dollars was not much, and besides, in spite of himself, the woman's pitiful story had moved him.

With the quick intelligence of the French he considered it. Then he spoke.

"I'll give it back to you—"

She flung herself at his feet and again seized his hands and began kissing them.

"But," continued Chavoix, again himself, "only on one condition; and that is that your husband shall never again darken my door. Will you promise me?"

"I promise," she sobbed, in a fresh burst of tears.

She was radiant, when she left with the money, and went out calling

the blessings of the saints upon his head. Chavoix turned to his papers.

"Hustle her along," he said.

Murger, leaving the little Chavoix alone in the room, returned to his duties of walking up and down among the guests, with seemingly no desire in the world except to make them happy. People came streaming back from dinner, some coming by the underground passages from the hotels; and again the hum of the tables rose, the sharp click of the chips as the *croupiers* flung them with lightning rapidity against the metal rakes, and over all the drone of the *croupiers* calling out the winning numbers. It was a scene that Murger had seen many, many times; but suddenly he stirred and his eyes blinked, for sitting calmly at one of the tables with a stack of chips before him coolly playing was Feltman. It was too great, too terrible for Murger to deal with, and he hurried for Chavoix.

"Come," was all that he was able to say. He pointed him out. "That is Feltman," he said.

Never had Murger, in all his years with Chavoix, seen such hatred as Chavoix concentrated upon Feltman. Chavoix's puffy little hands trembled.

But he kept his head.

"Bring him to the bureau," he commanded. He would deal with him there.

Murger was most polite, for Feltman must be led quietly away. Would monsieur be kind enough to step to the office for a moment? Monsieur le Directeur wished to speak to him, he explained with the air of making a social engagement.

"What does this mean?" demanded Chavoix, in a terrible voice, when Feltman had entered the room, with Murger and two guest-guards who seemed merely to have dropped in. "Explain yourself. Your wife promised me that you would never enter the Casino again."

The man looked at him in astonishment.

"My wife?" he repeated in bewilderment. "Why, I am not married—I'm a bachelor."

And getting out his passport he proved it.

Later that evening, Murger—still weak at the thought of the trap that he had led his master into—was astonished the second time, for coolly sauntering by was the woman who had passed herself off as Mrs. Feltman. She had dared to come back into the Casino!

He rushed upon her. "What does this mean?" he demanded.

He knew that there was no law by which she could be arrested, for the less the Casino comes into contact with the law the better it likes it. It administers its own laws in its gay, giddy, false world and thankfully never calls more than necessary upon the ones spread in the books.

"I had hoped to see you," she said. "Will you be good enough to ask your Monsieur the Director if he remembers Florine—his Paris waitress? That was before he was so rich. Tell him that she has now had her revenge. It has taken years, but it has paid well," and she jingled her bag pleasantly.

Murger bore the message trem-

blingly to his master. What would the hard man say? Sometimes they called him the Heartless, for it was always money, nothing but money. And now he had been tricked by a woman who had caused him to lose much money. The terrible rage he would fly into! Murger sighed; he himself might be discharged, for he had brought the woman.

Chavoix was busy among his papers, as he always was, bending far over them because of his poor eyesight. Murger told him what had happened, and Chavoix's face hardened.

"Florine? Florine?" he repeated, and for a moment his eyes were coated with the film of memory reaching back into the past. "My Paris waitress? Yes, ah, yes, now I remember her. And was this she?"

"Yes, monsieur," whispered Murger. "She is a bad woman."

And then Murger, who thought he understood his master, saw something that astonished him, for Chavoix's face softened. The rising storm melted away. And then Murger heard something that astonished him more than possibly anything had ever astonished him in his whole life, for his master—true to the French instinct for gain—said:

"Think of that, Murger; she put it over on me—on me who thinks himself so clever! She thought this out herself, planned it all. It was masterly. She has brains—money brains. I could use her. Bring her to me, Murger—quickly I tell you—I want to hire her for an assistant."

OUR CRUMBLING NATIONAL DEFENSE

Economy Undermines the Foundations of Our Military Policy

BRIGADIER-GENERAL HENRY J. REILLY, O.R.C.

“GENERAL PERSHING warns against sacrificing National Defense Act through excessive economy.” This head-line in a newspaper a short time ago has been followed by an increasing number of similar references. The American Legion and the Reserve Officers' Association, in their recent annual conventions, passed resolutions in the same tenor.

Are these merely the efforts of militarists to commit our country to a program that would ultimately lead to attempted conquest, or are they solemn warnings of a precarious condition, thoroughly understood by men whose experience has taught them the danger that lies in ignoring our national defense?

Our first and only military policy in the more than one hundred years of our existence is the National Defense Act, which became a law in 1920. After numerous wars, for every one of which we were unprepared, and in every one of which we lost unnecessarily in lives and treasure, and ran grave risk of defeat, we finally followed Washington's advice, “In time of peace prepare for war.”

The act was not copied from any European measure, and therefore not subject to criticism on the score of militarism, but was in accord with

the genius of the American people. In fact, so manifestly did it depend on the voluntary military service of civilians in time of peace that it was doubtful whether it would produce the expected military efficiency. By comparison with the haphazard expenditures of past years, due to the absence of a definite plan for the development of our army, it was bound to secure better results.

The critics of this act, and there were a number, truthfully said that the success of the act depended on whether voluntary engagement would produce the eight hundred thousand and more needed to recruit the Regular forces, the National Guard, and the Organized Reserve to the strength provided by the act. This exclusive of the hundreds of thousands of boys ultimately needed for the Reserve Officers' Training Corps and the Citizens' Military Training Camps.

Six years have passed. During that time it has been amply demonstrated that the men and boys can easily be obtained. In fact, they have been obtained in greater numbers and more quickly than the money needed to take care of them.

Such rigid economy has been practised in the annual appropriations for the Army of the United States that to-day the force available, both

in number of units and number of men, is far below what would have been reached had the provisions of the National Defense Act been faithfully carried out. In fact, it is doubtful if we can make even a pretense of further execution of the act without considerably increased appropriations.

The crisis has been approaching for several years. Mr. Weeks, when secretary of war, in speeches and in various annual reports showed that with the funds available it was impossible to make the progress prescribed by the Defense Act. He further pointed out that the exhaustion of the stocks of military supplies and armament left over from the war, coupled with the failure to maintain the existing plant of the army, would soon bring about a definite retrogression.

Mr. Weeks's prediction has unfortunately been more than fulfilled, for retrogression, both in *matériel* and *morale*, has set in. Replacement of *matériel* is only a question of money. Rebuilding *morale* involves greater difficulties and much more time. Napoleon said "the moral is to the physical as three is to one"; the World War increased only the proportion.

The National Defense Act is not a product of the General Staff, worked out purely from a military point of view. It is the result of exhaustive hearings before Congressional committees in which the military authorities, National Guard officers, civilians who had served as officers in the war, educators, industrialists, and business men were given opportunity to bring out every American point of view on the problem of national defense. No fair-minded person can justly attack this act as the product of military experts so wrapped up in their

specialty as to forget or ignore the beliefs and prejudices of our people as to the effect of military over-emphasis on our national life and ideals.

The act divided the country into nine areas, as equal in total population as adherence to State lines would permit. Each of these divisions was called a Corps Area and was to be the base on which Army Corps were to be raised. In each Corps Area there was to be in peace one Regular Army and two National Guard Infantry Divisions, with a cadre of officers and certain non-commissioned officers for three Reserve Infantry Divisions. In addition, there were to be, besides the Regular Cavalry, four National Guard and six Reserve Cavalry Divisions scattered throughout the country, so as to include those areas in which the civilian population takes to this branch of the service.

In case of war, the Regular and National Guard Divisions were to be immediately brought to war strength and sent to the front as the first line of defense; while the cadre, or skeleton, of officers and certain non-commissioned officers of the Organized Reserve Divisions was to be filled up by the draft, equipped and trained under the protection of the Regulars and National Guard already at the front. The nine Regular, eighteen National Guard, and twenty-seven Reserve Infantry Divisions were to be organized into six Field Armies, each of three Army Corps, and each Army Corps of three divisions. The troops not belonging to Infantry Divisions needed to complete an Army Corps, commonly called Corps troops, and the troops not belonging to the Army Corps needed to create

a Field Army, commonly called Army Troops, were also provided for. A General Headquarters was to command the army in the field.

To insure a supply of young Reserve officers from men with sufficient education, the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, in such schools and colleges as desired to have it, was designed. To give the boys of the country a chance at military training, without commitment as to service, and to give their parents an opportunity to see that military training is not deleterious, the Citizens' Summer Military Training Camps were devised. These camps are a continuation and broadening of the Plattsburg camp originated in 1915 by General Wood and carried on since by patriotic civilians throughout the country who have given their time and money to it.

To guarantee a reasonably prompt, orderly, and economical supply system, the Defense Act provides for peace-time planning for industrial mobilization in time of war.

The War Department was reorganized so that its various parts administer, organize, plan, and supply not only the Regular Army, as in the past, but the whole military structure both in peace and war. In the past, it has been popular and easy to rail at the War Department for its apparent inefficiency as exhibited at the outbreak of each of our wars. The fact has been overlooked that by law the War Department was organized only to care for the small Regular Army in time of peace.

In the six years that have elapsed, the Regular Army and National Guard should have reached their full peace strength of 17,700 officers and

280,000 men in the one, and of 19,600 officers and 435,000 men in the other; the Organized Reserve should have attained its full strength in officers and non-commissioned officers; the Reserve Officers' Training Corps and the Citizens' Military Training Camps should have shown steady annual increases. The equipment of all should have been completed; the training of all should have been of high character; the personnel of all should feel proud of their progress, satisfied with their relations with the government, and enthusiastic over their part in our first and only military policy.

Instead, the strength of the Regular Army is but 11,700 officers and 110,000 enlisted men, and that of the National Guard but 11,270 officers and 163,500 enlisted men. The officers in the Organized Reserve have more than reached the requirement, in that they number 96,242. The enlisted men of the Reserve number but 5775. The Reserve Officers' Training Corps and the summer Military Training Camps have shown a constant increase, though of nothing like the amount expected at the time the Defense Act was passed.

The equipment is fairly complete, but has begun to suffer because of the exhaustion of the war surplus which up to the present time has been used for replacement and expansion. The training in all branches is considerably below what it should be; the morale of a large part of the personnel, particularly in the Regular Army, is far from the high point which progress in peace and success in war demand.

The present standard in every

direction is so far below the level it should have reached that grave consideration is being given to the question whether the Defense Act must be abrogated or radically modified.

As a result of the act the Regulars were for the first time given the mission of peace-time training of civilians. For the first time, also, their duties in peace brought them in contact with civilians all over the country. Finding the Regular a typical American, the civilian is steadily losing his former prejudice against our professional soldiers.

The Regular Army of Great Britain, from which our Regular Army is in a way descended, and many of whose service customs and regulations we still have, long existed as the king's force. Accordingly it wore the king's red livery; it owed its allegiance to him and not to the nation. It was only as Parliament gradually got control of the purse-strings that the British Regular Army ceased to be merely the king's force, used by him against his subjects as quickly as against any foreign invader, and became a national force responsive to the will of the state.

The prejudice against the Regular Army, which inevitably existed in Britain, was brought to America by our forefathers. Though the history of our Regular Army shows it always to have been loyal to the central government above any other consideration, the inherited British prejudice has persisted in many quarters.

The first French Revolution revived the idea in Europe that every male must fight for his country in war, and, as a consequence, be trained in peace. The result was

that on the continent of Europe the peace-time mission of the Regular or professional soldier was entirely one of training. So truly was this so that when Germany desired to send an expeditionary force to China at the time of the Boxer outbreak in 1900, volunteers had to be called for and new units organized.

France had two armies: the Metropolitan Army, which, like the German army, was in peace-time solely for training purposes, and the Colonial Army, made up of regulars voluntarily enlisted who served in the various French colonies and fought the colonial wars.

The other European armies, as well as that of Japan and those of Chile and the Argentine, were organized on the same peace training plan as those of France and Germany. Only the United States, Britain, and China failed to train their citizens in time of peace.

The use of our Regular forces for training purposes had frequently been discussed theoretically. Once put in practice, however, it was found that a good many regular officers did not grasp the full extent of their mission, and a considerable number of them did not entirely accept the new idea. General Pershing, who was keenly alive to the ultimate advantages that were to be derived, spent the greater part of his days, before his retirement, explaining, exhorting, and enforcing. As time passed, the Regulars became more and more aware of the advantages that were offered to the country and to themselves. Also, they more and more sensed the fact that the military deficiencies of the civilian components of the army were not

due to unwillingness but to the limited time available for study and training.

There can be little doubt that had the provisions of the National Defense Act been carried out, the Regular forces would have become enthusiastically interested in the new work assigned them.

The Regulars began to suffer from limited appropriations as far back as 1921. At that time the forces had been recruited to more than 213,000. The recruiting then under way showed that the 280,000 prescribed by the National Defense Act could be reached easily. Since then, by reducing appropriations, Congress has brought the strength steadily down, until to-day it averages about 110,000. The number of officers authorized has been cut from 17,700 to 12,000. These cuts, with other economies, have affected the Regulars in two ways. First, the number of men and officers serving with each regiment has been materially reduced, while the amount of duty to be performed has not decreased proportionately. Secondly, the civilian components have steadily increased in strength, so that the Regulars are less and less able to meet the calls made on them for training duty.

The consequence has been a decided lowering in the standard of training in the Regular Army and in its morale. This is reflected in the number of enlisted men who desert; last year, nearly 14,000.

When men enlist in the army they do so with the understanding that they are to be trained as soldiers and to lead a soldier's life. On arriving at their post they find, in a majority of cases, the officers and men living in tumbledown wooden shacks, built

as temporary structures when we entered the war ten years ago. As money is not available for the adequate repair of these structures and of the roads and public utilities of the reservation, the men spend most of their time repairing barracks, stables, roads, outworn plumbing and water systems, and doing other jobs which have nothing to do with soldiering. Frequently they must go into their own pockets if their barracks are to be made really comfortable.

In the mounted service, in addition to this work, the animals have to be cared for. Where a soldier has to groom his own and possibly one other horse he does not complain. When the labor details make such a heavy draft on his organization that he has to care for a number of horses besides his own, his discontent is understandable. Instead of a dashing cavalryman or field-artilleryman, as shown by recruiting posters, he finds himself a combination of an ordinary laborer and a livery-stable groom.

Captains and colonels naturally wish to make their units efficient. With the complicated armament and equipment of a modern army, the day has gone by when soldiers can be effectively trained in a short daily drill period. A hard day's work is necessary. Under existing conditions the day is not long enough to maintain the post and to train the men effectively. A few officers who try to do both, by working their men longer hours than is justified in peace-time or than is required in civil life, fail to do either. The majority sacrifice either training or maintenance, or, attempting compromise, get unsatisfactory results in both.

In summer the Regulars cannot

devote sufficient time to their own target practice and field training, because they are largely used to help train the civilian components. The strength provided for by the National Defense Act would have been sufficient to keep the Regular units filled and also give enough thoroughly trained Regular officers and enlisted men to train the civilian components.

Before the war the Regular soldier lived well. He got definite quantities of different kinds of food, because his allowance was based on weight and not on price. At present his allowance is based on cost; the amount and variety of his food depends on the rise and fall of prices. The increased costs to-day result in a ration lighter in weight and in variety than was formerly the case. Also, for some unknown reason, the navy gets a more costly ration than the army. The soldier with some length of service to his credit looks back with regret on his previous allowances. It is true that his cash pay has been increased, but with the increased cost of living he is not in all respects as well off as he was. He must actually serve thirty years before retiring. Foreign service no longer counts as double time toward retirement.



Every officer of experience believes that the warrant and non-commissioned officer grades of the army should be sufficiently numerous and sufficiently attractive in their emoluments to encourage the best of the enlisted men to stay in the military service, to make it their life-work. With the steadily increasing number of enlisted men needed in the civilian components this is more than

ever important. Economy in appropriations, however, has forced the War Department to reduce the higher ratings among the Regulars by 4300 men. As a consequence, many worthy soldiers, whose abilities and services over a term of years entitle them to promotion, seeing their chances gone, are taking their discharges.

The average man who enlists in the army does so from a genuine desire for adventure, or from soldierly instincts, or both. As long as something exciting or interesting is going on he does not care how remote is the place in which he serves. The eagerness for service on the plains in Indian days, and, since then, in the Philippines, Mexico, China, or wherever there has been fighting or the prospect of it, proves this. This type of man naturally finds service in some perfectly quiet army post in the midst of a farming district not to his liking. The recreation available in such a place is necessarily limited; the companionship of the other sex is non-existent. General Wood when chief of staff recommended the building of barracks on the outskirts of cities, as is done in Europe. Besides bettering the morale of the army, this would materially reduce expenditures for light, sewerage, water, roads, and transportation.

The Regular officer, discouraged over present conditions, is beginning to lose heart. Military history proves conclusively that the character of the men making up a corps of officers and the morale of such a corps are the foundations of a successful army. If there are to be satisfactory results, the man who becomes a Regular officer must be one

to whom the profession of arms so appeals that he is willing to forgo the much greater financial rewards which the same amount of ability and energy exercised in civil life would bring him. There can be no argument that the man who is trusted with the lives of our citizens in war, and upon whose ability our success rests, must be of a high type.

In civil life, success is largely measured by the financial earnings of the individual. In military life it is measured by his rank. The greater the rank, the greater the command. Just as an engineer feels that in building bigger bridges and more beautiful buildings he is living a more useful and successful life, so does an officer feel as his command increases in size and importance. Pay is primarily dependent on rank.

During the war, the majority of Regular officers received a temporary promotion of one or more grades. At the close of the war they reverted to their normal rank. Under the old system where the Regular Army was our only peace-time federal armed force, these reductions would have been taken gracefully, since they would have been expected and would not have contrasted unhappily with the situation of other officers.

By reason of the National Defense Act, however, the Regular officer is now constantly in contact with National Guard and Reserve officers who not only hold the rank they held in the war, but in a great number of cases have been promoted from one to three grades. The result is that the Regular finds himself ranked one or more grades by men who are not only his junior in age, but who were his juniors and frequently under

his command during the war. This is particularly true in the general officer and field officer grades, which, as the command grades, are of most importance.

This condition is not one that will die out with the disappearance of the officers who fought in the recent war. Under the present regulations, if at the same time two young men, each twenty-one years of age, entered as second lieutenants, the Regulars and the Reserve Corps, respectively, the Reserve officer could be a major at the age of thirty-one and a colonel at the age of thirty-nine; whereas the Regular officer could not be a major until forty-eight, nor a colonel until sixty-one. In other words, under the present system, the man who has given up the chance of financial reward in order to become an officer of the army finds that the civilian who holds on to his chance of financial reward has also a better opportunity to attain rank, the only reward open to the Regular.

Not so long ago, officers of cavalry, infantry, artillery, and the other branches were on different promotion lists, with the result that grave inequalities, for which there were no justifiable reasons, existed in rank. This was remedied by putting all officers on one list. There is no reason why, similarly, some solution, just to the Regular, the National Guard, and the Reserve officer, and not unduly expensive to the government, cannot be found.

The impossibility of securing adequate training is even more discouraging to the officer than to the enlisted man. In the mounted service the excessive age of the animals is an added difficulty, as they are unfit for

vigorous drills or marches. On June 30, 1926, out of a total of approximately 24,500 horses and 15,500 mules belonging to the Regulars, the average age of 16,000 horses and 14,000 mules was more than seventeen years. To make matters worse, the forage allowance has been reduced from fourteen pounds of hay and twelve of oats for riding-horses, seventeen of hay and fourteen of oats for draft-horses, and fourteen of hay and nine of oats for mules, to twelve pounds of hay and nine of oats for horses and twelve of hay and seven of oats for mules.

The majority of the units of the army are so widely scattered that regimental and brigade training, to say nothing of divisional exercises, are impossible. The evils resulting from this situation were evident, even among the Regulars, during the last war.

The officers are as badly housed as the men. They have been compelled, even to a greater extent than the men, to reach into their own pockets to make their quarters habitable. As the majority of them are married and as race suicide is by no means prevalent, officers have the additional distress of seeing their wives and children suffer from hardships for which there is no justifiable excuse in a country as rich as ours.

Successive legislative enactments since 1920 have been responsible for an almost continuous reduction in the number of Regular officers. Many of the younger men, seeing their chances of promotion blocked, have resigned. The treatment accorded our leading general officers at the close of the war was not such as to encourage them with the hope of future reward.

General Pershing, who successfully commanded overseas by far the largest army this country has ever put in the field, was made a full general in 1919, with the pay prescribed by the act of Congress of 1870, despite the difference in the value of to-day's dollar. No provision was made to retain him on the active list for the rest of his life, and consequently he was retired when he reached the age of sixty-four. Generals Liggett and Bullard, who successfully commanded at the front the First and Second American armies, were not even retired with their temporary rank of lieutenant-general; they were reduced to the grade of major-general and retired as such. General March, who as chief of staff at Washington was largely responsible for the range and speed of our mobilization and war plans, suffered the same fate.

In Britain, as the result of the war, five successful generals became field-m Marshals, and five lieutenant-generals were made full generals. In addition to their regular pay, all received grants ranging from \$50,000 to \$500,000.

Before the World War the National Guard was organized in each State without regard to the practice of other States. There was no general coördination throughout the country. In the majority of cases there was no coördination within a State. The consequence was that the Guard, in general, consisted of an indiscriminate collection of infantry regiments, artillery battalions or batteries, and squadrons and troops of cavalry.

The National Defense Act changed all this by organizing the National Guard into divisions and fitting them

into the general scheme of six field armies in case of war. Had its provisions been followed, the strength of the Guard by June, 1925, would have reached a total of 19,000 officers and of 435,800 enlisted men—800 enlisted men for each senator and member of Congress.

By 1922 it was apparent that this program could not be carried out. Economy was one of the reasons. A new plan approved in 1923 provided that until July 1, 1926, the development of the Guard should be such that a minimum strength of 250,000 enlisted men would be reached.

There can be no doubt that had funds been available, the Guard would have reached this strength by July 1 of last year. Existing units everywhere were recruited to their full strength, while new units to complete the program were steadily brought into existence. In July, 1924, however, lack of appropriations compelled the War Department to instruct the various State adjutants-general to restrict recruiting and to limit the organization of new units. The Guard at that time had a strength of approximately 190,000. Since then, because of the impossibility of recruiting organizations to the exact authorized strength and keeping them there, the actual strength has varied from 175,000 to 181,000. For the last few fiscal years, the authorized strength has been 185,330.

When the various States accepted their quotas under the original plan, they considered that they had a virtual contract with the federal government. The fact that they have been and still are willing to carry out their part of the agreement, and that only the failure of the federal government to do its part

has prevented the consummation of the plan, puts the federal government in an unfortunate position.

As the National Guard depends on the voluntary efforts of civilians, any failure to keep promises as to organization, training, equipment, and pay naturally acts as a damper on the activities of the personnel. The Regular is hardened to neglect and used to doing the best he can with ineffective means; he has generally given up hope of seeing his country use good horse-sense in the management of its national defense. The civilian expects good management and efficiency, and where neither exists he soon severs his connection.

The Organized Reserve has reached an adequate strength in officers. It is far below its proper strength in non-commissioned officers. The chief trouble with the Organized Reserve to-day is the lack of opportunity for training. Last year only 16,000 of the more than 90,000 Reserve officers could be given fifteen days' training in camp. This is the greatest number Congress has ever allowed to attend in one year. In winter-time, the instruction of officers, particularly of those living in country districts or small towns, suffers greatly. This is due to the relatively small number of Regular officers assigned for instruction and also to their inability, because of deficient appropriations, to visit all the communities in their territory even once a year.

As it is now eight years since the Armistice, every conscientious Reserve officer who took part in the war knows he is badly in need of instruction. Each year thousands of young men with military training, coming from the various schools and colleges throughout the country, enter at the bottom of the Reserve list. It is

easily seen that to be even half-way efficient these young men should continue their instruction. Failure to obtain proper instruction has had a discouraging effect upon the Reserve officers, with the result that a considerable falling off in their morale is only too evident. If existing conditions are not bettered, it is certain that a growing number will quit the service convinced of the uselessness of remaining in it.

There are Reserve Officers' Training Corps units in 223 educational institutions of the country, with a total of 112,301 students undergoing military instruction. In 1926, 5762 graduates showed themselves eligible for Reserve commissions. In 1921, there were but 1067. The number taking instructions has been steadily increasing. Since 1924, however, the number of units has not increased, for the reason that despite numerous applications from schools and colleges to have such corps established, the War Department, because of lack of funds, has had to refuse. Since January 1, 1926, twenty-four formal applications have had to be refused. In addition, twenty-eight inquiries were discouraged by the War Department.

The country is full of men out of whom reasonably good private soldiers can be made in from six months to a year, provided enough officers who know their business exist to train them. In every war we have fought, not excepting the last one, we have suffered unnecessary defeats and excessive casualties because of unqualified officers. While these officers are exonerated by the fact that they had no chance for proper

preparation, and their bravery and determination in the majority of cases are highly creditable, it still remains that we suffered unnecessary losses. Despite the obvious necessity of eliminating such costly errors in the future, the small amount of money needed is not forthcoming.

In 1921, the Military Training Camps Association and the War Department between them persuaded Congress to make an appropriation which permitted something more than 10,000 boys to spend a month each in camp under military instruction. By 1924, the appropriations were large enough so that approximately 34,000 could go. Since then, about this number has been provided for each year. The recruiting plans for each year are made with the object of getting merely the number of boys who can be taken care of. Recruiting officers, therefore, when approaching their allotted number, hold back for fear of exceeding their allotment. Nevertheless each year many applications have to be refused.

In the six years of the camp, about 158,000 have received a month's training. Approximately 270,000 have applied for it. There is every indication that a yearly minimum of 100,000 could easily be secured. Each year an increasing number of parents visit the camps, to come away convinced that their boys are being benefited, and that their fears of militarism are unfounded. While the camps are of appreciable military value, they are of even greater value as breeders of better citizenship — certainly one field in which economy is not justified.

(General Reilly's next article in the March number)

IDEALISM

That Mental Disease in Eight Letters

MARY ELEANOR ABBOTT

IT WAS all so awfully unexpected, you know. Why, I hadn't even noticed the girl that was responsible for it all, though she must have been in the class for at least a week when it happened. Really I suppose I didn't because she was so quiet. What I mean is, silence and Art usually seem just absolutely incompatible. And exceptional cases sort of pass unnoticed somehow. For instance, with Antonio and Mike arguing two days over how much Lazlo really got for that biggest portrait, the one with the gloves, I think—though really it may have been the one without the gloves—and then with Rita going around swapping batiks and the Van Sickle sisters singing duets and borrowing matches, and Freddie always wanting to know what was a tropical mammal in ten letters, and the model needing more air just at the wrong time—why really nobody would have noticed her. She never climbed down from her stool over in the corner, and what was more she never spoke. Imagine! She never said anything. Not a word, really not a *word*!

The way I noticed her was this. I was having a terrible time with the neck. Not that the neck is usually where I get stuck, but I just couldn't seem to make this one connect with

the head, if you see how it was. I was very discouraged. I half shut my eyes and walked backward, scowling fiercely and trying to see in broad generalized forms, the way Mr. Smith says is the right way for an artist to see. And just as I was deciding that it might be the left ear that was wrong anyway, there was a great crash, and I found myself all tangled up in an easel and a lot of papers and any amount of charcoal. I noticed her then. She climbed down from her stool.

"Oh," I said, "I am *so* sorry. I didn't know anybody was here. In fact I hadn't the least *idea* anybody was here. Really, you know, I am frightfully sorry. I thought this corner was *perfectly* empty." Then I helped her pick up her drawings. And really they were the oddest things. Why, you couldn't tell at all what they were supposed to be. Just lines, you know, no form—and angles. Perfectly meaningless, absolutely no sense at all.

"Oh," I said, "do you really see the model like this?" It made me quite nervous to think she might. If she did, why, really, she probably saw me as a semicircle balanced by three parallel lines on a triangle or something. The idea made me quite nervous. I looked at her anxiously.

Her eyes looked all right except for being rather fierce, and her hair did get in her way quite a bit.

"Why should I be literal?" she demanded. "Why should any one be literal? I don't want to draw mere superficialities. I want to get the rhythm of the thing." Really, you know, she was quite excited, and the smudge on her cheek only made her remark more intense.

"Oh!" I said; I really couldn't think of anything else to say just then. She climbed back on her stool and twisted her head sidewise.

"There is a something, an elusive quality, all of you miss with your copying. A rhythm. A splendid vibration, a movement. But copying won't get you anywhere. Look at the Chinese. They aren't literal. They feel a rhythm; and with one line, only just one line, they express all."

"Oh!" I said; "then you don't mean to carry your drawings out any farther than this?"

"It's the beginning," she said, "that foils me. These bits here," and she pointed at her papers in really a quite uninterested way, "are nothing. False starts that will never finish. I have not yet caught the rhythm. It must come from the first stroke, and so far inspiration has failed me at the start." Just then Rita heard us and came over. Though I think she must have been listening all the time.

"Oh, do you really feel that way about Art?" said Rita. Rita is so emotional. "I think it's the most wonderful thing—that feeling. But don't you think it's frightfully hard to express? I quite agree with you that you can't possibly get it by just

drawing what you see. You must draw what you feel. You must analyze your emotions. Now this model makes me feel curves, great, slow, sweeping curves that—well, that curve around. Like a sea-monster in the ocean, you know." Rita really is very imaginative. "But did you hear what Mr. Smith said to me yesterday?" We all had, of course; Rita got so emotional afterward that Mr. Smith actually roared. "He picked up a brush," said Rita—really Rita is awfully dramatic—"and he swept it straight through my week's work. 'The whole thing,' he said, 'lacks existence.' I shrieked; I couldn't help it. I had *felt* those curves passionately. But the emotional side of Art leaves him quite cold. He never reaches out beyond reality."

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Once Rita starts to talk, you might as well sit down or else leave. You know she won't finish until her breath gives out. So I was quite pleased when Freddie came over and joined us. I had been thinking of a mental disease in eight letters, and I wanted to tell him insanity. But Freddie simply amazed me. He plunged right into the conversation on Ideals.

"You've got it wrong," he said quite earnestly. "It's all bunk, this drawing emotion. Just hooey. Art is technique, that's all. You've got to know your stuff, see? Be a good workman, then go to it. It's pie if you know your stuff. Look at Rembrandt, a five-minute sketch. Perfect—for what it is. Why? Good technique." Imagine Freddie thinking that way about Art!

"But the Primitives," broke out

that girl I tripped over in the beginning. "Imperfect—yes—no perspective, no anatomy, but they caught the rhythm. Art is so wholly a thing of the spirit—"

"Art," said Freddie positively, "is craftsmanship."

"To me," said Rita—Rita is so passionate—"Art is emotion."

"Now look a-here," said Antonio coming up; "there's an element which I consider very considerable that has been entirely omitted from this fight up to date. And what I mean is design. That's it, design. Art originated from a desire to decorate. That's design. It didn't originate from a desire for perfection. That would be, in a way of speaking, craftsmanship. Nor it didn't originate from the necessity of an emotional outlet, neither—self-expression and all that. The cavemen wanted decorations on their knives and shields, and they produced, in a way of speaking, Art. The primary purpose of Art is still decoration. Design, pattern, composition, order, that's what I mean. You take any elements you like from the chaos of nature, and you establish a relationship between them, and you have Art. Design, that's it."

"But you touch only the surface," said that girl who started it, her eyes getting still fiercer. Really, you know, I was quite surprised the way every one was getting into it. Even the Van Sickle sisters stopped singing for a few minutes and only tried out one Charleston step while they listened. And really I didn't think anything could make them stop singing. For people who are so musical I always did think an Art school was rather a waste of time

really. And the boy they call Rusty because nobody can pronounce his name because it's so foreign started to talk too, only his English was so odd I couldn't understand him. Nobody else was listening really as far as I could see. Every one was talking. I was getting really quite sorry I had tripped over that girl. I mean the studio was comparatively peaceful when I didn't know she was there. With just cross-word puzzles and singing and a few arguments going on, one can get something done. But what I mean is if every one starts to talk about their ideals, why, it makes such a noise nobody can work.

The riot stopped finally when Mr. Smith came in. As it's well known Mr. Smith doesn't care for noise, and as he's awfully temperamental, we are all very careful when he comes in, if you see how it is. He walked entirely around the studio before he said anything. Not opening his mouth but just looking really quite earnestly at all the easels. I watched him when he came to that girl to see what he thought about the rhythm. She had just drawn a sort of figure eight overlapping an S-shaped thing. Really I was a little discouraged about my Art because I didn't seem to have any rhythm, and the neck was still wrong besides. Then all those ideals were rather confusing, and I was quite worn out from thinking about them. But Mr. Smith just looked at that figure eight with the S-shaped thing, and then he took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead quite silently. Really it always is awfully warm in the studio. Then he walked on and came to my easel. I thought right away he would say something about

that neck, but he merely remarked in quite a jovial tone: "Well, well, this is much better; really the best thing you have done. I see you're getting quite a sense of form. The thing actually has solidity. That's what I want you to work for—solidity! That's what a picture has to have. That's what people want to see in a picture—solidity—*form*! Make it consistent. Keep the lighting uniform. Yes. That's much better."

Really I was quite glad that he had come. All that noise over rhythm and emotion and design and technique! Why, really, I just couldn't work. It almost began again as he went out, but Mike saved the day by his argument with Tony.

"Man," said Mike, "it was ten thousand if it was a cent."

"Say," interrupted Freddie, "what was that mental disease in eight letters?"

"Idealism," said I.

NEW-ENGLANDER

FREDERIC PROKOSCH

There is a stern monastic blood in me
That hates this drunkenness of chrome and red;
Why must this twilight impudently spread
Its peacock tail upon this purity
Of slender greens and grays? O, certainly
These hills speak far more clearly through still snow
Or frost-thin silver than through indigo:
These skies were made for cold austerity.
I love the candid cleansing paleness thrown
On landscapes pearl-eyed with the morning dew,
And these dark hemlocks, and the relentless blue
Above, and each gray pasture-fencing stone. . . .
I love these hills, this meadow, and this sky
As stiffly starched and as strait-laced as I.

THE INTERNATIONAL MIND IN THE MAKING

Facts Show We Are Deeply Interested in Foreign Affairs

HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

IN THE formative days of a nation its foreign relations play a prominent part in the thought of its people. Witness the United States in the days following the Revolution, when we sent our best and our bravest—our Franklins, our Adamses, our Monroes, and our Jays—to establish our standing as a nation among the nations of the earth. Witness the new Russia devoting her best thought to diplomacy and when occasion demands reforming her internal economy to meet the exigencies of her foreign policy. Witness the Succession States of Eastern Europe bending their energies to secure their international positions.

Once assured of our place in the world, we in this country turned our interest and our attention to internal matters. No powerful neighbor threatened our security. The development of the great West, the establishment of manufactures and industry, the solution of tremendous moral problems like slavery, absorbed our thought and our energy. We were far from Europe, and after the period which called forth President Monroe's famous pronouncement and the brief trouble with Mexico, we concerned ourselves less and less with what went on in the rest of the world. We allowed our

diplomatic service to become a political plum-tree, and we looked upon diplomacy itself as a vague and monstrous evil.

The war with Spain distracted us for a time, but when it was over we promptly returned to our international lethargy in spite of the various national appendices such as the Philippines, Hawaii, and Porto Rico that we had acquired. The thunderous reverberations of 1914 startled us from a summer reverie of peace on earth and good-will among men. It took us several years to realize that Europe had been expecting this storm and preparing for it for decades, and then we felt a little ruffled that we had not been told about it.

During the war and the ensuing peace negotiations we fairly lived and moved and had our being in an international atmosphere. For us this atmosphere was surcharged with the noblest possibilities. In it was to be formed a new and better world, a world in which war and hatred and diplomacy and other evils were to have no place. When we began to reduce our aspirations to realities, however, we awoke with a start to the fact that we were in the same old world with its same old selfishness, its same old jealousies, its same old

hatreds, intensified rather than mollified by the heat of the struggle it had been through.

We withdrew in self-righteous disgust. If the world was not of a mind to mend its ways, we should have no more to do with it. Some of us even considered never speaking to it again. And it is only more recently that we are beginning to understand that, for better or for worse, we are an integral part of the international family and that what we do or refuse to do is a vital factor in determining how good or how bad it shall be. So we are again turning our minds to other countries, their problems, and their relations to each other and to us. It is coming home to us that in its maturity as in its infancy a nation's foreign relations are of the first importance. We begin to see the reason Great Britain, with her far-flung interests and her world-wide influence, lives in an international atmosphere, and we sense a similar destiny for ourselves.

There are those among us—some of them reside temporarily at the national capital—who would pile both Pelion and Ossa in the way of such a development. For them the United States was not only born isolated, it has achieved isolation, and in addition must have isolation thrust upon it. It is fairly to be presumed that this attitude is a reflection of what the gentlemen concerned believe to be the temper of the constituencies from which they hail. And their presence in Washington attests the excellence of their judgment. Yet nothing can be more convincing than the increasing violence of their own efforts that the tide is setting ever stronger against them.

Whatever may be the temper of individual constituencies, there is a growing body of evidence which indicates that the American people are rapidly emerging from that state of mind in which, through ignorance and lack of incentive, they have feared to trust themselves to play an active part in the affairs of the world.

This is due in part to the very real material interest they have recently acquired in the welfare of the rest of the world. The world owes the United States government approximately \$12,000,000,000, of the present value of which the contradictory official explanations from both sides of the water leave us in some doubt. In addition to this the people of the United States, through their bankers, have lent to foreign countries, their governments, their municipalities, and their industries, another \$10,000,000,000. This total of \$22,000,000,000 means \$200 for every man, woman, and child in this country—or about \$1000 for every family. Few of us are above being interested in the doings of a debtor who owes us \$1000. Then again, we conduct a business with our international neighbors of \$10,000,000,000 a year, and we could do vastly more if their political, economic, and financial positions were improved.

The interest of Americans is greatly enhanced by the growing numbers of us who get abroad. It was formerly a mark of some distinction to have been to Europe. The armed host that visited the Continent during the war took the distinction out of such a trip, but it added enormously to the number who have seen Europe with their own eyes.

Every year since then has added its thousands to this company. The fall of the European exchanges has kept traveling expenses down, and the curtailing of the immigration traffic has placed additional steamship accommodations at the service of the traveling public at comparatively low cost. This service, with its round-trip rate of \$175 or thereabouts, appeals especially to students, teachers, writers, and others whose incomes prohibited all thought of European travel under former conditions. Such travelers not only themselves bring back a new enthusiasm over things foreign, but they spread this among a wide circle. The extent of this influence is indicated by the fact that the State Department's output of passports for last year is estimated to be more than 250,000. For this year travel agencies predict an exodus from these shores of close to 500,000. The National Travel Club reports the receipt of more than 1000 inquiries a month from its 30,000 members; and the circulation of its magazine, "Travel," has jumped from 22,000 a year ago to more than 40,000 at the present time. The "New York Herald-Tribune" has issued a "Guide to Europe" in the form of a forty-eight-page supplement to one of its Sunday issues, for the benefit of this increasing host of travelers.



But debts and travel are by no means the whole of the matter. Our increased interest is also due to the fact that as a nation we are coming to maturity. We have passed the adolescent stage when our own doings enthralled us and we cared nothing for the welfare, the thoughts,

or the accomplishments of others. We are taking on the more serious responsibilities of adult years. We are beginning to sense our place in the community, to accept the duties and obligations of world citizenship.

Of this there is abundant evidence. There is no more immediate reflection of the currents of popular thought in American life than the daily newspaper. Here is the barometer of America's interest in any subject under heaven. In 1913 that barometer was very low on the matter of foreign affairs. A few anonymous Associated Press paragraphs from London, Paris, Berlin, was the usual reading. To-day no paper pretends to greatness that has not trained special correspondents in all the world's capitals. Even that great champion of isolation, the "Chicago Tribune," which modestly admits from the housetops that it is "the world's greatest newspaper," boasts of the size and excellence of its foreign service. These foreign correspondents of the great dailies keep the closest watch on events and trends in their respective fields and daily flash across the cables columns upon columns of report and interpretation to be spread before the American public the following morning. No gathering of international importance in any part of the world but draws together a score or more of these men to transmit every detail to the waiting readers at home. The change since 1913 is apparent not only in the great metropolitan papers. In the hundreds of lesser journals throughout the land, journals in which a foreign item was a rarity a decade and a half ago, one can now find sufficient material on

the front page to follow intelligently the main trends of international developments. It was no easy matter to break the back of the lifelong tradition among editors that "the American people are not interested in foreign affairs," but it seems to be broken.

An interesting feature of this development in the newspaper world is the growth of the "Christian Science Monitor." Not because of its religious aspect, which does not concern us here, but because of the fact that it aspires to be and is "an international newspaper," and that two thirds of its reading-matter deals with other countries. Its circulation has increased from some 78,000 daily in 1922 to nearly 105,000 at the present time.

The "no interest in foreign affairs" tradition seems also to have gone a-glimmering among the magazine editors. In 1913 one could read for hours in our best and most serious reviews without being transported beyond the confines of our own land. Only an occasional article of the outer world disturbed the even tenor of our way. Now it would be something of a task to find even a single number of any of the influential magazines which does not contain from two to half a dozen such articles. And those which have editorial reviews are constrained to devote an increasing proportion of such matter to consideration of our neighbors and their affairs.

Even more significant of the change in point of view is the appearance of magazines devoted wholly or almost wholly to the subject of international relations. A number of these have appeared. Some abode their des-

tined hour and went their way. Their failure may have been due to various causes which operate in all sections of the magazine field. That it was not due to lack of public interest is attested by the increasing success of those which have survived.

One of the best known of these is "Current History." Started by the "New York Times" at the beginning of the World War to keep a running record of those momentous events, it has not only continued to flourish but has been increasingly prosperous since. At present it prints some 93,000 copies a month, a figure which compares favorably with those of many of our old-established general magazines of world-wide fame. Generally speaking, three quarters of the space of this publication is given to foreign topics. Nor does it in any sense cater to the superficial reader. It is essentially the tool of the professor, the publicist, the editor, and the student. Its usefulness must extend far beyond the circle of its actual readers.

Of somewhat more popular type, and yet entirely given to the discussion of foreign life and interests, is "Asia." Founded in 1917 by Willard Straight to arouse an interest in the lands of the East, it has admirably fulfilled its purpose. More than 65,000 copies a month now carry their vivid descriptions of the life of the Orient and their penetrating discussions of Eastern problems to the people of this country.

An older institution, long listed among our weekly publications, has received new life from the awakened interest in affairs abroad. "Littell's Living Age" brought transla-

tions of important foreign articles to our ancestors in the forties of the last century. As the "Living Age" it now fulfils the same function in increasing measure for the present generation. Its contents are wholly from abroad, from all parts of the world, yet America buys 19,000 copies twice a month.

A more weighty undertaking, one which indicates the depth of penetration of this new interest, is the recently founded quarterly, "Foreign Affairs." Here is technical material for the expert, the university specialist, the publicist, the diplomat, the statesman, articles written by recognized authorities who in many cases have played an important part in the events they describe and interpret. Sold at \$1.25 a number, a price which excludes all except those really interested, "Foreign Affairs" has in its fourth year acquired a distribution of 12,000.

Book publishers have been no slower than other agencies supplying the public with what it wants to respond to the increased interest in affairs outside our own country. The taste for foreign literature is becoming a recognized factor in the literary life of America, but there is more significance in the increase of non-fiction works dealing with foreign countries or our relations with them. Of the non-fiction titles announced from week to week approximately one third are of such a character. This is not because publishers like these works and foist them on an unwilling public; it is because the public absorbs them, and the publishers, good merchants that they are, hasten to give it what it wants.

The universities too have been prompt to recognize this new tendency. Where there was formerly a lone course on "modern European history," there are now imposing lists of subjects ranging from the history of individual nations to exhaustive studies of all of the political, economic, and social factors which enter into the subject of international relations. Yale, for example, offers twenty-two courses of this description, while the University of Chicago offers no less than fifty-six. Neither of these institutions specializes in foreign affairs. They are taken at random to illustrate the general trend.

In addition to their regular courses offered by members of their own faculties, several of the colleges and universities have secured special endowments for series of lectures by acknowledged authorities on various phases of international relations. Many of these are inspired by the desire to promote peace among the nations, but in practice they have of necessity become expositions of the character, the needs, and the psychology of other peoples.

An expansion of this idea appears in the Harris Foundation at the University of Chicago. It owes its existence to the conviction of the donors that "it is apparent that a knowledge of world affairs was never of more importance to Americans than to-day." It enables the university to call to Chicago for three weeks each summer a number of foreign and American authorities who, by lectures and round-table discussions, examine in some detail and from different points of view a given

region of the world. During the first two years Europe and the Far East were thus placed under the microscope, and last summer Mexico's problems were diagnosed.

The Institute of Politics at Williamstown, now in its sixth year, has an even wider scope and a more ambitious program. Each year it calls a number of experts from abroad to meet those of this country in a detailed examination of outstanding world problems. The members of the Institute are selected with special reference to their qualifications to contribute to the scheduled discussions, so that the conferences are made up largely of special students of the subjects under consideration. The Institute thus becomes a clearing-house of knowledge and points of view on current world problems. It is an important factor in establishing a broader and firmer basis for international thinking in this country.

Obviously inspired by these examples and striving to meet the needs of special regions are the Institute of Pacific Relations at Honolulu and the Institute of Inter-American Relations at San Juan. The Institute of Pacific Relations held its first session at Honolulu in 1925 and brought together representatives of all the peoples living on the shores of the Pacific to exchange views on the problems which affect their vital interests. It is proposed to hold such sessions biennially. The Porto-Rican project is new-born. Its first meeting is to be held in September at the University of Porto Rico. The Spanish island under American rule has recognized its unique opportunity to serve as the lens through which

Latin America and Teutonic America may the more clearly see each other, and the meetings of this Institute should afford a long-needed opportunity for a better understanding among the peoples of the Western Hemisphere.

A project which will make a genuine contribution to American thought on international affairs is the newly founded Walter Hines Page School of International Relations at Johns Hopkins University. In the atmosphere of scholarly research for which Johns Hopkins is noted among American universities, a small group of professors and fellows will devote their time and abilities to research into "the underlying facts and conditions of international life—including international law, international trade, economic relations, racial psychology, all the technique of international intercourse and diplomatic customs." A promising thing, this, to begin the study of the science of amicable international intercourse in the same manner and on the same scientific basis as we and others have long studied the science of war. The material accumulated through the years by the workers at this school should give to the world a new appreciation of the facts and forces underlying the life of the nations and make as distinctive an American contribution to international life as the constitution of the federal government has already made to national life. It should do much to strengthen the arms of our diplomats in their efforts to substitute reason and justice for passion and might as the arbiters of world affairs.

There is yet another striking piece of evidence that America's interna-

tional mind is experiencing a rapid development. There are many who are neither expert in foreign affairs nor able to attend institutes which discuss them or schools which probe them. Thousands of these have found an opportunity to keep abreast of international issues through such bodies as the Foreign Policy Association. Originating in New York, this body has now established branches in half a dozen of our larger cities, and others are in process of formation. Its best known activity is a semimonthly luncheon at which a particular international problem is examined. Each side is presented by a qualified speaker, and plenty of time is allowed for questions and contributions from the floor. Any one who has seen the great ball-room of the Hotel Astor crowded to capacity, or the standing-room-only sign hung out at the branch meetings, must needs revise any preconceived opinion that "Americans are not interested in foreign affairs." The membership of this association has grown from less than 1000 in 1921 to more than 6000 at the present time. It publishes a weekly bulletin of events of international interest and conducts research service which impartially gathers the essential facts lying behind current world problems. The reports of this service are widely subscribed for by editors, publicists, universities and colleges, and are furnishing a background of actuality to take the place of the legendary ideas which so long distorted popular conceptions of foreign nations.

The gradual elimination of these legendary ideas, inevitable result of increased knowledge, has wrought

a vast change in our estimate of our neighbors. Englishmen are no longer counterparts of the drawling and monocled "Lord Helpus" of our comic stage; Frenchmen have ceased to be dancing gesticulators with waxed mustaches and baggy trousers; Italians walk no more on tiptoe with stiletto poised for action; the Chinese have acquired more substantial ingredients than opium, boiled shirts, and chop-suey. We are rapidly substituting portraits of our contemporaries for the caricatures that have so long served us. The process is far from complete, but the point is that progress is being made.

The growth of interest and appreciation of the place of the United States in world affairs has not been wholly lost upon its representatives in Washington. A complete reorganization of the foreign service was effected by the Rogers Act in 1923. This measure combined the diplomatic and consular services, theretofore separated, into a unified "foreign service," adding greatly to the strength and effectiveness of both. Salaries were placed upon a living basis, and the way was opened for men of ability to start at the bottom and go clear to the top. Ministers and ambassadors, however, are yet to be provided with sufficient funds so that the acceptance of the leadership of a diplomatic mission would not require a private fortune. Conditions have been much improved by the Rogers Act, and President Coolidge has frequently taken advantage of the resulting opportunity to promote to the headship of our missions in foreign countries men who have spent years in the diplomatic service and have dem-

onstrated their ability adequately to represent this country in its dealings with other governments. Never again should a great world catastrophe such as that of 1914 find us with the senior among our ambassadors in the ten greatest capitals of the world having to base his judgments and acts upon a diplomatic experience of one year and four months. It is even possible that the presence of experienced men representing the United States in the centers where intrigue is prone to breed may do much to avert another such catastrophe.

Even more significant of the change in public temper is the passage by the House of Representatives of the Porter Bill authorizing the expenditure of \$10,000,000 over a period of five years to provide adequate housing and office facilities for our envoys abroad. No nation has been more chary of its money in this respect. Many a time the American abroad has had to swallow his shame at the disgracefully shabby quarters in which he has found his country's representative. Ten million dollars is but a beginning. More will be appropriated when some States are no longer content to be so provincially minded that their representatives must assert, as did Mr. Lozier of Missouri, that "no one repre-

senting an agricultural district can vote for the Porter Bill and be returned." Some day these agricultural districts, which now and again rise and demand some legislation which will improve their foreign markets, will realize that they too are interested in our embassies and legations.

They will be the last to give hearty support to such a project. Your farmer was ever a conservative. And the agricultural districts will be the last corners of the American cerebrum to function internationally. But they will so function in the end, and meanwhile the rest of the country will have to carry the burden. National maturity, in a world of states which think internationally, demands that we also develop an international mind. If we can have with it an international heart—long miscalled "an international mind" by our pacifists—so much the better. But the mind we must have. It must be furnished with the accurate knowledge necessary to the formation of effective judgments, and it must have the ability to think clearly through the issues which come before it. Such a mind is a prime requisite if we would capably fill our new position in the world. And such a mind is in the making.

THE SUPERIOR WOMAN

KARL W. DETZER

ABRAMHAM LARKIN died by storm in his seventy-second year. He died boisterously, as he had lived, cursing the lake as he always had cursed it. He died wet, as he always had hoped he could die.

Down to the cold and secretive bottoms of Lake Michigan he carried with him that howling November day a bitter biting hatred of all womankind. He had conceived that hatred, not entirely without reason, four years after his third son was born. He humored it, nursed it, fed it on regretful memories until it overwhelmed him, and even the fresh clean waters of the lake that took him in could not wash its rancor from his soul.

Ashore he left a heritage which had been dear to him, which he had loved with all the fervor of a disillusioned man who holds desperately to the few bent illusions that remain.

First, there was his reputation, solid as an oaken timber, a reputation built up through many years, by an unswerving devotion to a simple stout-hearted code. Abraham Larkin was known the rocky length of the fishing coast as a hard just man. He lived respected and died unloved.

Second, there was his boat. The perversities of wind and water had saved the craft, had flung him clear of it that blasty day, had drowned him and sunk him deep, but had

carried the square-faced fishing-boat safely across Red Shoal, past the gnawing reefs of Martingale Head, into the quiet water of Penney's Harbor, where it bobbed ashore gently on a sandy beach.

Third, there were Abraham Larkin's sons, Levi, Noah, and Ben.

Levi was forty-nine, a stiff-lipped inarticulate man, who went about his tasks with stolid indifference. He looked like his father, except for his eyes, which were melancholy. He was uncannily weatherwise, a reliable sailor, and lived alone in a shack at the rear of the Larkin fish-shanty. Noah, the second son, was known as a man of education by his fellows in Martingale, and indulged in a mysterious liking for the printed page. He, too, lived alone, in an unneighborly house set off by itself atop the bluffs, without tree or shrub or fence, or so much as a beaten path past his door. Ben — his father always called him Benjamin, for he was no believer in short cuts — remained at home in the old house and did the simple chores and simpler cooking. Ben was thirty-four. The three sons fished with their father, accepted his abuse dutifully, and absorbed without question his vehement mistrust of women.

The minister at the mission church, after waiting without the proper patience for seven days while the

fleet neglected its nets and dragged the shoals for Abraham's body, insisted on a service. He went to Levi, because Levi was the eldest.

And Levi, being inarticulate and indifferent, agreed with a nod to a funeral oration, which all the women of Martingale attended. The men, although they considered themselves superior to orations, remained away from their work in the harbor that afternoon; some even climbed the hill and settled down uncomfortably in the cold sand before the mission door.

When the service was over, the judge of probate, a thin-necked man with a cough and a pair of nervous hands, called the brothers together and offered them advice concerning their father's estate. He suggested the sale of all of Abraham's scant properties. Noah shook his head.

"Sell? What for?"

"To settle the estate. Put it all in cash. Split it three ways," the judge of probate explained.

"No," Levi answered, and looked out across the lake with brooding eyes.

"We'll run the boat," Ben added.

The judge of probate drummed restless fingers on his knee.

"You know," he began apologetically, "the house where Abraham . . . where your father lived . . . and the fish-shanty, and the harbor frontage there at the dock . . . it's not . . . it wasn't his by rights."

Noah turned his face rapidly. Levi continued his monotonous unthinking stare at the lake. Ben swallowed a second time before he spoke.

"Not his? How come? Whose is it then?"

The judge of probate, who had a taste for drama and a nose for faulty titles and flimsy abstracts, drew a shabby red-jacketed note-book from his pocket. He thumbed through it, coughing, and finally put on his glasses.

"Here it is. When Abraham . . . when the old man and the woman split up—the records show that was in '96—the deeds to the place was in her name. He waived everything . . . house, dock, and frontage. She paid the taxes. Then afterwards her estate paid them."

Ben stood up jerkily. He was a tall man, lean as a gaff, with ringlets of brown coarse hair, that hung like oakum over his narrow head. The seasons had darkened his skin and roughened it, and made the muscles under it supple and pliable.

"It was . . . my mother's then, all this time?"

The judge of probate nodded.

"And she's . . . dead?"

"Seven years."

Levi still peered uncomprehendingly at the lake. Noah, shifting restlessly, thrust his great red hands into pockets too small for them. Ben frowned, drawing his brows together.

"Who is owner then?"

Once more the county official consulted his ragged note-book.

"Miss Josephine La Bonti," he read, and added, with an inflection that he always saved for legal phraseology, "by inheritance."



It was the first time that Benjamin ever had heard the name La Bonti. Levi remembered it, and Noah, for they had been older at the time. But they were sons of their

father, and never had it passed their lips. Of course old Abraham did not speak it. His tongue, black with all the barbed and ghastly oaths of all the seas, never sullied itself with the name La Bonti.

Joe La Bonti it was, who had stepped into Abraham's life just thirty years before, a black-eyed French-Canadian timber cruiser, his breast full of fire, his voice full of strange and taunting sweetness, his lips mobile, always working nervously, lips where a kiss or a song or a smile hung lightly.

Ben was four years old when Abraham sailed home from the fishing-banks one afternoon, and, for some reason which no one ever knew, tramped straight up the path to his house and walked in without a word.

The lawyers at the court-house handled the affair expeditiously. Joe La Bonti, who had broken many hearts before, was overwhelmed with a sudden rich compassion and did the right thing. The daughter was born after they left Martingale. Rumors drifted back, slowly and garbled, as rumors drift along a rocky coast, that Joe La Bonti and his wife were living soberly together, keeping store in a trading-village up Lake Superior way. The townsmen of Martingale never went to the trouble of asking what became of the daughter. After a time they forgot the whole episode.

Three men only were reminded each year of the Joe La Bonti affair. Jamie Macleod, the county treasurer, Uncle Bill Hardy, township assessor, and Abraham Larkin himself, knew that the taxes on the Larkin house and fish-shanty and the lake frontage were paid by check from up Superior

way. The officials never mentioned the matter to the old man.

"Leave sleepin' dogs lay," Jamie Macleod suggested each year. So the check was cashed and the receipt sent by mail to the village on Lake Superior.

On that eighth day after Abraham Larkin's death, with the judge of probate fumbling through his notebook, Levi, Noah, and Ben listened confusedly to a jerky recital of shameful and astounding fact. The old house was not theirs. The fish-shanty, the dock, the shack where Levi lived his drab and fruitless life, were not theirs.

"But by Mackinac we got the boat," Noah exclaimed. "Nobody's took that away."

"And the furniture and his personal belongings," the judge of probate added.

"The lake is full of fish," Levi commented with heroic artlessness.

An hour they talked. Ben it was who made decision.

"I'll get our gear out o' that house," he said simply. "I'll live in no house that belongs to any woman!"

"Eh?" Levi looked up uncomprehendingly. "Get . . . out . . . the house? Then I move too. I'll bide in no woman's shack! The roof leaks."

"They's an extra bed in my place. No woman can lay claim to that," Noah offered.

The next day the brothers Larkin moved from the sandy acre that had been their home. They settled down self-consciously in the meager and overcrowded quarters that belonged to Noah atop the hill. They cleaned the fish-shanty and laboriously dismantled their net-drying reels on the

shore. They moved the fish-boat *Admiral Dewey* to rented moorings across the river, and renewed their allegiance to their dead father's bitterness.

Winter raged south that year on Thanksgiving evening and locked the coast in a tight intolerable embrace. It was a long winter. On the twentieth day of May the sun shone. Shore ice broke up, the snow-banks shrank, and the fishermen began to repair their boats.

For seven dragging months the sons of old Abraham had gnawed their lips and waited. Then on the first day of June the Charlevoix boat brought a passenger from the north, a woman passenger who was a stranger to those shores. At the boarding-house she explained that she came from "up Superior way" and was in Martingale on business, which, in the minds of her listeners, was no explanation at all.

Her name was Josephine La Bonti. She was thirty years old, and she had been pretty. She had lived a long time in her thirty years, and it had stamped her indelibly.

Her eyes were the eyes of a woman disillusioned, at once beseeching and disdainful; her lips were mobile, lips where a song or a smile or a kiss might once have hung lightly, as her father's had been, but they were hard now, drawn tight with many a taste of bitterness.

Josephine La Bonti need tell none in Martingale of her past. It was written plain upon her, and fisherfolk have clear eyes and a wisdom gained on blunt insensitive coasts. The women would have none of her, though her eyes cried for mercy. The men either spoke to her gruffly

and guardedly, or with pitiless familiarity, and warned their sons against her. They called her the Superior woman, because she hailed from Lake Superior shores. In the same manner, another of their townsmen was Huron Charlie, and another Canada Bill.

The source of Josephine La Bonti's small funds none ventured to inquire. Shopkeepers accepted her money incuriously, and delivered scant baskets of provisions at her door. She moved almost immediately to the old house on the sands, the house of her mother, the house in which Abraham Larkin had taught his sons to trust only men.

Alone and obscure, she moved about the sandy acre of her begrudged inheritance, nor once did she look closely into the faces of her half-brothers Levi or Noah or Ben. The three men, circling the town by a path that led them safely beyond her door, saw her often at great distances, held their own counsel, and drove the *Admiral Dewey* early each morning to the fishing-banks.

By candle-light they sat about the broad sanded table in Noah's kitchen and spoke among themselves of the woman from Superior who had usurped their father's house. They spoke bitterly, particularly Ben, who was youngest and less accustomed to bitterness. Levi, eating his fish and meal cakes, plying a heavy knife and fork, said little. He sat long minutes staring into space, and then recommenced eating vehemently. Noah repeated over and over, like the burden of an old song, his distrust of any woman. He had a level quiet voice, did Noah, and he used words he had read in books. Ben it

was who cursed the woman from Superior with a rich and vigorous dignity inherited from old Abraham. He bit his tongue when he passed her on the opposite side of the public square and searched out new blasphemies to hurl silently at her.

"Time'll come!" he muttered then, and again and again. "Time'll come!"



The time came rather sooner than he expected. It was in Josephine La Bonti's second year at Martingale. The brothers were fishing still in their father's boat. Whitefish and trout were running out of the spawning-grounds. Gill-nets and pond-nets brought in great lifts of fish each day. Before the first streak of gray on the eastern hills, the three men were straightening the gear atop the squat cabin of their boat, and the sunset gilded them as they rolled ashore each evening, gunwales slopping water, in token of an overladen craft.

The spring winds had blown themselves out, and the three-day gale of the equinoctial had howled to silence. The solstice of summer lay upon the lake. The dog-days, as fishermen call them, crawled over the face of Michigan. They turned the water a coppery hue and sent the fish to cool pools along the bottoms. They lightened the net-loads.

It was the fifteenth day of August, a windless morning, with smoky haze hanging upon the horizon. Levi arose at dawn and trudged down to the rented dock. Before he turned into the cabin of the *Admiral Dewey* he walked hesitantly along the pier that bent out from the river mouth to the open lake. He shook

his head as he sniffed the still air, and returned to the boat. Noah and Ben came down soon after.

"Best stay ashore to-day, Ben," Noah suggested. "Get them barrows ready. Won't be much lift . . . four, five hundred pound. Don't need you."

Levi nodded indecisively. Then he added, peering at the foggy horizon, "It'll blow."

The boat *put-putted* out of the harbor mouth, its heavy-duty motor choking throatily. Ben watched them go, Levi on the short deck at the stern, his feet gripped tight on the long arm of the tiller. Noah coiled small lines on the forward deck, and did not look up as the boat swung north along the coast to the fishing-grounds.

The other six boats of the Martingale fishing-fleet put out to the lake, one after another. As each nosed past the wharf where Ben repaired fish-barrows, their crews waved to him abstractedly, after the manner of fishermen. Ben hammered and sawed, and ran out of boards.

He kicked his boots along the wharf, searching material. But the wharf had been picked clean by other fishermen, and he turned to the beach, as all coast dwellers turn when in need. He had walked twenty rods when the first clean-washed pine board thrust one end out of the sand. He yanked it free, saw water fill in the hole it left. He threw it up the sand to dry and walked on.

Seven boards he salvaged in half a mile. With his right arm hooked over them he returned toward the harbor. His eyes were for the lake only as he followed the wash where

the sand was firm and damp underfoot. Even his thoughts did not drift inland past the first low ridge, and he forgot for a moment his father's house which he had lost, and his father's animosities which he retained.

The Superior woman was standing on a hummock not a dozen paces away when first he saw her, watching him closely, her face thrust forward, eyes wide, her dark brows furrowed. It was the first time he had seen his half-sister with less than the distance of the wide village street between them.

Resentment and confusion overwhelmed him. He dropped his armload of boards. A moment he stood, stiff as an old hemlock, his heels biting deep into the wet hard-packed sand. His head went light and his tongue heavy; he wanted to run away, to howl at her, to strike her, to spit upon her, to deliver himself of all the pent-up vituperation of long sleepless nights. None of these things did he do. He only clenched and unclenched his hands once and stared at her.

Although for two years he had recognized her resentfully at a distance, had known her profile as she strode across dunes against the setting sun, he had fashioned for her in his own dark imagination an aspect that was satisfyingly ugly, a face seamed with wickedness, and a voice pitched in guttural and inharmonious tones.

And because she was less ugly than he had hoped, and because her voice was level and quiet, he hated her the more.

"Don't you know me, brother?" she asked, and moved toward him.

Know her! His tongue ached with the blasphemies it longed to fling at her. Within his head buzzed fragments of thoughts, words, hatreds, furies, everything except pity.

She took another step forward.

A sudden and piercing coolness passed over him. He looked straight into her eyes and saw something there that he recognized. Deep in those eyes, far deeper than the loneliness written there, deeper even than the indelible shadows left by the wickedness she had watched, lurked the same brown hazy lights through which Levi stared monotonously at the lake. They *were* Levi's eyes, peering at him, out of that woman's face. Levi . . . saints spare a man . . . Levi . . . looking out of that face!

A tumult of emotions stirred within him. He felt a desire to choke her; to kick her; to tear Levi's eyes from her head. What right had *she* to have eyes like his brother's? The animosities of his father surged through him. They fused with his own black spleen and generated fresh bitterness. She was speaking again.

What she said did not matter. The words fell dully upon his ears, like the drum of lazy waters on an outer beach. It was the tone of the voice that smote him. It was not *her* voice! Not hers . . . it was his brother Noah's! This woman, looking out of Levi's eyes, speaking with Noah's resonant voice!

She was smiling now, a fixed smile, wooden as a cedar stump.

The smile brought his own tongue back from the roof of his mouth, started his own words flowing.

"You dirty mackerel!" he cried.

"Come runnin' men out their honest home! Don't grin at me, or by the beavers I'll lay a barrow along your head! Come with your name and your disgrace where you never was wanted, dragging around where you don't belong . . . don't call me brother, I say!"

Josephine La Bonti frowned but did not wince. She had been called sharper names. Burlier men than this half-brother of hers had berated her. She listened unemotionally now. She had hoped that he would receive her at least with indifference. Why had she come here, if it had not been to search out her own people and start afresh? Now, since her own people would have none of her, nothing mattered. She had no people. It would be easy to go on . . . somewhere, anywhere. It did not matter.

She turned coolly up the beach, and with the blasphemies of Ben Larkin following her, she waded the dry loose sand to the plank walk in front of her house. She did not once look back, or so much as slow her step, as his exasperated voice cried louder.

She had reached the sagged doorstep when the sudden coolness of the air struck her, the chill that comes as the threat of a near-by summer storm. While she laid her hand on the latch the first wind puffed out of the northwest and set the grasses waving. It was a gentle breath that seemed to be scurrying, frightened, ahead of other fiercer blasts.

Ben stood in the hard sand, his heels spread apart, his crimson face turned from the lake and toward his half-sister's retreating back. He had exhausted the words he had saved

for this occasion, words he had spent two sour years collecting. And she did not so much as look over her shoulder!

He did not notice the sudden chill or that first wind.

The second breath pushed out of the northwest like the slap of an open palm. It flattened the hair against his scalp and blew a handful of fine sandy particles across his flaming cheek.

He twisted his head quickly.

The lake, which for days had been warm and sulky and coppery, had changed complexion to a threatening bilious color. In the shallows it turned to a pale yellow. Out on the horizon, where only half an hour before had hung a thick smoky haze, the edge of the water seemed to curl up to meet the sky and made a hard line, as if it were circled by a furrow of wet clay.

Overhead low clouds were running; churning clouds, touched with orange on their tops, in reflection of the morning sun; clouds underlaid with deep shadows, black and slate-gray and oily blue. The air had taken on a sudden and menacing clarity, as if the light were passing through an unseen prism.

The storm thrashed down from the clouds, up from the lake, and smote the land like the blow of a hammer. It burst across the narrow beach and sent the hemlocks and cedars atop the bluff into a graceless ecstatic dance.

Ben peered at the lake through squinting eyes. Already the boats of the fishing-fleet were putting into port. He made out the white racing specks upon the water, counted them . . . four . . . five . . . six.

His brothers were not there. They were lifting nets beyond Martingale Head, up north of Hawser Point. It would be a stiff ten miles, an hour's run.

The wind became more tempestuous. It swung in an arc, now roaring out of the north, now twisting from the northeast. Ten miles to come. Ben thought of the damaged planking under the *Admiral Dewey's* port bow. He'd hoped to get a new plank in there before the first storm. Too late now. They'd leave their nets and run for it. Funny Levi hadn't noticed this coming. Levi always knew far in advance. Could read weather signs, Levi could, with his dreamy eyes.

Ben picked up the new boards and paused for one final venomous stare at the house of his father. Blank windows looked back at him. He turned toward the harbor mouth. The wind at his back pushed him along, causing him to set his feet down carefully. He rounded the corner of the first fish-shanty and thumped the boards down upon the wharf. The little river, running out incautiously to meet the deeper waters of the lake, was broken into shimmers of cat-squalls.

Ben stepped over the pile of boards and dodged past the open door of the fish-shanty. At the landward end of the crazy broken-backed pier of cedar poles, the wind caught him as if with a thousand frantic hands. It pushed him to the edge of the wharf, threatened to fling him into the water.

Already quick squadrons of new waves were galloping ashore. They interfered with the smooth swell of early morning, set up cross-currents.

Their tops showed ragged rows of white teeth, threateningly. Winds piled upon winds. The clouds lowered, hugged down tight upon the water.

The sun, which had peered through them at intervals, now backed cautiously, deep into his heavens, and closed his eye. Lower than the rest, a churning bank of black cloud skimmed along the lake, pitched over and over, grew blacker momentarily as if it were rolling in coal-dust, and cast upon the face of land and water an ominous darkness.

Ben peered through the gathering turmoil out to the open lake. The six boats, all of the Martingale fishing-fleet except the *Admiral Dewey*, were plainly visible now. They were running before the storm, two miles offshore, past the narrow treacherous river mouth of Martingale, making for the easier security of Penney's Harbor, beyond the point.

"Showing sense!" Ben muttered. Then, "But where's the *Dewey*?"

Once he looked back across the dunes. The few townsmen who had gathered to watch the storm were trooping out of sight, to give such aid as they might to their fellows, who soon would be riding offshore in the comparative quiet of Penney's Harbor, two miles south. The boats passed the village, a succession of tumbling white dashes upon the black and unruly surface of the lake.

A second time Ben turned. For a moment his thoughts were pulled impatiently away from boats and winds and waters. The Superior woman, who seemed to have forgotten him already, stood upon the plank walk in front of his father's house, and leaned against the wind.

She, too, was watching the boats. Watching them out of Levi's eyes . . . an exhilaration of hatred crossed Ben's mind. He damned her to the deepest black sea hell, bit his teeth firmly together, and faced once more the lake.

Waves that had been only fretful rollers, five minutes before, heaped up now into ragged clawing ranks, like companies of mutinous lunatics, searching for loot. Along each tip the white threat of spray foamed and blew away; in the troughs the black cloud reflected, giving to the water suggestion of great depth.

While Ben still watched, the low cloud rolled directly overhead, shutting out the daylight and casting upon the lake a treacherous darkness. Hail pelted down unexpectedly, hissing on the water, and the air chilled violently. Ben leaned forward on the wind. Far off to the north, hidden now by blown spray, again by opaque pillars of driven hail, now clear and sharp against the ragged horizon, the *Admiral Dewey* poked around Hawser Point and ran south with the wind.

It did not occur to Ben that Levi, the best sailor on the upper lake, would try to make port in the face of so fierce a gale. But as the minutes blew past, Ben realized that Levi was attempting to do just that.

"The fool!" Ben growled.

He balanced himself against the antics of the wind and moved ten paces farther out on the pier. Already the waves were breaking over its outer end, flinging up great columns of green and white water above the cedar poles. Ben unconsciously wiped spray from his face.

Once more hail beat down. The

wind howled with fresh fury. The tops of tall new waves boiled and foamed, and along the whole beach the sand received its buffetings with a sound of incessant cannonade. Then, as if by magic, the clouds broke apart and the sun looked down surprised.

A mile offshore the *Admiral Dewey* stood out sharp and white against the lowering sky. Ben saw his brothers crouching close together on the stern deck. He saw the bow rise sharply, the stern sink, then the stern rise so that in the momentary sunshine the brass propeller twinkled; again the sun retreated, and again the lake covered its surly face with darkness.

Ben gripped the seams of his jacket and howled senselessly toward his brother.

"Stay offshore!" he cried.

"Penney's Harbor!" And again and again: "Don't come in! Don't come in!"

The *Admiral Dewey* rounded the narrow belt of white water that marked the north end of Red Shoal, seeking to keep to the outer side of that rough patch of lake. And at the same moment something happened. What, Ben nor any one was ever to know. Perhaps the tiller, gripped firm between Levi's stout boots, gave up its ineffectual struggle against the lake it so long had ruled. Perhaps the rudder itself, holding sharp to starboard, caught the force of a roller that would not be stayed.

Whatever it was, the *Admiral Dewey* broke from her course. Pitching insanely, she made a rapid circle, faced into the wind, ran before the storm, once more faced into it, lost her head entirely, and with a

desperate lunge made for the broken waters of the shoal.

Ben ran three more steps along the wharf, crying out brokenly against his own helplessness. He saw the broad bow pitch into the air, saw it dive into white water, lift again, dive a second time. He saw his brothers, still huddled close together on the stern deck. He saw the first great roller towering above the boat, a wall of green enraged water, saw it smash down. He saw Levi's arms fling upward through the wave. He saw the *Admiral Dewey* make one last foolish and ineffectual stand against the torment of her beating, saw her roll over on her port side, exposing to the callous sky her copper-colored keel. Into the same cold unloving water that had taken Abraham Larkin, the luckless boat pitched Abraham Larkin's sons.

"Levi!" Ben cried. "Levi! Noah!" He ran, light-headed, along the beach. "Levi! Noah!"

He still could see the *Admiral Dewey*. On Red Shoal, a scant half-mile beyond the outer bar, she groveled with agonizing gesture across the ragged rocks. But of Levi there was no sign. Or of Noah. The boat, yanked by waves, clawed by rocks, beaten by immense winds, stumbled across the white foam of the shoal, bobbed once in the frothing wash on the inner side, and floated clear into the deeper water within the reef.

Her broken keel poked upward toward the sky. Her cabin submerged, her bow burrowing deeper with each heavy roll, her stern circling senselessly in the vibrating air, she made for land.

Ben ran down the hard sand until

the thundering waves broke about his hips and the undertow drew him outward. With the next breaker he retreated. His voice long since was exhausted. Yet still he was shouting, screaming, pleading with the wind and the merciless water, cursing, begging, berating.

The boat had blown half-way to shore when first he was conscious of the woman. Josephine La Bonti stood behind him, and a little to the left, on a hummock of sand. She did not look his way. She leaned against the wind, unmoved by its gigantic buffetings, her eyes full of the sight before her. Her face, which had cast off its hard lines as if by some miracle of the storm, was lit by a rich compassion. Into her eyes, that were by nature so melancholy, had flooded a light of pity, and her lips moved rapidly, as if in prayer.



A hundred yards offshore, the *Admiral Dewey* surrendered, with a final glorious plunge. She reared once out of the water and sank by the stern. A moment her bow poked above the running waves. Then it sank. An eddy swirled; a few boards floated high and senselessly; and a great roller charged over her. She left no mark upon the face of the triumphant lake.

Levi came first ashore, rolling over and over, his arm outspread. Ben fought through the breakers to reach him. Ten minutes later, spent with colossal exertion, he lugged another heavy body up the wash, felt hopelessly under the moleskin jacket for a beating heart, and laid the studious Noah down gently beside his brother.

He stood erect over them and glared once more at the open lake. Grief had dulled his thoughts. It had numbed his hands, had stopped his ears to the thunder of the wind, had cast a film across his eyes, had silenced his mutinous tongue. The weariness of immense and unrewarded labors hung like great sea anchors upon his back.

Once he looked at his brothers, dripping and very still upon the sand.

Once he looked at the lake, once at the sky.

Once he shook his fist at the howling winds, a gesture of obstinate defiance hurled full in the face of Destiny.

And then he looked at his despised half-sister, who had moved closer to him upon the sand.

And her eyes were not the eyes of Levi, for Levi never wept. And her voice when she spoke was not the voice of Noah, for Noah never had sobbed between his words.

"Benjamin!" she said, and the winds caught up his name, flinging it mockingly into his ears. She pointed toward his father's house. "Come, bring them home."

A moment he did not answer. His mind was clouded with doubts, half-formed decisions, confusions, misty understandings. What he should do he did not know, until she laid a hand upon his arm, and he suffered it to stay.

"Come," she repeated, "bring them out of the storm."

With such crude gentleness as his hands could command, he lifted Levi first, because he had been elder, and carried him up the sand. Then Noah. The woman was waiting at the door of old Abraham Larkin's house. "Come in, Ben," she invited.

The door closed noiselessly.

It closed upon Josephine La Bonti and the brothers Larkin, Levi, Noah, and Ben. The sons and the daughter of Abraham's wife had come home.

A SONG AFTER FAREWELL

LAWRENCE LEE

O, long ago I thought I had forgot
Her beauty that was like a tree;
But every wind that blew said, "You have not."

The old men argued then that it was best;
Yet, even with their murmuring,
I dreamed of the young blossoms of her breast.

I tried to flee, behind the leafy grace
Of girls all cherries and white bloom;
But, as the moon, came her unvanquished face.

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE USUAL SUBJECT

Sex Was Divinely Fearsome Once—and Charming

ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

MY HAIR is gray. But then, it had begun to turn gray when I was twenty. My spectacles have tortoise-shell rims, but so, not infrequently, have the spectacles worn by youngsters. The combination of gray hair and big glasses, however, is serious, causing me to be addressed sometimes as Doctor and sometimes as Professor; and in consequence of my appearance things happen to me. One happened the other evening in a subway station at the hour when trains are few and far between.

I was returning from a journey, rather tired. As a train had just left, and as the next would not arrive for several minutes, I set down my suitcase and stood facing the tracks. I was quite alone on the platform. Because I was alone, and so tired, I fell into a brown study, very comfortable and soothing but at the same time perilous. In these days a man with gray hair and big glasses should keep his wits about him. I soon realized it, for suddenly I heard peals of girlish laughter, and an exquisite little creature of possibly nineteen spun past me, clearing my suitcase with a flying leap, and ran on.

Then came another as young, as mirthful, and as acrobatic. She,

too, leaped my suitcase. She, too, ran on. They stopped when they had gone a dozen yards or so, and wheeled about to survey the ruins of my dignity.

Now comes the interesting part. Feeling that I ought, somehow, to enter into the spirit of the occasion, I assumed an air of mock severity, which no one could have mistaken for the real thing, and exclaimed, "Oh, you naughty children!" At that, they looked horrified. Yes, shocked. A strange man had spoken to them!

Our train arrived. The mischievous young ladies entered one car, I another, and the affair ended, but not my astonishment. I, through no merit of my own, unless there is merit in gray hair and big glasses (which I doubt), had been privileged to discover something. Here I had witnessed a supremely audacious exploit of flapperism. Next moment I had seen how timid, how maidenly, and how all but mid-Victorian the flapper could be. I asked myself why we worry so much about flapperism. It is only skin-deep.

True enough, but the more I reflected, the more I seemed to find in the little occurrence on the subway platform a trace of the regrettable.

Recalling the days when my hair had not yet begun to turn gray, I felt sure that there were sweeter girls then. They did not hurdle the suitcases of middle-aged strangers; in the "gay nineties" such phenomena were unheard of. In the gay nineties we worshiped girls. We do not worship them now. I question if we altogether respect them. Certainly we do not love them as we did. It is their loss—and ours.



Despite gray hair and shell-rim spectacles, I do not assume to be much of a philosopher, but even the lightest of us may experience a flash of wisdom, especially if it takes at first a humorous form. Not long ago I visited courts of domestic relations in several cities, trying to learn the causes of divorce. When I had interviewed many judges, all of whom discussed in solemn tones the "other" man and the "other" woman, or spoke of the fiery haste with which young people rush into marriage, or lamented the weakening of the religious restraint upon sex, some imp of the mind whispered to me, jocosely: "Pay no attention to this. If we are ever to check divorce, we must set about making the sexes attractive to each other." I laughed. Yet, preposterous as the thing sounds, there is truth in it. The sexes have been becoming less and less attractive to each other for at least half a century.

Sex was divinely fearsome once—and proportionately charming. When coeducation began, a whole literature of alarm predicted dire consequences. And what happened? Nothing. When young women first took positions as stenographers, our

moralists foretold the decline of civilization if not actually its downfall. No such disaster occurred. Sex, anciently a boggy, to-day scares us not. We no longer take it seriously enough for that. At a recent gathering of theatrical people to consider ways of uplifting the drama, denunciations of sex comedies were followed by a speech in which a highly esteemed young actress remarked: "Maybe it does folks good to spend two hours laughing at sex. For sex is a darn funny thing, now isn't it?" Once in the world this would have savored of blasphemy, like poking fun at Satan himself, and it is true that the young actress was sharply lectured afterward by her husband; but when her speech came out in the papers next morning, there were readers who felt that it could do no great mischief. They had outgrown their fear of sex; and, for them, it has lost attractiveness by just that much.

It has lost still more by sacrificing its aloofness. In the old days a man "went to see" a girl. He awaited the experience as one awaits a romantic adventure. Now girls are crushed upon him, bodily and multitudinously, while he travels to his work by public conveyance; he enters an office crowded with girls; girls overrun his barber-shop and perhaps even his club. Our grandfathers would have expected this to instigate flirtations. Instead, it has made flirtation a lapsed art. In the gay nineties there were flirtations everywhere. Girls lolled on porches, coyly, but ah, how effectively, setting hearts aflutter as men passed. Youths donned gorgeous sashes (sashes were indispensable in the

nineties) and went forth to discover how many furtive smiles they could attract, and how many sheep's eyes. All that is gone—to good advantage, no doubt. But I am of the opinion that something precious vanished with it. For flirtation did not cease because of moralizing, eloquent though the moralizing was; it ceased because both sexes lost interest.

One principal charm of sex is mystery; and of late that, too, has vanished. I am sorry. About the word *boudoir*, only a short while ago, there hung a certain air of perfumed sanctity. We knew from the advertisements of cosmetics that not a few endearing impostures were contrived there; but it remained, in our imagination, a shrine of feminine delicacy and ingenuousness. Now that the same impostures and vastly bolder ones are contrived on street-corners, no very romantic sentiment attaches.

Nor do we have in these days anything at all comparable to our reverence for the beauty which is not imposture. Too much of it shows—with the result that knees are somewhat less “interesting” than noses and that the lovely nudes in a revue elicit no such delight as did their relatively modest predecessors. Along with what delight there is comes a secret pang as the beholder reflects that, however reluctantly, the revue has at last struck twelve, whereas the whole art of the revue consists in never striking twelve. Perhaps I may add that to a large extent the art of the eternal feminine in general depends upon never striking twelve.

Another principal charm of sex is contrast, and for years the once very pronounced contrast between the

sexes has been diminishing. Where now is the sturdy oak, and where the clinging vine? Instead of oak and vine, we are coming to observe more and more frequently the “fifty-fifty couple,” both working, at similar tasks, and sometimes the wife earning a salary larger than her husband's. Who to-day speaks of the “weaker” sex? On the other hand, who to-day credits women with excessive strength of character?

In the gay nineties students used to sit up until the wee small hours debating whether girls were really as angelic as they seemed. If a student bragged of having kissed girls, we thought that he must be lying. Oh, well—times change, and to whatever rebuking prophet may prize it I leave the task of raining denunciations upon women for having abandoned the angelic pose. At least they no longer marry us to reform us!

It seems a pity, however, that we and they should favor the same brands of cigarettes, or of cocktails, or of expletives. What concerns me is not the moral issue involved—if indeed there is any such issue; what concerns me is the question of sex attraction and its decline. When women behave like men, where does contrast come in?

Writing thus, especially when I have owned up to gray hair, big spectacles, and recollections of the nineties, I may perhaps seem to betray the wistfulness of one for whom the past has acquired a certain meretricious glamour. Were I back in “the mauve decade” it is quite possible that I should find its ideals a bit insipid, and admit that although

there was an interesting enough contrast between the sexes then, the women of the nineties would appear a bit deficient in courage, in frankness, in self-sufficiency. But these have from of old been masculine virtues, just as from of old the ability to sit in Congress or govern States has been a masculine ability.

My impatience with lack of contrast reached its height the other day when I saw a pleasing youth in a Pullman, and, by right of gray hair and big glasses, spoke to him. He answered with a fine heartiness, but his voice was—a girl's!

I looked down, and yes, there was a skirt. But the coat was a man's coat, the collar a man's collar, the tie a man's tie, the hair-cut a man's hair-cut. Many a time I had heard people say, "Pretty soon we shan't be able to tell the women from the men," and here was a case. I did not like it. The experience gave me a sense of something creepy.

Again let me declare that I am no philosopher. I do not pretend to see an infallible way of rescuing sex from the verge of extinction, and yet I consider myself immune to the allurements of quack remedies. Preaching will not help. Mighty prelates have tried it, wholly without effect. Ridicule will not help. That, too, has been tried. Appeals to good taste will not help. But there is a remedy that has not yet been tried; *i.e.*, bushy whiskers.

The suggestion sounds frivolous. In reality, the London publicist who was the first to advance it wrote gravely, and his editor featured the suggestion on the cover of a solemn British review. There, in big red letters, I saw the title:

"A PLEA FOR BUSHY WHISKERS."

Turning to the article, I caught its drift at a glance. With their smooth faces, long locks, slim-waisted coats, soft airs, and the passion for dainty-hued hat-ribbons, men appear effeminate. Let them become ferociously masculine once more, and women in self-defense will again become feminine; in bushy whiskers and their logical concomitants lies the salvation of sex.

History indorses the suggestion. Those bewhiskered majors of Prince Albert's time, so bold, so thunderous, so splendidly cannibalistic, were the real cause, not only of prudish blushes, of genteel fainting, of prunes and prisms, and of "Godey's Lady's Book," but of crinoline itself.

On reading "A Plea for Bushy Whiskers," I cried: "Well spoken! Bravo!" For while I should grieve to see crinoline return literally, just a faint recrudescence of its spirit would be welcome. I entreat our young men to grow bushy whiskers, and I think it very unfortunate that the London publicist should have concluded his article with the query, "But can they?"

THE CITIZEN FROM EMPORIA

Whose Adjustment to the Common Lot Is Almost Pluperfect

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

WILLIAM Allen White is a good man to meet under trying circumstances; say, at a National Democratic Convention in New York, on a fine piping July day, after a hard week of indecisive balloting. Expanding, exuberant, shrewd, perspiring, unvested, double-chinned; going on sixty, but looking less because of the "fair fond visions of youth" which linger in his light-lashed blue eyes; with his hat on the back of his head, or slouched over his nose, with his strong broad mouth stretched to a quip or a smile of greeting, Bill White is easily recognizable as a believer in the strange ceremonials of Madison Square Garden.

Not that politics fools him. This hay-seed from the corn-belt is far too perspicacious. What interests him in politicians—as in men in general—is the thing that, underlying the mechanical and the chemical and the material, "makes toward good"; the dynamic drive that creates conflict, and enables agitators like Bryan to open the road for the Roosevelts and the Wilsons. White is something of an agitator himself. A convention is play for his spirit, as well as work for his pen. So far as he has contributed to American history, it has been by way of understanding and enjoying the plain American people.

It was at a convention—the greatest convention—that I first saw William Allen White. Characteristically, in a dining-room, that of the Hôtel Vouillemont, in Paris, where during the peace conference he enjoyed much good French food, supplemented by tin boxes of Kansas cakes, made by the subtle hand of Sallie. In this room full of eminent Americans, and of Americans who were trying to look more eminent than they were, the stout and sandy man from Emporia, whose rotund proportions fitted so ill into a Red Cross uniform, whose chins rolled so rebelliously over a stiff military collar, stood out as The American. A picturesque and salient individual, ambassador plenipotentiary of the tall and gawky Uncle Sam.

Why? Was it his gaze, now so keen and warmly receptive when encouraging the view of the man across the table; now so wistful and remote, when speculating on ideal solutions; now so dewily sentimental, when it fell on the home-made cakes? Was it the witty and fearless tongue, so apt, even in Paris, in championing the under dog and the Bolshevik? Was it the effervescent whimsical humor that rose like foam to the top of his honest speech; was it the wine of

human kindness in the bottom of the glass? In the turgid and complex atmosphere of peace, the single-heartedness of the man was limpid as a summer pool.

Yet White was not happy in Paris (in spite of "The Martial Adventures of Henry and Me"). He had come there as he goes everywhere, with the mission of moralist, and the zest for fearless spontaneous action which is one of his essential traits. Theodore Roosevelt said of him: *he preaches what he practises*. The peacemakers were preaching very prettily. But in practice he could not meet the Bolsheviks at Prinkipo. Kansas, he once wrote, is an inferiority complex against the tricks and manners of plutocracy, social, political, economic. The tricks and manners of Paris diplomacy were quite as alien to the editor of the "Emporia Gazette." What was it all about, anyhow? Every now and then you could see, as the head tilted back, stealing into those blue eyes round and pale, as they gazed into the distance, the dream of the Ideal President and the Disinterested Conference of World Powers. He could not bear to believe that neither existed. He was always hunting for them in the highways and byways. One spring Sunday I met him with an armful of bundles and that beaming radiance which indicates a sentimental satisfaction. He had discovered the Rag Fair, which is largely attended by the humble citizens of Paris. Those plain little bourgeois citizens, realistic and humorous, those inhabitants of the many small towns that make up the great city, he could understand. There had been communication in some universal language.

The Parisians of the faubourgs were real folks! And he had bought some brass candlesticks and old lace to take home to Sallie.

At such a moment, White's favorite illusion, that he is a typical small-town Kansan, seems to have some foundation. His adjustment to the common American lot is almost pluperfect. His enjoyment of a democratic and provincial and domestic destiny, though erected into a creed and expounded every day in the "Gazette," is hearty and complete. Yet his rôle of small-town editor was not predetermined except by the inward law of his spirit. He caught a national audience as soon as he began to write. His abilities as a journalist and his acumen and ease in dealing with men and events brought him, very young, tempting openings into metropolitan newspapers and political office. The outstanding fact in his life is his determination—taken very young—to dig into the soil where he was born and identify his needs and hopes with those of his State and town. The result is that he has brought America—the broader America whose changes he is always studying and keenly appraising—to Kansas; and while enriching and liberalizing his stiff-necked puritan State with that humane, vernacular, all-American comment of his, has inevitably become, in the national mind, the leading citizen and spokesman of Kansas.

Who that knows its influence could believe that the "Emporia Gazette" has only sixty-five hundred subscribers? Yet it is a strictly local sheet, and the editor's suggestion that he would like an invitation

to Sunday dinner is not read more than fifty miles from the office. The editorials are widely read only because they are copied by the press of the whole country. White has been for thirty years wielding political power without political office. The "Emporia Gazette," or White through the "Gazette," has been able to make private sentiment public sentiment in Kansas, and to lead an honest ruling group with little or no organization. He has been able to enforce his representation in city, State, and national politics by men who believed his way. Perhaps one needs to see the editor on the platform of the Santa Fé station at Emporia on an August afternoon, with the thermometer at 104, to understand the secret of this achievement. From the man's whole person, from his thick tough body, his shrewd, ruddy, realistic face, where tiny lines of tenderness have formed about the eyes and mouth, there radiates an innocent but undoubted authority. As the corn-fields exude fertility and the shrill cicada's chant rises above the heavy heat, so does a kind of genial excess quality—an earthy vitality and pungent humor—exude from the editor of the "Gazette." This newspaper has been more than the uncompromising organ of his convictions; it has been the unaffected mirror of his personality.

The personality pervades Emporia. The exterior of this prosperous elm-shaded college town of thirteen thousand inhabitants, in spite of its aspiring institutions of learning and progress, would be a little drab and monotonous to Eastern eyes—a sort of flat copy of a New England town, with all the hills and fine colonial out-

lines and spread of tree-branch left out—but for White's affectionate exposition. With him as guide it becomes a cross-section of America, gaudy with "local color," filled with Mid-Western "characters" out of "Our Town" or "A Certain Rich Man"; an enlargement of "The Court of Boyville"; the place where the Walrus turned so dramatically into the March Hare. (See his best and least-known book, a collection of editorials from the "Gazette," called "The Editor and His People.") In the shabby old "Gazette" office this *genius loci* is in his holy of holies; he shows you the presses, old and new; he explains the profit-sharing business organization of the paper. And then he takes you home—to the house that is, like himself, all warm, kindly, gentle-hearted abundance.

"The world is so full of a number of things

I think we should all be as happy as kings."

That Stevensonian verse expresses its spirit. Here a splashing Oriental hanging, loot of some bazaar. There a Madeira wine-jug, craning a neck that was hard to lasso. Everything has a sentimental story, even the Italian peasant china and glass which the editor could not resist on Sallie's birthday. The table it adorns is literally a "groaning board," famed for its gastronomic arts. Yes, we will admit that the smiling host in the rocking-chair on the garden porch, surrounded by books and newspapers—who you may be sure has removed his coat—richly deserves the generous curve he has acquired. Prohibitionist though he

be—an editor whose “tipple” is, as he says, “frivolling”—he is no pale ascetic but a man of passion and solid appetite.

“There is nobody I like better to talk about than my favorite hero.” I prophesy that William Allen White will sometime write one of the great American autobiographies. There is nothing he talks or writes of, with such an evocative touch, on that Emporia porch, as of the boy he used to be and the Kansas he used to know. For he has grown up with his native State. His life, seen in perspective, has not only the vigor, the broad sweep of the prairie; it has the almost rainbow span, the elusive pot of Golden Opportunity, accorded to the Mid-Western generation which followed immediately on the trail of the pathfinders. White is the grandson of a man from Raynham, Massachusetts, born during the Revolutionary War, who jolted under the white top of a prairie-schooner to Ohio in 1801. His son, a pioneer doctor and merchant, migrated from Ohio to Kansas in 1859, and there, in his middle age, married William Allen’s mother, who, herself an Irish emigrant from New York State, had driven into Emporia on a stage-coach to become the school-teacher of the pioneer community, then a hundred miles from a railroad.

“When I was a year old, Emporia became too effete for my parents, and they moved to El Dorado, Kansas. There I grew up. El Dorado was a town of a dozen houses, located on the banks of the Walnut, a sluggish but a clear and beautiful prairie stream, rock bottom and

spring fed. I went to the large stone school house that ‘reared its awful form’ on the hill above the town, before there were any two story buildings in the place.” It is important to note that this boy, who in his free hours roamed the prairie in a gang that shared the wonders of the unspoiled natural world—hunting, trapping, fishing, “the last shadow of some ancient and innocent hour left over from the Eden of the race”—was never allowed to forget the school-house and all it implied. For his mother was “the sort of woman that walked on her heels and is known as captain,” and the great passion of her life was education. Left an orphan at the age of sixteen, she managed after her westward move to acquire a good education in a small Illinois college. When in middle life she had a child of her own, and had, against her will, to bring him up in a tough town, where “the dark and greedy life” of the plains was manifest to every innocent, where gamblers and prostitutes camped in the big timber and drinking and shooting were the life of the community, she *read* to her boy to keep him beside her—read him before he was twelve most of Dickens, and “Middlemarch,” and “Adam Bede,” and even George Sand.

“My mother had always wanted two things—a watch and an operation. My father had his pride. He said she had a good clock and was never out of the house, so what did she need of a watch, and being a doctor, he knew perfectly well that she did not need an operation. So those desires were repressed. When I was fourteen he fell sick and died largely of a broken heart.” (He was

a Democrat, and his candidate was defeated.) "He died Thursday. We had the funeral Saturday. He was Mayor of El Dorado and the funeral was in every way satisfactory to the Irish heart of my mother. Monday she took me by the hand and went down town and bought the best lady's watch in El Dorado. In a few weeks she was planning for an operation. But when I cried and begged her not to leave me an orphan, she sighed and gave it up."

It was perhaps right here that William Allen acquired the "swelled head" which he declares he has spent his whole life "trying to keep up with." He had to go out and collect his father's rents. He was fourteen, and he shouldered responsibility as if it were a feather-weight. "I have just naturally taken it ever since." A postscript to this sentence is his wife's: "He can't be an hour on an ocean liner without telling the captain how to run the ship." Like his humor, his robust and contagious laugh, and even his fatness, authority seems a congenital and lovable gift.

He himself claims luck as heritage. He says he got it from his Irish grandmother, Anne Kelley, who, when things went hard in northern New York, cleared the floor, lifted up her skirts, and began to dance and sing. That gay-hearted grandmother has always opened the way for him to jump; but he neglects to add that *he has always had the muscle for the effort*. For instance, he discovered, during his first year of college in Emporia, that his mother had opened a boarding-house to keep him. He promptly wrote three letters to El Dorado—to the dry-goods merchant,

to the grocer, and to the printer—asking for a job. The printer offered one. Bull luck! When William returned to college with an afternoon job as printer on the paper that is now the "Gazette," he roomed with the reporter of the paper, a superior youth who was college orator as well. Soon the reporter departed to an oratorical contest, leaving his job in trust to Will; forgot his speech; never dared return to Emporia. So—bull luck again!—William Allen emerges as a journalist, not a grocer or a printer; a journalist so surely destined that he became, at the age of twenty-four, editorial writer on the best Kansas daily newspaper.

White, a rock-ribbed Republican conservative, worked for several years on the "Kansas City Star," which was Democratic. So, though his head-size measurably increased in Kansas City, he found the politics and the dominion of his elders very irksome. Having married, as one would expect, a school-teacher, that charming Miss Sallie Lindsay who has never lost her Kentucky accent, he decided to look about for a newspaper of his own. It must be in a college town, the two young people decided; that was the place to bring up children. The "Emporia Gazette" was in the market. White bought it for three thousand dollars, "with the audacity and impudence of youth," and not a cent in cash. Then with his proverbial luck, which is but another name for a mystical self-confidence, based on a very male strength and energy, he proceeded to make a success of it.

Beside him—literally beside him in the office, as well as achieving her culinary and domestic arts at home,

for they ran the newspaper together—was that rare and intelligent woman who has been the close companion of his fortunes. In the background was his dominant Irish mother, who continued to live next door to her son till she died at ninety-five, two years ago. In the foreground, nursed in the office waste-paper basket—a big clothes-basket—was young Bill (now his father's assistant on the paper), growing up to love the smell of printer's ink. Mr. White attended to the business end of the paper and wrote the editorials. Mrs. White did everything else. In three years the mortgage was paid, the first volume of stories was published, and White had made by his editorial, "What Is the Matter with Kansas?" a national name as a political writer.

What would have happened to the McKinley-Bryan campaign of 1896 if this vehement young editor, then in the full flower of his conservatism—a conservatism due quite naturally to the disorder he grew up with and the privileges he had painfully acquired—had not run into some wild-eyed Populists in the post-office? An argument starts. The Populists win. White has no "milk-eyed horror of a good red spanking." But he knows that politics is war. Home he goes, boiling mad. Already he is "Parson Pierrot" to his fellow-Kansans; "guide, philosopher and friend, executioner and undertaker, promoter and herald, preacher, teacher, autocrat and judge." His wife is ill in Colorado; he must "execute" the Populists before he joins her. Gripping his feelings in his fist, he does the trick. Result: a document reprinted in every Republican newspaper in the country.

Chairman Mark Hanna seizes upon it for his campaign. He sends for William Allen White, already known as a staunch party man, and asks him what he wants by way of political reward. The editor of the "Gazette" answers with a smile that he has bought his freedom too dear to lose it again.

This answer was decisive. Like the title of the famous editorial, it is a key to White's life, character, and career. The editor has never since stopped asking *what is the matter with Kansas*, and has never ceased to move in the direction of freedom. All his writings, even his novels and stories, are formulations and crystallizations of the controversies of his spirit, as related more particularly to his own Mid-Western section of the country. Behind the writer is an earnest propagandist. His writing is really action—homely, humorous, rugged, moralistic, and always uninhibited. That is precisely its virtue as journalism, and its defect as something more. His honest and fearless purpose and vigorous untrammelled speech proclaimed aloud, from his first days on the "Gazette," that the editor who says what he thinks and scorns consequences must make money and succeed. "All the public has a right to ask of the editorial writer is an honest mind, a kindly heart ribbed with courage, such intelligence as the day's work may bring."

Through these early Kansas years, when much of the now prosperous farming country about him was unregenerate, a land of droughts and plagues and bitter burning seasons, White made his way by a deep con-

sistency of character. He is a man so normal and so sure that the plain citizen has to trust his authority. But consistency of opinion White never claims. His writing has been the fruit—ripe or unripe—of the hour. The great drama of his spiritual life is that gradual move from Right to Left which brought him, in early middle age, to the side of Theodore Roosevelt.

White and Roosevelt first met in 1897 and took to one another profoundly. Up to this time White had been outwardly a conformist, though he was already damning McKinley and Hanna under his breath for their crass material philosophy. When in 1900 Platt named Roosevelt for vice-president to put him out of the presidential running, White realized at last the enormous power for evil of the great forces of privilege which he had idealized and worshiped. He and Roosevelt "held lodges of anger and wrath together," and after Roosevelt's sudden elevation to the presidency White found himself on the side of non-conformity instead of conservatism. With no qualms or doubts—for he knew that the step he had taken meant only growth—he moved to the Left because he could not move otherwise, just as Roosevelt himself moved. The adaptation of such men to their times and their kind is like that of water to the contour of the earth. The developing social conscience, the altruistic-progressive trend in politics, exactly fitted the reformer in White, his sympathy for the under dog, his growing faith in the vision of the common people.

Every crisis in the social evolution of Kansas, every national—and

since the war international—struggle for liberty and justice, has found the citizen from Emporia at his liberal listening-post, ready to leap the barricades and engage in active fighting. A typical instance is his battle royal with his close friend, Governor Henry Allen, in the rail strike of 1922, when he expressed, by means of a poster forbidden by the governor, "49 per cent" sympathy with the strikers. The "Gazette" announced that sympathy would increase at the rate of 1 per cent for every day that the strikers refrained from violence. When 51 per cent was reached, the editor was arrested—as he had hoped and expected. Though he could not get a trial, he won his point; the judge dismissed the case with the comment that the arrest of the defendant had been illegal and unwarranted. White's comment—his "Letter to an Anxious Friend" was the Pulitzer prize editorial for 1922—is a fine example of his best editorial speech and thought.

In the State elections of 1924, White took a stand even more courageous on the Ku-Klux issue. The Republican candidate for governor had been nominated and the Democratic candidate indorsed by the Klan. White announced in the "Gazette" that unless the Klan issue were kept out of the platforms an anti-Klan candidate would run. The parties took the threat for bluff. But, says White, "I never bluffed in my life." So, no other candidate being persuadable, he had to run for office for the first time. "I don't want to be governor of this State," he announced, "but I want every vote in this State, and if I'm elected I'll serve." With no organization,

campaign funds, or committees, touring in the family Ford, holding from three to seven meetings daily, he traveled three thousand miles and in six weeks won 150,000 votes from the elements that had had no spokesman—negroes, Catholics, Jews. He won them by the expression—in the most Falstaffian and merry language—of what he thought of bigotry.

When White writes something polite before a political campaign, the other editors of the State are wont to raise a cry: "Here is the old boaconstrictor again, slathering his victim with saliva before swallowing him whole!" It has been his principle to give even to a corrupt political opponent the benefit of a personal doubt. He attacks him not as a man but as a mouthpiece or victim of ideas that are alien. When his necessary point is sternly and surely made, he does not even rub a towel over the wound. For if courage is of the substance of his nature, so also is tolerant kindness—"the law of kindness, the great unwritten law of America." Search White's studies of men, and you will find "charity, which lends humor her eyes," always in the ascendant. Sweetness and light are no choice with him; they are what he may not violate and preserve his soul. "Queer things are not important," he wrote in relation to an Emporia scandal—details of divorces and murders are not, by the way, reported in the "Gazette"—"they are its kindnesses, its nobility, its self denials, its great renunciations."

Remarks of this sort, which suggest a tampering with bald reality in the interest of a thesis (a characteristic of his novels), are not especially in

tune with post-war America. White has fewer illusions than before Woodrow Wilson "lost out" with the American people. But his epitaph on Wilson still sounds the note of hope:

"God gave him a great vision;
The devil gave him an imperious heart.

The proud heart is still;
The vision lives—"

as his epitaph on Munsey the note of scorn:

"Frank Munsey, the great publisher,
is dead.

"Frank Munsey contributed to the journalism of his day the talent of a meat-packer, the morals of a money-changer and the manners of an undertaker. He and his kind have about succeeded in transforming a once noble profession into an 8-percent security.

"May he rest in trust!"

There is nothing smug about White's moral earnestness, and nothing faked about his belief that the great stream of "destiny, tendency, fate," is good. While telling his readers how to eat watermelon, and what is love, while urging "sweet Alice" (the congresswoman) not to "ferment" and take her personal defeat as a sign of political deterioration, he makes clear that "the surest fact in history is the growth of society," he rejoices to point out that solid Republicans are now Populists—"the sun do move."

White likes to talk about his dual nature, Yankee on one side, Irish on the other, as if it were a sort of Jekyll-Hyde inheritance. The truth is he has the undivided psyche which only Mid-Western Americans,

nourished in the broad lap of a land that knows no echo of the restless sea, can boast. I have seen him in the disguise of a spick and span and very astute gentleman looking through his eye-glasses and down his nose at a newspaper: obviously a church member and director of the Rockefeller Foundation. (That is the way he looks in his photographs. His physical contours automatically congeal to present the more regular of the two fellows he harbors.) I have seen him in the disguise of Celt, overflowing and soft-hearted, defender of the simple and oppressed. But there is no real conflict between them. His double gifts seem made to amend and stabilize one another. When the wild Irishman tries to ruin him, the canny Puritan steps in. When the realistic business man decides to soak the merchants who advertise in the "Gazette," the audacious Irish idealist inserts a package of community interest along with self-interest.

White is, in short, one of the blessed mortals who are born knowing the "combination" of life. Chemical or mental, this is his genius, his "luck." He lives as easily in Emporia, Kansas, U.S.A., as a fish in the sea. On his periodic visits to the National Arts Club he meets the frontal attack and welcome of a shouting chorus of New York editors, highbrow friends, dramatists, politicians, columnists, sisters-in-law—and beams at them all. His humor which sees around the lowbrows, sees around the highbrows, sees himself without weakening his purpose. He can call himself, in one breath,

the Harold Bell Wright of ideas, who doles out predigested intellectual food to the masses; and in the next admit that he has never consciously written a pot-boiler, that the writing he does outside his daily job, the writing for whose sake he has remained a country editor, the writing which has "provided the meal ticket for the Gazette, and through the Gazette for politics," is the most sacred part of his life.

White stands out as one of the leading figures and builders of a prairie civilization that is gradually assuming the common American shape. His combination of innocence and astuteness is an endearing product of the corn-belt, something that, like his dislike of a plug-hat, or his comments on the Walrus, a Britisher cannot easily understand. Kansas is a State of personal journalism. But White will not be "placed" in journalistic history by the side of his parochial brothers. He will be reckoned as the last outstanding American editor, after Watterson, who did not cloak himself in anonymity.

White has no secrets from his readers. They have shared with him the "fun he has had getting rid of his theories," as they have shared his personal happiness and sorrowed with his tragedy. When his young daughter Mary rode out under the elms and died in the glory of her youth, he could lean against his Puritan backbone and write of her in the "Gazette" with tender objectivity. Perhaps Mary's obituary is the ultimate proof of how, speaking from Emporia, William Allen White speaks directly to his countrymen.

THE SOCIAL SWIM IN ANGORA

When the Leader Himself Dances, the Crowd Will Follow

ROSE LEE

ONE OF the pleasantest things about Angora is the frankness of its new inhabitants. The ex-soldiers who form the government of the Turkish Republic do not suffer from illusions. They are realistically ready to admit the disadvantages of a town where the greater part of the roads are paved with mud; where lodgings are scanty and primitive, and eau de Cologne runs freer than water; where the only place of amusement is a single flickering cinema. Always armed to defend their pioneer capital against the gibes of sophisticated Constantinople, they fall into a kind of tolerant railery when they talk among friends.

A popular song in this vein has spread across Turkey. The mood of it strikes an American as strangely familiar. One could call it the Angora Blues, if the wailing Oriental tune were not so far from the strenuous movements of American jazz. In this song, some one appears to be telling his troubles to the storks, that come each year to perch upon the whitewashed gables of Angora, and then fly away insouciantly to the bright cities of Europe.

"Stork, stork, I won't stay here!
If I leave, I'll never come back—
If I come back, I won't stay!"

Underneath the nonsense was a clear current of truth. Two years ago—with the "War of Independence" well behind them, and the republic settled in the way of grace by the Lausanne Treaty—the monotony of Angora life must have taxed the patriotism of its followers to the limit. The tension of the first days of the Revolution had relaxed. It was no longer necessary to work until morning, and after office hours there was literally nothing for a man to do.

Angora, as some one said of early Washington, began as a "political and administrative capital in the wilderness"—a wilderness of bare plains and sandy hills, where only goats could frolic. From the beginning the capital of Mustafa Kemal lacked comfort, distractions, feminine charms; was pervaded with an air of tight-lipped desperation. But it was not unbroken ground, as Washington had been. When it was chosen, in 1920, as military headquarters in the War of Independence, it was an old-fashioned Turkish town—a tangle of mud houses, roofs meeting one another across narrow muddy lanes.

Except for a decent coat of white-wash that government orders have laid upon the houses of natural mud, the old part of the town is not

changed to-day. It still climbs the hill narrowly, behind Tamerlane's ragged fortress; opens out suddenly into a bare sun-baked bazaar where stray fowls peck the ground and a donkey droops sulkily under a load of greens. Women draw a negligent corner of gingham head-dress across their faces, as they commune with the cobbler in his booth or barter with the butcher for a strip of dried, cancerous-looking meat. From one corner of the bazaar is a view of hills, shadow-hung, and the whole wide Angora plateau rolls mistily to the mountains of the horizon.

Behind the latticed windows of the old town are lodged ten thousand Anatolian peasants, men and women in homespun trousers. They adhere to the unhygienic ways of their fathers, and ignore as far as possible those modern strangers who have taken Angora by storm. Most of their women are still veiled in public, and stain their finger-tips to the knuckle with henna. And I remember one evening passing an open doorway, where an old man was eating his supper by the light of tallow candles. He was sitting cross-legged on cushions beside a low table; and within the privacy of his own four walls, he was wearing the abolished fez. The door slammed shortly, and I stood in the blackness of the muddy lane. For an instant, I had been given a sight of the submerged life of a Turkish villager, whom one is likely to forget among deputies that play bridge, and wear bowler-hats, and discuss world politics with sardonic insight; among deputies' wives whose hair is shingled, whose skirts end just below the knee, and whose feet are attuned to the fox-trot.

Everywhere in Angora the cleavage between the new and the old is very sharp. It is constantly emphasized in the structure of the city. Here, too, one sees new forces dominant. As officialdom has outnumbered the native peasants, in a ratio of nearly seven to one, so the old mud town is being pushed into the background by a program of modern construction. At the foot of the hill where Old Angora lies, new public buildings are rising with dangerous rapidity, and half-finished dwellings are springing like mushrooms in the outlying district called Djan-kaya.

A visitor fresh from the sights of Paris or New York remarks the rocky sidewalks of the newly widened Main Street; the shallow booths which serve in most cases for stores; the blackened stovepipes that grow at right angles from the windows and drip in damp weather upon the hats of passers-by. A stranger is impressed by the pioneer aspects of the street, but a native will point to the metropolitan touches—the new dry-goods stores with their array of perfumes and *articles de fantaisie* from Pera, the photographer's shop with its display of Zeiss lenses, the small army of efficient bootblacks. There is even a traffic cop at the corner, waving his baton imperially between painted village carts and the long motor-cars of government officials. Trimly correct from leather puttees to red-vizored cap, he is one of the amenities of modern life—like the drug-store with plate-glass front, or the Russian coiffeur—that have lately come to Angora.

The corner where he stands is the hub of the capital. In front of him, a straight road runs past the Grand

National Assembly—with its trimming of turquoise-blue tiles—to the station a mile away. Behind him lies a melancholy grass-plot, where in the early morning hours gallows are sometimes pitched to accommodate the enemies of the republic. You can see the figures of the condemned men, horribly elongated and swaying limply in their white robes, as you sit over a breakfast of tea and rose-petal jam in the Angora Pâtisserie.



For Angora is a revolutionary city still, and until last winter had nothing at all in common with the pleasure-capitals of Europe. It was only during the past parliamentary season that life took a social turn. Then official circles blossomed with a series of teas, dinner-parties, and balls, as suddenly and abundantly as pear-trees flower in springtime on the hills of Djan-kaya.

This social flowering was a product of revolution, as much as the Tribunal of Independence or the recently adopted Swiss Civil Code. It was a thing without precedent in Asia Minor, a splash of color grafted upon the barren life of Angora by the hand of a radical gardener. Remember that Turkey is a Moslem country, whose social scheme has been based for centuries upon religious segregation of the sexes; and you will understand what a radical step it was to bring men and women together in the manner of Western society. Since the Young Turk Revolution of 1908, the wives of Turkish diplomats have been free to appear at social functions on the Continent. But until the Kemalist Revolution a Turkish woman could not even enter

a restaurant in her own country without fear of arrest. To-day the sight of men and women mingling easily at the bridge-table, or gliding off in couples to the sound of crashing jazz, is eloquent to Nationalist minds of human progress and equality of the sexes.

It is not mere accident that the social guns in Angora fired their first salute in the same year that the new civil code forbade polygamous marriage and gave men and women equal rights before the law. The dance-floor deliberately defies the old ideal of the veiled woman. Still there is a certain constraint when the music starts in Angora, a tendency for the sexes to stand apart in separate groups. Invariably some one makes a reference to the haremlik and selamlık of the old days, every one laughs, and then the ice is broken! To those rebel children of the Prophet, the haremlik in which their mothers lived, in which the trousered women of Old Angora still reside, is simply a humorous archaism.

It was at a large ball, held in the assembly-room of the Popular Republican party, that I witnessed a modern Turkish girl make a Declaration of Feminine Independence. The floor was crowded with prancing couples, dignitaries of state and army, and members of the foreign diplomatic corps; so that what might have been a *drame intime* took on almost official significance. A young girl, whose fiancé had attempted to censor her list of partners, publicly asserted her liberty to dance with whom she pleased. Woman, she maintained, was a free agent and not the slave of a fiancé! And when the young man protested, she settled the

argument by calmly tendering him his ring and joining his rival over a cup of Cordon Rouge. To show how little the affair disturbed her, she continued to dance until daylight and did not leave the hall until eight o'clock next morning, when the departure of Mustafa Kemal formally ended the festivities.

Seeing the phenomenal success of the balls in Angora, one does not imagine how difficult it was to start the tradition. At first it was not easy to fill the floor, even in liberal circles. Young people, of course, required no urging; but the personal command of Mustafa Kemal was needed to make the wives of cabinet ministers and other high officials take part in public functions. Always the men outnumbered the women, as they have done in Angora since the beginning; but the social experiment thrived and bore fruit. An old-fashioned wife might protest at the public exchange of gallantries. And yet she no longer demurred at leaving the comparative luxury of Stamboul for the windy hilltops of Anatolia. Even if she were not youthful enough to profit by the wealth of dancing-partners, the new activities offered themes for endless gossip and spicy tales, embroidered with Oriental richness in the telling.

For myself, I only knew Angora during its session of government gaiety, and I found it frankly entertaining. Partly it was due to the fact of being feminine, in a city where the sex is still prized for its rarity. Partly it was due to the violent contrast between my social pretensions and domestic equipment. I remember making an extravagant ball toilet in a space not more than two

feet wide, wedged in between a bed and dressing-table in a tiny hotel room off the main street. My quarters were lighted by an oil-lamp, and heated in those frost-bitten days by a small red-copper brazier. There was just enough water in a pitcher to cleanse the visible areas of skin.

How the Turkish women managed, I can only guess. The ladies of the government circle lived in their own homes, of course, with a raw Anatolian servant or two to attend them. For light and water, they were in much the same case as myself, though they did have coal-stoves to keep them warm and Oriental rugs to soften the chill linoleum on the floors. But the winds of Asia whistled just the same through the thin clay walls and thick, bright homespun curtains of their suburban cottages. The ladies were consoled by the knowledge that very few of their friends were better off than they. Conditions were even, whether you lived in the heart of the town or in one of the fashionable cottages clustered close to the presidential mansion at Djan-kaya. The only steam-heated place in Angora was the new Soviet Embassy—a model of modernity, from its gray cubistic exterior to the parquet on its ball-room floor. The only private houses possessing electric light were those of the president and of the prime minister, Ismet Pasha.

The presidential suburb was well named indeed. Djan-kaya, translated literally, means Soul of Flint; it needed a soul of flint, and a body no less hardened, to withstand an entire winter in those drafty cottages on the hill. As a matter of fact, there were very few ladies who did

not succumb at least once to the cold blasts. I recall a week when all the prominent belles of Angora were bedridden at the same time. Their souls might be firm, but their constitutions were weakened by the harem traditions of the past—generations of sedentary life in air-tight latticed rooms.

Still both women and men met the severities of Angora with rare good humor. In spite of everything, they danced! That was a gallant gesture flung in the teeth of the elements; a sign that the lonely hill-town was assuming its place at last, as the social as well as the political capital of Turkey. The foreign embassies in Constantinople ("palaces," they are called in Turkish) might pursue their conscientious round of gaieties every evening in the week. But those fine fêtes were out of touch with reality. They had no contact with the situation that diplomats are supposed to be observing. For all their splendor, they could not boast the presence of the leaders of Turkey—the new élite who were whirling at parties of their own in Angora, under the patronage of the president of the republic.

A few diplomats were keen enough to take advantage of the open season. Last winter the French ambassador, M. Albert Sarraut, eager to settle the question of the Syrian frontier promptly and amicably, took up residence in Angora for several months. During that time he promoted friendly relations at a number of intimate little dinner-dances, and every day at five lent the weight of his presence to the lamplit diplomatic tea-parties in the dingy corridor of the Banque Ottomane. His

makeshift embassy could not compare in comfort with the "French palace" in Constantinople. But there was a ball-room paved with linoleum and hung with three mighty Gobelin tapestries, where Mustafa Kemal chatted over a cup of tea with de Juvenal after the signing of the Angora Accord. It was the first time in history that a ruler of Turkey had entered the house of a foreign diplomat!

The Russians meanwhile let no grass grow under their feet. They were old friends of the Kemalists; had staked the Revolution in those hazardous days when the little Nationalist band was caught between the double fires of the Greek invaders and the Califate Army. People who were in Angora just before the decisive Battle of Saqqaria have told me how salaries at that time were being frankly paid in gold rubles. Now the Soviets are in the fortunate position of having put their money on the winning horse and are hailed in Angora as brother-revolutionists—with open affection, and a secret touch of caution. They have continued their policy of confidence in the new régime. Where the Germans, for instance, set up a portable legation that could be taken down and removed at a moment's notice, the Soviets built their permanent embassy in Angora and spared no effort to make it a municipal landmark. Conservative eyes may be pained by its futuristic architecture; but when they pass it in the evening (every window blazing with electric lights, and two lamps at the doorway gleaming dimly as before a shrine) they have to admit with a sigh that this is a fine solid building indeed.

Its informal receptions last winter, enhanced by caviar and champagne and artful little frosted cakes, were the most polished affairs in Angora. Every Turk of importance came, and the atmosphere was rosy with cheer—a contrast to the Sunday at-homes of the Greek minister, where sometimes there were hardly guests enough to fill two tables of bridge. . . . The Turks do not forget easily; they have a simple logic in rewarding both good turns and ill.

The Soviets never miss a chance for displaying their good-will, in accordance with their policy of backing the nationalist East. At the time of Mussolini's visit to Tripoli, for instance—when every one in Turkey expected his imperial outburst to end with an attack on Smyrna—the Soviet embassy in Angora took occasion to hold its official flag-raising ceremony. It might have been coincidence, but it gave the effect of a mutual hand-clasp in Turkey's hour of danger. The president of Turkey, his prime minister, and all the Cabinet were present at the hoisting of the red flag and at the celebration which followed. They wore an air of festive unconcern, but still the scene was charged with suppressed excitement. Some two hundred Turks, men and women, sat in the ball-room on slim white chairs under a ceiling painted with fantastic pin-wheels; and all were stirred with a fear that was never mentioned. None of them wanted war, and at the moment war seemed imminent! The little secretary from the Italian legation wandered about looking lonely and defiant, and attached himself at last to the tall person of Sir Ronald Lindsay, who chanced to

be in Angora for a phase of the Mosul negotiations.

To people weary of fighting, and dreading a new challenge to arms, that evening at the Russians' must have assumed something of the ironic brilliance of Belshazzar's feast. Certainly our host had done all he could to make the evening effective. A Russian violinist—Moscow's best!—had been imported for the event. After the concert, there were lobster and caviar and champagne, and dancing until dawn. The sun had risen over the bare purple hills to the east before the last guest left the Soviet embassy.

In those kindly surroundings the Turks did not hesitate to dance the *zabek*, as they always did at their own private parties. I saw Ismet Pasha himself come forward and do the *zabek*—his eyes twinkling, his face wreathed in gentlest smiles, while most of his ministers clapped time from the side-lines. This *zabek* was originally a Turkish folk-dance, performed by peasants in vivid woolen socks, with tassels that shook as they stamped their feet. It was danced by men and women, alone or in couples. In the wealthy harems of the past, there were always Circassian slave-girls trained for the *zabek*. It was not one of those snaky seductive dances styled Oriental in the cabarets of the West, but a thing of brisk steps and rapid turns, accompanied by a snapping of fingers. Recently the *zabek* has been elevated to the dignity of a national dance and made much of in Nationalist circles. There was some wit in the remark of an opposition leader in Constantinople who was asked to dance the *zabek* and replied

sourly that it was a sport reserved for cabinet members.

Mustafa Kemal is its most prominent exponent and one of the most graceful. Certainly he is the most loudly applauded, for in spite of their new republicanism the Turks have not lost a trace of Oriental servility. When Kemal rises to dance the *zabek*, his followers display such ecstatic reverence as mænads might have used to greet the advent of the God Dionysus. And truly there is something sublime in the egotism of the man, posturing there, with black pearls glowing somberly in his shirt-front. He points his slim feet with exquisite care and snaps his fingers airily—slender fingers, curving over a palm that has been faintly painted rose. The eyelashes drooping upon Tartar cheekbones are long and curling like a woman's, the lips are thin and sensitive, the nose and forehead thickened by dissipation. But his shoulders are broad and manly, and the whole figure is charged with an extraordinary vitality—the same electric vitality which enabled Mustafa Kemal to go without sleep for three nights and days, while he directed operations at the Battle of Saqqaria.

When the leader himself dances, the crowd will follow. I have seen the *zabek* performed on numerous occasions by dignitaries in dinner-coats and patent-leather boots, by ladies in conventional décolleté. It generally occurred after midnight, when champagne was flowing free and national feeling ran correspondingly high. The dark eyes of the dancers smoldered, as they kept time to shrill melodies of the East.

Sometimes they sang also—ancient songs of wine and roses, and the pleasures and griefs of love. Once you caught the rhythm, there was something curiously moving about it; that was music which struck below the belt. Under the appeal of the mournful passionate tunes, I saw women, who had seemed insignificant in their ill cut Western dresses, glow and change, and grow suddenly lovely.

There are many Turks who, in their zeal for Western culture, would gladly forget these folk-tunes of their people. But Mustafa Kemal has a sentimental attachment to the songs which he heard as a boy; it is a phase of his consuming loyalty to Turkey. Relentlessly he has effaced the social forms of the past, and such religious forms as seemed out of harmony with the modern world; but he has wished the artistic heritage of his land to endure. It is for his pleasure that Turkish tunes and Turkish dances are so often introduced into the festivities at Angora.

At one informal party which I attended in the home of a deputy, the president's own musicians—formerly the sultan's orchestra—entertained us for hours with a program of Oriental music. The instrument that figured most prominently was the *ouht*, a curious banjo-like contraption played with an eagle's feather. Second in effect was the *sentor*—a distant Roman ancestor of the piano, descended unchanged from pre-Turkish days when the legions of Augustus Cæsar stopped in Angora.

Many of the tunes, no doubt, had entertained the last Ottoman sultan, seated softly in his white palace on

the Bosphorus. Even the musicians were the same, but the scene was very different now—a small crowded room; bare walls, low ceiling; and soldiers with bayonets pacing below the window to guard the first president of the Turkish Republic. Mustafa Kemal, democrat, sat in an arm-chair near the window, careless of the draft. He surveyed the room gravely out of deep-set blue eyes, whose strength and fixity bespoke hypnotic powers. He heard the music and approved the players, without relaxing for a moment that tense inner watchfulness. Sometimes he threw back his head and sang. The rest of the company (many were seated on the floor, for lack of chair-space) clapped time fervently. Acetylene lamps flared. The gray lattices at the windows seemed to sway to that weird irregular rhythm. It was a fantastic night, calculated to make a listener lose all sense of time, space, and his own identity.

There was poetry too, declaimed in dramatic style by Yahia Kemal, lately appointed minister to Warsaw. Yahia Kemal himself is a poet—one of the best in modern Turkey, they say—but his selections that evening were chosen from ancient writers. In fact, the high point of the party was reached when he quoted some patriotic verses dating from the fifteenth century. The frail room rocked with applause, as he thundered out the final couplet:

“I am a Turk. And though I were
the last Turk left in the world,
I’d fight to the last drop of blood
against Europe that would
destroy me.”

Mustafa Kemal shouted “Bravo!”

as loudly as the rest; but there was no militaristic intent behind that rush of patriotic feeling. New Turkey is too much engrossed in self-development to be aggressive, too surfeited by fourteen years of almost continuous fighting to care for war. . . . The moment of drama created by Yahia Kemal was a bit of innocent national bombast. It only implied what every student of the Near East has learned already, that Turkey, which has suffered so deeply from Western exploitation and intrigue, is feverishly on guard against foreign encroachment. At the same time New Turkey is engaged in adopting the social technique of the successful West.

Naturally a foreign visitor is more moved by an intimate display of Eastern color than by an assumption of Western ways that are somewhat crude compared with the Western original. The New Turks, however, are proud of their imported novelties, proud of their broad-mindedness in accepting them. They take the acquisition of these things very seriously, and feel that they are making history with a fox-trot. Every possible moment is seized for practising the new art; women partners failing, the men dance happily together. The weekly at-homes held by ladies of the *cercle intime* are not mere feasts of tea and gossip, now that the phonograph has come to Angora. With growing frequency, rugs are rolled back, talcum powder is sprinkled on the sticky linoleum floor, and two by two the fashionable folk arise and try their steps. Last winter, every fashionable home in Angora boasted a phonograph, whose me-

chanical sounds of joy might be heard issuing until daybreak from secluded hillsides.

Every one who does not already know how, is learning to dance *alla Franca*. Even the captain of the Republican Guard found himself an impromptu dancing-master, and applied himself to lessons with martial regularity. Twice a week that stalwart soldier—who carries the seal of state in his hip-pocket—rode down after dark to the presidential office near the station, accompanied by a six-piece military band. There in a Second Empire reception-room, furnished in gilt and hung with shimmering brocade, Ismael Hakki danced in solitary splendor to the sound of six blaring brasses. By an innocent economy, the musicians were learning how jazz is played, while their commander was learning his steps!

Seeing how naïvely the New Turks have made a cult of the phonograph and the fox-trot, how earnestly they have mistaken those excrescences of Western culture for the core, one perceives that the notion of the

Terrible Turk is a mere boggy man's tale. There is less of terror than of pathos in the modern Turks, engaging with such slim equipment upon a mighty program of reform. Mustafa Kemal, and the subordinates whom he calls, with flattering irony, his comrades, have a crude forcefulness which enables them to hold their ground. In general they hold enlightened theories, but in detail they are slipshod and untrained. They have natural intelligence and good intentions, but pride of position blinds them frequently to any interests but their own. A few of their countrymen, who have drunk more profoundly at the Western well-spring, realize the weak spots of the new régime and wearily hope for the best. It was a Turkish woman, educated at the American College for Women in Constantinople, who said to me half apologetically, "Truly the government of Mustafa Kemal has made great mistakes, but it is the only government we ever had that has tried to do something for the people."

FIRST IN CRIME

And Yet the Spiritual Leader of the World

HUGH A. STUDDERT KENNEDY

WHY DOES America lead the world in crime? There can be no doubt that it does; and by America I do not mean that great New World which stretches all the way from the arctic to the antarctic, but that America which is these United States.

I have before me as I write a great volume of answers to the question, in letters from well known men and women, in sermons, in speeches, in special articles, comprising every field of approach from the bleak categories of statistics to the impassioned denunciation of the pulpit calling on God to witness. They differ very much, these answers, but they all agree on one point, that the charge involved in the question that begins this article cannot be denied. What is to be said about it?

Well, so much has been said and is being said about it that I had almost thrown up my hands in despair at the idea of adding to the pother. And then one day I came across this passage in a very able little book on the question of delinquency. "To invigorate our standards," said the writer, "with some wholesome breath of life, to make them something worth living and dying for, it is necessary to remove pettiness, whims and selfishness."

That single sentence, "it is necessary to remove pettiness," was what decided me. I took myself to task. I believe in America. I am an Englishman, but I believe that the idea which is America is for the salvation of the whole world. I believe that Abraham was the first American. I believe, when he loaded up his camels and went out from his father's house in Ur of the Chaldees, setting his face toward a land he knew not of, seeking freedom to worship his God after his own fashion, that the stars and stripes went before him, a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. I believe that America is the spiritual leader of the world. Every form of her stunt religions notwithstanding, I believe this is true. I believe that America is a great idea, and that no matter how much this idea may seem at times to be overlaid, it is still imperious throughout all ages, and in times of ultimate need it is found the still small voice when the wind and the earthquake and the fire have passed away. I believe all this, and yet, over against my creed, there must stand the question: why does America lead the world in crime?

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Here is a letter from Luther Burbank—it must have been one of the

last he ever wrote. But, first of all, I must explain that I had written him on the matter, as I did from time to time on any question that seemed bigger than most. "As you know," I had said, "the homicide rate in the United States is double that of Italy; four times that of Australia and South Africa; eight times that of New Zealand and Spain; nine times that of England and Wales; twenty-four times that of Holland; and thirty-six times that of Switzerland." And then I had continued:

"As you know, too, this extraordinary condition has been attributed to a variety of causes—to prohibition, to the mixture of races, to the inefficiency of justice, to the sentimentality of public opinion, to decay of home life, to movies and jazz, to motor-cars, to the war, and to what not else besides. The probabilities are, of course, that there is no simple answer. But the only thing apparently to do is to go on accumulating views and studying the question."

And so a few days later, out from amid the blossoms and sweet odors of Santa Rosa, came Luther Burbank's answer. To this man, the center and circumference of whose life was a great love for men and things, birds and beasts and all the grass of the field, there was something peculiarly perplexing and outrageous about crime. A curious atmosphere of impatience pervades his letter. "You have almost answered your own question," he writes. "The causes in my mind of crime are our mixed population, gross inefficiency of justice, sentimentality of public opinion, decay of home life and espe-

cially movies and jazz, motor-cars, war, and a few other things."

A few days before, I had received a letter on the same subject from the veteran president emeritus of Stanford University, David Starr Jordan. It is interesting to place the two side by side. Dr. Jordan is satisfied that the war has been a great factor in the increase of crime. "In all countries," he writes, "this increase has been registered, and after every war. This is partly through destruction of human values, largely through 'taking off the lid' which had a restraining influence over various forms of folly and crime. These in their beginning had more fear of results when the lid was on.

"Every man who was a fool lawbreaker or a confirmed criminal before the war, is now more or less openly so 'and don't care who knows it.' Every present bootlegger was an open or secret lawbreaker before the war. Every dry country or State was ambushed by them.

"The motor-car has not made criminals, but has given them a far easier get-away. No other country has anything like so many machines. Movies, jazz, the visible decay of home life among the ambitious feeble-minded, have often not only made people worse, but have brought their weakness and misdemeanors to visible attention. The multitude of people who got rich in war-time (out of the rest of us of course, for there was no other way) have contributed to disorder in every country.

"I think, subject to correction, that prohibition has increased crime only with fools and criminals, and certainly not outside of cities. 'Mixture of races' is hardly a factor,

though certain races have a majority of misdemeanors.

"Quick and certain punishment is a deterrent certainly, but I think much exaggerated. Sentimentality and hysterical nationality are certainly factors. There are at large many semi-insane people who are potential criminals, and may break out under excitement.

"All this is offhand results of observation. I have never tried to study criminology."

It was largely for the fact set forth in this last sentence that I had written to David Starr Jordan. He is not a criminologist, but he is a man who, to a larger extent than most men, has come in contact with men and women of all ages and all ranks of life and has preserved his faith and hope undimmed. His letter seemed to me to sum up in an uncommon way the great common view of the matter. It states the case and—as is almost inevitable—leaves it at that.

But is the question really answered? Granted that America's leadership in crime is due to the destruction of human values, to the taking off of the lid, to the follies of the new rich, to sentimentality and hysterical nationality, the question still remains: are not these effects, not causes? And, for me, the question still remains: how can I reconcile these facts with my creed, in which America figures as the spiritual leader of the world?

It is the same when I turn to another letter, from the president of the University of California. Dr. Campbell is clear and precise. He attributes the prevalence of crime to some eight causes. In the foremost he

places the failure of judges to control their own courts. "Almost any lawyer for an alleged criminal," he declares, "can secure postponement of trial, undue dragging out of trials, and succeed to some extent in browbeating witnesses for the prosecution. Not only are these conditions encouraging to criminals, but they cause good men and good women to abhor membership in juries."

The playing up of crime and scandal by newspapers is, in Dr. Campbell's opinion, another great factor. Day after day, he very justly points out, some of our leading newspapers fill three fourths of the space on their front pages with articles and scare head-lines describing crime and scandal in great detail. "Worst of all some of the newspapers are guilty of printing long-drawn-out biographies of leading criminals. To many of juvenile mind those exploited criminals take on the qualities of heroes."

Lack of family discipline of the right sort in the bringing up of children; easy divorces; the overworking of the parole system; disrespect for all law; the facility for escape of criminals afforded by automobiles; the tendency in the United States to devote individual energies too intensively and extensively to the making of money for money's sake—these are some further causes.

Out of a great mass of other letters I choose but three more. They stretch across the continent and may be dealt with quickly. One is from Jesse L. Lasky, the well known motion-picture producer; another is from Mrs. Thomas G. Winter of the General Federation of Women's Clubs; and the third from Miss Jane Cowl. Mr. Lasky is eager to defend

the movies, and he does it with a refreshing vigor. But he does something more. "I do not believe," he writes, "that the motion-picture has any more to do with the incitement to crime than any other agency in modern life. To single out any one thing and say this caused crime, and that caused crime, is to ignore the complexity of our modern existence."

Miss Jane Cowl's letter is to much the same purpose, at any rate to the extent that she vigorously "defends her child." She is satisfied that the theater is not a contributing cause. In the American theater particularly, she points out, audiences with rare exceptions insist upon the old-fashioned ending, the happy ending which invariably presents the triumph of virtue over vice. "Our drama may be lacking in some things," she writes; "good taste does not always predominate, nonsense is sometimes rampant, vulgarity occasionally in evidence; but it cannot be truthfully charged that it is even in the slightest degree a contributing factor to crime. Something deeper and more far-reaching than the momentary thrill or influence of a theatrical performance must be sought in explanation."

And so it is not the theater, and it is not the movies, whatever else it may be. We need not argue the point, for most of us will agree with Mr. Lasky when he insists that to single out any one thing as the cause of crime is to ignore the complexity of our modern existence.

Nevertheless I have long had a feeling that deep down underneath all the complexity of our modern existence, underneath all the many

contributing causes of crime enumerated by these correspondents and a host of others, there is after all one cause, or rather one single all-embracing explanation, the grasping of which would make many rough places plain, and many crooked straight.

No doubt Mr. Burbank is right with his emphasis on the decay of home life; no doubt Dr. Jordan is right when he maintains that the war was a great factor, and Dr. Campbell when he stresses the failure of judges to control their own courts, the exploitation of crime and scandal by newspapers, the lack of family discipline, easy divorces, and so forth. All these, however, are still effects, not causes. They no more explain the disease of the body politic than does the diagnosis of a physician explain the disease of the body carnal. The germ does not exist as a cause but as an effect.

There remains Mrs. Winter's letter. "All the causes that are suggested," she writes to me, "seem but different phases of what is perhaps our fundamental weakness, the over-emphasis of personal liberty without linking it with the idea of personal obligation. I would not lessen the liberty at all; I have no hope of getting away from our condition by means of blue laws or censorship or anything of that kind, but it seems to me that, from the beginning, we failed to let our children know in our homes how entirely the welfare of the home depends upon our personal assumption of a sense of duty to the other members of the home; and this runs all the way up, through the marriage relation, through our relation to the school and the state and

naturally bursts out in all forms of violation of law."



Well, each one of these letters seems to me to contribute something very definite, but, for me at any rate, each one does it unintentionally. The utter complexity of the problem they envisage compels the assumption that there is somewhere a master reason. Dr. Jordan hints at it when he speaks of the removal of the lid. Mrs. Winter is clearly feeling after it when she speaks of all the causes of crime as but different phases of one cause. What is this cause?

I cannot claim to have found it, but I have great faith in my creed, and long experience has given me hope that when one knows anything is true, sooner or later the reason for its being so will be uncovered. And so I say my creed: "I believe in America. I believe that America is the spiritual leader of the world." And as I say it I have a vision. It begins with Abraham, and he is getting up and going out from his father's country, from its idolatries and its nameless orgies, from its immemorial stagnation, unto a land that he knows not of. And he is doing it because an inward voice, which he calls the voice of God, has told him that only in this way can he learn what freedom really means. His face is toward the west. And as he journeys, he reasons within himself, and he comes to see that only in the way that he is going is there any hope of salvation; that what he is doing others must do if they would hope to be saved. And so, in the end, he is satisfied that in his seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed.

Getting up and going out, leaving the old landmarks and rejoicing to see them disappear, Abraham, the first American, started something. Centuries later he is to found a great nation, not Israel after the flesh, but a great idea finding lodgment with adventurous souls everywhere and marshaling itself chiefly among a people of the West; standing for freedom; impatient of any form of dominance; relapsing, collapsing from its high ideals; but forever scrambling back again, and ever on to a higher level. The persecuted of yesterday, the persecutor of to-day; the Catholic, the Protestant, the Puritan, the Quaker, the Shaker, a long succession of persecutions, but always a hand—an ever larger number of hands—to carry on the torch.

Getting up and going out, from the little colonies of the Atlantic coast; pressing toward the west; impatient of restraint; impatient of dominance; impatient of law, yet ever reënthroning law with ever more enlightened power. Making mistakes; flying off at tangents; following cranks; following quacks; going around and going about, yet always found at the point of right when the call came.

And all the time, throughout the world, is the same drive of "America" toward the west, until, at last, the limit of physical movement is reached, and on the slopes of the Pacific a halt is called. But the idea does not halt. For hundreds of years it had manifested itself as men and women getting up and going out, peopling new lands, raising anew the standard of liberty; but now the idea must run back again, to new

purposes, like fire through the veins of the world. The world groans and travails with it, arms to the teeth, and finally plunges into war; and through the agony of the war the idea is brought to a new birth.

The world entered the World War owing allegiance to great men; it emerged from the war owing allegiance to a great Principle. The change was not complete. Few recognized it at first, but the change was definitely made; and, thence onward, the whole concern of the whole world, in the sphere of the individual as in the sphere of the nation, has been to stabilize the new alinement. Every hour of the day men and women, boys and girls, have been coming out from under the dominance of the law into the realm of Principle. By thousands and millions they have been throwing off the old restraints, the old allegiances, the old traditions, entirely ignorant of where they were going, but supremely conscious of one thing, that they were on their way. The world is strewn with wreckage, and nowhere apparently is the holocaust more complete than in these United States. The law said: thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not commit adultery. To hell with the law! The storm, the earthquake, and the fire are running full blast, but the still small voice, the voice of Principle, will outlive them all, because it is the *cause* of them all.

Why does America lead the world in crime? Because she leads the

world in the struggle for Principle; because, all the evidence to the contrary notwithstanding, she is not doing a bad thing but a good thing, coming out from under the law of human sanctions to place herself, ultimately, under the law of Principle, direct responsibility alone to conscience.

Midst the smoke of battle of this transitionary period, when destruction of the old is apparently everywhere, and construction of the new as yet not at all, it is difficult to see what she is winning, but the day will come when the smoke of battle will be cleared away. "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant?" is the present cry of America; but the day will come when she will add, "To his own master"—for she will recognize a master—"he standeth or falleth." Sooner or later, each individual must reach a point when the "thou shalt nots" of human authority are unnecessary, and enlistment is made in that service of Principle which is perfect freedom.

The passage from the obedience of fear to the service of understanding may be fraught with terrible commotion, with murder and lust and mockery, with drunkenness and all manner of other evils, but the more violent the effect and the greater the travail the more quickly will the new idea be brought to birth, come into its own, and grow in stature and in favor with God and man.

Why does America lead the world in crime? Because she leads the world in the struggle for God.

THOSE QUARRELSOME BONAPARTES

II—"Your Son's First Coup d'Etat, Madame!"

ROBERT GORDON ANDERSON

IT WAS some time before Lucien could accept the invitation conveyed in the junior lieutenant's letter to go with him to Rostino, there to be set right in the important matter of his brother's sentiments. Napoleon, it seemed, would never stay put. Indeed the dry simile of the Bonapartes' uncle, the good Abbé Fesch, which compared his restless nephew to a flea jumping over the whole island, recurred to his family more than once in the year that followed.

The very morning after the message had been received at the Bonaparte house on the via Malerbe, Napoleon had despatched another note countermanding the journey into the hills. Blocked in his plans for occupation of the citadel, threatened with arrest by Paoli, and also with punishment by the authorities in Paris for having, rather characteristically, overstayed his furlough, he entered a boat at dawn, boarded the felucca off the Mole, and sailed for France. The fifth day found him uncomfortably settled once more with his regiment at Auxonne in the marshes.

Rather shabby, too, were his quarters, in a den under the mansard roof of a lodging kept by a barber who lathered and shaved, also bled people, on the ground floor below. A small bed of uneven legs,

uncurtained, two upholstered chairs momentarily threatened with disembowelment, a table by a window in the embrasure of the roof, were the only furnishings; and in the wall ran fissures like the rivers and boundary lines of the maps unrolled on the table. On hooks in the wall hung the military dress-coat, small-clothes, and sword of the young officer. These, the one extra pair of boots on the floor, and the papers and textbooks were neatly arranged despite the unfavorable appearance of the room itself; so also the few belongings of the boy Louis, whom Napoleon, hoping to give him some sort of an education, had brought from Corsica, and who slept in a little closet off the main chamber.

Could they have observed him these days, the practicality of Napoleon's duties might have confounded those back in Ajaccio who complained of the indirection of his activities. By Monday of the fifth week he had completed the last draft of the manuscript of his "History of Corsica," by which he at the time set much store. Working long past midnight, he had, too, finished correcting the proofs; on Tuesday had risen at dawn; walked to Dole and back, a distance of twenty miles, to hand the sheets to his

printer; and now at noon sat with his brother before a meal of haricots, a long twisted loaf, and a bottle of thin sour wine, planning out the rest of the day's routine. There were lessons to be given to Louis; his own in military science and mathematics; regimental drills on the parade-ground; that memorial he intended to write to the authorities in Paris, urging more democratic customs among the officers of the garrisons; and, finally, a call at Madame Maret's. She was the wife of a fat wine-merchant, it was true; but she kept what in Auxonne most nearly resembled a *salon*. The mayor was to be there, and other dignitaries; there would be talk of politics; and one might sharpen one's intellect, whet the disputatious powers, and also—for the young subaltern felt a little ill at ease in a drawing-room—improve one's social bearing.

In short, there were many things to do, and he resented the continued presence of his landlady, the barber's wife, who, under pretext of attending to little Louis's clothes, chattered coquettishly; and now and then, as she passed his way, touched Napoleon's shoulder with the semblance of a caress.

The picture amused two companion officers looking in at the door. They had climbed the stairs, also under a pretext, that of conveying to their comrade an invitation to dine, which they knew from past experience he would not accept. But they had observed the landlady coming out of the barber-shop with the smoking dish of haricots; noted also her cherry-ripe charms; and had followed her, expecting to be able to

twit Napoleon about developments afterward. His indifference, however, to her attentions, and his offishness, when they presented their invitation, nettled them, and they withdrew to sample the charms of the barber's wife, who, in the passage-way, found them more responsive than the young subaltern upstairs. He, *tiens*, had ice or iron, not blood in his veins!

"A queer fellow!" said one of the cavaliers, after they had left her.

"Both queer and *gauche*," returned the other, flicking a few brown grains of snuff from his coat; "in fact, impossible. Why, he's a paradox—a St. Anthony in shoulder-straps, a virgin in jack-boots!"

Possibly the two cavaliers did their young comrade an injustice; perhaps he was not quite so oblivious to feminine charms as on the surface appeared. But then it takes courage and eternal vigilance to model one's conduct after "Plutarch's men"; and this, from the age of twelve, the stern young soldier had tried to do.

Even at the *soirée* at the wine-merchant's, later that evening, he did not come off handily or add to his list of friends. His quarterly three hundred francs did not admit of a tailor, and it was only after a careful inventory of his scanty wardrobe, a most vigorous polishing of boots, that he assembled a costume that would pass. But he forgot his appearance in the dispute that followed immediately on his entrance. Quite naturally the talk had veered to Paris and the Revolution, still marking time; and at once, to the consternation of the more conservative guests, this interloper whom they

had so charitably admitted to their circle, this shabby alien in the uniform of France, advanced arguments in defense of the Jacobins—arguments, be it said, which he himself only half believed.

For Liberty to him was still a magic word, and it was hard to reconcile *Liberté, Egalité, et Fraternité* with a gospel of violence and with deeds that were worse. He could not wholly forget the Rousseau he had worshiped at school, the austere delight in being one of "Plutarch's men," the dreams of liberating one's country, bringing freedom to oppressed peoples—all the generous sentiments that had occupied his teens. Only—the beautiful theory of these principles could not so easily be put in practice. He was beginning to suspect that the gracious figure of Liberty should go pretty well armed; that capricious man needed masters to dole out his freedom; that perhaps, fine as was the waving of tricolor and slogan, equally necessary was the iron heel.

All this, though, to himself. To the guests he declared, with a vehemence startling in one of his youth but quite in accord with his piercing eyes, his lanky locks, and his thin, eager, and sallow face, that true patriotism longed for a *united* France; and France could not unite under the weak, the palaverers; only under the strong. And who were the strong? The Feuillants, the Constitutionalists—no, the Jacobins, of course. Therefore their gospel of violence, even their impiety, must be condoned. Under them warring factions could be welded, foreign foes repelled. In short, stern logic demanded that all who loved their

country should range themselves on the Jacobin side.

In this bold onslaught the young officer was outnumbered by the Auxonne bourgeoisie, twenty to one. He would, as always, have stuck to his guns, but in spite of his coolness in camp and under fire, drawing-rooms, French customs, and audiences of women irked him, while attracting him, too—since they might prove useful to a man bound to rise, and he was unwilling in anything to admit defeat. And now that he had shot off his fusillade, the social aspect of the occasion suddenly recurred to him. In place of stern Jacobins he saw only the red roses of the fat wine-merchant's carpet; the gilt and Pompeian red of his chairs, and in them the mayor, so flushed with choler his face seemed the reflection of his crimson coat, a long-nosed *commissaire* in swallow-blue, and an array of petticoats and redoubtable head-dresses all excitedly trembling, some in bitter, others in more arch disapproval of his speech. He showed no outward sign of confusion, still confronted the circle with hawk-like glance and an alert erectness, a little forward on his toes. To Madame Maret this ruffling young alien in a foreign parlor was a quaint and pathetic figure and one she fancied more than any gossip of the far-off capital. But he himself was conscious only of awkwardness, an ill fitting coat; knew, too, it was only her tact that now saved him from appearing decidedly *maladroit*.

So, chafing at the superior financial position of folk he felt to be inferior, he returned to his lodgings. There was nothing here to reassure him. The first object that met his

eyes was the bundle of proofs of his "History of Corsica." And these he had been forced to bring back from Dole that morning, for Monsieur Joly the bookseller had refused to print them. There had been political reasons, of course. And old Joly, timid man, had the heart of a hare!

Nor was Napoleon's mood improved by the reflection that General Paoli, to whom he had sent a first draft, had lost the manuscript, which praised him highly, and later treated the loss as of no consequence. History, said the general, in his letter, was not written by a callow youth.

All this had occurred the year before; since then Paoli, who had fought so long against the French, had accepted the governorship of the island under them—evidently with winking eye. For after watching Napoleon's activities in Ajaccio, the general had declared him too little Corsican and too much pro-French; had even threatened him with arrest.

But this slight to his manuscript was worse than any threat. He was miffed at his old leader. Even hero-worship cannot survive such contempt.

Nevertheless, after covering the sleeping Louis to protect the boy from the malarial air, he repaired to the table in the embrasure, where he fortified himself with a chapter from his beloved Plutarch, another from Arrianus, and a passage on ordnance. Then he attacked with unabated zeal his memorial on garrison customs, to wind up, as the candle flickered low in the drafts from the fens, with letters to Corsica.

When these letters, relayed by

packet from Provence, reached the Bonaparte house, they were received, like most of Napoleon's correspondence, with conflicting emotions.

Lucien had been sitting, the day of their arrival, in the afternoon sunlight, explaining sundry matters to the archdeacon, who lay testily questioning him from the four-poster. These questions were difficult to answer, for the boy had wheedled out of the invalid some of those cherished gold pieces for a trip to Bastia; whither he had promptly gone to talk the French authorities into some preferment for himself. Though he was proud of his persuasive powers and had been abetted in this pride, ever since he had been ten, by the compliments of his elders, the trip had been futile; almost as unsuccessful, in fact, as the ventures of Napoleon which he had so harshly criticized.

Never once during this painful cross-examination did Lucien lose his address, which was rather impressive; still, though mature, he was only seventeen. So he sat there, decidedly out of sorts, and moping over the family fortunes, as he listened to the old man's tart advice with all the hurt sensitiveness of youth.

Joseph had been at the post-office. When he entered, Lucien looked up.

"Any news from Paoli?" he asked eagerly.

The older of the two brothers sat down before replying. Only twenty-three at the time, he had acquired much of that caution which the archdeacon could have wished in the other boys.

"Yes," he replied after a moment, "but no good news. I have interviewed the general, and he refuses, with many words, to make you his secretary."

"For what reason?" Lucien asked explosively. "Does he think I'm not capable?"

Here the old man broke in in his high-pitched quavering voice.

"I can tell you. It is because, as Napoleon says, your talk is too wild. You go off half-cocked. You both go off half-cocked!"

Then he relapsed into silence.

"It cannot be helped," replied Joseph, ignoring the interruption; "but something must be done. Our indebtedness is mounting"—this with a vigilant eye on the archdeacon, who made no move for the purse under his bolster.

"However," the older brother continued, "I have some promise of support for an appointment myself—to the Western Department. And Napoleon has sent us two hundred francs of his back pay. That, with the sale of more sheep at Bocognano, will see us through till January. There is a letter, also, for you and one for the signora."

Lucien's "What! News from the wanderer! Is he adjutant-major yet?" was scarcely whole-hearted; but at this moment Letizia entered to restore calm. She had been attending to the disposal of some stores in the buttery, particularly the family's favorite *broccio* cheeses, brought by a carter from the Bocognano farm.

"Yours first, Joseph," she said—"aloud, please," indicating the face on the bolster, which now lay back wearily with closed eyes.

"As you wish, mother; but it is a

strange compound of sense and non-sense," Joseph replied, then read rapidly through the items of revolutionary and garrison gossip until he came to the "nonsense" to which he had referred. The offending paragraphs concerned ambition and any man who might cherish it.

"Does he feel the fire of genius?" the writer declaimed. "If so, I pity him! He will be the wonder of those who feel as he does, but the most miserable of them all.—Ah! that fire of genius!"

"But let us not take it too much to heart," was now interjected with a naïveté unbelievable in so level-headed a lieutenant. "Men of genius are like meteors destined to burn in order to illumine the century in which they live."

These forensic passages aroused the invalid in a way unforeseen by Letizia.

"Burn, burn!" the voice rose in a troubled quaver. "The boy is mad. We'll all burn with him. They'll have the house down about our heads. Letizia, why don't you make him stick to his drills and his books?"

Lucien, who had been listening with half an ear, at the same time reading his own letter, suddenly turned over a sheet to reread a passage, a flush, meanwhile, spreading over his handsome Greek-coin face.

"Admirable sentiments, but always the preceptor!" he exclaimed angrily. "Listen to this, Signora Mother: 'I advise you to exercise self-restraint in everything. In everything, mind you, if you wish to lead a happy life.'"

"And then, as if that were not plain enough, my dear brother says,

'Do not let yourself be entangled in anything'!"

The irritated Lucien could not of course guess that both these letters, written by candle-light in the drafts from the malarial marshes, were really injunctions hurled at the writer himself, with the twin inspirations: a fat wine-merchant's wife and the cherry-ripe spouse of a barber. So Lucien stormed on resentfully:

"First he tells Fesch what price to get for his sheep. Then he writes that Joseph will not make a good soldier; and at Napoleon's demand you try to make Joseph into a priest. And now he reads me a lecture on conduct!"

Letizia interrupted this tirade.

"If the shoe fits, my son—" Then more placatingly: "But can you not see that the admonition is addressed as much to himself as to you? Besides, when you criticize, remember he is sending us two hundred francs of his pay and also taking care of Louis."

Lucien was not without generous sentiments, and he looked a little ashamed, as Letizia rapidly scanned her own letter, hoping perhaps for the tender things an absent son might write to his mother, though, being of Spartan fiber herself and little given to expressions of sentiment, she did not expect them.

"Now hear *this*," she said at last, brightening. "It is about Louis, and a great relief," she added, turning to the invalid; "for you know how I hesitated about letting him go.

"He"—Louis, he means—"is getting on capitally with his work and is learning to write French; I myself am helping him with mathematics and geography; he is reading history

and is altogether becoming a great fellow.

"All the ladies here are losing their hearts to him. He has acquired a French style, light and bright."

Here Letizia, who, though a noble-minded woman, had her prejudices, paused to interject, "I hope they don't make him *too* French," then went on:

"He is going out into Society; he carries himself well and uses all the customary passwords with the gravity and unction of a man of thirty years. I see already that Louis will be the best of the four of us."

With one ear she had meantime caught sounds of a scuffle outside the door. In the strict discipline of the household, the younger members were allowed neither at family councils nor to hear letters until they had been censored by their elders. And Letizia had suspected from a sibilant whispering that Pauline and Caroline had been listening at the key-hole. She was sure of it when she heard the older girl passionately defend her beloved Napoleon.

"He says Louis is the best of them. It isn't so. Louis is conceited. He'll turn out nothing but one of those *la-di-da* Frenchmen."

Caroline's answer came back in tones precociously heartless and cold for her ten years:

"Napoleon's scrawny. Louis is far more handsome. He would look adorable in a uniform."

To which Pauline retorted: "Napoleon will be a great hero. You see!" And there followed the usual hair-pulling match enlivened by the vituperations of old Mammucia Caterina, who, in trying to separate

the combatants, had her ears roundly boxed. Letizia was now forced to interfere, with threats of chastisement which they all knew would, later, surely be carried out.

"Do you remember," laughed Lucien, "how, when we were little, father would try to beg us off and she would say: 'Let them alone. It is not your business; it is mine. I will attend to them'? *Tiens!* she chastised Napoleon when he was seventeen, and he had the good grace or sense not to protest. An excellent and affectionate but very stern mother," he whimsically concluded, "and at forty-one still as graceful as a young girl!"

Joseph, still thinking of ways and means, absent-mindedly assented, as Lucien placed his arm around the waist of his mother, who stood on the threshold. Together they heard the old man murmuring from his bolster, in a cavernous chuckle:

"Two hundred francs. The rascal!"

The old man was to unburden his mind only once more about Napoleon.

Through the summer months he failed visibly, in spite of care. And when Napoleon, having wheedled out of the chaotic War Department another of those frequent furloughs, returned to the *via Malerbe*, he found all the family at the bedside with the exception of Marianne, who was still at school in *St.-Cyr*.

All day the house had been hushed, and in the late afternoon they had stolen up, one by one, at Letizia's summons. The physician sat by the bed with his hand on the flickering pulse. Napoleon, the salt-spray still fresh upon him, took his place

on the opposite side with Joseph and Lucien; and there, ranked in the order of their ages, they stood, looking gravely down while the children, Louis, Pauline, Caroline, and little Jerome, clustered in the corner, awed by that presence in the air so vaguely and faintly felt, which in its time must approach and pass over every threshold.

With her fine sense of practicality, Letizia had not been idle. Constantly she had attended the invalid and now had gone to the window to signal the heedless Mammucia below to cease her altercations with an itinerant cart-driver.

At last the form on the bedside, which for hours had not stirred, opened its eyes. That morning the last rites had been administered, the lips touched with the sacred wine; yet still Fesch hovered near, putting to the dying man further questions about the state of his soul. But the archdeacon, for the last time growing querulous, begged him to desist.

"I have but a few moments to live; let me give them to my family."

Then to each he gave his final admonition, administered his blessing, sank back on the bolster, and closed his eyes.

The sunlight, sifting through the leaves of the mulberry-trees, fell on the austere crucifix, the sacred pictures; and rippled on the bed, like a stream of palest gold, dappled with the shadow of the dancing foliage . . . it seemed so like the River of Time, flowing over the white wisps of hair, the old ivory of the face, drowning it, submerging it, though very peacefully. The contrast between the mortality there evident and the fresh young faces

of the round-eyed children, the strong young men gazing down, was startling. He was so far removed from wars and the rumors of war. Then from out of that river in which they were submerged, the lips moved in a scarcely audible whisper:

"Tu poi, Napoleone, sarai un omone!"

"What's that?" asked Lucien sharply.

Letizia only had caught the words, and her look of inquiry at her son was quite as sharp, as she softly repeated them:

"Thou, Napoleon, wilt be a marked man!"

But the archdeacon had passed forever up that river.

The old shell itself they laid, three days thereafter, by the blue waters of the Gulf.



As is usual in small towns like Ajaccio, there was much gossip of the changes wrought in the Bonaparte fortunes by the death of the archdeacon. Not only was Joseph now nominally the head of the household, with Napoleon actually its leader, but the old man had left a little property in addition to those gold pieces. Madame Sallicetti undertook to advise Letizia about refurnishing the house and about sundry new gowns from Paris. When the signora, who sincerely mourned the old man, drew aloof at these suggestions, her caller was affronted by this fresh evidence of the Ramolini pride. Other of the neighbors, however, hoped that "the will would make things a little easier for Letizia." That it did not was perhaps scarcely to be wondered at; but the way the money "was actually squandered"

was unexpected of "the careful Bonapartes."

The decision to cast the gold pieces like bread on the waters came, some ten days before Easter, at a council of the brothers.

Joseph, wise administrator, sat at a table in the dining-room, poring over his ledger. It was neatly ruled and inscribed. Wages at a livre a day for sheep-shearers, bills for plows for the farm, school-books for Marianne, a black broadcloth coat, stuccoing the house—such were the entries. Joseph had on now the new swallowtail, which he wore with the air of a diplomat, as was fitting, since Napoleon had recently clinched for him the appointment to the Western Department.

On the opposite side sat Lucien, much disgruntled because he had to follow the others' lead, though admitted to their conclaves, and eagerly awaiting the chance to clothe in fine words the abstract political ideas which were sure to arise in the discussion. At this trick he was amazingly clever.

Even more abstemious than his brothers, Napoleon scarcely touched the light Furiani wine on the table, but spent his time maturing a certain plan, as he paced up and down before the fireplace. His tangled locks of hair fell around features almost as thin and jaundiced as two years before; the lieutenant's uniform looked worn; the rather too large top-boots lusterless, and the epaulets faded. But there was no lack of flash or luster in the eyes, dark blue, somber, and yet piercing.

"The archdeacon's money is a godsend," said Joseph, scratching with his quill. "But it will take all

the signora's share to strike any sort of balance."

"Let the debts wait," said Napoleon. "I have another use for that money."

He stopped his pacing to explain, as Joseph looked up in astonishment:

"Next week the National Guard is to elect officers. I will run for lieutenant-colonel. I need votes, so we will collect all the recruits we can from the outlying districts. The money will be needed for entertaining; but the increase in pay will more than make up for the expenditure."

"But how can you be elected in the Guard when already you are enrolled with the regulars?" asked Joseph.

Napoleon waved the query aside.

"The War Department will consent to a transfer."

Here Lucien interposed.

"Already you have overstayed your furlough a third time. If you go to Paris, you'll be cashiered."

"Save your wind for the rostrum, Lucien," retorted Napoleon. "You are a visionary. Trust us for practical measures. As for the transfer—in its present state, the French army needs trained officers too much not to overlook my absence."

It all seemed absurd enough, this defiance of the might of France by a lieutenant, but the way he said it was almost convincing. Still, Joseph had a reserve.

"You are aware that we are hardly popular in Ajaccio, you—"

Napoleon took the words out of his mouth.

"I least of all, you would say. Granted—and for what reasons? Because I look ahead and see little Corsica secure only under a stronger wing. No, Lucien, do not interrupt!

This is your field, but your turn will come later."

And again Lucien subsided, looking as if he could have suggested other reasons for his brother's unpopularity.

"Young Peraldi, our neighbor," Napoleon continued, "also wants this lieutenant-colonelcy. I admit he is better liked—therefore the plan, in which you are to help—

"First you are to go into the outlying districts, enlist all the new recruits you can in the Guard, and, with the old ones you can collect, bring them into the city, putting them up with such friends as we have. Forty we can quarter here, thirty with Uncle Fesch, and a dozen more at Cousin Ramolini's.

"Second, since there are judges who will preside at the elections, Quenza, Muarati, and Gramaldi, we will ask them, too, to partake of our hospitality. The money will enable us to dine them well."

The restive Lucien could no longer be restrained.

"Is all this electioneering in the sacred name of Liberty or to make you lieutenant-colonel?"

Napoleon's eye flashed.

"Both," he answered. "The strong man goes up with the Cause." Then he turned with better nature to Joseph. "But you, my dear brother? You do not reply. Certainly you approve?"

Joseph's fine expressive eyes looked troubled as he glanced up from his ledger.

"Have you fully considered the position in which you will place us?" he soberly replied. "It is not alone the matter of money, but the political situation. Even the Corsicans

who accepted the Revolution are growing restive under France; and the new decree driving out their priests from the monasteries has so incensed them that three fourths of the townspeople now are ready for riots. They hate the French, their countrymen who have enlisted in the Guard and put on the French uniform, and you for your activities in forming the Guard—to say nothing of *other* things. Yet you suggest, my brother, the bringing in of all these recruits, to quarter them in our homes.

"There is a third condition, too, that is hardly favorable. Old Mailard with his regiment holds the citadel here. He is a royalist and has small sympathy with the Revolution. In the case of an attack on our home by the townspeople, he wouldn't lift a finger. You need not consider the rest of us, Napoleon, but at least think of your mother."

"There is a time, my dear brother, to be politic, and a time not to be," replied Napoleon, who had been listening impatiently. "We have got nowhere by diplomacy. Now is the time to strike."

Finishing abruptly, he sat down at the table, seized Joseph's quill and a sheet of paper, and rapidly scribbled off a note in his almost undecipherable handwriting. Then he went to a window which gave out on the terrace, where, he had observed, their new servant, Maria Antonia, was talking with an admirer. Signaling the youth, he gave him a few sous and ordered him to take the note to the Abbé Fesch.

In five minutes the apple-cheeked abbé appeared, looking nettled and disturbed, because from experience he

suspected he was to be called on to pull some of his nephew's chestnuts out of the fire. Besides, one of the natives had just hurled imprecations after him for taking the oath of allegiance to the French Assembly which had driven out the monks.

As he deposited his broad clerical hat on the table, he addressed Napoleon.

"It would have been more fitting, my nephew, had you waited on me. Yet you send for me, and for what? To abet you in a fresh intrigue when I have had disagreeable evidence of your old ones. A parishioner of mine just swore at me for a traitor priest!"

Napoleon sat down opposite, attempting to mollify him. And it was astonishing how the stern line of that mouth could melt in utter candor and charm.

"Come, uncle, you cannot blame me for that. And why heed the cursers? Cursers swear but seldom act." Then he explained the scheme.

"What?" grumbled the abbé when he had finished. "Turn your mother's home into a lodging-house and visit a plague of country grasshoppers on me and Cousin Ramolini! You'll succeed in driving us all to France."

"If so, to a larger stage," returned his nephew; then more placatingly: "As a family we are bound to rise or fall together. My promotion will help us all. But I know, uncle, you agree, for you always grumble a little, but in the end are generous."

"In the end, yes, because otherwise you would never leave a man in peace."

With this grudging assent, Napoleon, hearing a familiar step outside, went to the staircase to see his mother ascending, candle in hand.

She turned midway, at her son's call, and sighed when he finished the outline of his project.

"Money comes so hard and goes so easily," she said.

Then for a moment she studied him with her fine eyes, not so large as his, which were full-orbed like his father's, but dark and brilliant, and because of their forthrightness more fearless than any man's.

"Are you sure this is wise?" she at last asked.

For once the young adventurer hesitated, then shook off the hesitation.

"Why not?" he answered. "We shall never get anywhere by waiting for opportunity. We must make it."

"All right, my son," she said, and left him.

A second he stared after her with an unwonted expression of tenderness. The carriage of her fine figure was noble enough to have graced a royal staircase. Perhaps he was thinking that some day he would like to place her there. Then he returned to the waiting three to issue his orders in detail, while on her pillow Letizia counted the number of her beds, the spare mattresses she could install on the floor, the cheeses in her store-room, and the fish she could buy against the descent of those grasshopper recruits on her household.

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So it was that she awoke on Maundy Thursday to find her home turned into a lodging-house, as Fesch had prophesied. When she got up, during the night, to administer calomel to Caroline, and again to rub the leg of little Jerome, who was suffering from growing-pains, she had stumbled over a horde of

snoring troopers. Now she could see their mattresses everywhere. In the dining-room were ashes and broken pipe-stems, the lees from overturned glasses of wine. Above stairs it was worse. Evidently most of the upland recruits preferred to sleep in their clothes. Cakes of mud were on the carpets, the bowls were unemptied, and wisps of hair and uncleansed shaving-brushes littered the wash-stands. She was glad when they had gone for the day and left her to her baking.

It was here that the abbé, who had escaped from his own guests, found her. But his commiserations were interrupted, first by a violent pounding at a door within, then by a call for help from a third-story window.

They looked up. A wrathful face with disheveled and disarrayed neck-cloth appeared at the window. Letizia looked distressed.

"It's Signor Muarati!" she exclaimed. "I do not understand."

"Another guest of your hospitable son," the abbé replied, then explained: "He is one of the judges who will preside at the election. The other two Napoleon put up at my house and our cousin's; but Muarati refused and went with our neighbor, young Peraldi, who also wants to be lieutenant-colonel. Now no sooner does Napoleon hear of this than he goes to Peraldi's, breaks in on their dinner, and expounds to them on the iniquity of a judge's accepting the hospitality of a candidate.

"Peraldi, as is natural, replies that Napoleon is tarred with the same stick, and Napoleon is indignant. He invited no judges to his own house, he declares—they were with me, you see, and Cousin Ramolini

—and Peraldi's invitation was violently enforced. Then promptly he drags Muarati from his wine-glasses, quite as he used to chase our poor uncle's goats, bleating through the streets, up to the third story there, where he locks him in.

"Your son's first *coup d'état*, madame," he added dryly; "and I doubt if it helps him much, though there was little question but that Peraldi would have got to Muarati. I'm afraid that this time Napoleon went off half-cocked."

Letizia, thoroughly ashamed of her rôle as hostess to this enforced guest, was in a quandary whether to release Muarati; but just then Joseph and Lucien appeared. She had not seen much of her sons recently. For once a sense of importance had overcome any tendency of Lucien's to criticism, and they were constantly going and coming, cloaked and taciturn, on mysterious excursions. Nor did she see much of them this morning, for they left immediately, carrying off the judge to the convent where the election was to be held. The abbé, too, left his sister to her worries, and at a little distance followed them.

Already he had noticed more than the usual signs of trouble in the town. Women were chattering bitterly in the doorways; *cittadini* were gathered at the corners; and squads of the National Guard were patrolling the streets. Curses followed them whenever they appeared, as *paesani*, degenerate Corsican bumpkins from the country who wore the French uniform and helped put out the priests from the monasteries. And sometimes he heard himself, as a forsworn priest, and all the Bona-

partes, included in the curses. Truly his nephew had laid powder-mines all over Ajaccio, when in his electioneering zeal he had brought in all these guardsmen from the hills.

Letizia had paused in the doorway, to watch her brother disappear up the street. Save for those bluecoats and the knots of citizens, it all seemed very peaceful. Up and down the highways, the elms and plane-trees revealed the lighter emerald of April. Against the gray and cream and old ivory of house and garden and cathedral wall, they formed a wavering tapestry of green, figured with the mimosa's trailing yellow, the white of tangerine, orange, and cherry blossoms, the pink of almond and peach; and by the sun high over the dome of San Giovanni Battista shot through with interlacing gold.

And from everywhere came the fragrance of the blossoms in the gardens, wildly commingled with the aroma of myrtle, thyme, arbutus, and rosemary, the tang of juniper and wild olive, borne by the breezes from the uplands beyond the city walls. There is nothing quite like it outside of Corsica; and it smote through the physical sense, with the poignant prophecy of something passing, straight to her heart.

The abbé meanwhile had paused at the cathedral to watch, almost absent-mindedly, a group of girls playing at bowls in the center of the street. An Ajaccian loafer in ragged knee-breeches and a sailor in the long bell-shaped trousers and short pot-hat of the French marines stood on opposite sides of the street. For a while all was a merry swirl of olive arms and ankles, brown and scarlet petticoats; then suddenly a dispute

arose; there were shrill cries and gesticulations, all amusing enough until the loafer took up the cause of one of the girls. At once the sailor plunged in, and the two were wrestling, Laocoon fashion, hands grasping wrists with uplifted steel, girls pommeling the backs of each, when a squad of the blue-clad Guard came on a quick-step around the corner to arrest the brawlers.

It was only a street quarrel, but the powder had been ignited! Seeing those bluecoats, all the citizens gathered on the corners ran at once for the scene, crying, "*Adosso alle paesani, alle spollette, alle berrette!*"—down with everything they hated. And from the adjoining houses others emerged, brandishing arms, while the windows above bristled with protruding muskets. Immediately the milling crowd became an inextricable mêlée of bluecoats, black bonnets, sailor's trousers, and scarlet petticoats, punctuated here and there by violently agitated muskets, over which brawlers were wrestling, or the gleam of descending steel. As the mob swayed up and down the street, it left forms in its wake, lying inert in the central gutters or propped up fantastically against the boles of the sycamores.

At the convent, just outside the city walls, Napoleon heard the discharge of firearms and at once hurried to the citadel with his new epaulets and a few of his officers. Leaving his companions without, he strode through the tower into old Maillard's room and with a curt suggestion that was almost a demand asked the commandant to "beat the assembly" and call out his regulars to quell the disturbance.

But old Maillard, cunning old Royalist, could quite contentedly see these brawling islanders and the Revolutionary *canaille* carve up one another. So he sat, his heels cocked on a chair, his waistcoat unbuttoned, sipping his Campolora, which, since it was red and like Burgundy, he preferred to the light Furiani.

"Your health, lieutenant—or is it lieutenant-colonel?" he said facetiously, raising his glass. "You made this fire. Now you can put it out!"

For once Napoleon did not have his way, and with an angry "The blood be on your head then," he hurried from the room, impressed a few more officers, all unarmed, and made for the seminary.

It was thus that the abbé, who had taken shelter in the cathedral doorway, saw his active nephew appear on the scene. And in spite of his horror, he admitted to himself that the boy cut, not an imposing, but an absurd figure. At that distance the shortness of his stature was more than ever apparent, and his quick eager stride seemed both fussy and self-important.

Still, he was intrepid enough, for with no weapons but a quick gesture, and a voice too sharp and curt to be called stentorian, he ordered the rioters to stop running after his soldiers. Then all at once he did not seem absurd. Before his glance the crowd dissolved into knots, sullen and glowering, but not lifting a finger, with the exception of one *cittadino*, in the center of the street, who leveled a musket at Napoleon.

The abbé recognized the Ajaccian as a carpenter who had done some repair work for him, and, remember-

ing his wrong-headedness, feared for Napoleon. But the young lieutenant advanced upon the man and seized the musket. Then, recognizing it as one that had been wrested from his soldiers, he confiscated it and tossed it over to an officer.

As the carpenter retreated toward the cathedral, a woman beckoned to him from a gate in the adjoining wall. She had a musket in her hand. At the same time seven men, who had been hiding in the cathedral, rushed out, brandishing arms. Seeing these reinforcements, the carpenter grabbed the musket, wheeled, and, almost without aiming, fired.

In the center of the street stood a large fountain used by the townspeople for their water-supply as well as for that of their stock. Over its edge a figure fell, a stream from its heart clouding the clear pool in the bowl with a dull reddish brown. The abbé, leaning forward from the cathedral doors, tried to scan the face as the stream from the grotesque stone images above splattered the distorted features.

"Young del Sarra!" he exclaimed. "It is too bad. A fine boy with a worthy mother."

Then, still thinking of his townspeople's threats, but more of his duty as a priest, he hurried to the fountain.

Napoleon, however, seized him by the arm.

"Too late," he said; "for you also, uncle, if you do not return to the cathedral!"

The abbé was none too quick in heeding the warning, for as he reached shelter, a rain of bullets splattered the cathedral façade, showering on his broad clerical hat the yellow powder of the stucco.

By now the whole town, it seemed, had poured into the Street of the Fountain. Oblivious to the reckless firing, men and women were pressing forward, intent only on crushing the little group of unarmed officers, who, with Napoleon at their head, were being forced back against the wall of the house opposite the cathedral.

Unpopular as Napoleon had been declared, there was at least one neighbor who now showed herself loyal to him, a girl of fifteen, a Marianne Tervano, who lived in the house against which the beleaguered officers pressed. Heedless of the flying bullets, she wildly gesticulated to call his attention.

Napoleon, who by his glance appeared to be holding the mob at bay, at last caught the signal.

"*Grâce à Dieu!*" exclaimed the abbé; "they've made it! They're through, Napoleon last! From there they can get by the back way to the convent."

And in relief he grinned; his nephew had, in spite of him, compelled his admiration. Then he shook his head sadly. "He'll be back with more soldiers. Are they to repeat Paris here—at Eastertide?"

And indeed it was a strange red mass for the celebration of the most joyous festival of the year, the one marking the resurgence of hope, the resurrection of life. Everywhere around them were signs of the eternal springtime; and the delicate fragrance of the gardens mingled with the heavier aroma of myrtle and arbutus, thyme and wild olive, coming down from the hills. And there on the reddened stones they were picking up the inert forms, and the

one of the dead young officer by the mocking faces of the fountain.

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All that week the civil war continued in guerrilla fashion. At night those who dared to walk the scented streets could see the saffron and ox-blood flares from burning orchards and farmsteads outside the walls.

It was scarcely a happy week for Letizia, though she was accustomed to the uncertainties and horrors of warfare. Napoleon vouchsafed little information. Indeed he was not at home often enough to vouchsafe anything, dashing into the house at intervals, with set mouth and determined mien. And again the family had turned rather critical.

"All to get himself elected a lieutenant-colonel!" the abbé exclaimed sadly, when reports of fresh fatalities came in. "A big price to pay for a promotion!"

And once she overheard Lucien remark to Joseph:

"Preferment and Patriotism make a fine team; but when their courses lie up different roads, Preferment will kick Patriotism to Death. One is apt, if a subaltern, to side with the Revolution. It might be a different story now, if one happened to be a general."

No names were mentioned, but Letizia realized that the remarks were aimed in a particular rather than a general direction. And Joseph had made no answer. But Napoleon, she knew, would have a defense. There were elements in the situation beyond his control and for which he was not responsible. And she felt grateful that he had not been unmindful of her. Each time she

looked out of the front windows she could see the guard he had placed there for her protection, and a carriage ready waiting, in case there should be need for flight.

And no one could deny that he was doing all he could to restore order, nor, in fact, that he was the most active spirit in the whole city. When she stepped out of doors, there were the cannon on the top of the Genoese Tower pointing their black muzzles at the cathedral square. While the commandant, the old Royalist Maillard, sipped his Campolara in the citadel, covertly watching the "rats" and "ferrets" destroying each other, and the newly elected colonel of the Guard ran round in circles, Napoleon had constituted himself generalissimo of the situation. Despatching messengers to distant points, he had brought in more companies of the Guard, seized the Tower, the fountains furnishing the city's only water-supply, and halted at the gates all wagons bringing food from the hills. The citizens now were compelled almost to eat out of his hand; and they hated him the more for it.

On the fifth day old Maillard woke up and stationed cannon in the streets. He was about to precipitate a civil war between his regulars and the Guardsmen, though they wore the same uniform, when the commissioners from the governor, old General Paoli, arrived. With protean swiftness, Napoleon now changed his rôle, if not his uniform, constituting himself go-between and peacemaker; and order was restored.

Nevertheless he was summoned to the inquiry held by the commissioners that night in the cathedral, in something, perhaps, of a defendant's

status. Letizia, of course, could not go, but Joseph and Lucien, with the abbé, attended.

The scene inside the church was arranged with unconscious drama—the dome above shrouded in darkness, the aisles in twilight, pierced only by the twinkling flames of the candles at the shrines, while the oil-lamps on the pillars forward and the tapers at the altar formed a highlight for the judges and the accused, gathered under the flaring canopy of the pulpit, near a gigantic crucifix, and the taper-surrounded body of the slain del Sarra.

Napoleon had already entered, and the abbé glimpsed him gazing sorrowfully down on the features of his former comrade, with a nobler expression than usual. It was significant, though, that when the inquiry started, the look changed to one of vigilance blended with a certain hauteur that made him appear as if one of the questioners rather than one of the questioned. However real his grief, whatever his sentiments, they were thrust from him when the moment for action came.

Out of the conflicting evidence of the many witnesses, it was difficult to get at the truth, though Napoleon's testimony impressed the abbé as the most plausible. Certainly it was the most intelligibly and confidently given.

"While the rest sat still, gaped, ran round in circles, I was the only

one who acted," he declared to the astounded judges.

All were baffled, and the inquiry wound up at midnight with no guilt laid on any particular pair of shoulders, though from Napoleon's the new lieutenant-colonel's epaulets disappeared, by order of the governor. His three years' activities in Ajaccio had not yielded much. He was once more merely a *lieutenant*—back almost where he had started.

However, he determined to go north. His mother, fearing for Marianne in the revolutionary disorders, had asked him to bring back his sister from the school at St.-Cyr near Paris.

Then, too, he had by a considerable margin overstayed his furlough; and, as he was a firm believer in Destiny, it did not suit him to slink back to his regiment at Auxonne. He would explain his absence without leave to the authorities in Paris—those lions who were about to launch the Reign of Terror. Incidentally, he promised himself, while he secured absolution, he would talk them into a captaincy.

"Look after Marianne," said Letizia at parting; "remember she is at the age when all girls have an eye for the men."

So, tweaking his mother's cheek, who drew a little aloof at this playfulness, he kissed her good-by, to set sail for Paris and the Reign of Terror.

(To be continued)

THE STRANGER TAKES A LOOK

R. H. MOTTRAM

IF THE dispersing crowd in the Grande Place notice him at all, it is only with the most cursory interest. Food for gossip he may be, but even gossip is not very important. The important thing, this Easter Sunday in Hondebecq, is the prospect of planting the potatoes shortly. That is what all the men and a good many of the women are thinking about. Easter of course is a festival; the young communicants will walk in procession this afternoon, boys in dark suits and peaked caps, girls in white, like little brides; priest and beadle, *maire* and school-master, will marshal them about the portable image of the Virgin under its little canopy. This was done during the war even. But it is a very brief respite from the real business of life, and a matter of routine, and directly it is over, if the weather serve, one can get on with the potatoes.

It is not the Easter procession that the stranger has come to see. Stranger he is, because every one knows every one else in the village, and his face is strange. Also he wears tweed jacket, flannel trousers, and a shapeless hat, and carries a stick. The only strangers known to the village are English. Without doubt he is an Englishman, come back, as one has known them to do, queer people, any time these ten years. What for?

To look at the place where they came to fight the war! Something to look at, that is. As if one did not chiefly require to forget all about it. But being English, he is, one remembers, from what one saw of that nation ten years ago, incredibly rich and idle, and can afford such follies.

Of course, Camille Vanacker, the village *mutilé*, will make up to him, in the hope of getting a tip. Quite right. The English are rich, and Camille is a poor devil who has lost both arms at Verdun. There they go.

The Englishman listens, and gives money, but does not pursue the matter. Verdun is only a name to him. He moves with a sort of uncertainty across the Place. One takes a look at him, but one saw so many, it is very odd if one can recognize him, in civilian dress. He goes into the Lion of Flanders, orders a drink of white wine, in his strange French, stands by the counter smoking his pipe, scrutinizing all the faces, as though he expected to be greeted by some one. But no one greets him. What with death and change, refugees coming in and old inhabitants who have made their fortunes moving out, ten years is enough to obliterate any acquaintance he had. The middle-aged men were all away too. No, no one knows him.

Presently he goes. As in all these villages, a few steps take him off the cobbles of the village, out of the sound of children, pigeons, cocks, and church bells, into the green country. To his left, the flat arable—cut chessboardwise with tiny ditches crossed by diminutive roads, lined by trees—stretches from a slow-moving stream, up a low ridge, out of sight. To his right, pasture, then a windmill above a tiny wood. That wood is the only uncultivated piece of land to be seen, and even it has been planted and is being cut for timber. The stranger takes a good look. It is not because he forgets the road. It would be truer to say the road has forgotten him, it is so changed, utterly lonely and forsaken; all those little sign-boards—"D.A.C."; "Lorries this way"; "C.C.S."; "No tanks"—are gone.

He walks along, listening to the stillness, as another would listen to an unaccustomed noise. It is not only the *bump-bump* of lorries, the *pit-pat* rattle of limbers drawn by mules, the *slog-slog* and dusty chatter of infantry he misses. Nor the drone of *aéroplanes* going right back to St.-Omer. There ought to be something behind all these, dull and low, a mere background of noise, but always there, the murmur of the battle that went on, year after year, over hundreds of miles. It is the lack of that which makes him strain his ears until they feel a sort of ache.

Gazing in the direction from which it ought to come, he sees, beyond the mill, a line of telegraph-poles, running out of sight. He knows what it is. The *route nationale* to Lille, thirty kilometers away. But the thing which stuns his imagination is

the fact that to-day, if he wanted to, he can walk right along to Lille. No one will stop him. There will be no gradual lessening of glass in the windows, and roofs on the houses, no camouflage netting beside the road, no place where cheery voices will hail him with advice to walk in the ditch. No final scramble in up-turned earth, to the brink of the weed-grown river of death, dammed between the two hastily thrown up banks called trenches, where men live like rats in holes. There will be nothing there, nothing. Roads and bridges have been rebuilt, wire and posts pulled up, trench and tram-line filled in and smoothed down, and cultivated. He knows. He has already been to Ypres. He does not want to go again. The War may have been "legalized murder" as it is now called. But Post-War is murder on show, with a small price for admission to defray expenses. Even then they cannot show you War. With a sudden descent from lunatic waste to careful meanness, they can only show where War has been. He may walk to Lille, and a good deal farther, he may walk off the earth, and never see War again.

And there is one other physical sense, which memory makes to crave something it cannot recapture. He sniffs the air. Smell of country, of green crops just showing, of rich damp earth turned over and ready for roots. Even if it were not too early, there will not be any wild flowers here, like the wild flowers he remembers in the Somme before June, 1916. And none of that is what his nose is asking for. What it misses is the proper smell of that road, the Flemish border lane that

for so long was the main street of a great straggling camp of fifty thousand English-speaking men. The proper smell is brazier-smoke, and manure, and disinfectant, and tobacco. It had to be discovered, because no story and hardly a history book mentions the fact that, to fight, a man must live. The usual heroics about dying for one's country are not merely idle. They are the reverse of the fact. To fight, one must not die. To fight for a few minutes one must live for weeks. Even Wellington's Hundred Days did not contain ten of fighting. So with a great modern war you get cooking, sanitation, transport, and comforts, just as in a great modern peace. Or as his nose more briefly describes it, brazier-smoke, and disinfectant, manure, and tobacco.

His reflections are interrupted by one of those deep-seated instincts that are all the stronger for being so unconscious; he can only feel something, in the slope of the road, that makes his feet want to turn to the left. He is beside a bit of hedge, almost an English hedge, ending in a gate. He goes to it and peers over. Yes, there is no doubt about it. It is the big pasture at R-33 on the map. How often he came back there, he cannot think, but it is the place he remembers best, in all those wanderings from camp to billet. It is what he has been looking for, the reason of his detour by out-of-the-way Hondebecq, instead of following the usual route of tourists, visiting the Front. The thing they call the Front, preëminently a place where men have died, soon saddened and sickened him, but at R-33 perhaps

one might catch a glimpse of the place where men had lived. Better here than anywhere else. The biggest and best known camp was only a war-time affair, inhabited by soldiers, cleared away since the Armistice. But the low two-storied old house, there at the back of the pasture, under the elms and round its cobble-edged manure-heap, is a place that had kept its civilian character all through the war, and has survived, more or less intact, now that war is gone. He looks and looks, and slowly he understands why it seems so strange. The pasture is empty. Not a soul stirs. Not even a pig is in sight.

Leaning on the gate, he closes his eyes, to recall how it used to look. Slowly the picture comes back. The quagmire about the gate, the "road" built of fagots and brick-ends from bombarded houses that led to the house, the tents to the left, the transport parked to the right. He can feel the rough surface under his feet, can hear the lugubrious jollity of men doing odd jobs, the squawking and fidgeting of the mules being as awkward as possible. At the corner of the barn, to the left, the cookers blacken everything; but on some of the hard ground just by the entry, the lip of the old dry moat it may have been, a party of men are falling in, to go up to the line for some special duty. He passes in front of them, watching the N.C.O. checking their equipment.

He knows before he gets there that the third file from the left is that lanky boy who never seemed to have hardened to the life, nor to have swallowed the nature of the business in hand, a boy with brown eyes

always trying to see something beyond their scope, like an animal's. That boy had once asked him, "Ow long is this war goin' on, sir?"

"Oh, two or three months. Year, maybe!"

"A year?" with a gasp of horrified incredulity.

That boy was going to be killed and knew it. There were men like that. In his dream he tries to warn the boy to go sick, get told off for other duty, anything; and the effort wakes him from his day-dream. There is nothing there. He has not moved. He has but closed his eyes for a moment. The pasture is empty. Right back there, as if stubbornly wedged in a corner, the old house stares him out of countenance. He stares back. He bears no grudge. It was water-tight. You could get cooking done well, and washing done, there. What else did a soldier want? It wasn't home; it could have no permanent relation to him. But there had been order, discipline, some sort of civilized restraint there. And looking at the barn where he has so often forbidden men to smoke, he derisively lights his pipe. The worst misfortunes pass. Wars do end, sometime.

Something is coming along the lane; he hears the *flop-flop* of hoof and rattle of springless wheel. How often has he not heard it, rations, or tents, or some odds and ends of impedimenta being brought up! How often has he not waited for some such slow-moving vehicle, at that very gate, spinning out the vacuity of soldiering, by seeing something done right, which otherwise would only be half done, because it was everybody's business! Here

comes a farmer, in black Sunday best with the big horse in a tumbril, doing some small job that must be done on these farms, whatever the day. He swings the gate open for it and gets "Merci, m'sieu!" from the man, whose face is strange. Nothing else. The man thinks him a fool if he thinks about him at all, idling there.

But as the horse and tumbril recede toward the house, they become once more part of the dream, the rattle and hoof-fall become the sound of transport moving. He stands at that gate, as the battalion comes back from the Somme, for Messines. The G.S. wagon has been to rail-head and brought, among other things, the post-bag from brigade. In the guard-tent there by that very gate, let the R.Q.M.S. sort it out. The battalion is, of course, three quarters new drafts; there are a lot of letters, and a fair number for men who would never get them unless the angels took over the work of the post corporals. But the deliverable ones are passed to the N.C.O.'s, one per company, who are waiting; and then arises, all over the pasture, the boisterous sardonic fun inseparable from the New Armies, the banter of men who would never take a war quite seriously, and who, instead of being sentimental at such a moment, are calling to each other:

"Look what mother's sent her blue-eyed boy!"

"Ere's an illustrated. Pictures of our last show. O Lor'!" Shy deprecation. "Fat lot they know!"

"Father's wounded. He is, I tell you. He's a special constable. He sat on a spiky railin' to rest 'is pore leg, and got punctured!"

"She says she's going to have another, she reckons!"

"Well, what d'you expect, going home on leave?"

The smell, the noise, the look of khaki sprawling on trampled grass, beset him. It had been so real, so absorbing. He, no less than all those fellows, had adjusted himself to it, had sat on some old bit of board (if he could get one) in somebody else's field, to read little bits of news from an England to whom the war was somewhere else, some one else's; an England which, like himself and all those men, could never take such a preposterous affair quite seriously.

He opens his eyes, and the sound, the sight, the odor, vanish. Nothing! there is nothing there. Some birds are chattering in the elms; the grayish spring day is waning. It is no good standing there, waiting for something to come back which will never come back. At least one hopes not. He has still some time to put away before his train; he will follow the lane down to the *pavé*, have a last glance from the high land there, and so back to the village and the station. That will be a good wind-up, for he feels that he will not come that way again.



So he goes between pasture and arable, here a cottage, there a farm, hiding well back behind elms, with the gleam of pond or moat about it. The cross-roads look lopsided. Then he recollects that the oaks that line the *pavé* were gapped by shell-fire in the final flurry of 1918. That, of course, had been his last sight of the place, two streams of retreating divisions and evacuated civilians all

mixed up, and his battalion coming up to relieve, jammed in the crush, and the brigade-major borrowing him from his colonel and posting him there with an N.C.O. to sort things out. He must certainly have a drink in the Estaminet de la Croix—In t'Kruyshook, they called it more often—in memory of the five-nine that had just missed him and hit the gable above his head. He pushes open the door. A woman with an apron over her Sunday dress gives him good day. He must have white wine—the rasping vinky-blinky of that immortal song about the made-moiselle of Armentières. Here it is, strong and sour as ever, but good stuff to march on. Between glasses, he asks:

"Were you here, in the war?"

"No, monsieur; we are refugees installed here!"

Of course. The proprietors he might have known had either lost all the males of the family or made so much money, and anyhow gone elsewhere. He has nothing to talk about to this woman, no common memory or wonderment. He drinks and muses. And there comes over him an odd feeling of some one wanting him, just outside the window. He stares. Nothing. Surely there is the shuffling of feet, murmur, the grating of heavy boots and rifle-butts on the cobbles, as if his platoon were standing easy, waiting the order to move. He goes to the window.

"What is it that there is, monsieur?"

"Some one!"

"No, monsieur!" she replies. But he is so certain that he goes out of the door, round the corner of the house, and a few yards down the

pavé. He is not so far wrong. They are waiting for him, "properly at ease" in the drill-book phrase, if ever men were. Without even reading the little notice-board of the Graves Commission, he leans on the fence of the little cemetery and scans their names. They are not really his platoon; they are a mixture of all sorts, gathered from one of those last actions in the fields below there—Private This, Sapper That, Gunner Someone. And he understands why he is a Stranger. These have not relapsed into Peace and England, as he has. The War has survived them. He feels their appeal, almost their reproach, warning him that sooner or later he must follow, for all his luck.

After a few minutes, he leaves them, goes back into the *estaminet*, finishes his wine, and pays. The woman has not been anxious. She knows the English are mad, but honest. As he leaves the place she says, as though certain that he will not return, "Adieu, monsieur!"

He replies, "Adieu," partly to her, and partly, as he closes the door, to that straight road, along the low ridge above the shallow valley that he had traversed *tir é* and again, the tide-mark to and from which the battle had flowed, ebbed, flowed again, and finally ebbcd. He glances at his watch. Just time to catch his train, to Calais, to England, home. Into the dusk, the stranger hurries away.

MASQUE

MONROE HEATH

Ring down the curtain! Now I am alone,
I may put off this mask of merriment,
The costume of this comedy that's spent
To buy a fevered laugh for every groan.
That done, now may I call myself my own
And harken to my harried soul's lament,
Which I have stifled lest it furnish vent
To each spectator's hidden grief and moan.

Alone! I have the luxury of sighs.
But sighs do not suffice, and tears arise.
Enough—too much of contemplating woe!
The more I weep, the more my sorrows grow.
Regard no more life's miserable ends.
On with the play! Bring back my masks and friends!

WHERE DOES SHE STAND

Woman's Progress and Position in Politics

NANCY M. SCHOONMAKER

AS PREFACE to the undertaking of casting up the balance-sheet of the woman movement two points should be kept in mind. First, that few, if any, of the movements which have risen to influence our century have had anything like so much soul power poured into them as was put into the suffrage movement. All over the world women brought to it a righteous devotion that was actually religious. Through it they were born into a new consciousness of life, of human principles, of themselves as part of a new world order. For thousands of women, it is not too much to say, that coming into the movement was as a rebirth to them, as genuine a spiritual experience as any religious conversion of which we have record. No wonder, therefore, they were willing to work for it, to sacrifice for it, to give of their best for it. And no wonder, in this mood, they should have read large as to results which the final accomplishment was to bring to the whole social body. For with so much power to stir and regenerate the individual woman, how could it fail to be equally powerful for the good of the whole? The reasoning seemed straight; the hope was grounded on fact.

This point of view was further

strengthened by the like depth of feeling which the opposition put into the movement. It is doubtful if any legislature in the world ever saw a more bitter fight than the one over the ratification of the federal suffrage amendment in Tennessee, the last State needed to bring in the whole nation. Bribery, intimidation, eavesdropping—no means were too low or too desperate for the opposition to use. But though this may have been the bitterest fight, it was by no means the only one. Other States, other countries, have similar stories to tell, all certainly inspired by the same conviction. There could have been but one reason for this lavish waste of money and time and effort—an abiding conviction that the thing was momentarily important, fraught with powerful inevitable results. The conviction that it would mean many and great changes was the inspiring motive for both advocates and opponents.

The second point we need to remember, though in retrospect there seems to have been very little consciousness of it in anybody's mind, is that the world does pass from one stage to the next by a very moderate progress of very short steps indeed. So imperceptible, in fact, is our

movement either up or down that it is only through the glass of history that we are able to detect it at all. The century is about the smallest unit we can use in measuring world events, their significance, their effect. But certainly that was in nobody's mind during the half-century that intervened between the time when the first Western Territory ventured the experiment of woman suffrage and that final consummation largely brought on by the war. An occasional sage did lift a warning finger against the extravagance of our claims for or against, but nobody heeded, nobody listened. We were flaming forth in the dream of a world remade. How could we be expected to harken to any such tame message as moderation?

The consummation of a great desire has sometimes the effect of leaving one with a rather disconcerting sense of emptiness. The mere matter of the longing has filled such a large part of our lives that it is difficult to get on without it. After the first flush of joy at the victory, we find ourselves somehow not quite at peace. There is a flatness on our palate.

That might be taken as argument that the game is always worth more than the candle. But we know we cannot go on indefinitely fooling ourselves into playing the game unless there is actually a substantial candle, large or small, at the end of it on which we may feast our eyes and our hearts. For the sake of future causes, therefore, and of what the working for them does for us, it will never do for us to settle back in the present complacent attitude of passing the whole suffrage matter over

with a tolerant little shrug as we point to the plentiful evidence that it has made no difference at all.

Fifty, even twenty-five years hence, we shall know it was folly to expect any large effects in so short a time. Cooled from the immediate passion of securing the thing, we shall know that, along with other social changes, this change will need a century or two in which to prove itself. But though that may be a consoling thought, it has little bearing on the immediate fact that in the heart of many a good suffragist there is a little sickening sense of disappointment; and in the mind of that worthy, more familiar in print than in fact, the conscienceless boss, there is also a very genuine sense of relief. Neither of them is sure that he did not put far more energy into the thing than the thing is worth.

This is distinctly a point of view that has grown up within the last year or two. In virtually every country where women have been enfranchised the first election following the granting of the measure showed a larger percentage of women at the polls and a greater number swept into office than we had dared hope. Counted all together, considerably more than a hundred women came into national parliaments. In Germany more than one thousand women were elected to city councils. In not a few districts the women outvoted the men in actual numbers.

Following these returns, joys and fears were shouted back and forth across the world. Statisticians told of the fifteen million more women than men in Europe, and computed how many years, at this rate of capturing political emolu-

ments, it would take for women completely to possess themselves of the entire governing machinery of the world.

But from that dream, too, we settled back. The one hundred or so women members of parliaments were seen to be significant only because the gain had been an almost immediate jump from nothing. In comparison with the thousands of men sitting in the parliaments of the world, the hundred women were an entirely negligible quantity. It is recorded that in one legislative hall the large brass spittoon was removed from the "lady member's" seat, but it was only added to the number in the cloak-room. In the total sum at the Capitol nothing was lost. This may be regarded as a homely simile expressive of the whole matter.



Yet from all such doubting and disappointment, aware as we must be that neither the first flush of enthusiasm nor the reaction that follows it is a just measure to apply, we must turn round to the equally homely old saw that "the world do move." The thing must be making some difference, microscopic though it be. Let us look closely, therefore, and see what we can find.

Take first the basic matter of the further extension of the franchise. At a recent convention of the English National Union of Societies for Equal Franchise, looking about over the world for objects on which to bestow its congratulations, that organization could find only three obscure native states of India. Few of us remember enough of our geography lessons to know even what or where they are. One of two reactions seizes upon us.

Has the thing swept so clean over our familiar world that it now comes to brush up the corners, the wee spots, the outlying districts? Or—we must face the thought—is it only such unimportant places that would follow our lead? Such opposition as is left may find comfort in the fact that over against these small victories must be set the losses of the three larger countries, France, Switzerland, and South Africa, where suffrage measures were defeated in the legislatures and the polls.

In any event, neither the slim pickings of the English association, nor even the three defeats in the three countries, need cause us much distress; for we may remember that the "good" countries were all gathered in during the good years. There were left only the hard nuts for us to crack, France, Spain, Italy. Since then Italy has granted her women a limited franchise, but France and Spain still hold back. As for Switzerland, at least two important facts militated against a favorable vote: first, the very excellence of its social laws, which leave few flagrant abuses for which the hand and mind of women are needed, and, second, the fact that with the same sort of balance to be maintained between canton and union as we have to uphold between State and nation, it presents the most difficult system of government in the world through which such a change could be secured.

When we come to look over the new list of women in the parliaments of European countries, if we have let our hopes and not our reason instruct us, we may find ourselves disap-

pointed. There have been changes, some gains, a few losses, but nothing like a doubling of the number that was put in at the first election. England, for instance, starting with its one woman in the Commons, crept up to its largest number during the MacDonald government and then settled back to four in the last election. The House of Lords, deciding to ignore the report of its committee that no legal barrier prevented the women who held peerages in their own right from taking a seat in the Lords, thereby excluded twenty-six.

On the Continent we find for the year nothing especially discouraging in the record, though some of the women members are of course hold-overs from former elections. Norway keeps its one woman in the Storting; Sweden, which in 1921 had its first election at which women voted, when it brought in one woman to the Upper House and four in the Lower, has now added one more to the Lower House; Iceland has one woman in the Upper House and also elected one woman alternate; the Netherlands has lifted its number from seven to eight; Poland has retained the eight women members it had; Austria has added four, making twelve in all; Germany lost three in the Prussian Diet and two in the Reichstag, leaving her now with forty in the Diet and thirty-two in the Reichstag; Czechoslovakia has fifteen women in the House of Deputies and three in the Senate; Denmark, six women in the Upper House and three in the Lower; Finland, with two women in Parliament, elected eighteen women as special presidential electors; Hungary, Turkey, and

Central China have come in with one woman each; and the new state of Dantzic has ten women members. Even the United States, accustomed to limp well behind the European nations in its election of women, has lifted its women in Congress to three and did itself the honor of electing two women governors and one woman secretary of state.

Glancing next at that other larger field of service which women have entered, the international field, we find that here, too, more gains than losses are to be recorded. The Union Interparlementaire, boastful of an existence years before the League of Nations was born, pledged to the same noble purpose of international friendship, to whose conferences we have for years been sending delegations from our own Congress, had for the first time in 1921 two women sitting as members of the body, Frue Bang from Denmark and Frau Zuchacz from Germany. The next year eight women attended: three from Germany, two from Austria, two from Denmark, and one from Poland.

In the League of Nations also the number of women serving as alternate or substitute delegates as well as in lesser capacities shows a slow but steady increase. In the first Assembly, three women sat as alternates. In the second, there were four; and in the third, fourth, and fifth, there were six. In addition to these the number of women attending the Assembly or the various committee meetings as technical advisers shows a steady increase.

Among the women serving on these committees were our three Americans: Dr. Josephine Baker, member

of the health committee; Miss Cushman, member of the commission on deported women and children, both appointed by the Council for the League; and Mrs. Hamilton Wright, assessor of the commission on the traffic in opium. To these may now be added the name of Miss Grace Abbott, appointed by our Department of State, with the approval of the president, in a consultative and unofficial capacity to the advisory committee of the committee for the suppression of the traffic in women and children, the first American woman to go with the official government stamp upon her.

But it has not been in the legislative branches alone of State and national and international government that women have won places for themselves. In more than one country ministerial posts have been opened to them. In Czechoslovakia, Germany, two of the provinces of Canada, Turkey, Russia, Denmark, and our own Pennsylvania, we have seen women serving in the government cabinets. There is also Dame Rachel Crowdy, head of the social section of the League of Nations, member of the secretariat at Geneva.

Coming now from these larger fields, national and international, legislative and executive, we find several events which on the surface may seem, in comparison, of less importance, but which were nevertheless accomplished only at the cost of effort and energy on the part of the women. In Germany, for instance, the fight for the admission of women as jurors brought out all the hoary old anti-suffrage arguments

which, it might have been supposed, the present status of women in that country had buried forever. Physical weakness, readiness to obey external influences (other than those of husband and father), emotionalism, soft-heartedness, were as gaily put forward as though up to the present moment no woman had ever been trusted with a serious responsibility. In Dantzic and the Netherlands judgeships were opened to women, and in America we have our own Florence Allen, the first woman to be elected to a State supreme court. Sweden, Belgium, and the United States have appointed their first women in the diplomatic service, and Belgium has seen also its first woman advocate plead her first case, in defense of a hair-dresser charged with attempting the murder of his mistress, a pretty event at which the entire bar attended in a body. No such social affair was made of England's first woman advocate appearing at the bar in prosecution of a man for bigamy; but the English are a solid people, not given to showing any large interest in mere matters of the heart. In Norway women have been appointed to the penal code commission; in Sweden Mrs. Wicksell, in addition to all her other honors, has been appointed by the Department of Justice as legal expert in the inquiry as to the modifications in the Swedish laws made necessary by the various rulings and conventions of the League of Nations, which Sweden has ratified. In Japan the geisha girl has won her right to freedom, and in Hong-kong—perhaps the most important event to be recorded—child slavery has been wiped out. In the securing of

all of these accomplishments women have had a very large part.

Glancing over the legislation which the women of the enfranchised countries have been backing, we find strong marks of similarity. Marriage, divorce, illegitimacy, venereal disease, prostitution, child labor, sickness, old-age, widows', and mothers' pensions, regulation of night work, of factory conditions—in almost every country we find the organized women making a strong effort to secure, through the agency of their women legislators, better laws on these important matters. In the marriage and divorce question the tendency undoubtedly is toward some common agreement among the nations, such as we are attempting among our forty-eight States, and—this certainly in the European countries—toward much freer, more liberal divorce provisions than have obtained in the past. Such joint conferences and action as that undertaken by the Scandinavian countries a few years ago, at which the whole question of marriage, divorce, illegitimacy, property rights, the financial status of the wife, was considered and formulated, undoubtedly point the way toward a still larger common agreement among the nations of the world.

But of the recent legislation backed by women, no single measure gives promise of larger results or marks a greater gain over the action of previous years than the vote given in the Assembly of the League of Nations on the matter of the traffic in women and children. It is well known that the League has jurisdiction only over the international phase of this or any other question.

But for all this fact, in 1921, when the conventions which the committee recommended were laid before the Assembly, twenty-one nations abstained from voting on the ground—this was, I believe, not expressed publicly, but was perfectly well understood—that the system of licensing prostitution which existed in these countries, and hence the state revenue as well as the private fortunes involved in the business, might be hurt by any vigorous international action. In 1922 the motion that was brought in was, however, still more drastic than that of the previous year. It provided that “pending the abolition in all countries of the licensing system, no foreign woman shall be admitted into a licensed house,” and the measure was unanimously indorsed, Spain alone abstaining from the vote. With the ratification of this convention by the governments whose delegations indorsed it, we “should have struck,” to quote Mrs. Dale of Australia, “the most severe blow which the traffic has ever had.” For it is a blow aimed at the licensing system itself, undoubtedly the most important single factor in the organization which exists for the purpose of this nefarious traffic.

A measure which for the moment seemed to work some hardship upon just those whom it was meant to protect is our Married Women's Citizenship Bill, the measure which permits American women married to aliens, except those who are ineligible, to retain their American citizenship, and which prevents alien women from acquiring automatically American citizenship by marrying Americans. From London we re-

ceived news of a few distracted women unable to get British passports because they were married to Americans or an American passport because they were still Britishers, denied the right of claiming either country. But this was only a temporary hardship, already beginning to be set right, for, since the passage of our measure, similar bills have come up in England, France, Germany, and Denmark. It is undoubtedly a law that will spread to other countries, to be at length generally adopted.

But to all this array of plain, perhaps not very momentous, facts, there is yet to be added one of those intangible things, a spiritual tendency which is, we may believe, far more potent for the good of mankind than any one event of any recent year of our life. And that is the new spirit of internationalism which is coming to birth in the souls of the women of the world. From every country, great and small, comes the encouraging word that the consciousness of women begins to break through the national boundaries. "Our women read more, think more, know more, feel more about international affairs than they ever did before." More women from more different countries attend international conferences of one sort or another every year. More women go home from these conferences with a vision of themselves as a part of the great whole of humanity than ever before. More women than ever before are stirred with the profound conviction that only as we substi-

tute peace for war, love for enmity, may we call ourselves civilized. This gain, as was pointed out, cannot be measured or weighed; but it is undeniably there, to mark for the historian of future generations the beginning of a new age.

Thus, after a world survey, we are not justified in an attitude either of despair or of cynical acceptance of an unaltered world. In the record, meager though we may feel it to be, there is more of gain than of loss. We are at least doing a little better than holding our own, "we," that is, in the world sense. Of "we" as Americans, the question is open to doubt. For it is as evident as it may be disconcerting that most of the gains have to be set down to nations other than the United States. Coming down to the actual figures in the case, we find that as far as high office goes, our proportion of women is amazingly small. In fact, few if any of the countries have done so badly as we. In our present Congress, the Lower House finds itself with three women; our Senate, as safe against the invasion of the "weaker sex" as though no country in the world had ever tried the experiment of having women in the Upper House of its national legislative body. We American women are apt to be loudly boastful of our larger liberties, but are we at present actually justified in our claim? Should we not rather meekly take our place in the back seat? Or perhaps a better part would be to give our minds to it and discover why this thing is.

MR. NOBODY

LLEWELLYN HUGHES

THE LATE November rain had turned toward evening into a driving sleet from the north-east; and under the shelter of one of the company's storage sheds, damp and foul with the smell of hides, the lading-clerk of the River Horne Line Company was shivering. From somewhere the half-hour chimes of a clock came mournfully through the night. Pulling his hat well down over his ears Herbert Simmons set out against the driving rain, praying the pain in his chest would get no worse. He could of course take a Bridge bus, then transfer; but that meant an extra fare, and sheer necessity forced him to adhere to a shilling per week allowance for bus-rides.

It was the same homeward journey he had taken regularly for over four years. He knew every cracked and broken flagstone of the pavements, every shop and sign-post; from force of habit he cut across intervening streets and lanes precisely at the same spot. Gusts of cold rain curved and twisted about him, poured down on him from a screeching dance around a chimney-pot, flung round a near-by corner right into his face, and swept up again to do the same thing all over further along the way.

The vague fancy that there were two Herbert Simmonses returned

to him. One was already home. The *other*, spectral and strangely dissatisfied, lagged behind. He had been dimly conscious of the thing once or twice before. The *other* Herbert Simmons whispered of things far beyond his grasp, was bitterly envious for money, luxuries, wanted to hide aboard one of those South American tramps and go sailing away, deserting all cares, responsibilities. Just now, however, it was on a different tack. *You are near the end of your tether, Herbert Simmons. You ain't ever going to do anything worth while in this life. Look how your feet drag. It's too late for America and a new start. You're about done for, Herbert Simmons.*

For a moment he gave himself utterly over to his shadow, and, doing so, in a swift attack of miserable dissatisfaction, reviewed his whole life: one of nine children, his father's awful death, his tramp to London, the job as milk-wagon boy, the years in that grocery shop, his meeting with Ethel, the saving up of fifteen pounds with which to get married and start a home, the first child, the second, the . . . The wind shrieked with laughter at him. Even in France, during the war, his life had been absolutely colorless, gray, gray as the rain, the heavens. It hadn't been for the want of trying,

for the want of ambition; but he simply couldn't think of anything by which he could change himself, remedy his awful insignificance. Once, in a second of glorious exhilaration, he had volunteered for the job of crawling through barbed wire and bombing an enemy outpost; but even that was denied him; a countermanding order withdrew his battalion before his chance came. Now he was resigned to a more or less hopeless belief that he would meet, suddenly, round some corner or other, a new and startling development into which he would eagerly precipitate himself. He had no clear notion what this development might be, but it had fame and fortune in it, a garden with roses, a car . . .

The wind-swept rain tearing down a street he was crossing almost knocked him down. Immersed in his thoughts, Herbert Simmons had entirely lost track of his whereabouts and to his surprise was compelled to look up at the name on the brick wall. It was Nightingale Lane. Another whisper, coming from somewhere, made him dizzy. Why not turn up Nightingale Lane instead of continuing along St. Katherine's Way? Why not, for once in his life, go absolutely contrary to the monotonous clockwork of his habits? Why not, here and now, break away from that insignificant automaton of a lading-clerk known as Simmons? The mere fancy of it so exhausted him that he had to lean against the wall for support. He had an idea he was the only soul abroad in the whole of London and that against him the raging elements pitted all their strength and fury.

Down Nightingale Lane came the storm's legions, a phantom cavalry, their smoking limbs and draperies rising to incredible heights in contortions of jealousy. They charged him as they would a discarded rag, insistent on tearing him, an unknown lading-clerk, up and away, to whirl him on to some distant rubbish-heap. Spellbound, he likened them to the obscure forces that in life kept him in the background, sealed him in the ranks of mere nobodies. Why not oppose them? Why not clench his fists and smash into them? Yes, go up Nightingale Lane and on and on through this opposition to some Arcadia just beyond, for which a stirring in his breast indeterminately ached. Past Bethnal Green, past the last few houses on the outskirts. . . .

He shook his head as though it were all hopelessly beyond his understanding, then resumed his way, along Lower Thames Street, across London Bridge, head bowed, hands thrust deep into pockets, a solitary figure, homeward bound, step by step taking him nearer the little circle of wife and children. On the other side of the Thames he got an Elephant and Castle bus, parted with one of his three remaining pennies, and settled down to think of the smelly hides he'd have to count to-morrow, the Saturday afternoon in his bit of a garden, and a joke to make Ethel smile a little.

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"Here's father, mother!"

As he had surmised, supper was almost ready and Arthur and the baby put to bed. Margaret, despite his wet clothes and sodden boots, came rushing toward him, precipi-

tant with news she had kept locked in her heart all day. "Father," she began, pressing his cold hand to her burning cheek, "I want to tell you somefin'."

"In a moment. Be careful, darling. I'm wet through and through, you know."

"Margaret! Let your pore father take off 'is wet things, won't you?"

"It's a terrible night," said Mr. Simmons, shivering still. "Where shall I leave 'em, Ethel? In the hall 'ere, or in the kitchen? My boots are soaked like brown paper. Hope there's a pair of socks warming."

"Freddy! Spread your father an old newspaper. Come through the kitchen, 'Erbert." She regarded him with anxious eyes. "Is it gone to your underclothes?"

"I don't think so."

"That's a blessing. There's dry socks by the stove for you." Mr. Simmons crossed through, carefully stepping on the newspaper Freddy had laid for him, Margaret still holding on to his hand. "Now, Margaret, for goodness' sake leave your pore father alone for a minute. How's your chest, 'Erbert? I'll give it a rub with the ointment again afore you go to bed."

Margaret, obeying her mother, went up to the window, where she began to cry softly. Approaching her, Willie asked, "Did you tell him?" She gave two or three little sniffs and shook her head.

"Tell him what?" inquired Harry, overhearing.

"Nuffin'," said Willie.

"'Arry," called mother, "run into the bedroom an' get your father's other coat and wes'coat, there's a

good lad. And be careful not to wake the baby, won't you?" She turned to her husband. "Will you be changin' your trousers, 'Erbert?"

"They're pretty wet."

"Well, try and 'urry, dear, 'cause dinner's been ready a long while. You ain't half late to-night."

"Such an awful storm!" he told her as he pulled off his boots. "Can you spare a little 'ot water, Ethel? I'd better just dip my feet."

"Get your father the little bath, Willie, an' a towel." Noticing Margaret wiping her eyes and nose on the window-curtains, she gently but firmly pulled her away. "Now, Margaret, stop your sillyin' an' be a good girl. Get out the knives and forks for me."

In the kitchen Harry and Fred were making themselves useful. Mr. Simmons was particularly careful of his aitches before Fred. The boy was at the top of his class and had just gained full marks in the school examinations. Already he had been talking about going to college—though where the necessary money was to come from Mr. Simmons had no idea. Very proud of Fred, but more at ease with his other sons. "How did school go to-day, Harry?"

"Picked for goal against the Radnor Street school to-morrow. But I—but I wish I—" He stopped, and handed his father the dry socks. "Here, father dear."

"But what?"

"I ought to have a new pair of football knickers."

"What about the old ones?"

"They're all in rags, father. An' mother said that perhaps you—"

"But can't they be mended?"

"They look so patchy, father. The other boys'll 'ave decent ones."

Mr. Simmons was purposely silent; such a minor expense, but he couldn't afford it. He glanced up at Willie and diffidently asked him if last night's home-work was all right.

"Rithmetic not bad; algebra all wrong."

"Umn—" He raised his eyebrows as much as to say: "Strange; very strange. After father had helped you for an hour, and everything!" A confused jumble of x 's and a plus b 's mocked him. No, he couldn't help him there; couldn't help him in anything. He pulled a gray sock on a red foot, timidly conscious that neither Willie nor Harry had as yet discovered what Fred, for some mysterious reason, kept to himself—their father's ignorance.

"I can't never get it right," said Willie, biting his finger-nails. "Will you 'elp me again to-night, father?"

"We'll see. But 'I can't never get it right' isn't quite correct, is it?"

"Yes."

"It ain't," contradicted Harry.

Mr. Simmons appealed for knowledge. "What say, Fred?"

"Two negatives make an affirmative," recited Fred.

"Yes. That's—that's what I thought," said his father miserably, passing the information on to Willie in a wise look.

"'Erbert, do 'urry up, there's a dear. The children is starving."

Stocking-footing it into his bedroom, Mr. Simmons hurriedly changed his trousers, emerged with them over his arm, put his wet clothes on the back of a chair near

the stove, and entered the living-room in readiness for the evening meal. They were all seated round the table waiting for him. Mr. Simmons never felt quite comfortable before all these hungry little mouths he was rightfully expected to feed; in their hungry glances he sometimes read, "Why don't you buy a little more meat and potatoes for us?" Many a time, when mother's back was turned, would he slip an extra piece of mutton or a potato from his own on to Harry's or Fred's plate—growing uncomplaining lads—and any little titbit that Ethel had lovingly placed before him was completely at the mercy of Margaret's fork. He gave two raps, and immediately all bowed their heads while he reverently, hopefully, pronounced a prayer.

"No, Willie, that piece is for father," said mother, as the nine-year-old requested a particular portion of Yorkshire pudding.

"Let 'im have it, Ethel."

"Don't encourage 'im, 'Erbert. I cooked that bit especially for you. There's plenty for all of us, see."

Four pairs of eager eyes watched the piling up of Mr. Simmons's plate, which naturally came first of all; the best potatoes, the nicest meat and two extra spoonfuls of gravy. Then came Harry's, then Fred's, then Willie's, and lastly Margaret's. Mrs. Simmons never got started until every one had been served; she always appeared indifferent about it anyway and preferred to pick the meat-bone and eat Willie's and Margaret's crusts instead of the nice brown potatoes. Long before that, however, respective plates were scraped and cleaned and every one

was ready for the pudding. This evening it was rice-pudding, with raisins. Perhaps Mrs. Simmons would get some; perhaps she would not. Sometimes she scraped the pan in which it had been baked, although when it was very tasty one of the boys got that privilege in addition to his regular helping. "Ethel," complained Mr. Simmons, "I really can't eat all this pudding. Let me put a bit on a plate for you?"

"No, 'Erbert. I've got a little saved in the kitchen." Up to now, Mrs. Simmons, taking care of her brood, hadn't eaten anything. She rose with a warning: "Now don't give any of it to Margaret or Willie, will you? 'Cause you need it yourself, 'Erbert." Her desire that the breadwinner be properly fed was evidently not unanimous, for while she was in the kitchen two spoons coming from right and left attacked Mr. Simmons's pudding and considerably reduced its dimensions. Then came tea, plenty of bread and butter, and a little jam.

Dinner over, they left the table, and Mrs. Simmons sat down to eat her cold meat and potatoes alone, dipping the odd crusts into the thickening gravy. When it was fine the two eldest boys went out for an hour or so, but to-night they played dominoes instead. Mr. Simmons dropped into his rocking-chair, and Margaret brought him his evening newspaper.

"Arthur's been messing with it again," explained Mrs. Simmons from the table. "Is it badly torn, 'Erbert?"

The paper was in a deplorable condition. "It's not bad," he replied, straightening it out.

"Who d'you think I saw to-day, 'Erbert?"

"Who?"

"That there Mrs. Forester I used to work for up in Portman Square. I thought I recognized 'er, so I goes up an' says 'Ow-do-you-do' to 'er."

"Well, well!"

"'Why, Ethel,' she says, 'ow are you?' she says.

"'I'm married now,' I says, 'these thirteen years.'

"'Appy?' she says.

"'Very 'appy,' I says; 'I got six children an' a good husband.'

"She seemed surprised like; kept looking me up and down, at my 'at and my fur stole all the time. 'Six children,' she says, sort of sneering at me. "'Ow amazing! I haven't got one.'" Mrs. Simmons was silent a moment. "Them sort never 'ave any, anyway."

Her husband rustled his paper.

"Yes; Mrs. Forester. She's got a bit fattish. But the clothes she wore! You should 'ave seen 'em. Wonderful." She sighed. "Some 'ave all, don't they?"

Mr. Simmons did not reply to that. Margaret had climbed on his lap and was snuggling her face close to his breast in an effort to hide fresh tears. The newspaper was dropped instantly. "Why, Margaret! Tears? Come now, tell father what it's all about." Willie stood by, noticeably involved in the proceedings. Mother was absorbed in her reflections, eating listlessly.

"It—it was on my way from s-school."

Willie said, "I was with 'er, father, and I didn't hear it drop or nuffin'."

"Didn't hear what drop?"

A silence, save for choked little

sobs. "I t-tied it up in my 'andkerchief and kept it in my dress pocket, and—and when I went to look for it my 'andkerchief an' all was gone." Her pent-up tears came now, in a deluge.

Then, suddenly, Mr. Simmons knew.

"We was going to buy sweets with it to-morrow afternoon," added Willie by way of explanation. "She was going to give me a 'a'penny of it; wasn't you, Margaret?" He looked up at his father. "She wouldn't tell mother she lost it."

Mrs. Simmons stopped in the act of cleaning her plate with a piece of bread. "What's the matter with 'er, 'Erbert? She's been crying ever since she came 'ome from school."

"She's lost her penny, mother," said Willie.

"What penny?" Was there an extra penny in her household that Mrs. Simmons knew nothing of? "What penny?"

It was an awkward question for Mr. Simmons to answer, but the cat was out of the bag now. "I gave 'er a penny last Wednesday," he confessed, slightly ashamed. As a matter of fact he had risen early that morning, and, it being a fine day, he walked all the way to Wapping Old Stairs. The penny saved had been secretly given to Margaret that night.

Mrs. Simmons, in a distressed tone of voice, said, "When I think of your pore feet, 'Erbert, it fair breaks my 'eart, it does."

"They're much better now, Ethel."

"Gawd knows you'd go naked for 'em and so would I. But there's a limit to everything. Besides, I bought Margaret some sweets last Saturday."

"She's only a little girl, and—" Margaret's grief touched him profoundly. He recalled her inarticulate joy when, last Wednesday, he surprised her with the penny, roughly hinting that it be kept from mother; and now, while saving it for Saturday afternoon to share with her brother, she had lost it. He pressed the sob-wracked body to him, kissed her curly head. Slowly, fearfully, impelled by an ungovernable impulse, his fingers crept to his waistcoat pocket and closed on the edge of one of his two remaining pennies. Looking up guiltily he saw his wife watching him with her soft brown eyes. Mr. Simmons grinned foolishly.

"Now, 'Erbert dear—don't you do it. Please."

"Of course not, Ethel; of course not." He pulled away his hand and began to dry Margaret's tears with her handkerchief. "Come, darling, be a brave little girl and don't cry any more. To-morrow we'll go and look for that bad penny; it's sure to be hiding somewhere, and we'll find it all right; you'll see." He had other schemes up his sleeve that he kept to himself. She was all in all the world to him, and during her late illness he suffered agonies; for he thought he loved her best of all, though he admired Harry's manliness and stood in open respect of Fred's learning.

Gradually the sobs cooled and subsided, the swollen eyes closed in sleep, and from her eyelashes he wiped the last pendent tear. Mother was removing the things from the table, taking them into the kitchen. The boys were busy with their games and lessons. Mr. Simmons couldn't

control himself. Itching fingers once more fumbled in his waistcoat pocket, and this time they produced a penny; it was quickly wrapped in a little damp handkerchief, tied in a knot, and stuffed into a small dress pocket. A moment or so later, following an acquiescent nod from mother, he rose and carried his only daughter out of the room. After a while he softly returned, closed the bedroom door behind him, resumed his rocking-chair, sighed, picked up his torn newspaper, and began to read of the wonderful happenings in the great outside world.

A loud knock upon the front door made him start. He watched his wife cross the room, heard her admit the visitor. A voice he knew, but couldn't exactly place, said, "Excuse me, missis, but does Mr. 'Erbert Simmons live here?"

Mr. Simmons went to the hall to meet him and saw a big, red-faced, thick-set man with a blue-black mustache, finely waxed. He remembered him at once, despite his civilian clothes. "Hallo, 'Erb! Last time I saw you was in the bloomin' trenches."

"Well, I'm hanged!" said Mr. Simmons, giving vent to his strongest expletive and beaming at the visitor. "I recognized your voice the minute you spoke at the door. Ethel, this is Sergeant-Major Prade. Well, I'm hanged! I've spoken of you often and often, major. 'Aven't I, Ethel?"

Mrs. Simmons first wiped her hand on her apron. "I thought you was a military man," she said with a bit of a smile.

"It's easy to tell 'em, missis." The sergeant-major inflated his

broad chest. "Now then, 'Erb! Straighten up a little for your missis and show her what's what. The good old Middlesex, eh!"

Mr. Simmons, continuing to beam, did straighten his back for a second. "Just take off your things, major. Like old times. Come in and sit down."

The soldier did so. "Aye, I can do with a bit of a rest, all right. Blim'me if I ain't searched the whole of Lunnon for you. Straight, I have! One house to another—all over the shop—every place you ever lived at. And what a day!"

Mr. Simmons felt a duty incumbent upon him. "Will you take a drop of something, major? A little brandy?"

"Will I take a drop of brandy?" He winked at Mrs. Simmons. "I'll take every drop I can get."

Mrs. Simmons went to the sideboard and produced a three-quarter-empty bottle and two small glasses, her husband watching her. "Get one for yourself, Ethel."

"I don't feel like it just now, 'Erbert."

Sergeant-Major Prade, his bowler-hat placed carefully under his chair, his hands resting, palm downward, on his knees, regarded Mr. Simmons with the old ferocious eye. "'Erb!" he commenced. "I've got a bit of news for you. I call it a lucky bit of news, and I only wish I was telling it to myself instead of to you. Ah!" Mrs. Simmons, bringing the drinks on a tray, set it down within easy reach on the table. "Well," said the sergeant-major, caressing his glass with thick fingers, "here's your 'ealth, missis—and yours, 'Erb. Good luck to the pair of you. And

believe me, I'm bringing you a bit of luck too."

The Simmonses' hearts beat a shade quicker.

"You remember the old colonel, don't you? Colonel Talbot?"

"He's Sir Frederick Talbot now, isn't he?"

"He is. And a braver and better officer never went to France. Always generous. Why, I remember the time—but that's another story. Yes, he's now Sir Frederick and a member of the House of Commons. Often comes up to the barracks, though; then it's drinks round for every one and half a crown here and five shilling there. There ain't one of us as wouldn't go down on our marrow-bones and lick his boots—same as it used to be over in France. One of the best of 'em was he; and still is."

He paused to take another swallow of brandy. "That's as good a brandy as ever I tasted, missis," he said. Mrs. Simmons acknowledged the compliment in a wan smile, glancing at the diminished contents of a bottle which had done duty for almost a year. "Well," continued the soldier, wiping purple lips with the back of his hand, "up he trots yesterday, with a friend of his. A man you've heard of, I'll bet." He paused again, in order to give the name a dramatic pronunciation. "Sir William Horpen, the painter! Heard of him, ain't you?"

Mr. Simmons shook his head; his wife didn't commit herself. The sergeant-major, who in all probability had not heard of the great artist until yesterday, appeared astounded. "What! never 'eard of Horpen? Well, strike me pink!"

"I've heard of him," said a voice from the window-ledge. "I've seen some of his paintings in the Grafton Galleries."

"Ush, Freddy dear!"

The boys had remained so quiet that Sergeant-Major Prade inspected his newly discovered audience with mingled surprise and perplexity. "What I've got to tell you, 'Erb," he said, scratching his head, "is a matter of extreme importance. See? Got to be kept quiet. There's only three of us, not counting you and the missis"—he looked at her—"got to tell her I s'pose—as knows anything about it. It's a secret!"

Somewhat puzzled and nervous, Mr. Simmons regarded his sons at a distance; then he looked up at the clock and noted the hour. "It's time for Willie to go to bed, in any case. Eh, mother! And, 'Arry!—supposing you and Fred play your game in the kitchen for a while. Me and Sergeant-Major Prade's got something to say."

They obeyed without a word. Mrs. Simmons also rose. "Would you like me to go, 'Erbert?"

"No, no, Ethel; you stay in 'ere." It was like an appeal for help. She sat down submissively, and respective doors closed softly on the departing boys.

"Good lads," commented the sergeant-major. He leaned nearer. "Got your old tunic, tin hat, gas-mask, 'Erb?" he asked in a half-whisper.

Mr. Simmons looked at his wife. "It's locked up in that there wooden chest, isn't it?"

"Good. You'll need 'em." Then he said: "The colonel—Sir Frederick, as is—wants to present to the

House of Commons a painting of the Unknown Soldier, done by this here Sir William Horpen. Well, up they trots to the barracks yesterday and examines the photograph of the old battalion that was took on Armistice day over in Ypres. Sir William Horpen gets out a little microscope he has in his pocket and looks at every bloomin' face for—well, over an hour. At last he puts his finger on one face and says, "That's the man I want!" The non-commissioned officer flipped Mr. Simmons on the knee with the back of his hand, then drew himself erect. "You, 'Erb!"

"Eh?"

"The colonel turns to me. 'Sergeant-major,' he says, 'who's that man?' I thinks for a minute.

"'Private 'Erbert Simmons,' I tells him right away.

"'All right,' says the colonel; 'find where he is and report to me; quick march!'"

Sergeant-Major Prade closed his thumb about his glass and drained the contents. "Had no trace of your whereabouts, cocky! It took me a day to find you!"

"Yes, but—but—"

Mrs. Simmons's fingers were restless; she kept picking at a loose thread in her apron. "What do they want 'im for?" she asked faintly.

"What do they want him for?" boomed the sergeant-major. The question seemed stupid, as if she hadn't been listening. "What do you think? to be the prime minister or something? Not this time, missis." He glared at them in a purple-faced condemnation of their ignorance. "They want him to pose for the picture, of course; to pose as the Unknown Soldier."

Husband and wife breathed easier. "Oh, is that all!" they said.

"All?" cannoned the soldier. "All? My Gawd! What more do you want? I wish I'd been picked for the honor, my lad, I can tell you. Think of your picture hanging in the House of Commons for ever and ever—long after all of us is pushing up the daisies. Why, you're a bloomin' hero if ever there was one. Don't that make you proud, missis?"

"It is wonderful," murmured Mrs. Simmons.

"Wonderful isn't the word for it. 'Just the man I want,' said Sir William. Why, it's marvelous; that's what it is." His heavy eyes responded to the feeling he had told his story well. "Now then, my lad, let's see you smile. Give me your hand, and say you're tickled to death."

But for some reason Mr. Simmons appeared reluctant. "You mean they—they want me to pose for 'em in my uniform?"

"That's hitting the nail right on the head, cocky."

"I've my work to look after, major. I've—I've the missis and six children to—depending on me. You see I've been with the River Horne Line Company over four years, and . . . I couldn't let nuffin' interfere with my work. Could I, Ethel?"

Sergeant-Major Prade swallowed whatever drops or half-drops of brandy were left in his glass as though it needed the addition of that stimulant to strengthen him in his criticism. "Look here, 'Erb!" he roared. "I can see you ain't appreciating this honor, or else you're as blind as a bat. Don't you see the glory of it? Don't you see what it means?"

It was a tremulous voice that answered: "I see what it means, all right. It means losing my job."

"Don't you do it, 'Erbert," came a tiny voice from Mrs. Simmons.

"What!" came the artillery. "Refuse an honor like this? An' me tramping all day in the rain like a lame duck to find 'im?" He laughed derisively in their faces. "Listen, my boy! Two of the greatest men in London wants you to represent the Unknown Soldier; they've picked you out from among thousands." He pressed this importance home with a tense pointing finger. "You! 'Erbert Simmons! I'm telling you straight that's an honor that comes only once; an honor that only one in a million can have. One in a million! You ain't doing this for me, cocky. You ain't doing it for the old colonel. You ain't doing it even for the House of Commons." Frightening them, he sprang to his feet and stood rigidly at the attention. "You're doing it for your country—for England! That's what you're doing it for. England!"

Mr. Simmons, strangely agitated and thrilled, slowly got to his feet, and before his late drill-sergeant his arms automatically dropped to his sides.

"Now then, let's hear you say it! Go on. Say you can't do it now!"

Mr. Simmons couldn't say it. "If that's how it is—" he began.

"Can't you see it is? What'll the picture mean but England? What are you supposed to represent but England?"

"I'll do it."

"Of course you'll do it." Sergeant-Major Prade sat down again, resenting the effort his theatricalism

had cost him. "I'll mention about your work to the colonel; you'll be seeing him yourself, anyhow. They want you to start on Monday. It'll only take a month or so; a couple of hours in the mornings and afternoons like; I've the address in my pocket here. But I hope you understand you can't say nothing to 'em where you work—I'll explain that in a moment. Anyway, with the help of the colonel and Sir William, getting a new job for yourself will be as easy as picking gooseberries off a tree."

"'Erbert!" pleaded Mrs. Simmons; "don't—don't—"

"Why not, missis? There'll be a hundred quid in it for 'im, besides the honor and glory."

"A hundred pounds!" repeated Mr. Simmons.

"Fifty, at least."

There was a silence. Mrs. Simmons's mouth worked funnily; then, with a stifled cry, she hid her face in her apron.

"I—I— Fill up your glass, won't you, major?" invited Mr. Simmons.

"Ta." The nickel-plated clock on the mantelpiece ticked away with noisy regularity until the soldier spoke again. "Now, 'Erb, there's just one thing more. It's got to be kept quiet—under your bloomin' 'at. There's only five of us in the know." He enumerated them on his fingers. "The colonel, this 'ere Horpen, myself, you, and the missis. Not another soul, mind! That's why you can't explain matters to your boss, down at your job. Wouldn't do for 'em to know; you can see that, can't you? The whole of England and—well, if it comes to it, the whole world—must never catch on. Savvy?"

Mr. Simmons blinked.

"It's the Unknown Soldier, see? And that means little Mr. Nobody is going to pose for it. In other words, cocky, you'll be representing the greatest hero in a land all right, only no one's got to know it. See?"

"I see."

"You've got to do more than see, my boy. Let's 'ave your word on it."

"I promise."

"And how about you, missis?"

Mrs. Simmons removed the apron from her face and looked up vacantly. Her husband explained, and she nodded.

"That's the promise of the wife of a soldier, missis; and you know what that means, don't you?"

Mrs. Simmons didn't know, but she nodded again. Sergeant-Major Prade reached for his bowler-hat. "'Erb," he said, "you remind me of the kid who cried for a plum, and in the end they had to cram it down his bloomin' throat. Oh! 'ere's the address!" He produced an envelop from his breast-pocket and laid it on the table. "Sir William marked it down hisself, see? That's his own fist. Be there by ten o'clock Monday morning." A glance at the clock brought a sharp whistle from his lips. "Blim'me, is it as late as all that? Midnight afore I gets 'ome. See if it's still raining, 'Erb!" he asked, struggling into his mackintosh coat.

Mr. Simmons opened the front door. "Yes," he said, visualizing his long walk in the morning. "'Ope it clears up by to-morrow."

"So do I. Going to see Chelsea play Liverpool?"

"N-no."

"I'm going if it rains cats and dogs.

Best match of the season. Well, good night, missis. So-long, 'Erb."

"Good night, major."

Returning to the room, Mr. Simmons sank into his rocking-chair and sat very still. Mrs. Simmons put away the brandy, emptied what drops were left from one glass to another, handed it in silence to her husband, and went into the kitchen.

"What did he have to say, mother?" asked Fred, the moment she entered.

"Nuffin' much, dear. Just an old friend of your father's—that's all." She poured hot water into a large pan in which an assortment of cups, dishes, and table utensils were indiscriminately piled, and commenced on her nightly duties. "Don't worry your father to-night, will you?" she told them quietly. "'E's fair tired out."

Bending over her dishes she looked weary and old. "Mother," said Harry, suddenly affected by her sad eyes, "you go and sit down with father. Fred an' me'll do the dishes for you."

She smiled at him. "You don't do 'em clean, darling. No; you an' Freddy just trot off to bed. It's late, see?"

They kissed her good night and went in to their father in the next room. Mr. Simmons perked up a bit when he heard them coming, and he tendered his withered cheek for two good-night kisses.

Fred remained behind a moment. "If you go to the Grafton Galleries, father, could I go with you? I went with the teacher once, and there was a painting by Sir William Orpen—a battle-field—that made me feel aw-

fully proud—of you, father. Teacher said he's one of the greatest painters in the world. He only paints great men, and they have to pay him a lot of money."

"Eh? What? Do they?"

"Oh, yes. He gets as much as a thousand pounds. More, I think."

"Well—we'll see. I've a few things I must do to-morrow. Well—we'll see. Good night, my lad."

"Good night, father dear."

In a little while Mr. Simmons joined his wife in the kitchen. "If I lost my job, Ethel, it would be terrible, wouldn't it?"

She didn't reply.

"But as the major says, Sir Frederick is bound to look after me, seeing as 'ow I'm doing this for 'im. An' a hundred pounds is a hundred pounds. Even fifty'd be a godsend. Wouldn't it? Freddy could 'ave his chance with all that, and—you could get that winter coat you liked in the shop, last month; you know, Ethel, that one with the fur on it. But keeping my job an' all seems too good to be true." Methodically he took off his coat and began to roll up his sleeves. "You know, Ethel, when 'e first started to speak—I thought I'd come into a bit of luck or something. Didn't you?"

"Now, 'Erbert, get to bed, there's a dear. I'll come an' rub your chest with the ointment in a minute. Then I got a bit of sewing to do on 'Arry's football trousers."

"What! an' let you do all them dishes alone! Not me!"

He seized a dish-cloth and took up his stand before a pile of unwashed plates. As he wiped them he drifted

into a reverie. He saw a huge painting of himself hanging in a heavy gilt frame in the House of Commons and thousands of people in a long line coming to look at it. A policeman in front of the picture kept moving them on. It was all very quiet, dignified, and awe-inspiring. He, Herbert Simmons, was also in the line. Yes, there he was, slowly looking about him and hoping that some one would recognize him, associate him with the famous painting, spread the news in excited whispers, and that the people would carry him on their shoulders as they would a national hero. But he remained totally unnoticed. Inch by inch he crept nearer the square of light illuminating the portrait, and at last he stood in front of it. The Unknown! Himself, to the life! "Move on, please," said the policeman. Just fancy! he wasn't allowed to stand an extra moment before his own painting. . . .

"What was it 'e called you?" asked Mrs. Simmons.

"Who?"

"That what's-'is-name. You know."

"Oh, the sergeant-major!" Mr. Simmons tried to smile, but his heart failed him. He moistened his dry lips. "Mr. Nobody," he said heavily.

She put her wet chapped arms about his neck and looked lovingly at him though red-rimmed tearful eyes. "Don't you believe 'im," she sobbed brokenly; "don't you believe 'im. Why, there ain't—there ain't a man in the whole of London . . ."

And Mr. Simmons thought she was very beautiful.



The CENTURION

JOHN ERSKINE



NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS:—Every resolve for the future is a criticism of the past. It is an effort to free ourselves from those dead hands, habits, and memories which would keep us as we were. Tell me what vows you are making this January, and I shall know the history of your departing year. Or at least that portion of your history which will not depart with the year as it should.

Of all the fears which beset civilized man, the fear of the past is the strongest. Because science has disposed of most other terrors we now begin to look to the psychologist for some relief from this accumulating shadow, yet perhaps the good and the bad of what we have done and seen and suffered are too closely intertwined ever to separate—and we wouldn't give up memory altogether. Perhaps there is nothing to do with the bad parts of the past but to live them down. This calls for will-power. For centuries the church has used at the end of the year the prayer that the wills of the faithful may be stirred up. Secular man, by a deep instinct, makes in effect the same prayer when he frames his New Year resolutions. They are an exercise of his will, a defiance of his old self, a declaration of independence.

New Year's day has this special meaning for Americans, when it has any meaning at all. For us it is a moral occasion, a fast-day in spite of the meat and drink. We are never deceived into feeling that the year really begins in midwinter, while the days are still short and the sun far away. Under the old calendar men dated the year from the first break-up of winter and the earliest promise of spring, but with us January begins the unpleasant season, cold, rainy, windy, and slippery. We naturally think of our shortcomings in January. But Americans at all seasons have a tendency more than most people to renounce the past, even the good part of it. In our manners, our art, our politics, and our religion we are urged constantly to trust the future, to be ourselves, or, as Emerson told us, to stop building the sepulchers of the fathers, and build our own house instead. Every critic who urges us to write our books strictly in the present, without any indebtedness to the old culture of Europe, is urging on us a New Year resolution. Of course he may not himself follow this advice, but the importance of New Year resolutions never was that they should be kept; the main thing is to make them. There is a psychic advantage just in

stating the resolve; the will is stronger for having exercised itself in articulate prayer.

We fear the past because we know how much we owe it, and we have reason to believe the debt may be collected. It is a little unfair. If we were born in a wilderness with nothing but nature and ourselves to master, we might approach the problem of life with some hope of attaining liberty. That is, we might become free in so far as we mastered the laws of the world immediately before us. Large as that task may be, it would be simpler than man finds before him when he is born into a historic society. There his freedom comes into conflict with his piety. His emotions are tied up with what men have done before him; he feels himself a villain if he breaks the habits consecrated by dead men and women whom he revered. He knows instinctively that if he devotes all his time to preserving those traditions, he may have no leisure to study his own world, nor really to live in it. For the most part, men and women in historic countries take the course dictated, at the best, by unselfish motives, and at the worst, by the indolence natural to all of us; they repeat the patterns of the dead past, and live in the world of sentiment rather than of reality. That is, for a while. Then the integrity of the individual asserts itself, and we have protest or revolution. Revolution in Russia, let us say—one terrific detonation of New Year resolutions. Protest in Italy, let us say—where the modern mind resents the presence of so many priceless monuments, and the country is always resolving to be futuristic for fear of becoming a museum.

What worried Emerson, and the others who have told us to let the past go, is that in America, where we have comparatively little past, we show an inexcusable tendency to neglect our future. Nobody credits us with preserving the best of European culture, yet we may possibly be fettered still to old habits of thought and feeling; we do not approach our world with the dash and vigor one expects of a free mind. I think Emerson was a bit hard on the past, considering how much of it went into his own strength and got him his fame, but his idea of the matter seems characteristic of America, and if I protest a little, perhaps it is because I am in that sense imperfectly American. We do lack courage, as he said, to face completely the world we live in. We are afraid to use the materials we alone have, because men long ago who did not have them never used them. We do many things we really don't enjoy, just because men long in their graves once liked to do them. Our architecture is bold and native, but we haven't learned, for example, how to build an American church. We can copy the colonial style; how courageous they were to build in a contemporary manner! Or the Gothic of the thirteenth century; how reckless the Middle Ages were to develop a style of their own! We have heard a famous authority on such matters warn us that if we ever hope to achieve true Gothic in this country, we must recover in ourselves the total life of the Middle Ages—must be truly antique, that is, in order to be correctly antiquarian. This is what Emerson was afraid of. The founders of these colonies, the

fathers of this republic, did not go to all that trouble for the disproportionate privilege of achieving a pure style in Gothic.

For myself, I hold with Whitman rather than with Emerson. Whitman was always more conservative, though his manner was less polite. Or perhaps conservative isn't the word; he was more discriminating. He was the one American writer neither dominated by the past nor on his guard against it. He took it as he took the present, prizing what seemed good and rejecting the rest. If he did his rejecting so easily, it must have been because he was fearless, a free man without an inferiority complex. Toward the end of his life he wrote the characteristic words which Emory Holloway has put at the beginning of his fine interpretation of the poet: "The sum total of my view of life has always been to humbly accept and thank God for whatever inspiration toward good may come in this rough world of ours, and, as far as may be, to cut loose from and put the bad behind, always and always." Not all the past was to be rejected; it was not all sepulchers of the fathers. When we realize the tendency in so many of us to reject the past wholesale, we make our own personal resolution in Whitman's formula, to accept and be thankful for the good, and to cut loose from and put behind the bad, always and always.



TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF:—Writing these words, I was moved to set down a list of my own New Year resolutions, and I am startled to see how emotional they are, and,

on the whole, how personal. Is it so with us all? Of course, there would be in any such table of vows the will to be more agreeable to one's friends, for example, less irritable with the family at breakfast, and so on. But my resolutions in the field of public citizenship ought perhaps to be more rational and more grandiose. I find, however, that the recent election has left some wrath still working in me; I resolve to give my vote in future, as I did this time, to whichever candidate insults the other fellow least. Of course a man might be well fitted for office in spite of bad manners in the campaign. Perhaps he was only ill advised, as we say. But my resolve is to be true, if I can, and if other things permit (I leave myself this loophole), to my present feeling, that we ought to be done with the vile tradition in politics which tries to prove your opponent is unfit for any office, even unfit for society. Of course the campaign is more exciting when the issue seems to be, shall we elect the rascal or put him in jail, but justice rarely lies in such extreme alternatives. My resolve is to do my little bit toward urging in upon us that millennium in which the opponents will represent genuine differences of opinion as to theories of government, or as to important questions of the moment; so that when I cast a vote I shall be supporting a policy, not vindicating the personal reputation of a candidate. Our way of conducting a political campaign is altogether out of keeping with anything we should like to call American; it derives from the worst of the Old World, from customs which the Old World has largely outgrown; it is not intelli-

gent, nor economical, nor sportsman-like. It makes no proper use of modern facilities for communicating with the vast public. The candidates tour the country as they did before newspapers, illustrated supplements, and radio were common; and in most cases they talk so much and get so tired that they fail to do themselves justice. In all this I don't know what to accept and be thankful for; my resolve is rather to cut loose from and put it behind, always and always.

I resolve also to give my patronage to no newspaper during the political campaign which similarly represents the rival candidate as altogether bad. This resolution, faithfully adhered to, would almost cut me off from the ministrations of the press. This year, in particular, we had a bad reversion to the old mood of American politics; many an otherwise honest paper fed its readers with sappy praise for the man it supported, and withheld the important good which could have been said of his rival. When I was a boy I sat one summer evening on the veranda of a house which was a citadel of Republicanism. The local minister was making a pastoral call, and I heard him say that in his judgment the chief instrument the devil was now employing in the world was the Democratic party. At the time I was astonished to notice that his hearers seemed to agree with him, not because he was the minister, but because the truth was axiomatic. For many years I have thought the episode belonged to the fossil age, but apparently the old minister was with us in the last campaign, editing several metropolitan dailies in each camp.

I might mention in passing that I resolve not to be irritated when the telephone rings. Also I resolve to find out some principle of art in the movies. These resolutions do not illustrate my main point, since they refer to modern inventions, hardly involving the long dead past. So I merely mention them. I am not brave enough to cut loose from the telephone altogether, but I do wish it wouldn't ring so much, and particularly I resolve to be very firm, even austere, with those who ring me up without any previous claim on my attention. "You don't know who I am," says the voice, "but I am making bold to ask—" Is it true that the feeling of social delicacy dies in us when we pick up the telephone? I reserve my curses for the friend who tells his secretary to get me on the wire, and then keeps me waiting till he has a mind to converse. As to the movies, I don't doubt there is a great deal of art in them; but having had it explained to me by movie producers, I think it must be there by accident. If there is a principle in it, I ought to learn it during 1927, while my aging mind is still pliable enough to adjust itself to a strange idea.

My next resolution is of larger scope. I resolve to work for the peace of the world by understanding my fellows. Not all of my fellows exactly; I shan't try to understand visiting British authors or European journalists when they point out the faults of these United States. I shall simply remember how often we have said similar asinine things about Europe. But I'll try to understand the view of other nations and peoples, and for once I'll begin at home.

We ought not to have much patience with the sort of pacifist who wants to cut down armies and navies, who distrusts international bankers, who gets worried on the Fourth of July when some love of country does leak through opaque oratory, but who fails to understand the neighbor at his very door. I'd like to cut loose from him forever. If my neighbors and I differ in race, in religion, or in the amount of our wealth, and if the difference is a barrier between free and complete sympathy, then there is war in the world even though no armies are mobilized. The pacifist who still feels a color prejudice, or a race prejudice, or a religious prejudice, is a contradiction in terms. The one-hundred-per-cent American who advises Europe to give up its armaments, but who is on his guard against the Jew in New York, against the Japanese in California, or against the negro everywhere, is a travesty of intelligence and morals—hatred preaching brotherly love. If I still have a lingering and unnoticed prejudice of this sort, I resolve to hunt for it and root it out.



FURTHER DOWN THE PAGE:—I should like also to make some personal resolutions as a teacher. I resolve, for example, to teach nothing that I do not believe—a fairly easy ideal to reach; and also to teach only what I love—a much more difficult goal. In scholarship so much emphasis is usually placed on those aspects of truth which have reference to reason that we are liable to forget the other aspects which are bound up with the heart. To teach the truth is not enough. Many a

young soul finds itself strangely deadened in the presence of undeniable truth, when the teacher has no enthusiasm to share, no way of suggesting that this undeniable truth is in itself a kindling flame. Plato said that truth for any of us is something remembered from a previous and more luminous existence, that even a proposition in mathematics could be recalled to us by adroit questions. If he is right, then teaching ought to be such a cry of gratitude as the woman gave who after long search recovered the lost piece of silver, and called in the neighbors to rejoice with her. Teaching ought to be that enthusiastic calling in of the neighbors. If we stand at a little distance from the educational system, and think of this human life of ours in the large, doesn't it seem inevitable that any one who knows anything in particular should want to tell others about it? Provided, that is, he is in love with what he knows. It is more important that teachers should be lovers of the truth than that they should know it. Of course, they must know it; but to be teachers at all, the essential thing is to love it. I'll admit, for my own part, that the teacher is sometimes tempted by the routine of his work to approach the class as listlessly as the students themselves. A good New Year resolution would be to stay away from any young minds unless one has something kindling to impart. If we carried out this resolution we should, of course, soon lose our jobs; but on the other hand the students would not lose their ideal of the scholarly life.

I resolve also to assume always, even when it isn't so, that the student

is as great a lover and a seeker of truth as I am. Teaching is a very subtle business. I am not at all sure that when it is successful it consists of imparting any information. I am not at all sure that it consists in bringing out of the students, as we are often told the word implies, something deep-planted which can be lifted like water from a well. More often it seems to me a process of companionship and of silent encouragement. The value of words in a lecture seems often to consist in the attitude of confidence they may imply in the hearers. What waits to come out of youth is somewhat like the seeds which respond only to a kindly light and warmth. Many a boy, I suspect, never intended to use his mind, nor realized he had one, until some wise teacher assumed that he was thinking hard. It was so much easier to try to think than to disappoint the courteous teacher!

In other words, I resolve not to try to save the student's soul, but to assume it is already safe. Many years of teaching and of association with teachers have left me a little impatient with that moral attitude toward education which supposes that the world is in need of rescue. Youth is singularly safe, in spite of its many accidents and mistakes. The only great danger which we can be sure the young people run is the

danger of meeting a teacher. Think how awful the contact may be, if the student, knowing himself to be no scholar, assumes that the teacher is an ardent seeker after truth, and finds after all that the teacher is interested in truth only as a means to improve him! When I was a school-boy myself I got the impression that my teachers were not necessarily great scholars; I thought the scholars must be the men who wrote the textbooks out of which we studied. When I moved up to college I assumed that the teachers there were not necessarily great scholars; the great scholars must be the professors engaged in research in the graduate school. By the time I had made my way through the graduate school I came to the conclusion that the really great teachers and scholars were scattered all along the line, here and there, at too rare intervals, from the elementary school up to the frontiers of the mind. But wherever they were, they all had one characteristic which I should like to imitate: they seemed to be functioning quite naturally in their pursuit of truth, and they assumed, when I came near them, that there was nothing the matter with me, nothing needing spiritual cure. To such an attitude a boy's instinctive response is admiration for them, and for the high things they love.



The ROVING CRITIC



CARL VAN DOREN

BACK TO NATURE:—Let no son of Jefferson fool himself. The sons of Hamilton have always dominated and governed this country, and they continue to do so. Jefferson and his circle were in power only a few years, after all, and there has never since been another thoroughgoing Jeffersonian in the White House. The interests of stability and of property have prevailed over the interests of flexibility and of labor. Even in the midst of the present restlessness those dominant interests are so strong that the Democrats who boast that they are the sons of Jefferson can hardly be distinguished, as to their political principles, from the Republicans who boast that they are the sons of Hamilton. It is left for the scrupulous, insistent, legitimate Jeffersonians to play the part of critics to administration after administration, with no more actual power than critics ordinarily have.

But the Jeffersonians do have their revenge and triumph. They write much better than the Hamiltonians. The two best books on Jefferson which have been brought out by the sesquicentennial year side emphatically with him against Hamilton. This might have been expected. But likewise the best book of the year on Washington inclines to

the side of Jefferson, when it has occasion to do anything of the sort at all.

It is of course not quite just to class W. E. Woodward's "George Washington: The Image and the Man" (Boni & Liveright) with the documents in this old American political duel, for the reason that it goes at so many points beyond the controversy and that it stands squarely on very modern feet. Still, the Jeffersonians will take comfort from its analysis of Washington's character and of the circumstances through which he moved. They will do this in spite of the fact that Washington is shown, more clearly than ever before, to belong to the opposite party. Strangely enough, the Hamiltonians, to whose party Washington is freshly assigned, will many of them be vexed, not because of the assignment itself, but because of the terms which are used.

Mr. Woodward, far from regarding Washington as an elusive or mysterious person, finds in him something reasonably familiar.

"Washington's mind was the *business mind*. He was not a business man, in the modern sense; he did not live in a business age. But the problems which he understood, and knew how to solve, were executive

problems; and he approached them in the great executive manner.

"His type of personality is not uncommon in America. There are many Washingtons among us today. . . . Such men are usually found in executive positions in large-scale industrial or financial enterprises.

"It is not the highest type of mind. Far from it. But it has a certain hard greatness of its own.

"Washington was an intense realist. . . .

"The mind of the realist revolves around men and things. He likes to bend men to his will, and he likes to possess things, but he has more pleasure in getting things than he does in owning them. He likes to play with things as the dreamer plays with ideas. In war he is on his highest plane of being, for there he is able to use men in packs and hunt with them as one hunts with dogs.

"When there is no war the realist tries to create the similitude of one. He contrives to have business wars: campaigns in which salesmen are the soldiers, and in which the objective is the defeat of business rivals. And in the intervals he engages in war on animals, or on something else—on works of the imagination which he happens to dislike—on people who hold opinions differing from his own. Sometimes he organizes laudable wars against disease, or poverty, and then the realist is at his best. He has a constructive as well as a destructive side, and his two opposing impulses are intermingled and confused. But his wars are always physical wars. He does not fight with ideas, but with material forces of one kind or another.

"Washington possessed the superb self-confidence that comes only to men whose inner life is faint, for the inner life is full of nameless doubts. . . . He had the great qualities of confidence, courage, perseverance, fortitude—and, even more, he had good luck, without which these qualities would have been unavailing."

At first glance it appears that such an analysis of Washington's character ought to be highly satisfying to contemporary Hamiltonians, who as business men might well be pleased at being told that the first president of the United States was also the first American captain of finance. That they are told this by a biographer from the other camp ought not to make any difference.

It will make a difference, and the explanation is simple. The political descendants of Hamilton, for all their intense realism in respect to present affairs, have regularly dressed up the past in the oddest stiffest costumes. They have admired and followed Washington and Hamilton because they have recognized in them a congenial spirit. But the man of affairs, at least the mere man of affairs, is extraordinarily naïve when history comes into the picture, bringing elements and colors which confuse him because he has had little to do with them. He has been used to looking at everything face to face. With a century or so between him and any object, he is lost. The distance breeds a fog. Moreover the mere man of affairs, having repressed whatever poetic impulses there may be in him, is at their mercy when they do assert themselves. This they do in the matter of history. He therefore credulously accepts the

legends concerning dead heroes. Only, he does not realize that these are legends. He takes them for things as positive as his impressions of objects near at hand. In the end he becomes the stanchest upholder of the legendary, and is likely enough to attack any more critical person who questions it.

The result, in the case of Washington and Mr. Woodward, is a singular tangle of paradoxes. Washington has here had to be interpreted, and more convincingly than ever before, not by a mind of his own stamp, but by a mind as supple and eager as Jefferson's. That interpreter has put Washington at the head of the line which virtually begins with him, in the United States, and comes down to the actual rulers of the United States in the twentieth century. These rulers have recently been making enormous efforts to lend to business the weight and dignity of a profession, to gild, as far as possible, the commercial hierarchy. If they were consistent they would snatch at the chance to have Washington ranked among them. That they will not, and that many of them will be offended, is further evidence that the practical mind has its mysteries of behavior.

Perhaps the principal solution of the mystery is that Mr. Woodward has no reverence for the executive mind as such. "It is not the highest type of mind. Far from it." He genuinely admires the character of Washington, but he makes clear that he misses in his subject any signs of a conspicuous intelligence. Furthermore he refuses to approach his theme with trepidation. He puts the legend aside and looks at the man,

whom he finds a badly educated youth, an unsuccessful lover, an aggressive land-hunter, a good but not an astounding soldier, a sometimes bewildered president, and, in general, a man who owed a good deal to luck. The total result is to get Washington out of the region of statuary and back to nature. There is still plenty of greatness left, and it is heartily ascribed to him. But there is no resounding talk about ideals, and here the trouble lies. Why must practical men be so hungry for the language of idealism? Is there not enough food for them in their own world? Probably not. At any rate, they can be expected to complain because Washington, so long a marble hero, is now set down among them in flesh, blood, and expensive clothing.



WHAT MAKES THE MARRIAGE Go:—Persons who venture into "The Book of Marriage" (Harcourt Brace), edited by Count Hermann Keyserling, in order to learn something about the general problem of marriage, will learn almost everything. Persons who go there to find out about any specific task of marriage will take almost nothing away. In the first place, the book is written, except for the chapters by Havelock Ellis and Beatrice M. Hinkle, in the solemn German manner which, however impressive when met in its native tongue, looks top-heavy in translation. In the second place, the twenty-four contributors, including Count Keyserling himself, are confined by the scheme of the compilation to statements so broad that each of them makes but a bare

beginning to his argument. In a sense, the book reads like a collection of two dozen prefaces to as many treatises on a single theme. Something of the sort is what the editor has aimed at. "The most personal of problems dealing with life," he says, "can only be solved by acquiring an insight into its universal nature. On the other hand, if this insight is acquired, it suffices to show the only right method of solution in each individual case." Perhaps it is true that a human being who understands the universal nature of a problem is on the right way to an individual solution. But is it true that a universal problem is best stated in general terms? Are there general terms which apply to cases so special and intimate as particular marriages? Is it not the trouble with marriage that most men and women enter the state with nothing but general terms to go by?

What every young or inexperienced or troubled married couple most wants to know is not what the universal problem of marriage is, but precisely how other married couples, or even a single married couple, have solved their difficulties. As it is, they are ordinarily put off with general observations which are of the slightest value to them. But if they could have a few case histories to study, detailed, candid, and reasonably impartial chapters of autobiography, they would have something to work with, and might, if they had the disposition, go on to their own understanding and statement of the universal problem. But without those case histories they are really helpless, no matter how much they have philosophized. At this

point appears the weakness of "The Book of Marriage." The contributors to it must be acquainted with countless matrimonial examples. They have, however, in boiling their knowledge down to simple general terms been obliged to discard just what was needed to make their counsel really pertinent. There is no such thing as marriage by itself; there are only married people.



UNSUBMERGED:—Though the late Frank Moore Colby had been a professor of economics and was long the editor of an encyclopedia, neither of his dire trades was ever able to bury him. He had the peculiar advantage that he could not be taken in by what are called facts; he had met too many of them. "There is nothing stubborn," he once wrote, "about a fact. It is a time-server and a lickspittle and whenever it meets a fool it is ready to lay down its life for him." Mr. Colby declared that he himself, after each new edition of his encyclopedia, found his mind so stuffed with facts that he "had to pluck them out of his memory one by one, like slivers." But he did pluck them out. All that remained was the habit of knowing, or of trying to know, what he was talking about. This habit, fortunately, he carried over, as specialists rarely do, into the world of general opinions. The consequence was that among men of the world he had the authority of the specialist, and among specialists he had the charm of the man of the world. The two qualities, agreeably joined, appear in "The Colby Essays" (Harper), edited from his published writings.

It is possible to read these two attractive volumes without once coming upon a passage in which the writer seems to be talking merely out of a love of his own voice. It is impossible to read them without being struck now and then, and perhaps frequently, with the discovery that on this or that point Mr. Colby is one step beyond his reader. Where the reader has let his mind slump into some first thought, Mr. Colby has gone on to a second; where the reader has reached a second by himself, Mr. Colby is likely to have moved on to a third. Yet nowhere in the collection is there any sign of the restlessness or noisiness which ordinarily goes with an "active mind." The hard work seems to have been done before the writer began to write. If the atmosphere of the essays is dry, it is dry, not as dust is, but as air is. It satisfies while it stings. All that Mr. Colby lacked was a certain greatness which comes from an audacity in making passionate guesses at truth and beauty. He did not make passionate guesses, but within the range of his reflections he hardly ever missed his mark.



THE SEQUEL OF A GESTURE:—With each new book by Willa Cather it needs to be pointed out that her quiet lucidity reveals as many implications as the most tortured intricacy of manner could conceal. "My Mortal Enemy" (Knopf) is a very simple story, of a woman who gave up the expectation of a fortune to marry the man she loved, came gradually, despite her love, to regret

her heroic gesture, and dragged out her days through a limping sequel as unhappy as anybody ever prophesied for her. The story is too brief, as written, to do more than hint at its main bearings; and the material, as handled, is too slight to give the book the impact of certain of Miss Cather's fuller novels. And yet to demand something else of the narrative is perhaps to demand mere reiteration, mere piling up of proof. What else is there to tell of Myra except that a single romantic gesture, however magnificent, was not enough to build a life upon? What else, for that matter, is there to be told of any human being, in a book or out of it? The theme of "My Mortal Enemy" is central and crucial. In it poetry and prudence are shown at war, youth and age, ecstasy and disillusion. Another writer, dealing with the theme, might have insisted, in the face of all experience, that Myra's gesture never gave way to weariness or eventual regret; another might, with a cynical satisfaction, have argued that the gesture should never have been made. Miss Cather is above either partial view. She knows that if human beings are to be better than calculating-machines they must make these very gestures, but also that no one of them is sufficiently better to live forever by one gesture alone. Men live both to-day and to-morrow, and between the two days there is no possible absolute accord. Myra's fate is everybody's fate. Miss Cather, however, manages to tell so general a story without making it in any sense a treatise. Myra is everybody, but Myra is still Myra.

SHORT CUTS

Americana, 1926. Edited by H. L. Mencken.
Alfred A. Knopf.

The second year of this anthology shows no decline in the collector's ardor and, of course, no failure in the annual crop of imbecilities. An Appendix from Foreign Parts brings the whole world into the silly circle.

Before the Bombardment. By Osbert Sitwell. George H. Doran Co.

An insolent, witty, but somewhat uneven comedy of a tempest going on in a British tea-pot on the east coast just before the Germans blew the tea-pot up.

The Sun Also Rises. By Ernest Hemingway.
Charles Scribner's Sons.

The most alcoholic novel on record, dealing curtly with a group of Americans lost in Europe. The story has more edge than meaning.

That Last Infirmary. By Charles Brackett.
John Day Co.

The fictive history of a social climber who climbed with kindness as one of her main assets. Satirical but humane.

Amorous Flametta. By Giovanni Boccaccio.
Navarre Society (A. & C. Boni).

A handsome edition of a remarkable psychological romance.

Translations and Tomfooleries. By Bernard Shaw. Brentano's.

The horse-play with which Bernard Shaw lets off steam is occasionally very funny, but here he is funny only very occasionally.

You Can't Win. By Jack Black. Macmillan Co.

The candid decent autobiography of a thief who after thirty years in the underworld, half of them in prison, decided that dishonesty is the worst

policy. In his book he neither boasts nor snuffles.

Victor Hugo. By William F. Giese. Lincoln MacVeagh.

An anti-romantic falls thunderously upon an arch-romantic and tears a reputation into tiny bloody pieces.

The Heart of Emerson's Journals.
Edited by Bliss Perry. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Ten volumes of sap boiled down to one of syrup lose nothing but water. No other book explains so well as this just what it was that Emerson tried to do. Moreover he remains his own best critic.

Up from Methodism. By Herbert Asbury.
Alfred A. Knopf.

Another sign that the Protestant churches in America are under fire. Mr. Asbury, bored and nagged by Methodists in his youth, now evens the old score. His weapon is a club.

The Pulse of Progress. By Ellsworth Huntington. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A solid contribution toward a new philosophy of history, in which special stress is laid upon the geographical and biological elements.

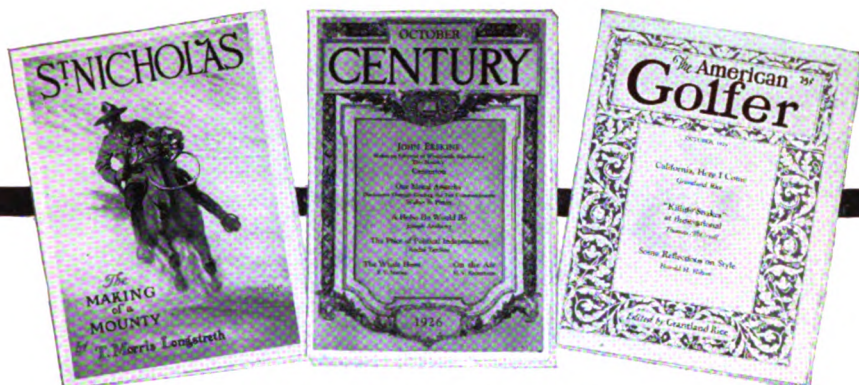
How We Become Personalities. By Edward Huntington Williams. Bobbs-Merrill Co.

It seems the ductless glands are to blame. The author, a medical man, writes intelligibly.

Valentine's Manual of Old New York, 1927. Edited by Henry Collins Brown.
Valentine's Manual.

The charming pictures of "New York in the Elegant Eighties," which is the subtitle of "Valentine's Manual No. 11," do more than the crotchety text to prove that, as the compiler insists, the city was far more beguiling in that decade than in the present.

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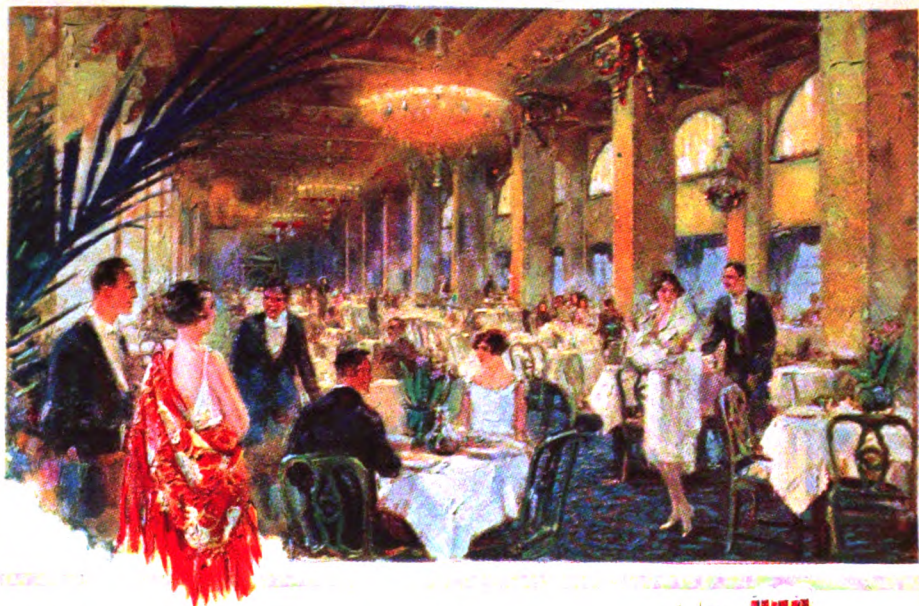
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THE purpose of this department is to help CENTURY readers to avoid investments in which they are likely to lose money, or in which the risks involved are greater than the circumstances surrounding the investment would justify the individual in taking; and to assist them in the choice of sound investments that meet their requirements. It is hoped that inquiry will be made regarding securities and dealers before funds are invested rather than afterwards. Questions will not be answered in regard to purely speculative operations. Return postage should accompany each inquiry.

In addition to this Readers' Service, THE CENTURY will publish in this part of the magazine each month the announcements of reliable banking and brokerage houses that it can recommend. No house will be permitted to use these pages until it has been carefully investigated, and every effort will be made to accept only the offerings of safe securities and the announcements of responsible and reliable houses.

Address all communications to READERS' FINANCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT, THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Investment Questions and Answers

Investing in Preferred Stocks

NEW JERSEY.—Q. I want to ask you if you would recommend the following list of stocks as a sound financial investment and one on which I could bank for the future:

20 Shares Standard Gas and Electric 8 per cent. preferred

10 Shares U. S. Rubber 8 per cent. preferred

10 Shares Bethlehem Steel 7 per cent. preferred

10 Southern Pacific 6 per cent. common

I am hoping that you will favor me with reply by return mail.

A. Of the stocks about which you inquired in your letter Southern Pacific seems to us to possess the best possibilities and we are inclined to believe that you would not make a mistake to invest a portion of your money in it. The dividend at present is 6 per cent. and there have been rumors to the effect that this rate might possibly be increased in the near future to 7 per cent.

We are inclined to believe it would be a mistake to buy the stock of any steel company at the present time. When earnings of companies, which are subject to such wide fluctuation as those in the steel industry, are at high levels and when the stock market averages are high, as they are at present, it is not the right time to undertake commitments in the stocks of such companies.

And we doubt that U. S. Rubber 8 per cent. preferred, which does not occupy a strong investment position, or Standard Gas and Electric Company 8 per cent. preferred, which does not rank among the highest grade issues of its kind and class, would suit your specific purpose. Furthermore, both the stock and bond markets are at high levels and it is the opinion of some authorities that many of the best issues may be bought at lower levels within the next year or two. Because of this possibility, many investors are temporarily employing funds in short term securities until there has been a break in the market when more advantageous buying of good stocks may again be possible.

Bonds for Reinvestment of Funds

WISCONSIN.—Q. My Superior Foundry Company bond \$500 which I wrote you about some time ago has been called for retirement at \$105. I would like to

reinvest this money in some good bond paying about 6 per cent. if I could get one that would be safe. I would like a high grade public utility bond. I know that I will have to pay a premium for such a bond but would be willing to do so provided it could not be called for some time. Will you please suggest two or three bonds that would be suitable for me and also what they are selling at? Your Financial Department is a great help to me and I want to thank you for the assistance you have given me in the past.

A. For the investment of the money that you will get when your Superior Foundry bond is paid off, we suggest a sound public utility bond such as American Power & Light 6s, due 2016. These bonds are selling around par, or 100, giving a yield of 6 per cent. to maturity. They are not secured by mortgage, but are debentures or a promise to pay on the part of the company. Net tangible assets, however, on December 31st last were more than twice the amount of these bonds then outstanding. In the seven years ended 1925 earnings averaged three times fixed charges and were three and one-half times fixed charges in 1925. Other bonds for your consideration are:

St. Louis-San Francisco adjustment 6s, due 1955, selling around 99½.

Argentine 6s due 1958 or 1959 selling around 98 to yield approximately 6 per cent. to maturity.

Joint Stock Land Bank Bonds

OHIO.—Q. Will you kindly give me your opinion of a Joint Stock Farm Loan Bond from the standpoint of security as an investment? I have been told that they are in a class with the Liberties. I am contemplating the purchase of a bond from the Bankers Joint Stock Land Bank of Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

A. Joint Stock Land Bank Bonds issued by banks in prosperous agricultural communities, which have strong financial backing and able business management, can be considered among the best investments in the country although not in the class with Liberty Bonds. The Bankers Joint Stock Land Bank of Milwaukee is not one of the largest of the Joint Stock Land Banks, but it is larger than many of the others, has a good capital and surplus over and above its bonds outstanding and we believe you would not be making a mistake to buy its bonds.

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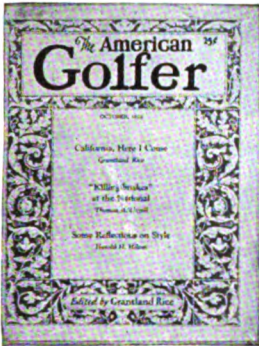
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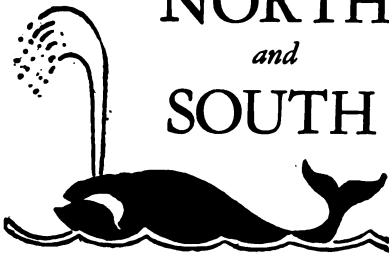
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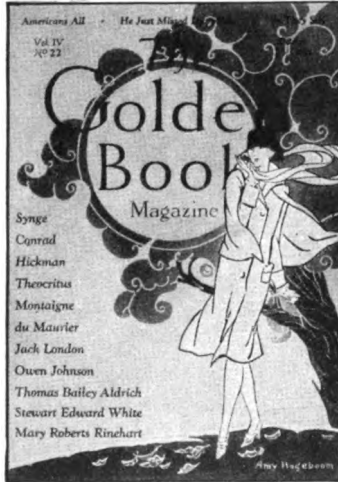
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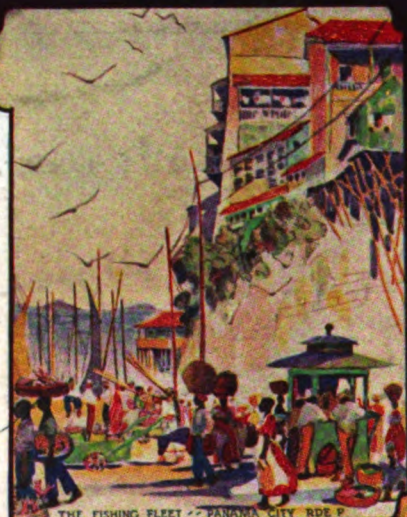
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Maurice Hely Hutchinson

The Modern Woman
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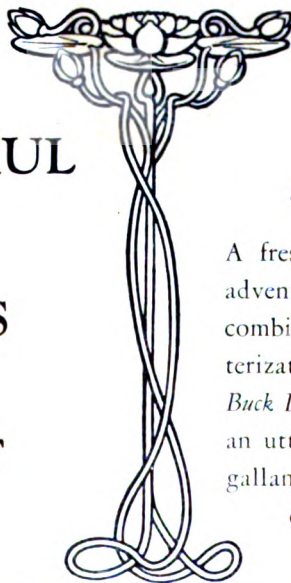
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CASUAL COMMENT

REFERRING to "Our Crumbling National Defense" in the January number, Will Rogers, as Mayor of Beverly Hills, California, syndicated the following comment: "I see where Brigadier-General Reilly says that American soldiers are deserting at the rate of a thousand a month. Well, we have one consolation. A thing like that can't last for over a couple of months. We are refunding to the taxpayers more soldiers than we are taxes. It's a good thing for us that the last war was the last."

General Reilly's article in January was quoted from coast to coast and has brought us many letters of approval. "Our Isolation Ended" is the title of the March article and of course has to do with the needs of the Navy and the Air.

THE past year has been a happy one for CENTURY, and we want to thank our friends, both contributing and subscribing, for the delectable state of mind we find ourselves in, now that the record has been made up. We have offered neither prize packages nor cut rates; the inducement to subscribe has been found between the covers of the magazine. And yet, or possibly because of this, our growth has been satisfactory, and what is even more important, substantial. The dean of American women novelists writes us: "May I tell you that I read THE CENTURY with increasing interest and pleasure, and take this opportunity to congratulate you in what you have accomplished." This was a Christmas present worthy of the name, for "ever increasing interest and pleasure" has been our great desire.

IN eleven of the past twelve months CENTURY has had at least one

of the "ten outstanding magazine articles of the month," as chosen by a council of librarians. The article in the January number was Mr. Haldane's impressive contribution, "The Duty of Doubt."

H. V. KALTENBORN in a recent article entitled "On the Air" inadvertently and unfortunately classed the "Chicago Tribune's" broadcasting station as among those that had given up the ghost. The "Tribune" began broadcasting from Station WGN in June 1924 and has continued, with only static interruptions, to this date. Its programs and its station's maintenance cost the "Tribune" yearly what, in a more oratorical but less opulent decade, would have been called a king's ransom. We regret Mr. Kaltenborn's slip and apologize to the "Tribune" for any damage it may have suffered in consequence.

MR. ERNEST WALTER LYMAN, of Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, writes us a delightful protest against what he calls our conspiracy to hide in "an out of the way hole" the biographical material under the head "Among Our Contributors." This column always appears on the masthead page, but the page shifts its position slightly in accordance with the respected advertisers' appreciated demands. We shall try to solve this problem to Mr. Lyman's satisfaction, so that we may "save him a lot of cussing and evil thoughts." Our friend from Wauwatosa interests us even more when he says: "In order to relish an article or story I crave some knowledge of the author. . . . Why are you so stingy with the news about your family?" We wonder if other readers suffer the same cravings.

The CENTURY MAGAZINE

Vol 113

February 1927

No 4

AN INDUSTRIAL DIVORCE

The Separation of Corporate Management from Ownership

A Reply to Professor Ripley

MAURICE HELY HUTCHINSON

IN three vigorous articles contributed recently to the "Atlantic Monthly," followed by a concluding article in the "World's Work," Professor William Z. Ripley of the Harvard chair of economics has focused public attention on certain dangerous tendencies in the field of corporate finance. It is the purpose of this reply to show that in shooting at his mark Professor Ripley has injured a number of responsible people who are sincerely doing their best. He has aimed at a crow; he has probably winged it; there can be no doubt that he has made a valuable contribution toward scaring it; but, in the process, he has brought down a flock of American eagles. Professor Ripley's articles were intended to arouse the public to a realization of the dangers of industrial despotism and especially to stir investors to a sense of the responsibilities involved in the ownership of property. They have, in fact, done an injury to the profession of invest-

ment banking. Incidentally, they have tended to fan the flame of prejudice against big business; a flame which is ever ready to become a conflagration, which if it did would consume both good and bad together.

This is all the more momentous by reason of the large public that Professor Ripley reaches and of his wide influence. When Professor Ripley says something, or writes something, it makes a far-reaching impression. This impression reaches far beyond those who have read what he has written and analyzed it in their minds. There are scores of intelligent people who have never even read the articles, much less thought deeply about them, and yet are content to carry in the back of their minds a vague impression that they are "wonderful." Such people will even put their commendation into words; and vociferously support it with more words. Among all the phenomena of our acquisitive society, of our energetic pursuit of

labor-saving devices, none is more amazing than the lengths to which men will go in avoiding the trouble of independent thinking. If, therefore, the impression which Professor Ripley creates should happen to be incorrect, the disaster is great. He is enabled too, by virtue of his position, to sacrifice perfect propriety, on occasion, to an epigram. He has recounted with telling effect the "secretive antics" and "financial acrobatics" of some of the principal enterprises of the country. This is the proper license of greatness. But it is beyond the reach of lesser folk. And for this reason, persons of lesser authority can hardly hope to make an effective reply. For, in the mouth of authority, such expressions as "hornswoggling" and "skulduggery" are the quintessence of wit, and provoke to riotous merriment; whereas, coming from the pen of obscurity, they would appear as a tiresome exuberance of expression. Is it not in Disraeli's "Endymion" that the worldly-wise old cynic says to the budding politician, "My son, it is always difficult for us to ascertain whether an idea is a correct one or not; but by *words* we govern men"? And any one with political experience knows that to attempt to answer a happy catchword by means of a reasoned argument is to court disaster at the outset—though perhaps not to merit it.

However, if, as it appears, the real objective of Professor Ripley's attack is the spirit of Prussianism wherever it may make its appearance in industry; the arbitrary attitude of mind which inspired the phrase "the public be damned"; the philosophy which finds, in the mere fact that it

is possible to do a thing, sufficient sanction for the doing of it—if this description accurately defines the Professor's real objective, no one can deny that he has the support of the great majority of thoughtful persons. But such people will be careful to qualify their support with the consideration that, as enterprises become bigger and bigger, so there grows the need for bigger and bigger men to run them. Support will certainly be forthcoming, from the same source, to Professor Ripley's recommendation as to the principal quarter from which we may hope to derive the most effective protection against arbitrariness; namely, by an increased measure of publicity in corporate affairs. Publicity, in principle, is unexceptionable; it is in keeping with the whole trend of modern development in corporate business; though in practice it is subject to qualification, in most individual cases, as to expediency and necessity. A mere mass of irrelevant information is not of itself enlightening. Apart from these qualifications, it would be foolish to deny that arbitrariness is the most dangerous accompaniment of power and that the pitiless light of publicity is the most effective check to it; so that it seems probable that Professor Ripley and his soberest critics would be found to be in accord as to their ultimate purposes; their differences would be limited to the special subjects chosen for attack and to the method of attacking them. Even on this score, it would not be fair to offer criticisms of Professor Ripley's articles without acknowledging that he has, to some extent, "mended his hurdles" in his recent

article in the "World's Work." In this latter article, however, his main suggestion appears to be the interposition of a stockholders' committee between the stockholders and the directors; which suggests, by inference, that the stockholders ought not to trust their board of directors. In this latter article, too, the Professor quotes a good deal from English corporate practice. In this connection, it seems fair to state that the underlying principle of English corporate practice is to trust in experts—*crede experto*; whereas it is difficult to escape the conclusion that Professor Ripley's inspiration is mistrust of some person or group of persons; and that his method must tend to foment public suspicion of the objects of his mistrust.

In his choice of the field of corporate finance as a battle-field for an attack upon arbitrariness, Professor Ripley's strategy is appropriate, for here industrial despotism can find its most cynical expression. And it is inevitable that if a battle is to take place upon the field of corporate finance, there must be left, at the end of it, some bankers' wigs on the green. What matters is not so much that there are wigs, or that they are bankers' wigs, but that the skulls which they covered were skulls which deserved to be broken. Therefore, it is all the more important that the point of attack should be vulnerable. It seems fair to say that in two out of the three main points of attack which Professor Ripley has selected, namely, the issue of non-voting stock and the scope of corporate reports, he has chosen features which are far from being so vulnerable as they are made to appear; and that he has over-

looked certain practical obstacles, certain physical features of the landscape of big business, which have constrained the stream of corporate finance to occupy the channel in which it now flows; in other words, that the first two articles may be said to suggest Huxley's definition of the greatest of scientific tragedies, "an Hypothesis slain by a Fact."

The third article, which discusses the growth and financial structure of public utility holding companies, offers little material (at any rate, to a banker) for a reply. It has been described, perhaps not inaptly, as a "damp squib." There can be no doubt that its strictures on the top-heavy capital structure of a few of the recent "mushroom" companies are timely and well deserved. But it takes back with one hand what it has given with the other. It complains of conditions but hastens to assure one that these conditions no longer exist. It objects to certain banking practices but qualifies the objection by the suggestion that these practices are the exception rather than the rule. Perhaps it may be left to Mr. Samuel Insull, aptly described by the Professor as the "dean" of the public utility industry, to reply with the superb pride of the Moor, and with concise justice, "I have done the State some service and they know 't." The real force of Professor Ripley's third article lies in its closing quotation from Lincoln's "house divided" speech: "If we could first know where we are, and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do, and how to do it." It is an interesting speculation what would have been the issue, if this quotation

had been considered earlier and its full application realized.

To take each example selected by Professor Ripley in support of his main theses would be tedious. It would result in dreary catechism. Let us try to lift matters back to the level of a discussion of the main principles involved.

Gentlemen of the Jury

In the first of the articles, "From Main Street to Wall Street," the discussion centers upon the passing of responsibility in industrial enterprises. The special target of this article is the concentration of control in the hands of a small minority who have little or no financial stake in the enterprise. It seeks to arouse investors to a sense of the responsibility which their ownership of securities involves, and suggests the propriety of their taking a more intelligent and presumably a more active interest in corporate management. The second article, under the subtitle "The shareholder's right to adequate information," points to a part of the equipment which investors would require for this purpose, but wisely refrains from an attempt to define just what constitutes "adequate" information. The articles cite a number of instances purporting to show that "things are not what they should be," and follow the dangerous course of an "argument from the particular to the general." (Smith has an attack of indigestion; therefore, all the Smiths in the telephone-book are greedy.)

The dangers inherent in this method of reasoning are made obvious by a few statistics. "Moody's

Manual" lists and describes in varying detail some 22,000 corporations, railroad, industrial, public utility, and miscellaneous. For the purpose of the present argument, however, let us consider only those corporations whose stocks are listed on the New York Stock Exchange and the New York Curb Market. Their number is about 2000. Professor Ripley's first two articles refer to approximately forty-nine corporations whose stocks are listed on the above exchanges. Of these, twelve are mentioned favorably, and thirty-seven unfavorably. It is upon the corporations unfavorably mentioned that his general case against the present condition of corporate finance must lie. Of the thirty-seven corporations unfavorably mentioned, only three are treated in detail; namely, Associated Gas and Electric Company, National Biscuit Company, and Dodge Brothers, Inc. The remainder are dealt with—some one has said "sworn at"—in more or less general terms. Professor Ripley himself admits that conditions in the Associated Gas and Electric Company are already in process of correction; the present satisfaction of the stockholders of the National Biscuit Company with their lot can be allowed to speak for itself; while the subsequent argument in this reply offers proof that the cardinal point of the Professor's argument against Dodge Brothers, Inc. (the only company treated *in extenso*) is not properly deducible from the facts; and, furthermore, his argument itself is unsound from the standpoint of economic theory, of which he himself is a Professor. I do not pretend

that "*all* God's chillun got wings"; but it is easy, far too easy, for a man of wide influence to give the impression that none of them has, by making a great deal of noise about a few whose wings can be made to appear atrophied.

But apart from the method of argument, let us concentrate on the problem itself—the coöperation of stockholders in management. At first thought, there does not seem to be anything very much wrong with this. But let us think a little; perhaps there is nothing very much that stockholders can contribute toward management. Perhaps even the little that they can contribute will be more of a hindrance than a help. Let us examine the testimony of a few expert witnesses.

Mr. Harvey S. Firestone, president of the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, in his book entitled "Men and Rubber," makes the following statement: "The corporate form of organization is only a method of defining the interests of investors. It is not a form of management, and when the stockholders vigorously help in the management, the business cannot prosper." Mr. Firestone is a successful manufacturer, whose life-work has been a valuable contribution to a great industry. It is to be assumed that he is acceptable as an "authority." I offer his opinion as Exhibit A.

Mr. Sidney Hillman is found, in the proceedings of the Academy of Political Science, in April, 1925, to have expressed the following opinion: "It would be a misfortune if a large number of owners suddenly began to take their powers of ownership seriously. I question what might

happen when great numbers, inexperienced in management, proceeded to assume the functions of management. Suppose they all assign their proxies following a campaign more or less like our political campaigns, in which we know that all issues but the essential ones are discussed. It may very well happen that, under such circumstances, management will suddenly be turned over to a group of people who have neither the knowledge nor the experience to run institutions with resources of over a billion dollars. I read recently the statement of a large insurance company of which I happen to be part owner. I note that it has resources of over one billion dollars. Imagine the consequences if a large group of stockholders should take charge of that billion-dollar institution. It is, I think, placing too much confidence in democracy to believe that such enterprises can be run without any preparation or experience." Mr. Hillman is a well known progressive labor leader. He can hardly be described as being in league with industrial despotism. I offer Mr. Hillman's opinion as Exhibit B.

Herr Walter Rathenau, banker, philosopher, manufacturer, statesman, and author, whose death by the hand of an assassin in 1922 was such a tragic blow to the spirit of German regeneration, has called attention, in a remarkable book entitled "In Days to Come," to the objective quality which a corporation tends to acquire as the size of the business increases. It becomes as it were an end in itself. A railroad corporation, for instance, exists objectively, irrespective of its stockholders, in order that passengers and freight may be moved about.

I offer Herr Rathenau's treatment of this subject as Exhibit C.

Finally, I would bring before the court a letter appearing in the "New York Times" on August 27, over the signature of Mr. George O. May, which especially stresses the fact that "No amount of regulation will make a dishonestly managed company a satisfactory investment."

It would be easy to multiply testimony. One might cite for instance Mr. Robert S. Brookings's treatise on "Industrial Ownership"; an article (which bears in every paragraph the stamp of seasoned knowledge) in "Commerce and Finance" for September 15, 1926, entitled "The Foolishness of Figures"; and many other instances of beliefs, forged by practical men in the fire of experience, which will help to show "where," in the opinion of competent authority, "we are, and whither we are tending"; a mass of evidence to show that the coöperation of stockholders in management is not only impracticable but also *unfruitful*.

The record clearly shows that, long ago, in the case of Corporate Management *vs.* Corporate Ownership, before Lords Justice *Experience* and *Commonsense*, in the Court of Life itself, a decree of divorce was pronounced upon showing of good and sufficient cause. In delivering judgment, their Lordships pointed out that the parties had not lived together for a long time, were drifting further apart, and evinced no spontaneous intention of coming together again; that moreover expert evidence had been introduced tending to show that one of the parties, to wit Ownership, was rapidly losing her powers through natural causes and

(incidentally) desuetude. In making provision for the payment of alimony by Management, their Lordships observed that *no machinery they could set up could possibly enforce this payment over a dishonest intention on the part of Management to evade it.*

Now, after a great lapse of time, comes Professor Ripley, and seeks to intervene in the suit and stop the divorce, thus assuming the powers of a King's Proctor; weightily declaring, "*Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.*"

And now, gentlemen of the jury, let us dispose of the libel suit arising out of the King's Proctor's action. This is a short and simple matter. Brown, Jones & Robinson, investment bankers and members of the New York Stock Exchange, being aggrieved, depose and set forth and show unto the Court as follows: That they are engaged in a business, the very essence of which is telling the truth. That they cannot hope to remain permanently in business in the same place unless the guiding spirit of their business is integrity and sincerity of purpose. That King's Proctor, as a by-product of his intervention in matters whereof he must surely possess greater knowledge than he has been willing to disclose, has cited a number of instances of recent issues of securities made by investment banking houses. That it is impossible to criticize such issues without also criticizing indirectly the bankers who were responsible for those issues. It would be possible to quote several instances, but one will suffice. King's Proctor has publicly applied the term "prestidigitation" to the balance-sheet of

Dodge Brothers, Inc.—a balance-sheet for which a syndicate, which included many of the leading investment banking houses of the country, has accepted responsibility.

The particular animus manifested against this company—and animus it appears to be, for the company is attacked in four separate places in the two articles—centers on the fact that “good-will” was represented in the balance-sheet at one dollar. He also objects to the “astounding feat of legerdemain” involved in placing, opposite the capital stock and surplus items on the liability side of the balance-sheet, figures which must inevitably follow from the figure at which good-will is entered among the assets. Plaintiffs—Brown, Jones & Robinson—declare that the entry of good-will in the balance-sheet at the figure of one dollar was the only thing which could or should have been done under the circumstances. It was impossible to determine a valuation for all time; the balance-sheet not only frankly admitted this impossibility but boldly emphasized it. So far as the liability side of the balance-sheet is concerned, will some one say what else could possibly have been done, once good-will had been entered among the assets at the figure of one dollar?

Plaintiffs further assert that a buyer of securities, acting upon recommendations made to him in good faith and without concealment of material facts, expresses, by his very action in buying, his approval of everything connected with the transaction. It is worth noting in passing, though it is of minor importance compared to the magnitude of

the moral principle raised, that in so far as the course of market prices can be held to pass judgment on the morality of the original flotation, the market has manifested *so far* no permanent tendency to be censorious. In fact, it has been the reverse of censorious. The block of securities which was originally sold to the public for \$160,000,000 has fluctuated in market value, in the eighteen months which have elapsed since the flotation, between the figures \$154,000,000 and \$200,000,000; and now stands at approximately \$160,000,000—the price of issue.

By placing their names on the prospectus of Dodge Brothers, Inc., a nation-wide syndicate of bankers threw its entire weight into a tremendous assertion of the principle that *going concern value* depends, first, last, and always, upon *earning power*—an assertion which those who lazily seek to base values solely upon original cost are unwilling to look in the face. Plaintiffs are proud to share the responsibility of this assertion. In support of its truth, plaintiffs call as expert witness *any* professor of economics, for instance the Professor of economics at Harvard University himself, and ask him to tell the Court whether it is not true that *value in exchange* derives from *value in use*, and from absolutely nothing else.

Gentlemen of the jury, plaintiffs rest their case.

A Skirmish with the Outposts

Among the matters of principle raised in Professor Ripley's articles is that of the issue of no-par-value stocks. He says, “With the advent

of no-par-value stock the doors are thrown wide open to all sorts of shenanigan." Now, is it not the case that the introduction of stocks without par value, while it constitutes a modification of previous practice, is merely an incident in financial evolution? Whether or no this particular phase of evolution is a desirable one is again a matter of *opinion*. There is something to be said on both sides. Under the system of stocks with definite par value, there was a definite presumption (by which the ignorant or the lazy might be lulled to sleep) that the issue of these stocks recorded the acquisition of assets equivalent in value to the total par value of the stock outstanding. Historically, in any given case, this might or might not have taken place; but even if it had, then, from the moment it had taken place, the value of the property would be determined not by history (but by the fluctuating fortunes of the business. Reasoning based upon the history of the issue of stock might, therefore, result in unsound conclusions. "Calling a sheep a hog," as Lincoln said, "will not make it one." Now, what is stock without par value? Stripped of its par value, a share of stock is shown up in its birthday suit as an "aliquot part." This is nothing new. In earlier days, an enterprise requiring the combined capital of a number of individuals—such, for instance, as a shipping venture—was handled by, say, thirty or forty persons taking shares in the enterprise. For example, the cargo might be divided into any number, say, seven, or two hundred and seven, equal shares—"aliquot parts"—and each partici-

pant in the enterprise took as many shares as he thought he could afford. So that in the first place, if we follow the reasoning through, there is some advantage in a form of security which offers no definite and partly misleading inferences as to value; which in fact puts it up to you to look into things and find out what the value is; which makes you think hard and work hard too. And there is a further interesting inference; namely, that no-par-value stocks involve nothing new, and there is, therefore, no reason why they should constitute a source of irritation to conservative minds on the score of being "newfangled." For the same form of financing existed long before business corporations were ever thought of. In fact, no-par-value stocks are really the protoplasm, the very *Urschleim*, of corporate securities. Their recrudescence to-day is but a manifestation of changing circumstances. *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*

On the question whether no-par-value stocks, by permitting companies to record opposite the capital stock item a figure differing from that at which the stock was sold to the public, can be held to constitute a means of misleading the public, there are some pertinent passages in the report of the Railroad Securities Commission: "But in the case of stock, the fact that the certificate represents one hundred or one thousand dollars is far from being the determining factor. It is but one incident among many. Even in theory it purports merely to show that this was the amount originally paid by the subscriber when the road was built. It does

not create an obligation to pay its face value, nor does that face represent its money value as a share.

The value varies with the development of the property as a whole."

And later, "... the certificates [of *no par value*] simply indicating the proportionate or preferential claims of the holders upon assets and upon such profits as might from time to time be earned." The personnel of the Railroad Securities Commission needs no recommendation. It was presided over by no less an authority than Dr. Arthur T. Hadley.

Let us examine, too, the practical application of Blue Sky Laws, with especial reference to the Michigan Securities Commission, from whose decision in the Dodge Brothers case (since reversed by the judgment of the securities market) we are asked to derive comfort. The Michigan Securities Commission, it will be remembered, refused to permit the offering in the State of Michigan of the securities issued in connection with the acquisition of this company. It may interest the public in general to know just what are the experiences of investment bankers, when they encounter on the battle-field these legislative provisions for the protection of investors from "white-collar bandits," when they encounter the governmental bodies which strive to administer these laws. It is the experience of investment houses that if an irresponsible firm wishes to sell a worthless security, it first dresses up that security in such a way that it will pass through the theoretically constructed sieve of Blue Sky Laws. To such a firm the merits of the security are, of course, nothing; all that matters is that the security

should meet the technical requirements of the Blue Sky Laws. A reputable banking house on the other hand is not concerned with the Blue Sky Laws until the last moment. It is concentrated on the merits of the enterprise and of the security itself, and, having evolved that form of security and balance-sheet which meet the situation as it is, it very often finds that the security it has evolved cannot get by the Blue Sky Commissions for some purely technical reason. This is especially the case in Michigan, and a number of bankers make no attempt to qualify their securities under the Michigan laws; with the result that Michigan dealers lose much good business in perfectly sound securities, while Michigan investors, if it were not for the glorious institution of free trade in securities which enables them to buy anything they like in another State, would lose many profitable opportunities of investment.

The second of Professor Ripley's articles is largely concerned with the question of the adequacy of corporate reports. This is essentially a matter of judgment and opinion. It is impossible to lay down the law. Those who are charged with the preparation of a corporate report or balance-sheet for publication are influenced by a number of considerations. First and foremost, they must not obscure the main picture which they have to present by over-emphasis of unimportant detail. Second, they have to consider the interest of their stockholders as to what matters should be made public. Third, it is vitally important that when they give prominence to any particular feature they should not give either

the worst half or the best half of the story. They must try so to present the matter that a true judgment can be reached in the shortest possible time. It is extremely difficult to lay down, within the confines of a few paragraphs, all the considerations which govern the preparation of a corporate report; just as difficult as it is to write books about future wars. It is simpler to go fight the war itself. All that can be said is that it is just as improper to understate the case as it is to overstate the case. But again, just what constitutes understatement or overstatement is a matter of judgment and opinion. It is one of the most difficult things in the world to determine. The greater the experience of a certified accountant, the more loath he becomes to express a positive opinion on a question of accounting principle.

There are many who prefer that kind of report which tells its story in the minimum of words and figures. For instance, the very brevity of diction of the president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, which Professor Ripley condemns, is considered by some to be one of the strongest recommendations for the securities of that company. Brevity of diction suggests a man who attends to business, who is not a talker but a doer. But on the whole question of adequacy of corporate reports, we might appropriately ask ourselves these questions: What will the *average* stockholder of the Pennsylvania Railroad do, what action is he qualified to take, what *can* he contribute to the situation as a whole, supposing that he is sufficiently alert to detect a declining tendency in the "net ton miles per train hour" as to

which item that corporation's annual report is carefully specific? Even if a stockholder is qualified to draw any inferences at all from figures of this kind, and even supposing that they produce in him a feeling of uneasiness, he is not likely to wait until the next annual meeting and then violently cast his vote. He is much more likely to sell his stock. And at the very moment that he does so, the buyer of that same stock expresses, by his very act in buying, a contrary opinion on its merits.

The Battle-field of Morality

And now let us meet the major issue involved, the concentration of control—and possibly of perpetual control—of an enterprise in the hands of a small minority, who have little or no financial stake in it. The army of attack objects in principle to the issue of non-voting stock. It states, in effect, "He who pays the piper must call the tune." It argues that the stockholder must have the right to recall the management. Even if he never exercises this right, he must have the power to do so.

Let us first consider the question of perpetuation of control. The principal argument of the defenders in respect to this point is the fact that it is impossible to dissociate the condition of a company from the price at which its securities are selling in a free market. The attacking force overlooks the fact that the great body of the holders of a company's stock are not *permanent* stockholders. The stock of the company is continually changing hands. In practice, the point at which it becomes desirable in the public interest

or in the stockholders' interest to change the control of a company, in almost any particular case, does not become apparent until disaster has overtaken the company; and until this has become an accomplished fact, the question whether it is desirable to change the control is not a matter of absolute fact but of *opinion*. The weight of opinion will be reflected in the price of the stock, and at any given moment the general opinion of the market may be wrong. Stocks go up and down, and frequently when the affairs of the company look blackest to all outward appearances, it is on the very verge of turning the corner. When the disaster has become an accomplished fact, the situation lies in the hands of the courts for remedy; and "all previous bets" as regards the rights or restrictions of particular securities can be called off by the court. But until disaster is an accomplished fact, it is nearly always possible for the small stockholder to express his opinion by selling his stock—in which case he sells it to some one who holds a contrary opinion. And even before disaster becomes an accomplished fact, it is by no means always necessary to resort to the courts for the cancellation of "previous bets." In practice, the very force of circumstances is often sufficient to compel the management to change its course or even to hand over the control, in spite of its legal right to retain that control.

But on what basis is the whole practice of concentrated control of corporations attacked? Is it upon the ground of morality, of public interest, or of the interests of the stockholder? In Professor Ripley's

articles there appears to be a certain amount of confusion of thought among all three; or rather it might be more nearly correct to say that there is some confusion of thought as to whether the attack should be made on the basis of the interest of the public, or the interest of the stockholders, while the professor recognizes morality as an effective weapon to back up his argument. He speaks as if in the public interest; he actually illustrates in detail the stockholders' interest; while in the background he holds the powerful threat of an abstract morality which appears to be indifferent to circumstances.

If the objection is based on the ground of the interest of the public, then may it not be said that the horse has been put into the shafts facing the cart? For public interest demands efficiency of management before it demands satisfactory dividends. It only requires satisfactory dividends for a secondary purpose, namely, the stimulation of effort and saving by guaranteeing security of private property. From the point of view of public interest, the question that should be asked is not, "Hasn't ownership a right and duty to share in management?" but rather, "Won't it stimulate efficiency of management if management is allowed to share the fruits of ownership?" In the public interest, the question of whether it is desirable that control of a particular company should be tied up in the hands of a particular individual or group of individuals, should be decided solely upon grounds of what will result in the most efficient management. And in considering the interests of

the public, it is a truism that the degree of the public's interest will vary with the size of the company and the nature of its business. To apply the kind of argument which covers the case of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to such companies as Dodge Brothers, Inc., the Coca-Cola Company, and the Charles E. Hires Company is a progressive *reductio ad absurdum*.

If, on the other hand, the objection is made on the ground of the interest of the stockholder, the answer is that in a free market this feature is "all included in the price." Provided there is no misrepresentation or concealment of material facts, the stockholder knows what he is getting when he buys the stock. If he does not like to buy a non-voting stock, he need not do so. It is difficult to see that any criticism can arise of investment banking houses who sincerely believe they are offering their customers a good investment when they offer them *at a price* the non-voting common stock of a given enterprise. And it is to be remembered that the stockholders of a number of those enterprises whose practices have been called in question by Professor Ripley are satisfied, and have good reason to be satisfied, with their investment. There is no need to send a policeman into another man's house to arrest as a burglar one who is a welcome and honored guest.

Finally, there is the overshadowing question of morality. Men will pass judgment on this feature of the problem according to their several philosophies. On the extreme right will stand those of the orthodox school who rigidly accept an abstract code of morality upon authority and tra-

dition alone. On the extreme left will stand the cynical agnostic, who seeks no sanction for his actions except the ability to "get away with them." In the center will stand more humble folk who do not boast that any revelation of abstract morality has been vouchsafed to them, save in relation to sincerity of purpose. Those who take this central ground will first make up their minds whether they can trust a man, and will then suffer their judgment of him to be tested by the passing of time.

We must not, of course, close our minds to the dangers inherent in one-man power. A threat to liberty is entailed in the creation of an oligarchy of business efficiency; unless that oligarchy is an aristocracy—an aristocracy in the real sense of the word—a government of the *best*. In considering what "best" means, let us not forget that the greater the man, the more will his actions be governed by his sense of responsibility. Here, then, is the heart of the matter. Our problem is to promote, not discord, but union between liberty and efficiency. The way out lies, not through carping criticism of alleged mistakes of detail, but through grasp of principle; and in working toward a solution, let us not place too much faith in the possibility of making men honest by act of Congress.

Confessio Fidei

In conclusion, as it is the philosophy which animates "big business" which has really (through inadvertence and inaccuracy) been called in question, let us try to summarize

what this philosophy must *inevitably* be, from the very nature of things. For from this philosophy, whatever it may be found to be, must necessarily be derived the morality of all incident in the sphere which it governs. In all fields of human endeavor—and the profession of investment banking is no exception—*real* success is practically synonymous with continuity—with “staying in business” in a particular place over a long period. It is well nigh impossible to “stay in business” unless the business is built upon a foundation of knowledge and integrity, and above all a sense of responsibility; knowledge arising out of hard work and experience, integrity which is so big as to be utterly scornful of telling lies, and a sense of responsibility which inspires men to stand up and be shot at on account of the acts of their subordinates and associates. When a man is committed to the responsibilities of a great position and is clothed with the authority which that responsibility warrants, it nearly always happens that it is possible for him to exercise that authority only by delegation, not alone of executive powers, but also of a large measure of decisions on policy. To this end, he functions by “hiring and firing” his immediate subordinates. This, in a great enterprise, is as far as he can go. It frequently happens that such an enterprise is brought to the brink of disaster, or even comes to grief, through failure of coördination between two or more of its separate functions. The executive acts of the subordinates in charge of those respective functions are almost certain to be the cause of such lack of coördination.

But who is *responsible*? The man at the top! If the enterprise fails, *he* is the man who will be blamed. All men in responsible positions are continually blamed, sometimes with justice, sometimes without, for the acts of others.

It is further the case that great businesses are conducted upon the principle—and this is a matter about which it is easy to be flippant—that responsibility, authority, and profits constitute an inseparable trinity. Wise men will not accept responsibility unless they are clothed with the authority which will enable them to live up to it. If they accept responsibility they are entitled, and public opinion will willingly accord to them, profits in proportion to the responsibility which they assume. Just what constitutes a proportionate share of profits, it is impossible to determine by any theoretical reasoning. The only test available is the empirical test, that of trial and error. Provided the trial is made in good faith, without misrepresentation, no question of morality arises. The buyer, by the mere fact of buying, accepts the situation *in toto*, and so approves the profit. In considering what constitutes an appropriate profit, let us remember, too, that the profit-motive is the mainspring of business; it is at the root of all endeavor. We cannot say that it is an improper motive any more than we can say that it is improper for a baby to want its bottle. It is instinctive.

To what is all this leading? Does it not point to the principle that it is in the acceptance of responsibility that the real justification for the possession of wealth lies? This indeed

is Professor Ripley's own theme in seeking to arouse investors to a sense of their responsibilities, though he appears to have overlooked the practical limitations imposed upon scattered owners of a single property, when the question of living up to their responsibility arises. But Professor Ripley has gone further. He has sought to pass judgment on the wisdom of placing the direction of the affairs of a corporation in the hands of an individual. In so doing, he has failed to concentrate his judgment at the right point. In many cases, he has failed to concentrate on the question of the size of the enterprise and its relation to the general public; and he has *always* failed to concentrate on the question whether *the man himself* who is placed in control is the right man for the job. We search his articles virtually in vain for evidences of a spontaneous appreciation of the part which individuals play in molding the destinies of corporations; for generous acknowledgment of health, even of life itself, sacrificed to a tremendous purpose. He appears to view corporations as soulless entities, as masses of homogeneous tissue of the uninspiring consistency of library-paste. He fails to see them throbbing, as they do in real life, under impulses from personalities at their head, impulses which act and react on personalities throughout the organization.

In many specific instances, too, Professor Ripley has sought to pass

judgment upon the policies of corporate executives and of investment bankers. Here, indeed, he is in deep waters. In great affairs, nothing but the passing of time can give a true perspective. For our practical purposes, since these things must be decided and have an end, there is a court of appeal which passes a sort of pragmatic judgment. This court of appeal is the securities market itself. It delivers its judgment in terms of security prices, but even in delivering this judgment it does not moralize. For markets consist of buyers and sellers, who meet there and make exchanges. Jones buys when Brown sells, and in a free market each by his action expresses his opinion; and in such a market—free in the widest sense—there is but little morality of price, save that which is sanctioned by the mere fact of the exchange itself taking place. If it is necessary to go beyond this and moralize on the actions of men who are fighting on the battle-field of life, may not our moralizing be inspired by that philosophy which seeks to apply to all acts of all men at all times the sole test of sincerity of purpose? Most men—and it is fortunate that this is so—act in good faith. Most men, "hemmed in, as they are," in Dean Inge's words, "by pitiless circumstance," are doing their pathetic best. Most men, driving through detail toward sunlight and infinity, are sincere in their ultimate purposes.

MOTHER'S SON

CAPTAIN DINGLE

NO DOUBT the brig was in a bad predicament. The *Athene* was deep-laden; she handled sluggishly if sailed under short canvas; with sail sufficient to give her proper command she stormed along far too fast for safety in the blinding snow-storm that enveloped her, with ice all about her, berg and floe. Forward, on the heel of her bowsprit, a big bearded figure peered into the blank white wall of whirling snow. In the deep waist, stumping to and fro to keep the blood moving, four big bearded figures bent their heads to the storm, raising their eyes at every turn to peer ahead, abeam, and astern as far as their position permitted. On the short low half-poop, clothed with white that had frozen on him, a sixth big bearded figure stood at the helm, peering from under ice-beaded eyelids, first at the compass, then at the encircling pall of blind white. By time of day there should have been light and sun. There was neither; nothing but a gloom made ghastly by the cold white of the wind-driven snow and the fleeting glimpses occasionally caught of green grinning fangs of icy menace. Now and then, often in fact, the *Athene* shivered and reeled to the impact of heavier ice at the sea's surface, unseen by the lookout, grinding along her tortured planking from bluff of bow to curve of the run.

From the cabin companionway another figure emerged. This seventh man was tall, and slight, and smooth of face. Pale of face too. He bore a smoking coffee-pot, and a string of tin mugs. He shivered as he blinked at the snow walls about the brig. He slopped a drop of coffee, staggering to the brig's motion. But he made his way to the wheel, and poured out a mug of coffee for the helmsman.

"What're ye shivering about?" the helmsman growled, snatching the mug and swallowing the scalding coffee greedily.

"I didn't mean to shiver, dad," the lad replied, shivering again, violently, taking the mug and refilling it for the helmsman as the four men from the main-deck came stamping aft to get theirs.

"Didn't mean to shiver? Blah! Look as if you're scared foolish."

"What's up, Wally? Hankering to go home again?" roared one of the four, slamming the lad on the back until he reeled, slopping coffee all around him. The others crowded in, jerking mugs from the lad's cold fingers, filling them, drinking with the fierce avidity of strong men chilled to the bone. The helmsman growled words, and one of the four took the wheel. Wally poured out another mug of coffee and started to go forward with it to the solitary .

figure in the bows of the brig. He shuddered at the ladder-head, where the full blast of icy wind caught him. The snow whirled athwart the vessel; her raking spars seemed to sway, apart from the brig's motion, with the dizzy gyrations of the snow-flurries. Ominous rumblings, that had scarcely been noticeable while aft, sounded terrifyingly near when he stepped down toward the low-lying waist, the deck of which was so close to water-level that greenish-gray froth forever lipped the leeward scuppers. But Wally got no further. One of the big men caught hold of his shoulder in a grip that hurt, turning him around with shameful ease, and harsh laughter rocked in his sensitive ears.

"Now, little man, don't you go taking chances like that. Before you know it you'll be offering to stand lookout, and you'll freeze to death, and who'll cook our coffee and spoil our duff then? Stay here with your pot and mugs. Jock's coming aft anyhow."

"I'm able to stand lookout, and I shan't freeze," Wally retorted hotly. But the big fellow only laughed louder, and the rest joined in. The mug was taken from Wally's hand, and the contents swallowed noisily, by the big fellow, who stamped forward to relieve the lookout as soon as it was drunk.

The skipper, just relieved from the helm, went inside the deck-house companionway, which was fitted as a chart-room, and laid rulers and dividers to the chart. The patent log had long since been taken in, for its rotator was bent and made useless by the bruising of floating ice. Years of experience together had

given the master the faculty of judging his brig's speed within limits close enough to serve in the open sea. When that judgment was not close enough there was always the log-chip and reel. But since entering the snow and fog and ice the *Athene* had sailed such a maze of short courses, dodging ice, that no log-line ever marked could give an estimate of her speed nearer than the judgment of her master. The little chart-room was crowded with big bearded men, eyes puckered from long gazing into freezing winds, lashes beaded with ice, beards blocked into solid peaks of frozen breath and rime.

"Where's she to now, Cyrus?"

One of the leaning figures spoke. The master answered without looking up.

"If I haven't lost track of a couple o' round turns, she's about here." With a naked finger like a frozen sausage with a nail on it, the spot was indicated on the chart. And in the same matter-of-fact voice:

"Heave the log once. Don't make much difference, but the old brig wants all the help we can give her."

Two men went out. One took an old-fashioned twenty-eight-second glass. The log-reel was unhooked from the cleats beside the chart-room. At the taffrail the chip was floated. When the stray mark went over the rail the man with the reel bawled, "Turn!" and the glass-holder turned the sand-glass. Then when the sand had run out, the holder shouted, "Stop!" and the reel was checked, the line measured by the last mark run out, and the report taken to the skipper, while the other man hauled in the dripping icy line with his bare hands as indifferently

as if it were a fishing-line in summer seas. Wally blew on his hands and chafed them, chilled through, yet rebellious at his standing among the crew.

There was a wide and apparently impassable gulf between Wally Porter and the rest of the *Athene's* crew. There should not have been. Cyrus Porter had made no mistake when he took as a second wife a far different type of mate from the courageous rough-hewn sea woman who had given him his five rough-hewn, bold, fearless sons. Trouble was, there was such a wide difference between the outspoken, man-sinewed, unlettered Sally Porter and the slim, fair, educated Ursula who later was brought to fill the place left vacant by Sally in the lonely heart of Cyrus, that nobody ever failed to remark it and remind Cyrus about it. And there was, naturally, a wider, vaster, more impassable gulf between the growing young giants born of Sally, and the slight, fair, unassertive Wally, offspring of gentle Ursula.

Not that there was any ill treatment offered Wally. There was not. Old Cyrus had loved Ursula, during the brief time she had been with him. He had an affection for the lad she left him when she died. True, Cyrus wanted all his sons to be like Sally's blustering boys. Jock and Jem, Ned and Nat and Pete, were sons to give a father a glow. Their voices could out roar the tempest at its height. When they put their strength to a job of work, that job was manhandled to a sailorman's taste. Wally never grew up to their stature. They fought each other just for fun. A wrestling-match that lasted an hour and left two con-

testants bruised and bleeding was a commonplace aboard the *Athene*; and when it was over, the deep-breathing wrestlers would grin at each other's damages and promise worse next time. Not one of those five blustering sons of old Sally Porter was ever known to admit defeat. And Wally shuddered while they fought. He wanted to paint sunsets, read poetry about the sea's grandeur; they lived, though not aware of it, a rugged poetry all their own—theirs, and the sea's.

Wally's trouble was a matter of spirit, rather than body, or physique. He had never wanted to be different from the others. When he was a tiny tad they made him boats, and windmills, and bows that would have shot arrows a tremendous distance if he had only strength to draw them. They tried to teach him to swim. They failed in that. It was not Wally's fault. He was willing enough to face the thing he feared. He could not help shivering when he was cold. He never hung back from facing the cold. He went into the sea, but turned blue, and his flesh crept. He never could learn to swim; and Jock and Ned, Jem and Nat, and Pete, all swam like Leanders. Old Cyrus watched Wally grow up, and when old enough took him into the brig. The brig was the family living. And Wally said he wanted to go to sea. But it was soon obvious that Wally was no Sally's boy. His weight on a rope or windlass was not a man's full weight, measured by his brothers. He was soon put in charge of the galley and cabins, a cook-steward; and he resented it bitterly for a long while before finally resigning himself.

It was all so different from what he had felt he would do. Ursula had not lived long enough after Wally came for him to remember her very well. He only heard, by chance and long after she went, that she, too, had been a swimmer of skill and courage; that she had gone into icy water fully dressed to save the puppy Cyrus had given Wally for his fourth birthday: and that she had taken a chill from which she never recovered. Wally grew up rather proud of his mother. He never understood why the great bearded sons of old Sally patronized him as they did; nor why old Cyrus made him cook and serve food for them all when he yearned to take his own part with them share and share alike, as it had been at first. He never would know, in all probability, why he could not recall ever seeing the puppy again, though he had heard that his mother succeeded in saving it.

But Wally was a man grown now. He was twenty. Pete, the oldest of old Sally's brood, was thirty-four. There was not enough disparity in years to account for the awful difference in status. Pete was his father's chief mate. Wally was his father's cook-steward; to clean cabins, to make hash, to puddle up duff and pea-soup, to wash pots and dishes, to—Wally never got beyond that point when brooding upon his situation. At that point he always saw, as clearly as if painted in red upon the smoky white of the little pantry bulkheads, himself portrayed as a man among men, taking his part with them, holding his own with them, scorning favors of any man, fit brother to any man of old Sally's breed; aye, fit son of Ursula. And

the portrayal always led him to making comparisons. He never got beyond that.

Now, as he washed up the coffee-mugs and hung them on the hooks, Pete came below and sat at the cabin table, writing up his own deck-log, to be entered later in the ship's log of Cyrus. Snow and melting ice stained the table-cloth; a little pool of melted snow spread on the carpet. Pete's fur watch-cap was thrown carelessly on the table too. Sally's brood heeded little of the niceties. They were men of the screaming ocean, the wild outdoors. Wally had grown used to that. He hung the last mug, and started aft to the transom locker to get some canned stores for supper. And Jem came below, breezy and blustery, flinging snow and ice abroad, red-faced and self-important. Pete looked up slowly, when the table shook to the sudden grab of Jem.

"Thought it wuz a sea-elephant comin' below," he said, and went on with his writing, laboriously, slowly, wetting his pencil with his tongue at every word.

"It is. Watch me squirt ye," Jem retorted with a grin, and flicked his dripping sou'wester in Pete's face, spattering his book. Wally stopped short at the transom, shrinking back, for he knew what was coming. He had seen many little passages of arms like that.

Pete shot out of his chair, hands reaching out. And Jem whooped and met him. Like two huge sea-animals the brothers wrestled, falling across chairs that must have rolled to leeward had they not been screwed down, and barging into the table that only stood because of the same sort

of screws. The cloth and the book went flying. The pencil got under Pete's foot and tripped him, hurling both men headlong to the transom where Wally crouched. And as if time had been called by a referee, the wrestlers paused. Pete dragged Wally from the transom and urged him toward the pantry; then the struggle began afresh. It went on until Pete, with a blue-black eye, knelt upon Jem, whose nose was a smear of red, and thumped his shoulders twice upon the floor, with good lusty thumps too.

"Got enough?" demanded Pete.

"If I wasn't under ye, I'd show ye if I got enough," Jem retorted, laughing through the red. Beaten, but never conquered. That was Sally's breed. Pete laughed too, bumped Jem's head to keep company with his shoulders, and let his brother up. There was no further tussle. Pete went on with his writing. Jem went to his berth to cut up a smoke, before taking his next spell on lookout. Wally went back to get his stores, and the little cabin of the brig glowed when he lighted the swinging lamps and opened the fire-door of the stove.

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Nothing within the brig, below or on deck, reflected the true state of her situation. Certainly she was in a precarious predicament. Snow blinded her lookouts; ice beset her sheering stem and gouged her sleek sides; great pinnacles of iron-hard bergs came upon her out of a wall of impenetrable white, so close at times as almost to touch her yard-arms. But neither old Cyrus nor his lusty crew showed that they were aware of their ship's peril by any outward

sign other than seamanlike preparedness and vigilance. If a man in the bows sang out danger ahead, the man at the helm answered, gave his helm a twirl, and the brig moved aside. If the divergence had to be great, the men on deck ran like great apes from brace to brace, squaring in or bracing up, each doing two men's work without hesitation, murmur, or talking of it afterward.

Once, when the brig slid over a shelf of ice from which a tall spiry splinter of ice reared itself, and the almost imperceptible shock brought down upon the brig's decks half a ton of broken ice, a piece of which smashed the galley skylight and bounced off upon Jock's hard skull, harmlessly but with a most significant hint, old Cyrus got scared for a moment.

"Take in everything but the tawps'ls and fo'topmast stays'l," he said. "Show just a bit o' spanker, and back th' foretawps'l. Can't take no more chances like that."

For an hour after the brig was hove to, old Cyrus and his crew watched her behavior. No man said a word. Each had his thoughts. As the *Athene* fell away under her backed foretopsail, her bows swept to leeward. As she was checked, and began to gather headway under the thrust of her big maintopsail, her helm brought her head sweeping up to windward, her long jib-boom spiking through the ghostly pall that seemed to challenge her to advance one fathom. Ice still clashed along her sides. She made no speed, and the ice she struck was not dangerous ordinarily. But neither was she able to gather speed when ice menaced her with real hazard. So

when, after a shivery hour, she backed sheer up against a solid wall of ice, ripping away her taffrail for three fourths of her stern breadth, cracking six feet off her spanker-boom, and knocking Nat from the wheel clear across to the skylight, Cyrus loitered no longer. He ran to the helm, twirling the wheel to ascertain if the rudder were damaged, and roared his commands:

"Square th' maintawps'l yard! Brail in th' spanker! Haul that fo'topmast stays'l sheet to wind'ard."

Men who had been below came tumbling up, going to their places instinctively. Wally followed them. The voices of men hauling on the gear came out of a vast blank. Bits of ice still pattered on the brig's deck from aloft, where they had temporarily lodged when hurled from the berg. The vessel's bows slowly swung off the wind again, her stern grinding along the grinning peril that overhung her.

"Lee fore-brace! Haul out th' spanker again! Set th' inner jib!" roared Cyrus. None of the brothers was aft, except Wally, and it was Wally who jumped to the outhaul, poorly clad as he was in his cabin-gear. The boom was broken off at the outer end. There was no hauling out of that spanker until repairs could be made.

"Outhaul's gone, dad!" cried Wally, all aglow with the thrill of doing something.

"Holy fish! Is that you?" yelled Cyrus. "Get below out o' this! For'ard! Shift over that head-sheet that's a-weather! And brace up th' maintawps'l yard before she falls off to leeward among the ice again! Get a move on!"

The *Athene* swung rapidly off. A sudden onslaught of the gale gave her a push, and for the moment forced even Sally's hard-bitten sons to bow their heads to the bitter sting of the driven snow. Down in the knee-deep snow of the waist Ned and Jem, Jock and Pete, and Nat, roared unprofane oaths at the blizzard and fought against the blinding force of it to get to the braces. The sea could be heard growling along the base of solid ice, shudderingly close. Somewhere in the murk small ice clashed together, and it sounded like castanets against the drone and rumble of the gale.

"What's up, boys? You takin' a nap?" bawled Cyrus. The maintopsail yard was still athwartships; without the after pressure of that sail, now the spanker could not be hauled out, the brig would never stop falling to leeward. And in the fiercest of the blast she struck something to leeward, full on the beam, which sent her reeling and echoed through every foot of her with a smashing reverberation as if she had been hurled against a cliff.

Wally was pitched out of the companionway, rolling across the icy deck with no more control over his limbs than if he had been a rag-swathed mummy. Out of the blindness forward came a tremendous crackling crash. The spanker-boom seemed to fly up in the air. The big maintopsail, all shaking in the wind when the brig's safety demanded that it be braced sharp up and bursting full, stopped shaking, exploded with a cannon report, and vanished.

"What is it, boys? What's up?" bawled Cyrus, trying hard to see

through the bitter blindness of the blizzard. Shouts overtopped the uproar amidships. The brig leaned over, rebounding to windward from the force of the impact that had stopped her. Green icy seas poured in through swinging wash-ports that were prevented from shutting by ice. Something about the shouting forward gave Cyrus alarm. Wally picked himself up, shivering, afraid of the unseen and the unknown, and yet wanting to do something. He groped aft toward the wheel. Cyrus stood leaning forward, holding the helm with one hand far stretched behind him.

"Sing out, Pete! What's gone? Maintopmast?" he bellowed.

"I can take the wheel, dad," Wally screamed, reaching out a cold shaking hand. Cyrus peered low into Wally's white face, with its frozen half-smile.

"Get below out o' the way!" Cyrus bawled. Then something out of the frozen bleakness overhead fell with a murderous whizz, struck something with a sound like an ax striking meat, and burst three planks of the brig's poop right beside the wheel. Wally staggered, slipped to the deck, and uttered a smothered scream. Old Cyrus clapped a hand to his own head, felt warm blood streaming down his face from a half-severed ear, and swore tremendously. Out of the hubbub of the waist pealed Jock's agonized voice.

"Here! Can you stop shiverin' long enough to hold this wheel?" Cyrus bawled, gripping Wally and lending powerful assistance as he tried to drag himself up by the spokes.

Wally slumped on to the wheel-gear casing. The brig bumped and

battered along the side of the obstruction she had hit. Every few seconds something fell from above. The gale shrieked, and there was a fiendish bitterness in the temperature that defied the mere puny strength of men. And down there in the hidden chaos of the main-deck, where the mainmast and all above it, from just below the hounds and the spanker-lift-blocks clear to the truck, lay in a mad débris, strong men, big men, men of old Sally's own breed, strove desperately against some antagonist which Cyrus ached to get at grips with. He'd show 'em that the sire of such men could take care of the sons he had raised. "Keep her goin' if she'll go," he shouted in Wally's ear. "And for God A'mighty's sake don't be such a babby! If that lump o' ice that took my ear off had hit you, you'd have something to holler about. There, there, laddy, keep cool!"

With blood freezing on his cheek, old Cyrus blundered through the blizzard to the foremast, where it seemed that most of the trouble was centered. He found his stout lusty sons there, crushed and buried beneath broken spars and tangled rigging, heaped with broken ice and already freezing into a heap under the flying seas and volleying snow. Jock was hurt. No doubt of that. His brothers were hurt too, but not so badly that they could not fight like demons to take some of the weight that crushed him upon themselves.

"Hold yer luff, boys; I'll soon have ye out," Cyrus shouted, and got to work with ax and bar from the carpenter's bench forward. As he labored, the brig bumped her way

along solid floating ice. Now and then she seemed to fly freely. There were times when she felt as if she were sailing before the wind in clear water under a master hand. But Cyrus knew differently.

"Wally'll keep her going's long's it's down wind," he growled. "Poor kid, he's scared nigh to death. If that lump of ice that clipped me on the head ever hit him, he'd be dead right now."

And Jock, with a splinter pinning him to the deck, through his clothes and breast-flesh, growled back:

"Get us out o' this; then Wally won't have to stand wheel. What the hell d'ye want to let him on deck for, dad? He's like his mother. This is no place for him."

Cyrus extricated Pete. And after an hour of grim labor the rest were free, and Jock staggered clear, holding his breast, biting upon his agony now the cold had got to the ragged wound. All through that hour Cyrus had felt the brig get out of the ice. She sailed as if she flew down wind; which was the only way she could sail, lacking after-sail pressure entirely. But even a brig running under forward canvas would yaw and swing without a hand at the helm. A glance over the side into the night that had now fallen revealed leaping seas and straight driving snow all following a definite direction forward; not the whirling snow and mazed lumping seas that had beset the brig while among the ice.

"Get the sounding-rod. See if she's leakin'," Cyrus said, while he led in cutting adrift the last of the tangled gear that was beyond saving. One of the stalwarts chopped the ice away from the sounding-pipe. An-

other got the rod and dropped it, chalked, into the well. The brig sailed on an even keel, almost.

"Ain't no more'n a foot," was the report. Cyrus led the way aft. There was a sense of freedom about the brig, as if she had won clear of the ice-trammels for good. Pete, looking up as he stepped on the poop ladder, saw a star, and said so. Old Cyrus slammed a great fist on the back of each stalwart son in glee; his fist was no lighter on Jock for all Jock's hurts.

"One o' you relieve Wally and tell him to brew a big potful o' coffee," he said. "Th' lad's nigh froze to death, if he ain't scared out o' his skin, I bet you."

Pete swung the lantern he had taken to read the sounding-rod chalk-mark. Cyrus stepped into the chart-room to scan the chart in the direction whither the brig was plunging. He must judge how far he could stand on in that direction while repairing damages, for the brig could sail only before the wind in her crippled state. His sons were calling him. He stepped among them, clustered about the wheel.

"All tuckered out, is he?" he muttered. "Ain't tough enough for this sort o' life, be you, Wally?"

"He's hurt bad," Pete said. Jem was behind the wheel, trying to take Wally's hands from the spokes. Wally's teeth gleamed in a cold grin; his face was sheer white, except at the chin, where a dribble of blood from his lower lip had frozen. His eyes were glassy, and the eyelashes were beaded with ice. Old Cyrus caught the lad to his broad breast. Others pried loose the rigid fingers from the wheel-spokes. Then Wally

collapsed. His rigid attitude relaxed; they believed him dead, but his breath hissed between his clenched teeth.

"Try to stand, lad," Cyrus said. "Try to get movin'. Froze stiff, the lad is. Here, lend a hand, Nat."

"He's more'n froze," muttered Pete. "Look here!"

Pete's hand, in the lantern-light, held a lump of frozen snow, and it was red. Wally's smile changed; not much, but it seemed less grim and frozen. But Wally's eyes held their glassy stare, and they never moved. His breath ceased to hiss. No bubbles came to his lips. And slowly they laid him down in the snow, while old Cyrus examined him with trouble swiftly pervading his stern leathery face.

"I heard him scream. 'Twas when I got hit on the ear. And he never said a peep. Set there and held us clear o' the ice while I got you boys out from under." Old Cyrus groped under Wally's jacket and shirt. Something like a sob choked in his throat. The big lusty sons of old Sally stood there silent and grim. "That ice as hit me must ha' broke his breast-bone," Cyrus said. "And he never let out a whimper. Now he's dead. Take him into my room, lads. He went just like his mother 'ud ha' had him go. Easy, Jock! Your hurts ain't so bad they can't wait. What ye snivelin' about, Pete? Be a man, like Wally was!"

"I ain't snivelin'. I got a cold," growled Pete savagely.

NOCTURNE

EVELYN BIGELOW CLARK

No words can speak, no melody contain
 The glory of this night of moon and stars,
 Nor earthly music hold the deep refrain
 Of moving tides beyond the harbor bars.
 Only the listening heart, the waking soul
 Can echo back the music of the sea,
 Only the spirit grasp the heavenly whole
 Of earth and darkness in their ecstasy.
 The wind comes cold and clean from endless space—
 A messenger from out the far unknown;
 Only the spirit sees that secret place
 From which it came, and whence the wind is blown.
 Out of the stars there falls the homing song:
 "It is not long, my Soul, it is not long."

GENERAL MANGIN

A Personal Impression

DAVID GRAY

CHARLES Marie Emanuel Mangin died in Paris on May 12, 1925. In the press of America as of Europe he was eulogized as "the hero of Douaumont," "the most brilliant and energetic of the French army commanders"; but little if any reference was made to his romantic career, to his extraordinary personality, or to the curious position which he had come to occupy in French affairs. In short no hint was given that the world had lost a man of original and compelling genius.

The motive and romance of his life was the loss and recovery of Alsace-Lorraine. Born in 1866 at Sarrebourg in Lorraine, his family was expelled in the Franco-Prussian War. As a boy he dedicated himself to "the Revenge." At fifty-two he led the victorious French army to the Rhine. The intervening years of self-preparation disclosed a genius for war. From the Ecole de Guerre he went to the French Sudan. At twenty-five he was a captain, thrice wounded, and decorated with the Legion of Honor. Before the World War began he had been five times wounded and had been a protagonist in at least two historic adventures: he had commanded the military escort of Marchand's expedition to the Nile; in Morocco he had fought his

way across the desert and taken Marrakesh. Moreover he had written a book later awarded the *grand prix* of the French Academy and had formulated an important colonial policy.

In 1914 he commanded a brigade. Within a month he had won a division. Within two years he had planned and executed the most brilliant feat of arms achieved on the western front, the recapture of Douaumont and the disengagement of Verdun. In a day he had become a national hero and was given an army. His military fame culminated in his design and execution of the plan to empty the Château-Thierry pocket, the operation which began on July 18, 1918, and turned the tide of the war.

But brilliant as were these achievements there is evidence that his career was entering upon a phase of larger opportunity. Following the news of his death the Associated Press announced the report that he had been poisoned by revolutionary communists at a political dinner. At the request of the government no autopsy was held, and the censorship suppressed discussion of the report. No official explanation of these sensational allegations has been made, but the view of Mangin's intimates

may be true. In any case it throws light upon the position which he held in French affairs.

His friends inform me that they believe he was in fact poisoned; that he had been chosen by the conservative leaders as the man to save France in the event of a communist outbreak then believed more than a possibility; that the communists knew of this appointment, feared him, and made away with him. No autopsy was held because the Herriot government appealed to Mangin's family and friends on the ground that if a crime were established its prosecution was likely to excite grave disturbances.

To those who knew Mangin this view of him, as the strong man of France waiting his cue behind the political scene, arouses no surprise. To his admirers such a rôle was well within his powers. They regarded him not only as the outstanding military genius of his time, but as gifted with the imagination and qualities of an empire-builder. To them his character was noble and humane, his ambitions patriotic and constitutional. They confidently expected that the stage would be set for the exercise of his mature powers.

On the other hand he was viewed with suspicion and hostility by M. Painlevé and his socialistic following. In 1917 Painlevé had attempted to make him the scapegoat for the ill fated Nivelle offensive and had failed somewhat ignominiously, but the opposition continued. Mangin, at the time of his death, was inspector-general of the French army and a member of the High Council of War, but the socialistic groups are reputed to have blocked his elevation to a

marshalship and such active appointments as would have enhanced his prestige.

At the time the writer was associated with him his military reputation was already established, his personality formed, and it was not difficult to recognize the qualities of mind and character responsible for his achievements. I reported to him as American liaison officer on August 5, 1918, remaining five months in this capacity. He was then commanding the Tenth Army with headquarters at Coyolles near Villers Cotteret. With Colonel Harjes, my commanding officer, I was ushered into the drawing-room of the château. Mangin rose from his desk and came toward us. His fighting jaw was as advertised, but it was not the undershot type that I expected. The mouth was aggressive rather than obstinate. The eyes dominated the face, green gray in color, alert and searching. He was neither short nor tall but well made. He wore his black hair pompadour, his mustache close-cropped. His face was parchment-colored and seamed with deep lines. His nose and ears were large, his hands and feet small. His carriage and the smartness with which he wore his uniform produced an incongruous suggestion of dapperness. Curiously enough his photographs emphasize this suggestion rather than the impressiveness of his mask. The Bouchor portrait conveys the most adequate impression of him.

Mangin smiled pleasantly and shook hands. He spoke with a hissing slur that was due to an Arab slug which had crashed through his jaw.

I had been prepared for a martinet of the forbidding hard-boiled type, but his manners were punctilious. He began at once to make conversation and spoke in admiration of our First and Second divisions, which had been with him at the opening of the battle on July 18. He had never seen better troops, he said. "They were magnificent." He went to his desk and handed us each a copy of the general order in which he had cited them.

The order was printed in parallel columns of French and English. At the bottom of each was a facsimile signature. As it seemed an appropriate thing to do, I asked him to autograph mine.

"But it is signed already," he said with some impatience. "It is signed twice."

"But I want your autograph," I explained. "Those signatures are only printed, and this is a historic paper." Harjes signaled me to be quiet, but I persisted. Mangin took the paper with a show of impatience, seized a pen, scrawled a huge figure 3, and then his name.

"There," he said. "It's signed three times! Is that enough?" He gave me a look as he handed it back, and we both laughed. It was a curious look revealing a shy mischievous humor. The interview closed presently, and we went out.

I had the impression of enormous energy, ruthless determination, and keen intelligence. Except Theodore Roosevelt I had known no one who seemed so highly charged with the forces of leadership and action. He was reserved and formal, however, where Roosevelt was expressive and confiding.

It was at mess that I saw him most intimately. Here he revealed unexpected interests and characteristics. Mangin's *popote* was like a dining-club of interesting people. Important guests were continually appearing, members of the allied governments, visiting generals; any man of distinction "joy-riding" the front might turn up. On such occasions Mangin played the host with tact and charm.

En famille everything was discussed from the war to the arts and philosophy. Mangin talked freely, revealing a breadth of reading and culture somewhat astonishing considering that he had spent most of his adult life campaigning in Africa. He was besides an accomplished musician. Especially striking was his intuitive recognition of what was good in art and letters. His own five books have a Cæsarean directness and lucidity which few men achieve. He might easily have been a great historian. He was an intense nationalist but with a clear conception of the international trends of civilization. Aggressive warfare in Europe he considered a folly worse than crime. He had the Roman conception of colonization and saw French expansion in Africa devoted to the tutelage of backward peoples. In return for French culture and civilization he expected African man-power to reinforce France's defensive organization. He accepted representative government as the best practical solution thus far devised for Western civilization but was keenly alive to its defects.

While he talked freely on general subjects he was notably reserved in regard to his private life and inter-

ests. I had been with him two months before I found out that he was married and had eight children. On rare occasions he touched on his own exploits. I heard him tell of his meeting with Kitchener at Fashoda, of certain features of the capture of Douaumont, of the Nivelle offensive, and of his conception of the operation of July 18, 1918. He had wanted to use his reserves the first day and cut off the pocket with a single blow but unfortunately had been overruled.

He had a keen sense of humor, and when he indulged in reminiscence it was often in this spirit. In this way he told me a story about Pétain. I had been speaking of the excellent food that characterized the French messes.

"In war," he said, "it is important to be well fed. That is one of the things you Americans must learn. A great many French officers had to learn it." He then described how he had met Pétain during the retreat from Belgium. Pétain was worn out with fatigue and seemed ready to drop. He proposed that they lunch together and as his contribution produced a paper bag of cold meat and bread and cheese. Mangin's orderly spread a cloth on an improvised table and set before them a hot fillet of beef, freshly fried potatoes, a salad, and a bottle of good wine.

"How do you do all this?" asked Pétain. "Don't you know we are at war?"

"That's exactly why I need to be well fed," Mangin retorted. "I've been making war all my life, and I never felt better than I do now. You've been making war a week, and

you're nearly dead. Take my advice and feed yourself properly."

Personally, however, Mangin was neither *gourmand* nor *gourmet*. He ate as he did everything to the end of efficiency.

His reserve and detachment could hardly be accounted for by natural shyness or excessive modesty. He had the assurance and manners of a man of the world, and his confidence in his own powers was absolute. He admitted nothing to be impossible or even difficult. The phrase, "it is very easy," was constantly on his tongue. He had the self-reliant buoyancy of all first-class men. As time went on the conclusion was forced upon me that this characteristic detachment was a reasoned philosophy of efficiency in war. And this, I think, was the key to his amazing personality. It was as if early in his career he had observed two factors essential to the highest efficiency of the soldier: first, that the will to conquer should be unwavering and unbreakable; second, that the mind should work at all times and under all circumstances with calm and accuracy undisturbed by emotions or personal considerations.

Whether or not this was an objective and conscious analysis, it was undoubtedly his conception of his profession, a conception which he fully and literally achieved. By an incredible self-discipline, all that play of inner forces which make up the daily life of most men, personal relations, moods, emotions, hopes, fears, likes and dislikes, seemed to be suspended during war. The result was pure intellect directing a titanic will to specific objectives.

It was the essence of the Napoleonic genius, to which with Mangin was added a regulating moral sense.

This view of him explains much that is otherwise perplexing, among other things an apparent callousness which in so highly organized a personality would have been unattractive. I asked him once if he had been hit in the present war, for I knew that he was constantly exposing himself and during the Battle of the Marne had held his position with a handful of men in a shallow trench. He said: "No; it is very curious. One evening on the parapet at Douaumont we were getting a breath of air. A shell killed my staff who were all around me. I was untouched." He spoke in a matter-of-fact way and changed the subject. I could picture the scene. But I doubt if he suffered an emotional shock. It was a time of crisis. A staff was essential. His one thought was to assemble a new one. As he allowed no consideration for his own safety to modify his effectiveness, so he demanded the same standard of others.

With a view to raising the army morale he was constantly pushing his headquarters forward on a line with the divisional commands. The Germans had hardly left Soissons before he moved to a château in the suburbs within range of the enemy's guns. They could have blown the place to pieces in twenty minutes. The chief of staff and the heads of the bureaux protested that it was no place for clerks and typists, much less officers at desks. But they wasted their breath. Mangin said that it was best to be there and that nothing unpleasant would happen. One morn-

ing a nine-inch shell dropped near the gate, but no one was hurt.

Again as the Germans left Laon he moved into a house at the foot of the hill under the town. The countryside was planted with mines whose fuses were arranged for delayed explosions. For nearly two weeks these blew up at odd times under cross-roads and in buildings. Mangin installed himself without waiting for engineers to examine the premises, and again the staff was in a state of mind. The first evening during dinner a mine went off close by, rocked the house, and sprayed the room with broken window-glass. Mangin was talking at the time. He paused, motioned to Baba, his tall Senegalese orderly, to sweep up the pieces, and went on.

Afterward Rochbuet, his aide, said laughingly: "If it had been us instead of the windows it would have been just the same. He would have had Baba sweep us into his pail."

All this was a standard of military conduct. Brutality, however, was foreign to his nature. His treatment of prisoners was invariably humane and considerate. He shrank from ordering punishments and executions. During the autumn an escaping prisoner was caught in the front lines in a French uniform. The lieutenant who caught him sent him back to army headquarters. Mangin sent for the lieutenant.

"Why didn't you shoot him when you caught him?" he demanded. "I don't want him." He told the story at dinner and added hopelessly: "And now what am I going to do with him? Of course I ought to shoot him, but the poor devil had no intention of being a spy. He only

wanted to escape." As a matter of fact he did not shoot him but sent him to the rear, and I suspect the man went back to Germany.

As might have been expected, Mangin had a tremendous capacity for sustained work. But work was no hardship for him. Like Roosevelt he enjoyed it and did it easily. Except for lunch and dinner and for the drive which he took to the front in the forenoon, he was at his desk from early in the morning till midnight or later, and this seven days a week. He took no exercise. He might stroll for a few minutes in the château grounds, but only to meditate some problem. Yet he was never ill, never seemed tired or stale or discouraged. His morale was as keen after four years as in the beginning.

On August 29 I saw him for the first time in defeat. He had given battle with orders contemplating a breach in the Hindenburg Line and a victorious dash over the Chemin des Dames to Laon. Three crack divisions, our American Thirty-second in the center, attacked as a spearhead supported by fifty tanks. The hopes of the staff for a sensational success were high. By noon every tank was out of commission. By night the attacking troops were back on the line of departure. The gloom in the bureau of operations could be cut with a knife.

Mangin came into the dining-room, and I expected to see him depressed like the others. He smiled pleasantly. "Well, Gray," he said, "have you seen some interesting things to-day?" The lines in his face seemed perhaps a little deeper, but no one could have guessed that the day had gone badly. After din-

ner I told him how sorry I was about the failure. He looked at me appreciatively but a little surprised. "But that is war," he said. "Besides it is not so bad. I know now where the enemy is concentrated. To-day we have shaken the tree; to-morrow we shall gather the cherries." Before daybreak he blasted the German positions with his formidable artillery, attacked again, and won a brilliant success.

He told me once that descriptive geometry was his favorite study. Primarily he used it as a training for interpreting the position of an enemy and deducing his intentions. But it colored all his mental processes. I think it molded even his personal manners, which were formal and exact rather than spontaneous. His limitation as a leader was the inability to speak on impulse the friendly heart-warming word that came so naturally from Gouraud. The word "correct" was constantly on his tongue as the criterion of personal conduct. It was a paradoxical code for a man with a fiery temper and an iron will, but he lived by it. He was insubordinate only when his judgment told him that obedience would entail disaster, and his judgment was that of genius. In his estimate of others he was notably generous. He recognized and gave weight to their points of view with judicial fairness. I never heard him speak with bitterness or resentment. Toward Nivelle, who had in effect abandoned him in a crisis, he spoke generously; and of Painlevé, who had tried to break him, he only said: "Of course he knew nothing of war. He was an astronomer and a politician."

He admired Foch greatly, but I doubt if he could have been equally sympathetic with Pétain, who had felt bound to restrain his energy and boldness at times when caution was costly. He said once, "Pétain is deliberate, but he knows his business; he is very capable, and he is calm," which to Mangin was the indispensable attribute of the *chef* or commanding officer. He once complimented the late General Hahn, who commanded our Thirty-second Division, on this quality. He also admired Joffre highly for his calmness as well as for his general capability.

His habit of studying and respecting the viewpoint of others amounted to a gift for understanding men and situations. He understood both English and Americans better than any Frenchman I know. He was able intelligently to admire their qualities and condone their limitations. Similarly he understood his own race. If he had been at the head of the French military régime there would have been few disagreements with the Allied commands. He was one of the few high French officers who from the beginning had correctly appraised the American aptitude for war, and he deplored the plan of using American man-power to reform depleted French and British organizations, which at one time threatened a serious breach with Pershing.

"General Pershing is entirely right," he told me. "You are a fighting people. As a great power you must have your own armies. From the beginning you have done well with your divisions. You will learn the higher staff work quickly. Your officers are serious and trained

to work." He further admired Pershing for insisting, despite the opposition of the French and British authorities, on training for open warfare at a time when it was generally believed the western front could never be successfully pierced.

Mangin was emphatically opposed to the policy of trench fighting. He pointed out that the daily wastage of men quickly amounted to the losses of an offensive battle with nothing to show for it. Moreover the shell-wounds characteristic of trench war reduced the percentage of recoveries and prolonged the average time of convalescence. I had been with him but a short time when he opened his casualty lists to me that I might make a report on his losses during his first month of heavy open fighting, which proved his contention.

His own theory of war was the offensive first, last, and always; and he carried it in practice further than any general since Napoleon with the exception of Foch. I found that he had summarized his principles in a formula. In October the British General Wilson wrote him asking for his autograph for a military album to be sold in London for the Red Cross. He scrawled a paragraph on a slip of paper and asked me to put it into English, which he would copy and send. The translation is as follows: "War is to attack. Where? When? How attack? That is all there is to war. Generals who do not know how to attack do not know war, but they may learn. Those who have no will to attack have no will to make war. Their science, their intellectual qualities, may sometimes create the illusion of generalship, but in the end the course of events will

prove them unequal to the command of armies."

The less formal versions of this sentiment usually ended with the injunction to those generals who had no will to attack to go home to their firesides, for they could never learn their trade.

The restraint with which Mangin judged others did not imply an easy-going attitude toward his subordinates. He kept his army as he kept himself keyed to concert pitch. At times when incapacity had cost life and failure he could be terrible. But he had no favorites. His severity was impersonal. One morning I motored with him to the front. He stopped at a corps headquarters and asked me to amuse myself while he went into the dugout. Presently his voice rose shrill and violent. I have never heard anything like it. I moved away. It was like listening to a dog being beaten to death. I dreaded meeting him again. I expected to see him flushed with anger, breathing hard, trembling. In a few minutes he reappeared, calm, thoughtful, unmoved, as if he had been meditating in church. Whatever the fault of the corps general the punishment had been dealt out as a professional duty, impersonal as the law of retribution.

In contrast with this was a glimpse that I had of him with his family. Early in November I lunched with him at his apartment in Paris. He had withdrawn secretly from the line after taking Laon and was on his way to command what was to have been the final drive of the war against Metz. I had never seen him out of uniform. I could think of him only as the dominating figure

of the company. Baba ushered me in, and I saw a little man in a blue serge business suit with a big black "artist's" bow tie. He was in an arm-chair buried under two children eight or ten years old, a boy and a girl, who were rumpling his hair. I laughed outright. "General Mangin at home," I said. There was an answering gleam in his eye, but the children looked at me wonderingly. They saw nothing to laugh at; this was the only Mangin they knew.

A week later Mangin's staff was at Tantonville, south of Nancy, preparing the attack for November 14. He himself was hidden in a hamlet near-by. His presence if known to the enemy would have been a warning. On the morning of Sunday the tenth, news came of the armistice to go into effect the next day. It is needless to say what that news meant to all of us. In the afternoon I drove out to see the general. I found him pacing the floor, his face stern, his manner absorbed.

"Well," he said, "what do you think of this?"

"Why, it's the end of the war," I answered, "thank God!"

"No, no, no!" he said sharply. "I don't mean that. We must go into Germany. The armistice must be signed there."

"But you can't kill any more Frenchmen," I said. "France has had enough."

"There would be no losses," he answered. "There is no one in front of us. But that is not the point. The Germans don't know they are beaten. You can't end a war like that."

I said: "The Germans have given

Foch a check signed in blank. When the terms of the armistice are enforced they'll soon find out they are beaten."

"Who will enforce those terms?"

"Why, the Allies."

He looked at me impatiently. "Do you know nothing of history? There never was an alliance that held together a year after peace was declared. Oh, no! This is a fatal error, and France will have to pay."

This was Mangin's grasp of reality on the day when the Allied world was experiencing the greatest emotional hysteria of all time.

A few days later he was chosen to lead the French army into Metz and then to the Rhine. To all Frenchmen the entry into Metz was the arch-symbol of the victory. To Mangin it was even more. Two of the four Mangin brothers had been killed in colonial wars. The only son of their sister had fallen at Boisle-Prêtre. The fourth brother, a priest, fought in the trenches, and now at the end it was Charles who was to raise the tricolor over Metz.

The entry was set for November 19. In the forenoon the Tenth Army staff assembled at Jouy-aux-Arches, an ancient Roman village on the Moselle, a few kilometers south of the city. Here they were to mount their horses and form at the head of the parade. The weather was overcast and cold. On arriving at Jouy I left my motor-car and wandered up the village street with my packet of sandwiches. In front of a comfortable house I met Colonel Hellé, assistant chief of staff.

"The general is here," he said. "Come in."

I followed him into the dining-

room, where I found Mangin about to lunch. With him were his aide, Rochbuet, and Colonel de la Fontaine. "Sit down," he said. "We have plenty of lunch." I protested rather feebly, pointing to my sandwiches.

"Sit down," he said again and put me at his left.

Presently he called Baba and asked for "the wine." Something unusual was in the air. The tall black placed a dusty bottle before him. Mangin took it gravely and filled our glasses. His eyes had a strange look in them. I realized that a ceremony was taking place. He raised his glass. "This is the wine of my country," he said hoarsely. Our eyes met, and there was a mist in his. We drank in silence. For a time no one spoke. Presently he noted me scrutinizing his uniform. He wore a black frogged tunic and red breeches with a black stripe.

"In Metz they have never seen the blue," he said. "I want them to recognize a French general in the uniform they knew in 1870."

"You ought to be wearing an overcoat," I answered. "It would be like fate if after coming through the war you should die now of pneumonia."

He smiled and unbuttoning his tunic showed me a paper waistcoat. "This is very warm," he said. "Besides—" Then his face grew grave, and a weariness came into it that I had never seen before. "I have worked forty years for this day. After I make my salute before the statue of Ney it will not matter what becomes of me." He caught no pneumonia—perhaps the paper

waistcoat did its work—but he made no salute before the statue of Ney. On the threshold fate robbed him of his triumphal gesture.

A half-hour later he was riding toward Metz on a magnificent English thoroughbred that he had bought for the occasion. It was characteristic of him that he had never tried the animal. He knew no caution about such things. A mile down the road we came to a cavalry division drawn up in a meadow. The commanding general was an old friend; he rode up, saluted, and asked Mangin to inspect his command. The next moment they were riding side by side down the long line. Almost at once the big chestnut became frightened and began to pull. We saw him break into a canter, fighting for his head, and Mangin, with his hands in tight white gloves, unable to check him. From a canter he broke to a gallop and the next instant was bolting down the meadow. Rochbuet galloped after him, but there was nothing to be done. At the end of the field the chestnut swung to the right, tried to leap the stone-faced ditch into the road, fell, and put Mangin on his head on the macadam. At first they thought he was dead. They laid him in a motor-truck, and he entered Metz muttering about the flags that he saw through the flapping curtains.

It was Pétain, therefore, as it happened, that led the Tenth Army into Metz, handsome, calm, warm in a faded blue overcoat, prudent on an old gray troop-horse, and withal a heroic figure.

I saw Mangin in hospital when he was convalescing and spoke of the disappointment. He smiled his shy,

whimsical smile. "That is life," he said.

The last episode of his active command was a tragic one for him and perhaps for France. The peace aims of France as formulated during the war contemplated a neutralized state on the left bank of the Rhine. Whatever may have been Mangin's instructions when he entered Germany, it was clear that he was authorized to conciliate the population and prepare sentiment for a Rhenish republic. At this juncture President Wilson came upon the scene. He bitterly opposed the project and offered the protective alliance of the United States and Great Britain as the solution for French security. Mangin, with his grasp of realities and his prophetic insight into the future, distrusted this. He told me flatly in December that America would inevitably revert to her traditional policy of isolation. With what was probably uncertain support at Paris he went on with his preparations for the setting up of the Rhenish republic. Clemenceau chose to trust President Wilson; the separatist movement without French bayonets failed; Mangin was disavowed and at Mr. Wilson's insistence recalled. The Locarno treaties attempt a belated and partial settlement of French security on lines essentially similar to the principles originally enunciated, but the golden opportunity of the winter of 1919 was lost. What the result will be is still on the knees of the gods. But Mangin died in the consciousness that he had done his utmost and had sacrificed his career as unhesitatingly as he had so often risked his life for his country.

THE MODERN WOMAN

Philosophers Grow Dizzy as She Passes By

WILL DURANT

IF IN imagination we place ourselves at the year 2000, and ask what was the outstanding feature of human events in the first quarter of the twentieth century, we shall see that it was not the World War, nor the Russian Revolution, but the change in the status of woman. History has seldom known so startling a transformation in so short a time. The "sacred home" which was the basis of our social order, the marriage system which was our barrier against human passion and instability, the complex moral code which lifted us from brutality to civilization and courtesy, are visibly caught in that turbulent transition which has come upon all our institutions, all our modes of life and thought, since factories out-wooded the fields, and cities absorbed the natural and human resources of the country-side. It is not without excuse that our minds are a little unbalanced in this unmoored age.

That woman should be anything but a household slave, a social ornament, or a sexual convenience, was a phenomenon known to other centuries than ours, but only as a phenomenon, as an exception worthy of universal notice and surprise. Plato pleaded quixotically for the opening of all careers, and the equality of all

opportunity, without regard to sex; but Aristotle, more congenial to the prejudices of his time, classed woman as an arrested development, and explained her as nature's failure to make a man. She belonged with slaves as naturally subordinate, and quite unworthy of participation in public affairs.

This was also the view of Jehovah, who grouped wives and mothers with cattle and real estate in the last of the commandments which, we are told, he gave to Moses. Jehovah had been made in the image of the Jews, who, like any warlike people, looked upon woman as a misfortune, a necessary evil to be tolerated as the only available supply of soldiery for the time being. No candles were lit when a daughter was born among the ancient Jews; the mother who gave birth to a girl had to undergo a double purification; and the boy, proud of the abbreviation which was his covenant with Jehovah, repeated regularly the prayer: "I thank thee, God, that thou hast not made me a Gentile or a woman." But the Jews were not exceptional; indeed they were in many ways ahead of the moral code of their day. Everywhere in the East women were despised until they became the mothers of sons, and not fully honored till

their sons lay slain on some battlefield.

From that day to ours there have been, no doubt, a thousand variations and fluctuations in the status and treatment of women; we must not retail them here. The *hetæra* who lent so picturesque an aspect to the life of ancient Athens, and the courtezans who took their name from the courts of modern kings, sought emancipation from male mastery through the expert development and manipulation of their sexual charms; for a time Aspasia and Phryne mingled with philosophers and artists, and the salons of royal mistresses became the intellectual centers of the maturest culture that the world has known. But Rousseau blew all that away with the wind of his "Discourses"; when the Revolution was over, women found that *Liberté* and *Egalité* had never been thought of as applying to the home, and that the Sansculottes who took the Tuileries could be as stern rulers of their wives as the Romans whose names they loved to wear. Freedom was for men only, and was only grammatically feminine.

These views held to our own century. Which of us on the dark side of forty does not recall the truculent treatise in which Otto Weininger proved that women had no souls? Which of us males missed the joy of reading Schopenhauer's "Essay on Women"—"that under-sized, narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped, and short-legged race"? Did we not thrill with superiority when Nietzsche counseled us, "When thou goest to woman, remember thy whip"? We did not care that these books which so delighted us were but part of the

eternal war of the sexes, military manuals for the besieged, voicing the wisdom of defeated men. We neglected to observe, as pertinent to the question of the partiality of these witnesses, that Schopenhauer was jilted by a pretty Venetian lass who preferred Byron's title and good looks; that Nietzsche was jilted by his Dark Lady, Lou Salomé, after he had pursued her over half a continent, wooing her with philology and apothegms; that Weininger, the proud genius, was jilted by a Viennese waitress, and in dramatic despair shot himself dead in the house of the great Beethoven. We read those books gratefully because they vicariously and safely expressed our secret hostility to the sex which we shall always love.

Until 1900 or so a woman had hardly any rights which a man was legally bound to respect. He might beat her and be well within the law if he left her moderately alive; he might, in merrie England, commit adultery every evening after supper and be still within the law; if he did not also desert her she had no redress except to imitate him. If she earned money it belonged to him; if she brought him property in marriage it was his to spend. That she would ever have the privilege of working in a factory, or the sacred honor of marching to the polls, never occurred to any one.

Then, suddenly, these once pretty slaves began to talk about freedom and other fetishes, about equality and other impossibilities; they smashed windows, ruined letter-boxes, made interminable parades and ferocious perorations. To vary another "Comedy of Errors":

"In bed we slept not for their urging it;
 At board we fed not for their urging it;
 In company they often glanced at it."

They made up their minds, and had their way. Now we cannot beat them any more, they will not cook for us any more, they will not even stay at home with us of an evening. Instead of worrying about our sins they are busy with their own; they have acquired souls and votes at the very time when men seem to have lost the one and forgotten the other; they smoke and swear and drink and think, while the proud males who once monopolized those arts are at home superintending the nursery.

How shall we explain this precipitate overturn of stable and respectable customs and institutions older than the Christian era? The pervading cause of the change was the multiplication of machinery. The "emancipation" of woman was a natural incident of the Industrial Revolution.

For, first, it brought the industrialization of women on a scale unknown and undreamed of before. They were cheaper labor than men; the employer preferred them as employees to the more costly and rebellious males. A century ago, in England, men found it hard to get work; but placards invited them to send their wives and children to the factory gate. Employers must think in terms of profits and dividends, and must not be distracted by the consideration of morals, institutions, or states. The men who unwittingly

conspired to "destroy the home" were the patriotic manufacturers of nineteenth-century England.

The first legal step in the emancipation of our grandmothers was the legislation of 1882, by which it was decreed that thereafter the women of Great Britain should enjoy the unprecedented privilege of keeping the money they earned. It was a highly moral and Christian enactment, put through by the factory-owners in the House of Commons to lure the ladies of England into attendance upon their machines. From that year to this the irresistible suction of the profits motive has drawn women out of the drudgery of the home into the serfdom of the shop. In England to-day one woman of every two works in an office or a factory; the number of women in industry is multiplying four times as fast as the number of men. By the time this generation withers and decays there will be, in England, Germany, and America, fifty million houses, and hardly a single home.

For the industrialization of women involved the decay of domestic life. As machinery bred new machines in a perpetually rising flood, and large-scale production, with new modes of power, cheapened costs, the factory outdid and outbid the home in a hundred occupations which had once varied woman's life. Bit by bit her old work was stolen from her; one by one the tasks that had made her slavery and her happiness slipped away, leaving the house empty of interest, and herself functionless and discontent.

It is to woman's credit that she went out of the home into the factory; she sought the work that had gone

from her hands; she knew that without it she would become a meaningless parasite, an impossible luxury for any but economically established and physiologically decadent men. She received her first pay-envelop with the pride and delight of the boy who, to escape from school, has accomplished manhood through industrial employment and a Sunday cigar. The exhilaration with which woman accepted her new servitude was the joy of having found something to do; it was the happiness of functioning, somehow, again.

So, the home being empty, no longer a place where things were done or life was lived, men and women abandoned it, and began to sleep in boxes, honeycombs called tenements or apartment-houses, dormitories for people whose lives, day and evening, were spent outside, in the roar and babble of the city. An institution which had lasted ten thousand years was destroyed in a generation. Our scientific sociologists and social psychologists had taught us that institutions, customs, and morals could not be altered except by slow and imperceptible gradations; but here was one of the greatest changes in the history of civilization, and it had come almost overnight, between the boyhood and the maturity of one man. Our editors and preachers and statesmen had warned us against permitting socialists to destroy the home; and meanwhile, under their eyes, in the very midst of their lives, the impersonal processes of economic change had accomplished the tragedy before the moralists had realized where the causes lay.

The home might have survived

had children filled it with trouble and laughter; but the Industrial Revolution had taken them too away. Children, who had been such helps and joys on the spacious farm, were expensive hindrances in the crowded city and the narrow apartment. The world had too many workers; the old-fashioned fertility had to stop, lest men should be always poor and always ignorant. The coming of machinery had made factories, and factories had made cities, and cities had made democracy, socialism, and birth-control. No one had willed it; the brilliant expositions of the rights of women to some surcease from multiple motherhood had had very little to do with it; and the exhortations of clergymen and presidents could not stop its course. The whole history of Europe and America in the last one hundred years would have had to be transformed to forestall these results. But history, like energy, is irreversible; it carries within itself a certain fatality; it must run its course.

Not only were children a luxury in cities where they could not be put to work at five, and where every additional room added to the burden of rent; but motherhood itself had become no longer a normal incident but a perilous operation. Through work in the factory, or lack of work at home, the modern woman had become physiologically weaker than her ancestors. The decadent esthetic sense of the modern male had made matters worse by idolizing the slenderest and frailest figure; such women as Rubens knew, or such mothers as Bonaparte's Lætitia, were not to the taste of our artists or men

about town, who judged beauty in terms of transient sexual lure rather than as a promise of robust maternity. So women became more and more incapable of bearing children; they avoided motherhood as long as they could, and reduced it to a vanishing minimum. Their husbands for the most part agreed with them, not knowing, in their innocence, that children cost less than cabarets.

And then those new machines, called contraceptives, completed the circle, and coöperated silently in emancipating women. Freed from the care of offspring, freed therefore from the last task which might have made the home a tolerable and meaningful environment for her, she went into the office and the factory and the world. Proudly she took her place beside man in the shop; she did the same work, thought the same thoughts, spoke the same words, as the man. Emancipation, for the most part, proceeded via imitation. One by one the new woman took over the habits, good or bad, of the traditional and old-fashioned male; she imitated his cigarettes, his profanity, his agnosticism, his hair-dress, and his pants. The new diurnal propinquity made men effeminate and women masculine; like occupations, like surroundings, and like stimuli fashioned the two sexes almost into one. Within a generation it will be necessary to mark them with badges to distinguish them, and to prevent regrettable complications. Already one cannot be quite sure.

How profound a change the childless woman, or the mother of one child, represents as compared with

the women of the past, stands out impressively if we recall the horror with which both men and women once viewed sterility. Until our century the respect in which a woman was held varied in close correlation with the number of children she had borne. The function of a woman was to be either a mother or a harlot, and in either case as often as possible. Daily from Christian Europe and the heathen world a million prayers ascended to a hundred gods to grant the gift of children. Rosaries were recited, shrines were visited, holy stones suffered pious abrasion. Among the Mayas disappointed couples fasted and prayed, and brought dainty offerings to propitiate the deity of many births. An African king, asked how many were his children, answered sadly that he had only a few, hardly more than seventy.

Why is it that pictures of motherhood touch us to the heart and bring tears to the eyes? Because, before cities came, children were needed in great number; and our feelings were the reflex of that need. Now the city need not reproduce; it can draw to it with its bright lights and long nights the offspring of unweakened rural loins; the new Moloch holds out its arms, illuminated with a million varicolored bulbs, and the children come; by hundreds of thousands every year they come, and in their turn grow wise and barren. The city does not believe that children are necessary; therefore it trains women to be courtezans, and does not soil them with maternity. The tenderness for motherhood which thaws, occasionally, even our skeptically chilly

souls is the product of a rural adolescence in which women still bore children now and then; and our feelings survive after the conditions under which they rose are changed and gone. We who were born before the nineties, and grew near the open fields, will believe to the end that, as the Slavonic proverb warns us, "those who have no children have no happiness"; and that to raise a family of virile sons and gentle daughters is an achievement that calls for more character, and has perhaps a more substantial result, than painting neo-impressionist pictures, or composing modern music, or writing essays on the modern woman.

The emancipated woman, then, is the product of economic developments not willed by herself; and nothing is so absurd as the moral tirades which denounce her for being what she is. We should be able, with this orientation, to look upon her with some degree of objectivity and impartiality. Let us consider her.

In industry she is adapting herself with an astounding versatility, with an unsuspected flexibility of mind. Most of the tricks and habits of intelligence which a fairly recent psychology pronounced innately male, turn out to be superficial acquisitions which women can take on as readily as rouge. Observe these office girls everywhere; they may be slightly lacking in initiative (outside of *erotica*), but their quiet competence, their patient courtesy, their unassuming assumption of most of the real work of the office—while the superincumbent male smokes his ~~cigar~~, leans back in his chair, and

looks pontifically about—is a source of perpetual surprise and humble admiration in a certain amateur philosopher. Within a generation or two the weaker sex has made such progress in conquering a position in industry, in pervading almost every field of it except the brutally physical occupations, that even honest John Stuart Mill would be amazed to-day to see how needlessly modest his hopes were for the sex which he made his protégé. There is no telling how far this feminine permeation of industry will go; the time may come when the superior tact of women, and their skill in the manipulation of details, will all but balance the greater strength and bolder initiative of men. When electric power takes the dirt and muscular strain from industry, even man will have to become intelligent to keep his place in the economic world.

In politics our daughters will not be so fortunate. No doubt the industrialized woman had to enter this sorry game to protect herself against decrees and contemporary discrimination. Had not the villainous male surrounded his hoary privileges with a thousand legislative barriers, and fortified his force at a hundred points with venerable laws? These had to be undone; every road had to be opened for the unspent energy of a sex suddenly shorn of domestic labor and freed from the burdens of biennial motherhood. What passionate ability they poured into this struggle for enfranchisement! Never was half a world of resistance so rapidly and so valiantly beaten down. During the same time, with forces as vocal and numerous, against the same hostility and abuse,

the rebellious proletarians of England and America achieved, through political agitation, nothing. The bravery of embattled men drunk with the sound and fury of war could not outmatch the courage of these women marching to the polls, knocking at the gates of power, knocking till the doors were opened and democracy was forced to take them in. Fifty years from now women will realize how completely they have been taken in.

Some of them understand it now, and perceive that nose-counting is not emancipation, and that freedom is not political, but of the mind. A million alert and happy girls are filling with color and charm the class-rooms and dormitories and campuses that once harbored only the strutting heirs of creation. In a thousand colleges everywhere you come upon them, their faces newly serious with the literature and science of the world, their bright eyes shining with the lust of knowledge, their athletic bodies leaping with the sense of a fuller life. Perhaps their beauty blinds us, and we judge too favorably their bubbling gaiety and their profound frivolity. But have you heard them interrogate their teachers? Have you watched them as they tore a theory to tatters, and remade the world nearer to their heart's desire?

What will come of all this education? Will it cooperate with the widened life of the modern woman, with the thousand new experiences which are remolding her, to give her an intelligence capable of coping with this changing world? Will this new diversity of mind and interest disrupt that unity and wisdom

of instinct which once served woman so well in her endless war with the hesitatingly intellectual male? Will this new intelligence in woman disturb and frighten off the possible suitor, and make it difficult for the educated woman to find a mate? The Roman citizen, we are told, was filled with horror at the prospect of a learned wife. And so is every man; he is unhappy in the company of a woman whose mind is the equal of his own; he can love only what is weaker than himself, as the woman can love only what is stronger. Hence the girl whose culture is of knowledge and ideas, rather than of natural charm and half-unconscious skill, is at a disadvantage in the pursuit of a mate; she is trespassing upon fields which men have for centuries reserved for men. A clever girl will conceal her mental superiority until she is safely married, and occasionally thereafter as well, when she has special favors in view. The illusion of male initiative and supremacy must be maintained.

In some fifty years, then, women have proved that the mental differences between the sexes are due far more to environment and occupation than to unalterable nature. This need not mean that women will at any early date overcome the intellectual handicaps with which time and custom have encompassed them. Their cultural development has but begun; they have no age-long tradition and impetus behind them, no great exemplars to inspire them with confidence or serve as models for their growth. Only in our time has the average woman enjoyed educational opportunities on any scale remotely approaching equality

with the male; for many generations yet the proportion of women to men in our colleges will be far less than the proportion of women to men in our population. Until the proportions are equal, every comparison of the artistic or scientific productivity of one sex with that of the other will be futile and unjust. Male geniuses are the selected best of millions of educated men; how shall genius in woman approach their number until woman shares equally in all the educational privileges of mankind?

And lastly, motherhood, even at its present fashionable minimum, will absorb a large share of woman's energies; she will continue, let us hope, to look upon it as her greatest achievement, and will be content to surrender such incidental frills as art and literature to unsexed men. She may discover that there are greater things than written words in the world, though she may find spoken words of service still. She may discover what even men can now understand, that there is some difference between the intellectual and the intelligent.

Meanwhile what has happened to the modern woman's body? Has her expulsion from the home and her welcome into the factory led to any physical deterioration? Very probably. She does not look so robust and healthy as her agricultural or domestic grandma; she has less color of her own; and she cannot bear children without such prolonged helplessness and pain as would fill a primitive lady with scorn. But that is true of all of us; men too have lost vigor since they left the fields for the factories. The modern mind is more alert; it handles complex tools and

vehicles with steady confidence and (comparative) security; but the modern body is incapable of the strains and burdens which once it bore as part of the day's routine.

Yet with all her ailments the woman of our time remains sufficiently beautiful to make philosophers grow dizzy as she passes by. We cannot be too grateful to her for the sly arts by which she preserves her seductive charms to an age which brought the ladies of past centuries to the first stages of decrepitude. It is delightful that women should refuse to grow old, and should still be dangerous at forty. Even lip-stick and rouge are from this point of view forgivable adjuncts to art and civilization; though a natural color is an admirable substitute for cosmetics.

Perhaps this pretty frailty, this physical enfeeblement of the contemporary woman, is a passing and superficial condition. In a world operated by electric power, factories will be as clean as once were homes; cities will spread out, and human beings will begin to breathe fresh air again. What with "hikes" and tennis and basket-ball, the modern girl may recapture the roses which urban industry has snatched from her cheeks. The impediment of constrictive dress is being overcome; the body of the modern girl is boldly emancipated from the dignified impediments and impenetrable accoutrements that once chained her into a breathless immobility and discouraged the curiosity of the male. The short skirt is a boon to all the world except the tailors. What could be more delightful than the intriguing little movements with

which the girl of 1927 pulls down her dress over her knees? Knees were once a luxury; now they are a necessity of the daily scene; no subway would be complete without them. The sole harm they do is in contributing to the atrophy of the male imagination. And who knows?—perhaps women would have no beauty if men had no imagination.

It is difficult for some of us to accustom ourselves to bobbed hair and feminine cigarettes; but the coming generation will not mind these surface alterations. Anything at all, if done by pretty women consistently, will seem attractive to the normal man; custom makes morals, and has a hand in beauty too. In former days old women smoked malodorous pipes, and the world rolled on mindlessly; it will roll on as nonchalantly now that old women are virtuous and young women blow rings of smoke into their lovers' eyes. Smoking may be injurious as well as pleasant; but if men and women prefer a short life and a merry one, shall they not have their choice? How can we be certain that gaiety is not wiser than wisdom?

But what shall we say of the *delirium tremens* called the modern dance? Was it woman who invented it, or some neurotic male? And can it be that our forefathers raged as morally as we do now, when the voluptuous waltz replaced the pirouetting of aristocratic days? But what again shall be said of the growing proficiency of ladies in the gentle arts of robbery, murder, and politics? Recently, as a respectable Baltimore periodical informs us, "an unidentified man was brought to a hospital here in a critical condition,

suffering from painful injuries said to have been inflicted by three girls in a wood near Hurlock. The man was walking . . . when the girls, in an auto, offered him a 'lift.' He accepted. After riding a short distance, he said, the girls stopped the car on a lonely road. During a petting party which followed . . . one of the girls became enraged at his lack of ardor. A scuffle ensued. While two held him, the third stabbed him with a hatpin. The girls fled, leaving him helpless on the ground." After this can we any longer doubt the emancipation of women?

It would seem that Huxley was right: "Woman's virtue was man's most poetic fiction." They have always had these passions; but once they concealed them more sedulously, because they thought that gentlemen preferred modesty. Now men seem to respond more quickly to immodesty; and the modern girl tends to an anatomical and psychological candor which transiently allures the senses, but hardly draws the soul. A mature man revels in resistance, and loves a delicate reticence in woman. No doubt when men remain immature, stranded in promiscuity, insensitive to the joys of loyalty, and unaware of any charms but those of the flesh, extraordinary measures must be taken to rouse their interest and lure them into matrimony. But this immodesty is suicidal; it leads the male to think in terms of passing gratification rather than in terms of marriage and a home. And when a legal union does issue from this fitful temperature of the blood, it goes to wreck as soon as the flame of passion has been extin-

guished by the use and wont of marriage. Shaw was wrong; matrimony is not a maximum of temptation combined with a maximum of opportunity. The opportunity endures; but the temptation is soon reduced to a minimum.

Meanwhile what has become of marriage in this whirlpool of chaotic change?

It has well nigh disappeared; or if not quite that, it has been abbreviated at either end, by deferment and divorce. Of divorce enough has been said, and statistics quoted to satiety. As to deferment let us merely note that within half a century the age of marriage for men, in the cities of Western Europe and North America, has passed from the vicinity of twenty to the neighborhood of thirty. The economic insecurity of the male, the ornamental and expensive functionlessness of the female, the selective desire of women to marry above their class, the lavish provision of facilities for the sexual satisfaction of men in modern cities—these are some of the causes that have put back the age of marriage close to the beginning of decay. Deceived by his environment, the modern man asks of woman not marriage but merely sex; for sex may be an ephemeral affair, involving, under the latest approved methods, no permanent obligation for the male. Marriage is a luxury, a bond, a restraint on our natural liberties; why should a man enter such a prison, and court a premature Nirvana, when every theater offers him great temptations, and every street-corner provides shelter for irresponsible amours?

The truth is that we males are cowards; we are not willing to face the stern compulsions and enlarging tasks which made our fathers men. Once we braved marriage with no other capital than our willingness to work; now we must be fortified with thousands before we dare the venture; and when at last we decide, the clean fire of youth is dead. The initiative in mating still remains with us; there is nothing to prevent us from postponing marriage, and everything to suggest to us that it is an unnecessary evil. A hundred thousand women must be set aside as harlots, never knowing home or children of their own, in order that other thousands may marry late, and without love, men who have been brutalized by vice. What a tragic farce the emancipation of women is, so long as they must wait, in an unwilling and desiccating virginity, while their merry masters consider, at leisure, whether it would be wiser to make of them mistresses, or prostitutes, or wives!

The chief malefactor in the situation is the male factor; and most of the sorry scheme is due to the promiscuous privileges of the physically and economically superior male. But outside of the proletariat the woman is as guilty as the man. Willingly or not she has become, in the middle and upper classes, a beautiful parasite. Freed from domestic toil by the alienation of industry from the home, and freed from the burdens of motherhood by contraceptives, nurses, and maids, she is left with hands and head and heart restlessly idle, a rich soil for a thousand seeds of mischief. And by a natural development, the less she

has to do, the lazier she becomes, and the less willing she is to perform what remains of the work which once made her a helpmeet instead of a doll. Such a woman offers to her husband very little that he might not just as well secure on shorter-term investments, properly diversified. Under the circumstances marriage, to a critical bachelor, appears not as the fulfilling goal of a mature man, but as a civilized rendition of a theme dear to nature in the insect world, where, as likely as not, the female eats the head of the male while he is absorbed in the entanglements of love.

What the conclusion of it all will be let others tell who know. Probably it will be nothing that we shall wish or will; we are caught in a current of change, and shall doubtless be borne along to fated and unchosen ends. In this rushing flux of customs, habits, and institutions, anything at all may come. Perhaps temporary marriages without legal bond will be condoned where there is no intent to reproduce. Free unions, sanctioned or not, will multiply; and though their freedom will be chiefly for the male, women will take them as a lesser evil than the sterile loneliness of uncourted days. The "double standard" will be broken down, and women, having imitated men in all things else, will emulate their premarital experience. Divorce will grow; a divorceless marriage will be as rare as a virgin bride. The entire institution of marriage will be recast into newer and looser forms. Everything comes to an end.

Our wishes would make a far different picture from this promiscuous coming world. One would like to

persuade young men to take at a more natural age the matrimonial adventure, and trust to its stimulus and compulsion—love giving every power a double power—to lift them to a level with its tasks. It is true that youth is blind, and cannot judge; but age is cold, and cannot love. Shall we rate security so high as to miss the finest flower of life? One would be pleased to persuade women that there is no health or permanence in parasitism, and that there is more joy (though profounder sorrows too) in motherhood than in careers that harden the body and coarsen the soul into the unlovely likeness of an emasculated male. ~~Happiness, like beauty, is the fulfillment of function; not the supine acceptance of some lot into which blind accident has dropped us, but that whole-hearted harmony of instincts in which the pursuit of individual purposes is reconciled with the welfare of the race.~~ A hundred thousand generations have bred in us a powerful impulse to parentage; and Nature seems resolved to give us no happiness till we surrender to her supreme law. When we command her by our obedience she rewards us with such intense delights as no wealth or power can bring.

If a woman has found another function than motherhood which absorbs her energy and fills her life, it is middling well; and nature will bear with her; but if she wanders about strangely discontent, passing unsatisfied from one amusement to another, and finding no interest in her empty home, it is because she has turned her back on the categorical imperative of love. Certainly the world does not need children as

abundantly as before; indeed it is not the world which one considers here at all; it is that happiness of mate with mate that calls for more than mating. Marriage fails when it is merely the relation of a man with a woman; it has a better chance, and a kindlier fate, if it is the relation of a man and a woman to their child.

Let us hope that these are but difficulties of transition; that our chaos of mind and morals, of politics and art, is an illucid interval between a system of order and continuance that is dying, and one that is being born—one that emerges slowly, not from our theories and our arguments, but from the trial-and-error adjust-

ment of human impulses to the unnatural conditions of an industrial, urban, and secular age. We are not witnessing the end of a civilization, as our moralists suppose; we exceptional and unmoral people are a small minority, perhaps neurotic and diseased; behind and around us on every side the great mass of simple people will go on marryin; and reproducing, and their children will inherit the earth. There is every reason to believe that they will carry the world on until a new order, a new stability of conduct and thought, shall establish the race on the higher level to which our blind experiments may lead.

APOLOGY

JACQUELINE EMBRY

You with your cocky little swagger, dead. . . .
 I see you now, your hands on narrow hips,
 Your insolent thin shoulders, tossing head,
 The vivid vulgar clothes, the startling lips.
 Fantastic figure from a fashion book,
 You walked our sober streets, your bright, bird's glance
 Darting this way and that, hoping we'd look
 And be struck dumb at so much elegance.

Superior dull sheep, we turned away,
 Caught one another's eyes, and shrugged, and smiled.
 You were so young, so rakish, and so gay!
 We tried to discipline a dressed-up child.
 I hope that heaven has a Main Street where
 The angels won't be too high-hat to stare.

A MILLION COMMUNISTS

And How They Rule the Hundred Million Russians

JEROME DAVIS

NOT EVEN all the Bolsheviks in Russia understand just how the Communist party controls that country. No wonder that Americans have spun wild theories as to how one group of a million, including 135,000 women, can dictate to 140,000,000 people.

To understand the situation it is necessary to realize that, on the one hand, the mass of the people are illiterate, have long been inert, and have become habituated to political dictatorship. On the other hand, we must recognize that Communist party members are not comparable to Republicans or Democrats. They really correspond to the active committee members of our two major parties in each town, city, and State in the United States. It is doubtful if even here we have more than a million of these. Furthermore the Communists have an army of 30,000 paid workers giving full time to the party apparatus. They do not tolerate opposition parties, except in theory. It is true that in the early days of their power Mensheviks and Left Social Revolutionists did function. At present any opposition must express itself as a non-party faction. It is probably not too strong to say that actually the Communists have a monopoly of party

legality. Certainly no other party can have a legal treasury with thousands of paid workers.

The Bolsheviks are much more rigorous in their membership standards than are most religious cults, both as to admission and expulsion. Each member must be an active worker. No mere outward adherence to a program will do. Indeed many a laboring-man has confided to me his unwillingness to join the party because he really could not spend the time required in voluntary activity.

There is another drawback: it means perpetual hardship or near-poverty. No member may keep more than 225 rubles a month for himself, unless it be as compensation for published articles; this means that if he receives 500 rubles, 275 go into the party treasury. He must live in a proletarian way. Expensive clothes and bourgeois parties are taboo. At a moment's notice he must stand ready to be sent anywhere, to do anything. In case he fails in his duty, punishment is swift, certain, and drastic. In fact, if it is a serious offense, as a Communist he may be shot. Naturally, even among Bolshevik sympathizers, there are those who feel more comfortable outside the ranks.

It is also extremely difficult to

join the elect. Communism is like a college fraternity. The eligibility rules are strict. Wealth and noble ancestry are a hindrance, whereas the common laborer and soldier are specially welcomed. Workers need only two letters of recommendation from party members of one year's standing and need be candidates for but six months. Peasants must have three letters and serve as candidates for a year, while all others need to secure five letters from members of five years' party standing and be candidates two long years. Even then the applicant must be approved by a higher party committee and, in the case of all but workers, by the provincial committee—a body corresponding to a Republican State committee. It is small wonder that only three per cent of the members are illiterate.

Not only is it difficult to get in, but it is sometimes extremely difficult to stay in. At irregular intervals there descends upon the unsuspecting member what is popularly called a "cleansing." Then one must appear before a public gathering of Communists and non-Communists to show cause why one is entitled to remain in the party. Thus a member working in a coöperative bank had to state publicly before all his fellow-employees what he had done for the workers, the peasants, and the party. In theory this gives a chance for any one to report against him openly or in private.

One cannot understand Communist dictatorship without considering the czar's training-school. Bolshevism rules Russia to-day because it has so many fearless revolutionists who were schooled by the old order. Out of eighty-five biographies of the

most prominent living Communists, published in the party year-book, fifty-five had spent terms in the czar's jail as revolutionists. Is it any wonder that men schooled in dungeon, exile, torture, and familiar with death, should sometimes use harsh tactics?

The party had its first crude beginning in a small group of fifteen metal-workers meeting secretly in the city of Odessa in 1872. They knew nothing of Communism but sought education. By 1875 they numbered nearly two hundred and were raided by the police. The chairman was sentenced to ten years of hard labor; others received shorter terms. The result was the development of full-fledged revolutionists. In 1881 Alexander II was assassinated. In 1895 Lenin was head of one of the regional committees at St. Petersburg. Running like a red thread through all the party history has been the desire to secure justice for the common man at any cost or by any means. In little more than fifty years the Communists captured control of a country occupying one sixth of the earth's surface and built up a membership of over one million, in addition to two million others belonging to the Kom-somols or Communist Union of Youth.



Still another cause of their control is the party mechanism. Lenin tried to create a structure which would be highly centralized, have an iron discipline, and yet be democratic. In fact, it is elective in all its branches from top to bottom.

Starting with a nucleus or "cell" in village, factory, or organization (wherever there are three or more

members), it leads by an ascending stairway of party organizations to the directive center or Political Bureau. At the present time Russia has 7315 workers' and 15,819 peasants' "cells." Through these nuclei the Communists reach out to control soviets, trade-unions, coöperatives, and other bodies. Of course, the few in these organizations may not necessarily be able to control the many, but that is their purpose.

The various "cells" participate in the *volost* or township elections. The *volost* sends delegates to the county congress, which in turn elects the provincial congress. The All-Union Communist Party Congress meets once a year with representatives from the provincial and city organizations. It selects a Central Committee, which meets every two months and corresponds to a party caucus in our Congress.

In its turn this committee elects a Political Bureau composed of nine members, and of eight candidates who can attend but cannot vote. There is nothing quite like this in America, although it corresponds to a powerful inner executive group within the party. This bureau decides all questions when the Central Committee is not in session. Under it are subordinate bureaus of Organization and a Secretariat. Since those in the Secretariat also belong to the Organization Bureau, and since Stalin as general secretary of the party belongs to all three groups, there is in effect a sort of interlocking directorate.

Something of the power of the Political Bureau can be sensed from the fact that it names the party editors of the central papers and

confirms all others. Even the secretaries of the Provincial Party Bureaus have to be confirmed by it or a subordinate committee. It also has direct contact with the political arm of the army and navy, probably naming, through the Central Committee, the man who heads the work.

The Political Bureau can transfer a party worker from one post to another for the good of the party. (The charge is made that this is one method of eliminating opposition.) It also draws up the program for the Party Congress.

Just now Stalin is leader of the majority in the Political Bureau. This has made him the most powerful man in Russia. To continue to rule, he not only has to retain his supporters in the bureau but also a majority of the 673 delegates to the All-Union Party Congress. Since on questions of party discipline the Central Control Commission, numbering 163, is supreme, he also must keep their friendship; and all of them are Communists of at least ten years' standing.

Stalin has probably won his place by methods not wholly unlike those of some American political bosses. He is a man of outstanding ability, with a magnetic personality, and does not take an extreme position on party questions. In consequence he has won the respect and confidence of two thirds of the influential members. Once in control he has the enormous advantage of running the party mechanism and to some extent of controlling patronage. In spite of Stalin's power, no one charges him with being insincere or of working for personal gain.

Any opposition faction has to go

up against this powerful majority machine. The iron discipline within the ranks makes it extremely difficult for a minority to express itself. It is true that the constitution provides for complete freedom of discussion until a question has been decided by the party, but thereafter it demands indorsement and loyal support. In 1921 Shlyapnikov, a member of the Central Committee, undertook at a party meeting to criticize openly a decision of the government. Lenin immediately called a special meeting urging his expulsion from the committee. At that time Lenin found himself in the minority, but more recently Zinoviev and later Trotsky were actually removed from the Political Bureau for organizing secret opposition factions. While this discipline may or may not be necessary in a period of reconstruction, it becomes extremely difficult for a minority to win a majority in case a wrong decision has once been reached.

The strategy of the Communists is to keep the big positions throughout Russia in their hands, and in this they have succeeded. For example, in the Supreme Council of Economy only seventeen per cent of the entire staff belong to the party; but five out

of six of the executive committee, the two general administrators, and six out of fourteen heads of departments are party men. On the railroads, less than thirty-three per cent of the workers are party members, in contrast to forty-nine per cent of the executives.

Americans sometimes express the fear that Russian education will be nothing but Communistic propaganda. The fact is that out of 88,862 teachers only two and one half per cent belong to the party.

Communism has a long road to go with many winding turns and compromises before it embraces in its membership the overwhelming majority of the workers and peasants of Russia. In the meanwhile it does offer a training-ground for all those politically minded folk who love the honor and prestige of position and who glory in hard work.

Americans must realize that Communism and its dictatorship are in process of evolution and will inevitably change. It is extremely unlikely to meet a violent end through revolution. It has "its ear too close to the ground" and has adopted too many of the tactics of American politicians to be in any immediate danger of a sudden upheaval.

THE GREAT MAN'S WIFE

CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM

WHEN Ruth married Grover Van Buren she imagined that here was the Lancelot, King Arthur, and Sir Galahad of her unsophisticated reveries. But the capable young attorney with all of his good looks, his engaging smile that showed his fine white teeth, his agreeable way of talking pleasantly about nothing in particular, and being friends with people who bored him, had not the slightest resemblance to any of the shining knights of her day-dreams.

It is well known, for example, that no true knight would ever stoop to deception. It is certain that no hero of chivalry would fight for a tarnished cause. It is inconceivable that Sir Lancelot should be in arrears with his rent and have to use diplomacy with the grocer and butcher in order to get another month's credit.

And the heroes of poetry always seemed to have the gift of riding through brambles without snagging their silken robes. In person they were immaculate. Whereas Grover Van Buren occasionally had soup-stains on his vest; often he would lose buttons and say nothing about it until Ruth happened to notice the empty buttonholes; and sometimes he would forget to shave.

The wistful look in Ruth's wide blue eyes came when she realized that she was married to no Sir Gala-

had but to a small-town lawyer, who had simply dazzled her by that "magnetic personality" which was to make him a national figure in the next thirty years.

They set up housekeeping in a four-room cottage on Pine Street, a square little box surrounded by larkspur, hollyhocks, and marigolds, and fronted by a porch with rambler roses climbing up the posts. In later years Ruth always thought of that first home as in a garden of perpetual summer. In her memory the walls were always dazzlingly white, the shutters clean and green, and the gravel path without a weed.

It was a wound to her vanity that Grover preferred to loaf around in old clothes on Sunday instead of going to church in well pressed raiment. He would lean back in a hickory chair with his feet on the porch railing, minus coat, vest, and collar, and would chuckle over a well thumbed volume of Boccaccio, an odious book which Ruth had dropped with a hot blush on the one occasion she had opened its pages.

And Grover's ideas of right and wrong didn't seem nearly as hard and fast as they should be. He would come home from the office, slapping his thigh over some case that he had won (or lost, for he had a sense of humor even when the joke was on him); and when he had cleared a poor

devil whose case had seemed hopeless, he would insist on recounting the proceedings across the supper-table, chuckling over what he called strategy, which to Ruth seemed trickery.

"Well, Ruth, we'll be able to pay that damn grocer something on account," he exclaimed one evening as he tossed his hat on the sofa. "I got that hog-thief off scot-free! And I've the price of those hogs right here in my pants!"

"Oh, Grover," gasped his wife. "I can't bear to hear you talk like that. You helped a thief go free? And you took the money he stole!" Mechanically she began to set the supper-table while her husband leaned back in his chair, his legs outstretched, his hands thrust in his pockets.

"Don't laugh like that," she exclaimed. "It's downright dishonest."

Grover's smile disappeared for a moment and then returned jaunty as ever. "Now, don't get on a high horse," he argued gently. "Remember there are always two sides to every question. That's why lawyers are needed. That boy, Lem Cruthers, took those hogs from Dutch Borchart. I'll admit that to you, though nobody else is dead certain of it, except Cruthers."

"Well, that's stealing, isn't it?" blazed the girl.

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute! Now my client's side of the case, which didn't come into the records at all, is this. Old Borchart owed him sixty-three dollars that he couldn't collect, since summer before last. Cruthers tried to get it out of the old skinflint, but one way or another the Dutchman kept putting him off and

at last went so far as to swear that he had paid for the work Cruthers had done and didn't owe him a cent."

"Well, why didn't Lem Cruthers sue him for his money?"

"Oh, that's another story. You wouldn't understand it. The work he did was something a little shady that would have got them both into trouble. Lem didn't know what he was being let in for. It never dawned on him until later that he was doing a crooked job for Borchart. But even so he was entitled to his money. Lem knew he had a right to that sixty-three dollars, so when he had a good chance he just naturally took his pay in hogs when nobody was looking—with a little interest thrown in," added Grover with a laugh. "Now, as Lem Cruthers was only collecting his pay, you can't say he was just a common hog-thief, can you, Ruth?"

"Well, no, perhaps not," she replied grudgingly.

"All right! I'm glad to hear you admit that much," said her husband, attacking the corned-beef hash with zest. "Lem would have got clean away with those hogs if it hadn't been for one piece of bad luck. As he was driving them along that quiet road toward Squatters' Point, he met Jesse Stratton; you know that white-haired, wild-eyed codger who always goes about with a Bible in his pocket? And Jesse stopped and spoke to him. It was late in the evening, but there was no chance to get by unobserved. Jesse saw the hogs, and he saw the man who was driving them. And he exchanged a few words with Lem—asked him how he stood with God, I reckon. So there was a witness, and the only witness that Borchart could

produce. All the other evidence was well covered up. The hogs were sold and turned into bacon, and of course on the witness-stand Lem swore up and down that it was all a mistake and that there hadn't been a hog in sight that evening when Jesse talked to him about his soul."

Grover shoved his cup across for more coffee as he continued with a chuckle: "Well, things looked pretty black for that poor boy when I took the witness for cross-examination. 'Now you are quite certain that it was the accused you saw with those five or six pigs?' I asked.

"'Sartin' sure. Couldn't be any mistake!"

"'And you say he was driving three or four hogs along the road to Squatters' Point?'"

"'He sure was.'"

"'Well, hold on a minute,' I exclaimed. 'First you said there were five or six hogs, and now you say there were three or four. Come now; how many hogs were there? Remember you are under oath.'"

"'Well, I don't rightly remember. I didn't stop to count 'em, but Lem was drivin' hogs; I will take my oath on that.'"

"'My client is accused of taking only three hogs. You spoke of seeing six. Perhaps you had been taking something that made you see double that night. Did you see only one Lem?' Some of the jurymen sniggered a little at this and the judge rapped for order. I kept a straight face.

"'No, sir; I never touch liquor. I'm a consecrated soul.'"

"'Now what kind of hogs were these; black, white, razor-back, Berkshires, or Gadarenes? You remem-

ber the Gadarene swine that the Bible tells of. The swine that were possessed of devils and ran down a steep place into the sea. I'm sure you remember the story, Mr. Stratton, though I've heard people say it couldn't possibly have happened.'"

"'Why couldn't it have happened? Why couldn't it have happened?' shouted Jesse, reaching for his tattered Bible and shaking it at the court-room. 'It's written in the Scriptures, and it's so! What's more, I done the very same thing myself, for I am a child of God, and the gift of laying on hands came to me when I shook off my sinful life.' Jesse firmly believes that all the miracles of the Bible actually occurred and that enough have taken place in our own time to fill another Bible." Grover flashed a smile at Ruth as he added: "So that's why I led the witness to miracles quite naturally from hogs to Gadarene swine. Before anybody could stop him poor old Jesse Stratton was off on his favorite hobby. He was telling the judge and the jury and all the spectators about how he performed that very miracle himself three years ago, come fourth of July.

"The judge tried to stop him. The prosecuting attorney attempted to head him off, and the jurors and spectators laughed fit to kill themselves, for the story about the devil that Jesse Stratton had chased into the pigs is one of the standing jokes of Prairie Center.

"After the judge had pretty nearly worn out his gavel, I excused the witness and simply asked the jury whether they would have the heart to convict a poor innocent lad of such a grave crime on the evidence of a lunatic that had hogs on the brain.

"So that's how we got him off," concluded Grover with a laugh; "and I will say that it was a pretty slick bit of strategy."

Ruth looked at her husband without an answering smile. "Well, you can think it's funny if you like, but I think it is just plain trickery."

"But don't you see that we got justice in the end? Here's the straight of it. Borchart tried to swindle that boy out of his money after leading him into shady actions, and Lem simply took what belonged to him. It was only fair to save the lad from prison for collecting his just debt, wasn't it?"

"Well, I give up," said Ruth with a gesture of impatience. "All I can say is that law is a pretty dirty business."

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From that belief Ruth never wavered. The humorous side of the cases that Grover told her about now and then simply irritated and disgusted her. Also she could not see anything entertaining in Grover's method of quieting the butcher and grocer, assuring them that he was going to send a check at the end of the month, when he knew that there was not a dollar in the house nor the prospect of one coming in by that time.

But when he did get a fee for a case, Grover never sent a check. He would swagger into the store as if he were about to buy the place, and would throw a hundred-dollar bill on the counter, remarking: "Here you are, George; take it out of that. Sorry I forgot to drop in last week as I promised."

Ruth knew very well that her husband had scraped together small

currency and silver to exchange at the bank for that hundred-dollar bill so that he could toss it at the grocer in an offhand way. The girl could feel her cheeks burn with shame at this exhibition, though she had to admit it was effective. In spite of their intermittent poverty the young couple could get credit for everything they needed, and Grover acquired the reputation of a man who went about with his pockets full of hundred-dollar bills.

"Maybe I am a four-flusher," smiled Grover, "but hang it all, a man's first duty is to provide for his family, isn't it? I make a hundred dollars do the work of a thousand by that little dodge."

The alternating lean months and fat months endured as long as Grover remained merely a lawyer in Prairie Center, but after he was elected prosecuting attorney things ran more smoothly, for a decent salary went with the office. Ruth would bite her lips to keep silent when her husband would tell her some of the political maneuvers that he had used to win the election; and once when she had blurted out something about crookedness, he had looked at her with surprised amusement.

"My dear girl," he replied, "that isn't crooked; that's merely playing the game."

"I don't see how you can justify it," she retorted.

"Why, Ruth! I just had to win. If Carter had been reelected there would have been hell to pay. He is as crooked as a dog's hind leg. I know for a fact that he took ten thousand dollars from old Brady of the First National, when young Brady shot his wife. That was mur-

der, and I know it, but nobody can prove it, and Carter allowed the case to be dismissed for insufficient evidence. Why, don't you see, it would be worth a little practical politics to get a man like that out of the position! And besides I'll make a better prosecuting attorney than Carter ever could even if he were honest. I know more about law than he does."

Apparently there were others who agreed with him, for after his second term as prosecuting attorney Grover secured the nomination for the State legislature and won by a comfortable majority.

The ins and outs of that campaign were never perfectly clear to Ruth. She only had a confused impression of schemes, plots, and under-cover influence; and when she visited the State capital and met some of her husband's political friends, she was more than ever convinced that politics was a slimy pool. Yet Grover declared that these friends were the salt of the earth.



Memories of her early married life, the period of the four-room cottage on Pine Street in the ever-blooming garden of thirty years ago, trailed through the mind of the white-haired woman who was the principal figure of Prairie Center's greatest event. It was the unveiling of a monument to Prairie Center's most distinguished son, Senator Grover Van Buren.

An eminent sculptor had designed the heroic bronze which loomed in its canvas covering, above the assemblage on Court-house Hill, and dwarfed the group of notables on the platform built beside the pedestal.

There was the governor of the State with his military aides in showy uniform. There were several senators; there were even representatives of foreign nations in military or diplomatic uniforms, for presidents and kings had sought to honor this man who had helped civilization to survive the storm of the World War.

And in the center of this group of celebrities, the most highly honored of all, sat Ruth, the widow of the great man.

How many things had changed in the thirty-odd years since she had married Grover Van Buren! Prairie Center was now a brisk little city with trolley-cars, bright brick stores, and glittering movie palaces.

And the whole world had changed likewise. With a violence that was bewildering, all the old landmarks were destroyed. The rise of her husband had been like something in a dream. And then the shock of his sudden death, news of a stroke caused by overwork, brought to her in their hotel, the flood of telegrams and visits of condolence, the terrifying details that attend the pomp and ceremony of a state funeral. The changes! The changes!

But there was one thing that had not changed in all these years of upheaval, and that was the candid expression of Ruth's eyes, simple and appealing as bluebells in a meadow. The wistful droop of her lips had set and hardened a little, it is true, but the girlishness remained in her eyes and her soul.

A band in scarlet and gold blared patriotically from its forty brazen throats. As the ceremony began, Ruth's memory continued to flash

little scenes before her mind, bits of the drama that was now reaching its close.

That decisive move to the great city. After a term in the State legislature, the railroad lobbyists had reported back to the home office that Grover Van Buren was a man worth cultivating. Perhaps the railroad chiefs had decided that he would be safer in their employ than in politics, and so the retainer they offered at the close of his term was startling. Ruth could never forget how Grover had talked it all over with her, not exactly asking her advice, but thinking aloud.

Should he keep on building up his political support in the West? Could he advance more swiftly and surely by shedding the past and plunging into big affairs in the metropolis?

Ruth had hardly dared to advise, for she had a shrinking fear of the great city and a passionate devotion to the little house among the hollyhocks.

There was one other fear. During the years when she lived in that sunny garden she had longed and prayed for a child and had never given up hope that her prayers would be answered. But this proposed change seemed to answer her yearning with a definite no. It was illogical, of course, but she could not help feeling that once they were swept into the feverish life of the city there would be no place for children in Grover's scheme of life.

And that fear was verified.

While the band pealed forth its strains of national pride, Ruth's mind dwelt for a moment on the first

years in the city, a life in ornate hotels and apartments that somehow always seemed like public institutions. And the women she met there! There were two kinds: those like herself, slightly bewildered aliens who could not adjust themselves; and that other kind, the painted hard-faced women who knew and wanted nothing but the noisy hotel life.

Ugh! It was horrible, that first break into city life.

Money seemed to roll in, and Grover spent much of it on his person. She hardly recognized the well tailored, immaculately groomed figure, this corporation attorney, as the country lawyer who used to shed his coat and vest on Sundays and sit reading on the front porch with his feet on the railing. But his flashing smile and his droll comments on the folly of fools remained the same.

Ruth wondered why, in spite of the huge retainer and the various fees and bonuses he received, they never seemed to have anything saved up. Grover was always looking forward to the next big check to meet some obligation. Of course life in the city was terribly expensive. There was much entertaining to be done, dinners and theater-parties, and Grover would make some remark now and then about building a "personal machine"; a group of political friends, she understood it, and that was an expensive investment. There were rumors that came to her also, ugly rumors that must have been circulated by some of these hard-faced hotel women, about a little flat in another part of the city. . . .

Ruth had not the heart to run down these rumors to verify them.

She told herself that it was just scandal, the malicious gossip that buzzes about every prominent man. She forced herself to ignore what she did not choose to believe.



The brazen harmonies ceased with a crash. There was a pause; then a white-haired chaplain rose and invoked the blessing of God upon the assemblage, and after the prayer he spoke earnestly of the inspiring example to the youth before him in this great man's life; a poor boy from their midst who had worked his way steadily, faithfully, and with the help of God to one of the highest positions of usefulness in the nation.

Ruth's mind flashed back to the episode of Georgette Désirée. That was the little drama that had developed when Grover suddenly renounced his alliance with the powerful corporation and came out as candidate for mayor of the city.

It had all been carefully planned, though the announcement took the public by surprise and had a theatrical quality. Grover came out on the people's platform—lower taxes, more schools, better street-car service at reduced fares, and "civic honesty." The rascals were to be swept out of office, and the reign of virtue would begin.

And it was at that unfortunate moment that Georgette Désirée refused to go out of Grover's life as he had planned. She changed her mind even after he had convinced her that it was necessary and paid her well to efface herself.

Ruth had met the woman by chance in her husband's office, his private office where he had installed himself after resigning from the rail-

road. The clerks and secretaries had admitted her past one barrier after another to her husband's luxurious quarters, and there she had waited his return while looking idly over the roofs of the city.

Abruptly Ruth had realized that there was somebody else in the room. She looked up and saw a slender figure sheathed in silk. Even before the encounter of their eyes, Ruth recoiled with a loathing and dread that was purely intuitive.

Ruth saw in that intruder the verification of all the ugly rumors about her husband. By women's uncanny gift, akin to clairvoyance, which warns them of the dangerous rival, *Ruth knew*.

The stranger's words were commonplace, perfunctory, spoken in a purring voice with an air of detachment, a false elegance like artificial diamonds. She had expected to find Mr. Van Buren . . . an appointment . . .

Ruth gazed at her, almost hypnotized; yet in a voice that she tried to keep even and calm, she concealed her loathing, playing for time while uttering some polite phrases.

Her mind was racing. Conflicting thoughts stormed crazily: "I've stood enough! Let him go to her! I am through with him." And all the time another voice was saying despairingly: "But he's mine! and he *needs* me. How can I turn my back on him?"

His need for her was very evident. Here was her husband a candidate on a platform of clean government and honesty. And here was a woman who had it in her power to wreck his career by airing a scandal at this critical moment.

Georgette spoke suddenly in a voice cold with fury. "I'll show him up!"

Then Ruth had turned politician. She had been inspired, with the desperation of a mother fighting for her young, to utter a glorious satisfying lie. She implied that she had known of the affair, condoned it. She declared that Georgette was the only woman her husband really loved. She invented a scene in which Grover had wept at the idea of giving up Georgette—even temporarily, while the campaign was in progress. The other woman listened; believed, because she wanted to believe; was moved to tears.

Heavens! What a vast knowledge of diplomacy, practical politics, or plain lying, whatever one chooses to call it, Ruth had absorbed from her husband and turned to successful use!

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There was a pause in the ceremony after the minister's eulogy of the great man's upright family life. Then one of the foreign diplomats spoke. All Europe, so he said, mourned for Senator Van Buren, who had been so active in furthering the cause of the Allies and had labored for the reconstruction of devastated France and had sought to secure justice in the treaty of peace.

Ruth listened to this, wondering how much of it was truth and how much was just kind and graceful phrases.

And now the governor was speaking, the great man of to-day eulogizing the great man of yesterday. The governor touched lightly on Grover Van Buren's fine record as a reform mayor, on his triumphant election to

the United States Senate just before our country took up arms in a noble cause; and with all the flowery phrases of a political orator he told how Senator Grover Van Buren had helped the Allies' cause to victory, how his utterances, when the treaty was being arranged, had made for justice and charity, good-will and enduring peace.

Ruth, as she listened to all this eloquence, had a blurred recollection of Grover's international program. He had told her some of his ideas with the same ironical smile that he had flashed at her when he recounted the story of Lem Cruthers, the boy who stole the hogs. He had tried to impress her with the same idea, *that justice must be pursued through devious ways.*

The thunder of oratory rolled above her head. The governor concluded: "The unflinching fortitude of Washington, the shrewd philosophy of Franklin, the profound love of humanity that characterized Abraham Lincoln, all these traits entered into the character of Grover Van Buren; and to them was added that fierce patriotism that sent our soldiers into the hell of exploding shells and shrapnel and the deadly hail of the German machine-guns. There was a knightly figure worthy of a poet's pen! Patriot, statesman, and hero, his country, the whole world, owes him a debt of gratitude."

Ruth heard these words, and then she saw the curtain fall away from the monument above her. She looked straight up at the top-heavy figure of bronze. From her position directly under the statue it looked distorted, grotesque, outlandish. Ruth could see the sole of one

immense bronze shoe projecting over the pedestal. She could see the slight bag in the knees of his metal trousers and the wrinkles in his coat. She remembered sewing buttons on the original of that coat.

From her seat on the platform, she could see a clumsy chin jutting out against the sky, and directly above it the tip of a long nose projecting like a perch. From her point of view the whole figure was so foreshortened that it looked like a ridiculous freak instead of the work of a great artist.

Ruth wondered whether it would be allowed to disfigure Court-house Hill very long. How could the people cheer such a monstrosity?

The ceremony was over, and Ruth entered an automobile together with the governor of the State and the French representative. A mounted

guard of honor galloped before and after the governor's car.

From the foot of the hill Ruth turned in her seat to look back at her husband's monument. There stood the figure against the sky with only a fringe of trees about its pedestal. The bronze statue had taken on heroic proportions. She really saw the figure for the first time. There was a majesty to the pose, a bigness that was not size alone, a certain sublime quality that she had not even imagined when she looked at it close by.

Ruth remembered fragments of the orator's eulogy: "a lofty mind, a far-seeing statesmanship, a patriotism that burned as a passionate flame, a knightly figure!"

She wondered whether there might not be some truth in it after all.

SILVER IN THE SUN

GRACE NOLL CROWELL

As I look back the old remembered ways—
Some hours shine out like silver in the sun:
A spangled brightness, lighting up the days,
And marking them with beauty, one by one.
Some swift brief space of time, remembered still:
The green-gold ecstasy of one far June;
An hour of glory on a wind-swept hill;
A night—where locust-branches sprayed the moon—

Yet as I lived them—strange I did not know
Which hours were destined thus to live and shine,
And which among the countless ones would grow
To be peculiarly, forever mine.
If I but wait—perhaps this hour will be
Like silver in the sun, some day—to me.

THE TRINITY OF ETHICS

Freedom, Responsibility, and Knowledge

HOWARD MADISON PARSHLEY

“SCIENCE has given us a lot of ingenious toys,” says Willa Cather; “they take our attention away from the real problems, of course, and since the problems are insoluble, I suppose we ought to be grateful for the distraction. But the fact is, the human mind, the individual mind, has always been made more interesting by dwelling on the old riddles, even if it makes nothing of them. Science hasn’t given us any richer pleasures, as the Renaissance did, nor any new sins—not one! . . . Art and religion (they are the same thing in the end, of course) have given man the only happiness he ever had.

“Moses learned the importance of that in the Egyptian court, and when he wanted to make a population of slaves into an independent people in the shortest possible time, he invented elaborate ceremonies to give them a feeling of dignity and purpose.”

Here we have the common complaint of the humanist that science—technical accomplishment—has done nothing to increase the pleasure of living. True it is that human conduct has so far failed to produce human happiness in any degree approaching that which is theoretically possible, but is science to blame? Before we make up our

minds with finality upon this question of the relation between verifiable knowledge and man’s felicity, we must remind ourselves that science, however dominant in ordering the extraneous mechanisms of modern living, has never had a chance in the sphere of conduct, simply because conduct has hitherto been controlled and directed by traditional morality. If life is in large part and for many a deplorable, a senseless, and a tragic farce; if human behavior is far less successful in attaining good ends than the behavior of *Amæba*—then it is traditional religious morals and not scientific ingenuity that must bear the burden of reproach. It is our present purpose to suggest that the whole usefulness of science may not end in sanitary plumbing, rapid transit, and *species nova*—much as we may appreciate white bathtubs and aloof research. Scientific knowledge, we would argue, may prove to be a more dependable basis for conduct than the folk *mores*. One thing at any rate is certain, whether we like it or not: advancing knowledge inevitably involves some shifting in standards—a course of action that is dangerous and wicked in an ignorant age may become a mere matter of indifference, or even

a positive benefit in more enlightened times.

Since it is necessary in the serious reconsideration of any subject to agree at the beginning upon a few clearly understood terms, let us define three fundamental concepts:

The Purpose of Life.—Individual happiness to be achieved through the satisfaction of the three basic urges—hunger, sex, and fear (need for protection)—plus, in the human species, the complex emotional desires,—spiritual needs—values that grow out of these through abstract ideation.

Morality.—A fixed code of rules for conduct, depending on tradition, looking toward the past, and usually associated with religion.

Ethics.—An evolving basis for conduct, depending on knowledge, looking toward the future, and necessarily associated with science.

Those who regard morality and ethics as synonymous may rise to object; but while it would be possible to invent new terms in this emergency, there seems little real reason to do so, and certainly no confusion will arise if our definitions are kept clearly in mind.

It will be at once apparent that a realistic and successful ethics, competent to insure the achievement of the purpose of life, can develop only out of a synthesis of the social sciences. Biology defines the requirements, potentialities, and limitations of the human frame; sociology explains how fear may be eliminated through just the right degree of group solidarity; economics looks after hunger and other material needs; history displays the suc-

cession of achievements and imbecilities that have made society what it is; geography exhibits terrestrial resources and influences; anthropology brings to light and compares racial and cultural differentiations; psychology describes behavior, inspects consciousness, and probes the unconscious. All this, and more, may be used by ethics in investigating human conduct and devising better means for attaining the good life. Since every one of these studies, as it approaches more or less closely the status of an exact science, is continually changing, developing, expanding, there is obvious and sound reason for expecting a continuance—even an increase—in the mutability of ethical standards which we have noticed. It will be more and more difficult to maintain the dictum that "the laws of morality are fixed and eternal Truths." And there is beyond question need for the establishment of a rational ethics—a science of conduct—as a glance at the results of the religio-moral scheme shows with lamentable clearness.



Two thousand years of official Christian morality have brought us to a state of unexampled technical advancement, the greatest of wars, prohibition, fundamentalism, and a wave of juvenile crime. No wonder the humanists have their doubts. But the bishops of the Episcopal Church in recent congress assembled can see in this situation only the logical outcome of something less than unanimous adhesion to the Faith. They declare again that the idea of the incarnation is essential, that there is no antithesis between "the religion of Christ and the re-

ligion about Christ"; they can do no more than to "call clergy and laity, old and young alike, in repentance and new life to prayer and sacrament and worship." Who supposes for a moment that this can appeal to any young person with glimmerings of intelligence, who has understood a little astronomy, a little anthropology, a little mythology, a little higher criticism? The very terms in which this exhortation is couched but serve to emphasize its detachment from reality, its outworn mysticism, its impotence in the presence of concrete problems of behavior.

The development of Western religion has resulted in such diverse phenomena as John Roach Straton, John S. Sumner, and Harry Emerson Fosdick; but however different they may be in theory, they are one and all mystics in the sense that they imagine a cleavage between the material and the spiritual. In the face of the electron theory they maintain a dualism which has always militated against human happiness. And why has it so militated? Because, as we are beginning to realize, it has tended to obstruct the development of an objective, materialistic, protective ethics. Religion, if the word is to mean anything, involves the supposed relation of the soul to God—it can never free itself entirely of superstition; and however consoling and satisfying it may be to certain types of mind, however useful as a means for regulating the blind behavior of the unintelligent, it can never succeed as the originator and guardian of ethical truth. Such truth, like all ascertainable fact, is within the province of science. It remains to be seen whether scientific

ethics can do more for human happiness than religious morality has hitherto accomplished. The experiment has begun; let us observe it with candid and fair-minded interest.

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The human mind is unique, we think, in its ability to form and use abstract ideas. It is so constituted that it requires an ideal, something that it views with approbation and employs its forces to attain. The grounds for believing that both mind and ideal alike arise from the body need not engage us here; for without argument on that question we can at least agree that we perceive the existence of the individual human organism, to the needs and capacities of which all ethical concepts must be adapted. What ideal has the scientific ethics to raise? Human happiness is its object; individual freedom is its main ideal.

The attainment of individual freedom is admittedly difficult, but it is not, at least in theory, hopeless of realization, like so many of the will-o'-the-wisp visions that have disturbed the slumbers of holy men and have sometimes led whole populations down to destruction in pursuit of a vain thing. The intelligent man, once relieved of such pointless inhibitions as the *mores* may have imposed upon him, gets freedom simply by arranging a workable adjustment between the requirements of the sociality necessary to his comfortable existence and the anarchistic desires that arise within him. There will always persist here a certain antagonism—the group *versus* the individual; but there seems to be no *a priori* reason why a satisfactory compromise may not be ar-

rived at. The man of sense agrees gracefully enough to wear clothing, even in summer; and while thus avoiding the police he takes opportunity to gratify his taste by adorning his person. So with all reasonable concessions to group requirements.

But freedom must inevitably involve responsibility. This platitude is one of the pearls of wisdom that the traditional moralists have quite correctly held in high estimation; and its validity will serve to emphasize the danger we might run in the quite natural tendency to regard *all* the fruits of moral endeavor as *ipso facto* worthless. Indeed, one of the unavoidable fields for ethical research will be the tracts, the treatises, the systems of the moralists. Much of value will undoubtedly be raked from that rocky and thistly soil. But to return to the matter of responsibility.

The free man, in regulating his own behavior, must be prepared to get along without the protection that is always granted, at least temporarily, to economic, political, moral, or intellectual slaves. It may be questioned whether the masses of mankind are now ready to leave this protection and to take on the responsibilities correlated with freedom. It is a question whether they even desire emancipation, and whether they will ever be called upon to enjoy it. But this consideration need not disturb or detain us now; scientific ethics is not likely, in the near future, to become a subject for popular thought. It is the freedom of the potentially or actually civilized and enlightened citizen that here concerns us. Such men, by thousands, are to-day repressed, warped, pathetically protected, dismally unhappy;

such women, by tens of thousands, are all that, and worse.

The present younger generation, as usual, senses this; but unlike its predecessors it seems determined to do something about it. Hence the wails of federal judges and the clergy about the weakening of home discipline and the abandonment of church-going. What, then, about the consequences? The free agent must suffer the consequences of his acts. How is this responsibility to be prepared for? Freedom that fails to include freedom from disaster may sometimes be romantic, even heroic; but it is for the most part stupid, unscientific, undesirable, unethical—a painful fraud.

It is just here that science modestly steps forward—if called upon. If you prefer, it can provide you with spectacles, though you have nothing but comics to look at; with the radio, though you may have ears for nothing but market reports, bedtime stories, and lectures on theosophy; with a princely car, though you have nothing to go to but the movies. But it is equally ready to investigate and report in due time upon the actual properties of alcohol, the methods of birth-control, venereal prophylaxis, production for profit, the effects of foodstuffs, the psychological significance of gambling, the results of puritanic repression—in a word, upon the actual value and the mechanistically produced results—the consequences—of human action. Scientific knowledge—and that alone—can transfer such action from moral to ethical control.



Knowledge, then, completes the trinity of ethics: freedom, respon-

sibility, and knowledge. The modern scientist may be mistaken in a point of fact, but so may the ancient lawgiver. The ideal of freedom does not depend upon the attaining of perfect wisdom; it arises from a temper, an attitude of mind. A really sentient being will live and die happier if he moves freely, with open eyes, in the light of imperfect or even erroneous knowledge, than he will under the protection of blindly followed rules. But the picture need not be so lugubrious; there are many questions of conduct, customarily determined by the "fixed and eternal truths" of conventional morality, to which science already has its own quite different answer. In the full realization of how far in the future a complete and wholly satisfactory science of conduct must be thought to lie, let us in conclusion examine a few instances wherein scientific knowledge may reasonably be substituted for moral prescription.

The training of children in the home provides our first problem. Shall the child be subjected, for the most part, to repression—shall the moral rod be the chief memory of his early years?—or shall his individual unfolding, his spontaneous activity be encouraged while his mind is led from the first to take thought for consequences,—the scientific principle of cause and effect? There can be but one answer, if we hope to raise up men and women capable of freedom. It is quite obvious indeed that this change is coming about. The family is no longer indistinguishable from a convict-camp. The first results seem to some observers (particularly those who come into contact chiefly with damaged personalities)

to be deplorable; and so they often are. But the reason is not that moral discipline is relaxed; it is that too often an essential element—knowledge—is withheld.

And this suggests a question about schooling. Education, whether within or without the home, must impart knowledge specifically useful to the individual according to his peculiar nature, if it is to accomplish results ethically valuable. The facts of juvenile delinquency are making this clear. Biological investigation of heredity and variation has shown that wide and irrevocable individual differences in capability exist among people, and that these differences can be detected early in life in a great many cases. Judge McAdoo is thus quite right in blaming a good deal of youthful crime upon faulty, or, as he puts it, too much education. A dullard, who has somehow advanced into the high school and finally is cast out as unfitted to cope with geometry and Cæsar, knows nothing of life as he is fitted to live it. He has no trade, but he has a great thirst for entertainment. Naturally he turns to crime. The moralist regards him as lazy, depraved, a case for punishment. As a finished product, true enough, he must undoubtedly be locked up; but a scientific ethics demands that he be understood, and his like otherwise treated, before the damage is done. Given at fifteen a knowledge of automobile repairing and venereal disease, our case would have become a harmless and happy human being, likely enough, whether he ever went to church or not.

There are many other problems of conduct in which scientific knowl-

edge is essential to any sensible solution, such, for instance, as those of alcohol, religious manifestations, and sex. The last has been the prime bugaboo of the saints and of moralists, and is to this day. Is it likely that better success in dealing with this question will follow, if for the metaphysical conception of sin there should be substituted a realistic philosophy based upon a study of needs and consequences? Morality imposes taboos, suggests dangers, and threatens to call Mrs. Grundy; a rationalistic ethics may assert freedom, insist upon responsibility, and offer information. The contrast is obvious. Moses spoke to a population of slaves; ethics concerns the honorable, the intelligent, the free. Immediate decision, to be sure, must always rest with the individual; for neither ethics, however scientific, nor morals, however iron-bound, can do more than cast upon the moment of decision, from afar, each its characteristic light. And certainly we must always beware of simply substituting a new and possibly worse tyranny for an old, as has so often happened in the sad annals of human progress.

The champions of the new ethics are already somewhat numerous, and they include many of the best minds of the time. Is it too much to believe that they have glimpsed the right road out of the morass of

human futility—that futility which Cabell has so well described: “The strivings of an ape reft of his tail, and grown rusty at climbing, who has reeled blunderingly from mystery to mystery, with pathetic makeshifts, not understanding anything, greedy in all desires, and always honey-combed with poltroonery.” They are living in the dim light of an admittedly imperfect philosophy—tough and complex problems, knowledge far from complete—but at least they are measurably free from poltroonery and rid of hypocrisy, that obscene and ubiquitous child of convention. Yet they form a small minority, even among the influential and capable—the older *mores* are still ascendant. The conflict between the old and the new will, as we have said, be harsh, the issue for long in doubt. And meanwhile every disaster—each new Leopold and Loeb case, each tragic disappearance of a young girl—will be laid to the abandonment of orthodoxy instead of to its true cause: lack of knowledge on the part of some one, often directly traceable to a weak and cowardly failure on the part of those intrusted with teaching. The present heightening of the struggle, however, may be regarded as a hopeful sign; for it is sure evidence of a gathering faith that science, triumphant technologically, will not prove impotent ethically. Fiat lux!

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$$\frac{12v^2}{12}$$

A NEW MAGIC

Beams of Super-Audible Sound-Waves, and What They Do

FRANK THONE

D ID YOU see that? Now I wonder what makes it act that way?"

Those two questions are the "say now shibboleth" that divide the scientifically minded from those who live in the more comfortable if less exciting world that takes things for granted. The scientist shares with the reporter the gift of a "news nose," and with the detective the itch to know motives or causes.

Many of the things that have revolutionized twentieth-century life have had their beginnings in casual but arresting observations, which sent their makers, after a pause just long enough to ask "Why?" charging down a new scent in full cry. It was nothing more substantial than a chance shadow where it had no business to be that set off Wilhelm Röntgen on such a quest a generation ago; because this German physicist stopped to ask "Why?" we now have the miracle of X-rays.

The recent past has seen the unfolding of another story, strangely analogous in many ways to the tale of Röntgen and the chance shadow he saw. Whether the future developments of this new "lead" will be at all comparable with those of the X-ray only time can tell, but the matter caused more than the usual polite

flutter of interest among the assembled scientists when Professor R. W. Wood of the Johns Hopkins University and Alfred L. Loomis presented their paper before the meeting of the National Academy of Sciences at Washington, and it is working now like a hidden leaven in those cluttered cubbyholes that university scientists call offices, when two or three of them are gathered together in a cloud of tobacco-smoke.

The discovery of Röntgen was an accidental by-product of experiments which he was conducting in the general field of radiant energy, of light and the electrical phenomena related to light. The initial observations that led to the present discovery were made during the course of experiments on sonic energy, of sound-waves and their allied phenomena. And they were quite as casual as was the shadow in Röntgen's laboratory, and might as easily have been overlooked had not some one been by to inquire: "Did you see that? Now I wonder why . . ."

In 1917 Professor R. W. Wood was not at the Johns Hopkins University. He was at the great French naval arsenal at Toulon, where a number of the best magicians of the Allies had pooled their wits in an endeavor to defeat the ship-eating dragons sent

out beneath the sea by the enemy. At the same arsenal a French wizard, one Dr. P. Langevin, was trying to find a means of locating the dragons with inaudible sound. His idea was to send out through the water beams of sound-waves of such high frequency as to be inaudible to the human ear, much as beams of light are sent out by a search-light. When one of these beams struck some solid object in the water it would reflect part of the soundless sound-waves back to their source, to be picked up and made perceptible by a suitable mechanism, just as part of a search-light's beam is reflected back from a surface boat to the watchers on the deck of the battle-ship. The rest would be simple. A submarine found is a submarine sunk.

To get such rays of inaudible sound-waves, however, is no simple trick. Highly efficient as our modern culture is in making frightful dins, it has so far produced only one thoroughly satisfactory means of making a noise so shrill that no one can hear it. This is the thing that is known as the piezo-electric crystal.

Whoever introduced that term piezo-electric into the jargon of the physics laboratory could have kept out of Greek and got the idea into colloquial English simply by changing the "p" into an "sq"; for "squeezo-electric" is as good a name as you could find for the phenomenon. Forty-six years ago Pierre Curie, later famous as the co-discoverer with his wife of the element radium, was working with his brother at Paris, and the two found that certain crystals would produce electricity if they were put under strong pressure. A number of crystalline

substances, they learned, could thus have electricity squeezed out of them. Common sugar and Rochelle salts are the most familiar items on their list, but the strongest mechanically of all these transparent concealers of electric "juice" is quartz, common enough in granulated form as ordinary sand, but less frequently found in large natural crystals.

The Curies discovered also that the phenomenon was reversible, that their crystals could be made to expand by putting electricity into them. Then some one tried the effect of using an oscillating electric current, making the crystal expand and contract many times a second. The tormented crystals vibrated so rapidly that they caused audible sounds, as though they were voicing their protests aloud! They sang, and frequently they danced as well. Stouter crystals, like the quartz, could be driven up to a super-audible pitch, well past the thirty thousand or so vibrations a second that is the upper limit for human ears. Such supersonic waves do not spread out in spherical shells like ordinary sound-waves, but travel straight ahead of the surface that produces them, in a relatively narrow beam. It was of their soundlessness and of this trick of traveling in a straight and narrow path that Dr. Langevin wished to take advantage in his anti-U-boat medicine-making.

He was handicapped, however, by the source he had to employ for his oscillating current. The present-day vacuum-tube had not been perfected then, of course, and he had to be contented with the Poulsen arc, an apparatus of very unsteady temperament, which sometimes sang

bass at forty thousand cycles a second, almost down to the audible threshold, and sometimes yawped up into a shrill falsetto of somewhere around a quarter of a million. It was only a short time before the Armistice that Dr. Langevin was able to discard this wavering arc for vacuum-tubes of the modern type, and thus get his crystals to sing in the monotonous key he wanted.

But while the experiments were going on, Professor Wood had seen the thing that made him ask "Why?" One day, when the unsteady arc had been whooping silently at the shriller end of its too-many-octaved range, there happened to be some little fish in the experimental tank. These incautiously swam directly into the path of the super-sonic waves, and presently the poor things were floating, belly up, at the surface. This happened just often enough to plant the plaguing flea of an unanswered question behind Professor Wood's ear. On its quieter days, the crystal did not kill fish at all, and there were some who doubted the whole business. But the American, with true Yankee inquisitiveness, had once stuck his hand into the water—and very promptly jerked it out again. He had not got an electric shock, but simply a sensation of disintegrating and most intolerable pain. So that though he shortly returned home and was for the time prevented from further experimentation by the press of his old research duties, he could not forget the sad fate of the little fish, and the unanswered "Why?" was still biting the back of his brain.



And so, as they say in the movies, several years go by.

At some time during this interim Professor Wood met and became a close friend of Alfred L. Loomis, vice-president of a large banking concern in New York. Mr. Loomis belongs to a type all too rare in America, though the earliest specimen, Benjamin Franklin, is held up as a model for American youth. He is a scientific amateur, one who, though with little formal scientific training, takes more than a *flâneur's* interest in scientific affairs and pursues that interest with a zeal and consistency that raise him far above the level of dabblerism to which current misuse of the word amateur might seem to damn him. The extent of Mr. Loomis's interest in science finds substantial testimony in the rather costly equipment he has put into his private laboratory at his home in Tuxedo Park, a few miles back in the forested hills from New York. Here he spends much of the spare time that many other men would devote to sports or social activities, and here Professor Wood joins him for long hours of meal- and sleep-forgetting labor whenever he can escape from his work in Baltimore.

The problem of a steady source of high-frequency oscillating current that hampered Dr. Langevin during the war has been solved by the rapid development of radio technology, so that Professor Wood and Mr. Loomis were able to go straight to the makers of radio apparatus for the larger and more complicated pieces of their equipment, or at least to adapt specially constructed pieces from designs already in existence. The first thing you see as you enter the laboratory is the same kind of machine that forms the heart of any large broad-

casting station, a pliotron oscillator of two thousand watts capacity, able to produce a current reversing itself as frequently as half a million times a second—the kind of machine that the fluent young men in the radio stations are always eager to explain to visitors.

But this chained lightning climbs no tall antenna mast, for the entertainment (or otherwise) of remote audiences. Its job is right at home. It is fed into an induction-coil with an impressively heavy primary winding and an absurdly thin and scraggly secondary, and the secondary hooks up, by a pair of slender wires, to what looks like a three-by-three-inch bit of dullish plate-glass with a sheet of tin-foil stuck on each surface, lying at the bottom of a shallow dish of oil. This, the least impressive appearing part of the whole elaborate lay-out, the part that looks as though it had been improvised out of the scrap-box, is the heart and center of the whole laboratory, for this seeming bit of glass is the piezo-electric crystal, whose unheard whisper is death to what it touches, and whose further language, when at last deciphered, may open up secrets as yet unguessed, to those itching minds that keep on asking "Why?"

When Professor Wood and Mr. Loomis first began to pick up the threads of inquiry about the behavior of this strange crystal that had been dropped with the coming of peace, they found that they had to learn a few things about its own temperamental tricks before they could begin looking into its effects upon living things. The high electric potential to be crowded upon the bits of quartz they intended to use

places so great a strain upon their structure that they frequently break into several pieces. They learned, however, that if the crystals were immersed in a bath of oil this suicidal behavior, though not eliminated entirely, was appreciably checked. And since the proper kind of quartz crystals are expensive, and frequently hard to get even at a price, the oil-bath became a standard part of the equipment.

When the current is turned on, the surface of the oil piles itself up into a steep little mound directly above the middle of the quartz plate; an agitated little mound, spitting drops from its summit like a miniature volcano. But though they can thus raise the surface of the oil, the inaudible waves apparently cannot penetrate it and come out into the air. No one knows the why of this behavior, but there seems to be some reflecting effect at the surface that throws the waves back again into the liquid. However, there seems to be no difficulty about getting the waves to pass from the oil into a solid. Professor Wood grasped a long glass rod by the middle and lowered one end into the little volcanic mound. He did not hold it very long, though, because the glass between his fingers became most intolerably hot; the waves were traveling up the rod and heating his fingers by friction. The odd part of it was that only at the spot where his fingers were in contact with it did the rod become hot.

Then to get some idea of the amplitude and behavior of the waves, he lowered into the mound a tube whose inner surface was coated with a film of oil. The oil immediately gathered

itself into narrow rings around the tube, spaced about three millimeters apart, marking the nodes, or zones of least vibration between the bands of more intense wave activity. These oil-rings remained hanging there as long as the current was turned on. To get a more permanent record of this effect, Professor Wood next substituted colored varnish for the oil film inside the tube, and kept the waves coming through it until the rings had set and hardened. Finally he heated another tube with a blast-lamp until the glass was somewhat softened, and now the rings formed in the glass itself. These rings, which Professor Wood states are half the length of the waves themselves, are most distinctly marked at the top and bottom of the tube.

As another ingenious demonstration of the power of the waves to propagate themselves through solids, Professor Wood stuck a circular glass plate to the top of a glass rod whose lower end dipped into the oil-bath. On the plate he dusted a fine powder, and then turned on the current. The three-millimeter rings instantly appeared again, this time concentrically, like ripples around the splash of a pebble thrown into a pond.

All this is very interesting as some indication of the strictly physical properties of the waves. But what of their effects on living organisms? You cannot experiment with living organisms in an oil-bath. Even the early Christian martyrs had their objections to this kind of immersion, and their prejudice is shared by most of our humbler kin of the plant and animal world. So much so that most of them would die from the oil

without waiting for the super-sonic rays. They must therefore be kept in water. Here for once physics favored the experimenters instead of throwing new obstacles into their path. They found that the super-sonic waves would not only pass readily from the oil into the bottom of a thin glass tumbler, but would go on through into the water within it. They would apparently pass through any series of solids and liquids in contact with each other.

If a vessel of water is placed above the quartz the mound appears in the water, though it does not pile itself so high, probably because of the lower viscosity of the fluid. At the same time the body of water can be seen to be violently agitated, almost as though it were boiling, though the bottom-to-top current of convection is not especially marked.

During the past few weeks the experimenters have considerably increased the amount of power which they are able to crowd into the crystal, and with this augmented power they sometimes drive a fine spray out of the liquid, like the mist that comes from an atomizer; if benzol, a liquid of low viscosity, is substituted for water, the air above it becomes white with a dense cloud of its spray. Air that has been in solution in the water comes out as little bubbles, but these, instead of rising to the surface, hang in the midst of the water, quivering violently. Mr. Loomis states that these bubbles do not appear in water that has had its dissolved air removed by boiling.

When this apparatus of the new necromancy had at last been brought into proper mechanical discipline, it was natural for the first thought of

Professor Wood to be of the little fish he had seen killed in the tank at the Toulon arsenal. Accordingly he first tried some inch-long fry from a near-by hatchery, together with some small tadpoles. Their response to the "raying" left no doubt of the lethal effect of the waves. They dashed convulsively about for a few moments, and then seemed to be dazed and paralyzed. If the beaker were removed from the path of the rays at this point, the fish survived for a short time. If the raying were continued they died even more quickly, and showed signs of having been struck by some terrific and penetrating force. Shreds of some slimy material hung about their bodies, and their delicate fins were broken and frayed. They became visibly paler than normal, and when they were examined under the microscope it was seen that the dark star-shaped pigment bodies in their surface cells had shrunk to less than half-size. What these waves do to living substance is as yet conjectural, but it must be something utterly shattering and disintegrating.

Minute size does not save an animal. Cultures of the microscopic one-celled slipper-animalcule, known more learnedly as *Paramecium*, were also placed in the fatal beaker. A very short exposure to the wave-rays did for most of them, and a few minutes after they were dead not even their pale corpses could be found. They had simply gone to pieces and returned to the water from whence they came.

The question remained of the possible effects of the waves on the higher warm-blooded animals. Remembering Professor Wood's painful

experience at Toulon, the two investigators stuck tentative fingers into the tumbler where the little fish had died. Nothing happened. There was a mild sensation of warmth, and that was all. Only since they increased the power of their apparatus have they been able to duplicate that first sharp pain that bit the bones in Professor Wood's hand; and this is the more strange, since the convulsions of the fish when "rayed" at the lower powers would seem to indicate great discomfort.

But there were possibilities of other effects. The fate of the one-celled animalcules suggested a test with blood, to see what would happen to the corpuscles. The first experiment was made with human blood, much diluted with water in which a proper amount of salt had been dissolved. At the start, a count showed four million red corpuscles to the cubic millimeter; after exposure to the waves for one minute the number was reduced one half. Subsequent rayings for one-minute periods finally brought the count down to twenty thousand corpuscles to the cubic millimeter, but beyond this no further reduction could be made. The survivors were apparently too tough.

Then they decided to try it on the blood of a living animal. A white mouse was placed in the bottom of the glass and the current turned on. The mouse showed no signs of discomfort; he merely sat quietly with his nose above water and waited patiently to be released from his involuntary bath. At the end of five minutes a small drop of blood was taken from the tip of his tail, and the corpuscles counted. A marked de-

crease from the normal count was found. After two more five-minute "shots" the mouse began to appear dejected and weak, and so he was released and restored to his cage. His blood-count at the end of this fifteen-minute raying had gone down to one half of normal, a most marked anemic condition. Recovery, however, was rapid. At the end of a half-hour, the mouse was seen to be giving himself a thorough toilet with his fore paws, and blood-counts during subsequent days showed that the destroyed corpuscles were quickly being replaced by new ones.

Attempts to find out if the lethal effect of the waves extended to plants as well as animals at first yielded only equivocal results. This may have been because the experimenters chose as materials for their first plant tests the most difficult, because the most minute and in many ways the toughest of all forms of plant life, the bacteria. Cultures of bacteria "came back" after heavy rayings; but whether this was because the organisms resisted the effects of the rays, or because some of them were able to escape the inaudible trumpet of doom by lurking in odd corners or in layers of the water where its vibrations failed to have effect, it is not possible to state at the present time. Other kinds of plant tissue failed to yield the quick and unmistakable reactions that had been obtained from animals, and the experimenters were beginning to entertain notions that plant cells were for some reason immune.

But a plant species was finally found that yielded up the ghost when placed in the fatal beaker, so that now plant physiologists may be as-

sured that the yet to be discovered properties of these waves will be of use to them as well as to their colleagues of the animal laboratories. The first plant that yielded to the force of the soundless waves was the bright-green filamentous pond-scum commonly called water-silk—the *Spirogyra* of freshman botany courses. Under the microscope this is a most attractive object, with its green bodies, or chloroplasts, wound round in a spiral in each slender cylindrical cell. After about ninety seconds of exposure to the waves, the cells of this simple plant seem to be very effectively killed. The first sign is a slight shrinking of the living cell contents away from the walls, with the general appearance of weakness and the loss of sharp details of outline to be expected with such a loosening. Then the pretty green bands break down, and the whole interior of the cell becomes filled with an amorphous virid mass. Part of the chlorophyl, which is the important dyestuff that makes most plants green, seems to become dissolved, for the water becomes greenish, while the mass of green left in the cell takes on a yellowish cast. Finally the disorganized cell contents swell up again, bulging the sides of the once cylindrical cells out like little barrels and making them noticeably shorter. Once, when through inadvertence the raying was continued for five and one half minutes instead of the intended one and one half, the *Spirogyra* simply vanished. When a search was made with the microscope, a few twisted threads of what might have been the cell walls were disclosed, but of the delicate protoplasm that makes a thing alive there was not a

trace. No necromancer of medieval romance ever obliterated an enemy more completely.

What is the significance of all this? Of what use is it? Well, of what use is a baby? It must be remembered that this new magic of super-sonic science is now at the point where röntgenology was a month or so after the chance shadow episode, where electricity was when Franklin was fooling around with kites and Leyden jars. But science travels a fast gait nowadays; its own internal drive as well as the impatience of the world in general for the fruits of its magic keeps it constantly spurred. To-day's toy is to-morrow's tool. Therefore it is natural that there should already have been some speculation as to possible applications of this new kind of force.

To begin with, we may be quite sure that it will not be used altogether as a killing agent. The experiments up to the present have been admittedly of the crudest. First we test the gun to see whether it will go off at all; then we "bracket" our target with firing at ranges we know to be extreme; and finally we close down upon it for really accurate shooting. The determination of the killing effects of super-audible sound-waves is simply the first shot in the long-range arm of the bracket. Once we have learned that much, experiments can proceed to ascertain what its effects will be at lower intensities and frequencies of vibration and for shorter periods of exposure. It has been suggested by two leading plant physiologists that these rays in sufficiently mild doses might help to rouse obstinately

sleepy seeds from their dormancy and enable us to speed up such bread-and-butter processes as clover-growing, or activities that cater to our esthetic side, such as the breeding of hybrid roses and peonies, whose seeds waste several years in sleep before they will finally deign to grow. One thing that Professor Wood and Mr. Loomis have an eye on is the possible effects of mild exposures on the embryos of young animals, especially fish.

One over-hasty suggestion got into the newspapers, that the vibrations could be used for the treatment of arthritis and other diseases. Professor Wood strongly decries all discussion of therapeutic uses as premature and as tending to raise false hopes.

The lethal effect of the rays is not to be counted out, either, when speculations as to their possible utility have the floor. So far, bacteria have defied every effort to kill them off in cultures, but an improved technique may be devised that will force them to run the gantlet of the full effects of the waves and put an end to their seeming immunity. In any case, the naked animalcula that are second only to the bacteria as causes of disease are certainly open to attack with this weapon.

All this, however, is stuff for the future. At present we know that super-sonic waves are, and we know that in the crude doses now used they will kill. It will be in the coming "bracketing down," in the more and more accurate knowledge that we shall gain of their properties and their effects, that the fun will be found for the practitioners of the new magic.

THOSE QUARRELSOME BONAPARTES

III—The End of the Old Régime

ROBERT GORDON ANDERSON

ON A bright May day, with the sun high over Paris, the young lieutenant entered the St.-Antoine Gate. He sat erect in the diligence, a little forward on the seat, with piercing eyes that missed not a trick. But he cast no prophetic shadow; and there was no acclaim from the citizens promenading above on the walls of Paris to hail this her foster-son. Had they thought the almost jobless adventurer worth attention, they would have said that already they had enough of foster-children, particularly in that Marie Antoinette who looked out of her château windows so haughtily, or paraded, the red banners of anger flying in her cheeks, behind the breast-wall of the Garden of the Tuileries.

The capital in 1792 was not as one sees it now. It had not then so much of long-shot vista; and was an astonishing jumble of tall gray old houses, mansard roofs and chimney-pots of the seventeenth century, château tourelles of the sixteenth, and palace façades and cone-capped prison towers—everywhere there were prisons—of the tenth to the thirteenth; with convents built on Roman ruins, and the first new boulevards of this latter era just below the whirling windmills of Mont-

martre; all girdled still by grass-grown walls that knew many centuries, and split by a never resting river that had outlasted all.

In the older quarters, the streets seemed mere ax-clefts, so narrow they were. All around the wayfarer was that lovely and infinite detail that meant Paris—retreating façades, swinging street-signs, red and gold clocks, dusky shop-windows, brown buttresses, Romanesque arches, tunnels disappearing into dim courtyards, the rounded apses of hidden churches, segments of green gardens, fountains ensconced in niches, grave-stones, cloisters, and dungeon cells. Above, the eye traveled over carved balcony and mullioned bay, peeling stucco, half-timbered gable, and ancient tourelle to the little attic windows at all angles, and a charming infinitude of dormers, towers, weathercocks, and the eternal twisted chimney-pots, to the little cramped rectangles of blue that revealed the sky.

From this bewildering but delightful maze one would emerge on an old bridge-head over the river, fishermen under the arches or on a broad *quai*, back of which the tall gray houses loomed with the effect of serried ships at the waterfront; for all their stillness and immobility, they seemed

destined to move and bear down on the beholder.

There were other open spaces too—by all the bridges over the winding river, before Notre Dame, the four fool's-capped towers of the Temple Prison, the Grand Châtelet, the City Hall or Hôtel de Ville, by the abbeys and convents, the Palais de Justice, the open galleries of the Palais Royal, the Champs Elysées, and the Tuileries.

But it was practically rather than esthetically that Napoleon—after alighting from the diligence in an inn courtyard and securing lodgings, six flights up, in the Rue du Mail—viewed the city, as he moved through the crowds of market-women, shop-keepers, hawkers, orators, pamphleteers, gamblers, prostitutes, enlisting soldiers, and ragged *sansculottes*, which, with the myriad church bells and saluting cannon on the Champs de Mars, gave tongue and life to the scene.

There were some signs of demolition—shells of houses, truncated church naves, where advanced the new boulevards; scaffolding around old palace walls. With his sense of order, he would have torn down more; cut a street through here; opened a square there; swept away those clusters of old houses where the king's equeries, cooks, and what not were quartered, and the old rookeries which hid the serene façades, the roses and shining statues of the Garden of the Tuileries. Also he would never have allowed those gangs of loafers around the mouthing orators to obstruct passage. They should be carted off to La Force. A revolution was all right; he was for it. But it should be a regimented

revolution, conducted by patriots, it was true, but marshaled and disciplined, led by "Plutarch's men"—he could lay his hand on one now.

The rising costs, too, worried him. Everything was going up—bread, rents—that was why he still had to lodge in an attic—and, what was worse, the cost of printing. He inquired about this from a bespectacled Révolutionnaire, who kept a pamphlet shop. To print the pamphlet he had in mind would cost eighty louis, whereas, back in Auxonne, he had been quoted twenty.

He was destined to have many walks about Paris, these summer months between his arrival on May 29 and his twenty-third birthday, on the fifteenth of August. These rambles, the study of astronomy, which he now took up and whose mathematics and splendor both appealed to him, and an occasional call on the Permons, old Corsican friends, were his only diversions. Between times he waited on Revolutionary officials, who flew around like headless chickens, or cooled his heels in committee rooms. Each great man was too busy becoming an illustrious savior of France to be buttonholed by a disgraced subaltern.

Indeed, he felt like the star scholar of some provincial school, lost in the crowd of brilliant aspirants when he comes up to the university at the capital.

His one step forward came, some weeks after his arrival, when, chafing at the delay, he watched the Assembly in the king's old riding-academy, near the Tuileries, which in 1792 was the improvised hall of Parliament. He edged into a place on one of the benches allotted the populace, where

a ragged crowd from shop and gutter were beginning to howl for the head of the king, and black-breeched tipstiffs with silver chains around their necks tried hard to keep order. The space beyond the barrier had been hastily equipped with desks draped with green baize. Here the deputies sat, shepherded by a president, Vergniaud, at a higher desk, his hand on a huge bell which he rang incessantly. Never before, Napoleon thought, had such a collection of decorous wigs and unkempt thatches, of hares and wolves, been gathered together.

With a critical eye he gaged them as he might applicants for his staff or cabinet.—Dumas, Jaucourt—"ideologues." . . . Roland—"marshal of a *salon*." . . . Brissot, Gaudet, Vergniaud—"palaverers, drunk with phrases." . . . Bigot, Pastoret—"swimmers with the tide." So he dismissed them.

But there, to the left, were the grim "Men of the Mountain": Desmoulins' splotched face, Danton's lion front, and the ribald Couthon's twisted torso. Not far away were the abnormally large but handsome features of Saint-Just, *l'enfant terrible* of the Revolution, the foul bandages of Marat, and the lace cuffs, the faultless blue swallowtail, and the nose of Robespierre—the most inquisitive nose in all the world! Rolling eyes and frenzied, eyes cool and calculating; but almost all evil. They were to be despised; but they had force, therefore were to be respected. A grotesque group and formidable. These he did not dismiss.

Nor did he dread them. For he rarely felt fear, never a sense

of inferiority. So, very coolly he studied them, not, of course, piercing to the heart of each but making pretty shrewd guesses. Studied them, too, not only with hopes—very disturbed hopes now—for the Revolution, but with an eye for those who might help him out of his scrape and secure his promotion. Of all he thought Lazare Carnot the most likely to give aid.

Carnot was a deputy from Calais and one who, it was breezed about, would make his mark. And recently he had been appointed to the Military Committee. His alert carriage, gaunt figure, stern mouth, and face so lean that hollows showed under the cheek-bones as if stamped by circular dies, made him appear, to Napoleon, more nearly like "Plutarch's men" than any of the others. When he left the Assembly, the young Corsican caught up with him by the porter's lodge and touched him on the shoulder.

"Pardon, citizen deputy," he said rapidly; "but I have read your treatises, your '*Essai sur les Machines en Général*,' and your '*Eloge*' of Vauban. Now you support the perpendicular system of fortifications advocated by Montalembert and oppose that of Vauban. There are questions I would ask you about them."

The great man turned, looked at him harshly. He was a little annoyed because, for all the prefaced apology, one would have thought from the manner of his questioner that the positions of official and petitioner had been reversed. Still, Napoleon with unerring judgment had hit on the great man's weakness, his vanity in his work.

"*Eh bien.*" he retorted. "So you're the *mauvais sujet* that stirred things up in Corsica! Well, no matter. What are your questions? Come with me. I will answer them."

Such was his only reproof. He linked his arm in the young lieutenant's, and soon they were on their way under the horse-chestnuts of the Tuileries, arguing and expounding this point and that of fortifications. Before Carnot left him, to proceed to the Hôtel Arras, hard by the palace, Napoleon had secured a promise, not only of pardon, but of a possible captaincy in the artillery—quite as he had prophesied on quitting Corsica. His flattering word about that "*Eloge*" and "*Essai*" had been but a ruse. Secretly he disapproved of every theory the great man had.

"They call him a great man! Bah! He's a reed, bronzed," he mused. "Though he's better than most of the rabble that sit in the riding-academy there. They're a lot of braying wild asses that should be ridden, and not in the saddle themselves."

He was a little skeptical of the promise, and it was in rather a disgruntled state of mind that he turned and paused for a moment on the Pont Royal. The Pavillon de Flore, the corner of the Palace of the Tuileries, showed above the breast-wall of the gardens and the fans of the horse-chestnut trees. On his walk he had seen the sickly little Dauphin busy with rake and hoe in his patch of garden. And he had watched the king, now virtually a prisoner after his runaway to Varennes, on his constitutional among the

statues, accompanied by guarding soldiers. Corpulent, puffing, prodding, he seemed vaguely concerned, not as if he feared the oncoming deluge, but as though he did not know what it was all about.

Now, at the windows above, Napoleon caught a glimpse of a lady in a white head-dress over escaping curls. There was no mistaking the shapely, if aquiline, features, by any one who had ever seen prints of the queen. At that moment he thought she looked down on him, that her eyes held his. Shabby adventurer or ominous shadow—studying her there so intently from the bridge over the Seine! Dislike her as he did in theory all of the old régime, he almost experienced a fellow-feeling for her, another alien. Even the shopkeepers of whom he made his small purchases recognized him as such. Then the queen moved away; and a man of about his own age, who had been staring, more fascinated even than Napoleon, hailed him—a bit patronizingly, he thought.

"*Bonjour, citoyen!*" Then, "Well, if it isn't my old comrade, the little Bonaparte, from Corsica! And just a lieutenant still! I thought by now you would be a general."

Napoleon recognized his accoster as Bourrienne, once a schoolmate at Brienne. With the chagrin of a sensitive nature, he recalled the affection which, boy-like, he had offered, only to have it chilled by his new-found friend's superciliousness. Now, therefore, he accepted the invitation for refreshment at the Palais Royal politely but without enthusiasm. As they talked he found his previous impressions of

Bourrienne strengthened. A fairly gifted fellow of good address, but rating himself beyond his deserts, touchy and toploftical! Why, he had been patronizing even in his invitation, ostentatious in urging on his friend new dishes; and all because he knew his coat was less rubbed, his pockets better lined.

But then perhaps Napoleon was touchy himself. In fact, this was what Bourrienne was thinking as he smilingly entertained his friend. Certainly his guest was bitter in his comments on the nobles who in purple, cinnamon, and crimson coats still strode among the *filles* and gamblers, under the trellises and by the fountains of Richelieu's old home. And the young man was bitter, Bourrienne suspected, not only because he thought these promenaders an offense to the body politic; he was envious of their better positions and incomes. And there was some truth in this.

After these lonely weeks of waiting and cooling his heels, however, Napoleon welcomed even this spurious friendship; told something of his experiences; spoke of politics and his endeavors to lease some tenements in the Rue Montholon. He had little money; but he could have sublet them immediately at a profit, the city was so crowded—if the owners hadn't asked so much. He also vouchsafed something about a visit made the day before to the veterinary hospital at Charenton. It was enlightening to any one interested in cavalry. Old Chabert, the chief, had shown him the dissection-room. In other chambers he had on display every part of a horse. One, too, might learn of the progress

of distempers. This was shown on other exhibits pickled in brine.

Bourrienne shrugged his shoulders. They never got on well together; and just then they were a pair of morose, discontented young men.

"If you search for the morbid," he said, "you should have gone with me. There is a new instrument called *la guillotine*, set up in the Place de Grève. It resembles the old beheading-machines used in the Middle Ages, only it is more perfect.

"I saw it work last spring in the hospital at Bicêtre—on corpses—and on the neck of a live thief yesterday. It is an upside-down U of wood with a piece of sharp steel at the top, held by a rope caught on a little catch. Just a touch of the finger on that catch; the steel triangle descends through the grooves, and they carry you away in a basket! Very neat and pretty, my friend."

"And they have perfected it, you say," Napoleon laconically returned, "only for thieves. You will see it promoted."

His remark, which seemed so pregnant with prophecy, was, however, half idly made. The physical symbol of the Revolution was then but an inventor's toy. When the good Dr. Guillotine had presented it to the Assembly, as a painless device for the despatching of criminals, it had been laughed out of court. And indeed the upheaval had, up to this time, been marked by little violence. There had been the fall of the Bastille, a few other forts in the provinces, the descent of the wild women on Versailles, the capture of the king at Varennes, and a deal of speech-making, harangue, and parade.

And now, like Napoleon himself, the Revolution seemed to be marking time. But it was marking time no more than the young man as he walked about Paris, surveying the scene in which he was determined, though he knew not how, to take some part. An infinite number of sojourners down through the ages have walked over these same stones, under the eaves of Paris; but never have rambles been so fruitful. While outwardly one may seem to make little progress, the mind may be making rapid and forced marches, leagues ahead. And Napoleon's was doing just that, whether or not he realized it at the time. As a matter of fact, for all his clear thinking, he was somewhat confused by events and on the verge of disillusionment.

They had adjourned to Bourrienne's lodgings, where conversation would be less dangerous.

"Tell me, what has your Revolution done?" Napoleon shot at Bourrienne, who lay with boot-heels on the bed.

"Why—eh—it is obvious," returned his friend sententiously. "Frenchmen are free, have a constitution, own their own land, and vote. Whereas before—"

"Oh, I know," interrupted Napoleon; "all the old prate, which in your heart concerns you not a whit: 'No longer are we forced to grind our corn at the seigneur's mill, bake our bread in his ovens, take our grapes to his wine-press, whip the ponds to still the frogs so that my lady may sleep. No more do we go to the galleys for stealing a loaf of bread; starve, grovel in dungeons; pay tithes, exactions innumerable'—*voilà!* I can repeat all the phrases:

'rents chéantes et levantes, rents solitaires et revanchables, chévanches, quintaines; chansons; corvée à miséricorde'—Lucien is full of them, and you can get them from any corner pamphleteer. I myself have used them on occasion.

"They are true too," he added; "but what I mean is, where are we getting?"

"I came up from Marseilles via Lyons and Grenoble. And I observed Jacques Bonhomme. Instead of being grateful that he could vote, own his own land, he was strutting and swaggering. He does not know how to use his freedom. He smells blood. Lust and violence were in the air. And it is worse here in Paris."

His friend, nonplussed, said nothing. Indeed he had little stomach for the Revolution, except as it might affect his own fortunes. He took the questions at face-value, not realizing that their irony hid a troubled heart, that Napoleon was questioning himself and was puzzled to find the answer.

The following week, at the Permons, Napoleon continued this rather dangerous habit of sounding people out.

The Permons had been old neighbors of the Bonapartes, back in Ajaccio, but had removed to Paris, some years before, becoming, like provincials, more "citified" than the bona-fide Parisians. They patronized him, accordingly, quite as much as had Bourrienne, treating him as residents of the capital might a country cousin. However, he had passed the instabilities of adolescence, and the old fear of appearing *mala-*

droit that he had experienced at Madame Maret's no longer oppressed him. He knew that he was poorly dressed, lacked polish; but his harsh direct manner as much as said, "Take me or leave me, as I am." And he had a stern sort of military poise which, if not fitted for the crystal pendants, dead-gold mirrors, and satinwood chairs of their drawing-room, might have impressed those more discerning than the climbing Permons.

Scarcely of the aristocracy, Madame Permon had resurrected some old story about being descended from a Greek princess, to establish herself on a proper footing; the more easily achieved in a city where family soon was to count for so little. With his shrewd common sense, Napoleon was skeptical about the claim and inclined to ridicule this and other pretensions. Still, the Permons had been kind to his father when he lay dying of cancer at Montpellier, far from his family and home. And no true Corsican forgets a kindness.

After he had been ushered into the drawing-room with Bourrienne, they divided into groups for conversations *tête-à-tête*. Madame, the plump hostess and a woman of considerable charm and generosity of heart, though her dialogue ran chiefly to gossip about "the good families" and her own ailments, seated herself with a flurry of skirts by a neighbor. Young Albert, a youth very much concerned just now with his tailor, the Greek princess legend, and questions of etiquette, chatted with a young lady visitor; and Laurette, the daughter of the house, with Bourrienne. It fell to Napoleon's

lot, therefore, to listen to Monsieur Permon, who was profoundly interested in the study of herbs.

Laurette was a thoughtless vivacious young lady who might with maturity grow intelligent. Thinking that Napoleon, engaged as he was, could not hear, she said to Bourrienne:

"Refreshing, isn't he? Both awkward and amusing—and so proud! We used to call him 'Puss-in-Boots,' his were so absurdly large. And yellow as he is, you should see him flush when he puts his hand in his pocket to pay for a *fiacre* and finds nothing there."

"I quite understand, Mademoiselle Laurette," returned Bourrienne. "He would not eat, did I not invite him once in a while to dinner. I'm glad to do it," he added condescendingly, "for he is a friend. But he orders one about so!"

"Sh-h! Take care! He is looking at us, not minding at all what Poppa says about his vetches and potatoes. He is a strange young man. Even when he cannot hear what you are saying, he reads what is in your mind."

Indeed Napoleon's eyes were on them rather searchingly now. When the older man paused, he said abruptly to Mademoiselle Laurette:

"Is there nothing that concerns your sex but the surface? The cut of a man's coat, a woman's fallals? You women are nothing but magpies. You are in the midst of a great upheaval that will make history; yet you care not a whit, only as it affects your dresses, your feathers and frills. All you think is: 'Will there be any more entertainments and balls?'"

Then his face relapsed into his charming smile, and he said more placatingly, "Come, mademoiselle, is it not so?"

Laurette shrugged a white shoulder.

"You flatter us, monsieur. I have heard of one, Jeanne d'Arc, that was interested in affairs of state."

"A miraculous exception!" Then he turned his lieutenant's back on them to address monsieur.

"Your Marie Antoinette, too, is an exception, but no miracle. She stubbornly persists in correspondence with her Austrian and Prussian friends, when their armies are over our borders. Louis is fat, a fool; still, he would make little trouble but for her.

"And where are we?" he went on, repeating the question he had asked Bourrienne. "The Austrian armies almost on the plains of Paris, yet all yelping within! The ministry, Roland, Brissot, accused of bargaining with the king. Desmoulins traffics in army stores; Danton, too, they accuse; while the foul chemist, Marat, that mass of running sores that stinks, yet whom the people hail as a savior, asks Roland for money, then, when it is refused, tries to stab him in the back. All corrupt and venal! They cry, 'La Patrie is in danger!' but care not whether France is plunged in ruin, provided they themselves come out on top. No," he concluded, "there is not a real leader among them. I—"

Here he broke off as abruptly as he had begun; and the silver-wigged botanist was not too engrossed in his pursuit to gaze at the fiery young man inquiringly, wondering what the finish of that sentence might have been.

But only for a second. Soon he returned to his vetches and potatoes, which were of far more interest than questions of politics. And the young man left for his attic on the Rue du Mail to pour out something of his feelings on paper to Lucien, whom the affection of absence had restored once more to favor.

"Those who are at the head are pitiable creatures," he wrote. "The populace is scarcely worthy the trouble of winning its favor. You know Ajaccio. Well, the situation in Paris is much the same. Its inhabitants are worse, more given to gambling and slander. You must get the close view of the thing to see that enthusiasm is only enthusiasm; that the French are in their dotage, have lost all their virility and muscle."

To his mother he sent inquiries about her health and that of the youngsters and old Mammucia Caterina, a few domestic injunctions, and his love.

Then he sat back on his dilapidated chair, so different from the Louis Seize gilt and marquetry of the Permons' drawing-room, biting his quill, a thoroughly disillusioned young man. That "close view of the thing" was, after all, very hard to get.

He had come up to Paris, still swayed—at least in part—by the ideals and principles that had engaged his youth. At a remove, he had visioned the leaders of the Revolution as burning with the sacred fire, bright with the pristine purity of his heroes of old. Of course, common sense had suggested some reserves. But he had not dreamt that it could be all such a

network of prejudices, chicaneries, and selfish interests. It was enlightening to find that they could be bribed, browbeaten, tricked, quite as had the Corsican factions back home.

There had been a curious naïveté about his hopes. And possibly like most of us he itched to see others follow ideals which he himself found it impossible always to follow. Yet he was not wholly the opportunist; the love of liberty had not died out. But here the pinch of leaven was, to his mind, so pitifully small. There had been Lafayette, possibly Carnot and Mirabeau. But the Lafayettes were bunglers; could not handle the crowds—to the young lieutenant the unforgivable sin.

He had seen the mobs force their way into the palace to place a filthy red cap on the king's head.

"*Che coglione!*" he had said to Bourrienne. "Why don't they cut down four or five hundred with cannon? The rest would scamper off fast enough!"

The wish had not been so unnatural as it had seemed. It all offended his sense of chieftainship and order, outraged his stern military soul.

It was so hard to find the thread that might lead out of the maze. And there was no good angel sitting in that attic to whisper that there *was* a white thread; that human beings are variously motivated; that even the terriers of the mob and the wolves of the tribune, however unworthy, may be used as instruments for final good.

In his very sense of chieftainship and order lay a real danger; in his survey of this welter of selfishness all around him, still another—that he

might follow suit. It was a peril that would threaten any impoverished young man in search of a career, and with a family to which he was devoted on his hands.

So sat the young Napoleon in his attic, biting his quill, staring out over the roofs of Paris, and, since there was no good angel to speak to him there, listening to other whispers, the whispers of Paris, slowly growing to a tumultuous roar.

With the night hours, the men from Brittany, the wild men from Marseilles, whom the leaders had summoned to Paris, had left their bivouac by the river and swarmed through the streets. He could hear the tread of myriad feet, the cries of the marching Sections of the city, the shouts of the crowd. And the shouting was mingled with singing, not lyrical nor vibrant with that glory of which the songs told, but hoarse from ten thousand frenzied throats, eager for vengeance, the sword, the shrieks of victims, streams of blood.

He looked out of the window, down on the hurrying press of pikes, muskets; down on the dancing torch-lights; on the red bonnets—when up rose the song, ringing and fierce:

*"Allons enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!"*

"The dawn of glory is at hand!" . . .

The stray wind that tossed the tangled locks about the listener's face carried the strains—on, up to the stars. In those stars—in one particularly, he believed.



The morning of the ninth did not stand "tiptoe on the misty mountain

tops." It came red and leaden-footed, to settle humid and hectic on the streets and housetops, as if to reflect the state of men's minds. People arose and went to work. Bakers browned their bread in ovens; waiters shook out clean cloths over the table-tops; women suckled their babies in the gardens of Notre Dame; and soft-voiced Sisters moved through the wards of the hospital, L'Hôtel Dieu. After all, it is but a small fraction of a people that incites insurrection and cries for blood. The majority vastly prefer to tread their accustomed rounds.

But though the tumult of the evening before had subsided and the wild red bonnets had departed to their rowdy bivouac by the Seine, the hush, the comparative desertion of the streets, were all too ominous. There was activity enough under cover, as every one knew. The theaters were crowded with communists, the convents with the plotting Jacobins, who had brought up these wild men of the South to screw the courage of a good-natured people to the sticking-point, the assault on the king. And the legions were drilling on the plains, while, in the courtyard of the palace, Mandat was deploying the six thousand defenders of the crown. Only on necessary errands, therefore, did orderly citizens venture on the streets. The more cautious were beginning to draw their bolts. And the market-women and shopkeepers waiting on their few customers kept their ears cocked for the return of those marching feet.

Napoleon, of course, would have ventured anywhere, and he was about, though his promotion had

come and he should have rejoined his regiment. But discipline in the Revolutionary armies was none too strict, and his self-assurance had hitherto got him out of all scrapes. Big things were about to happen in Paris. He would stay a while and await the drama.

He had on this morning a slight duty, too, to which he must attend. It was Laurette Permon's birthday; and even in troubled times, young ladies set great store by such occasions. So after much gazing in shop-windows and bargaining with shopkeepers for a gift that would not proclaim too loudly the state of his purse, he presented himself at the Permons' in his new captain's uniform, which had brighter insignia on the shoulders and a trifle more of fancy buttonhole work on the broad rolling lapels.

He found Madame Permon in a state of great distress. She had always been subject to palpitations; but never, she complained, had her heart been so tremulous as now.

"A man," she said, "has been searching this house! And who do you think it was? An odious upholsterer, Thirion. He solicited my trade a few weeks ago, and when I told him I had a man who did over my chairs beautifully, he flew into a rage and vowed vengeance.

"An hour ago he came back, declaring he had an order for search given by some commune or club of his. He called it a 'domiciliary visit.' And he went through everything, my dear Napoleon, everything! Snooped through my boudoir; turned over mattresses, even my most intimate apparel."

Then, seeing Napoleon's quizzical

look, and nettled by it, she added with increased dignity: "I see you think we submitted ignobly! Monsieur showed the heart of a lion, I assure you. He held his pistol at the ruffian's breast; for which brave act this Thirion threatens to throw him into La Force."

Napoleon glanced at the bewildered botanist, who held the ancient horse-pistol quite gingerly, looking not at all like a lion, then exclaimed: "It is an outrage. Law-abiding citizens should not be subjected to insult and search!"

Here Napoleon took Monsieur Permon and Albert aside.

"You have been blind to events. You can at least see to what these 'domiciliary visits' point: search on the slightest pretext, arrest on a miscreant's word, decent people carted off to the Temple, then—God knows what! I shall see that you are not arrested this time, my old friend; but be cautious. Treat tradesmen civilly; do not express opinions too openly; and be careful whom you entertain. Above all do not go out on the streets to-night!"

Laurette stopped him on his way to the door.

"I think you might have said something to comfort my mother," she said with asperity. "Your words and manner only increase our alarm."

"Shocks are good for palpitations," he returned. "Did you not see how she bridled when she thought I reflected on the bravery of the Permons? Stop dancing on the volcano's crest and show more steel yourself! Your old friend, my mother, would. So should the blood of a Greek princess.—There! you are angry too. That is better.

Au revoir, and tell your mother I shall see that you are not troubled."

What basis there was for this confident assurance, Napoleon did not know himself. But he would do something for his friends; and he knew that this Thirion held out at the Comédie Française, where his Section met. Thither, as night came on, and the crowds once more began to swarm in the streets, he made his way, there to confront one of the leaders whom, through his rambles about Paris, he knew by sight.

The theater was in an uproar. On the stage sat the leaders of the Section, and most of them were not very prepossessing. It was like bearding the lion in his den. Nevertheless he made his way to the stage and drew the man aside.

"Citizen," he said, "I am an officer and am loyal to the Revolution. I protest an insult to good friends of mine. They have been subjected to search; yet they have hidden no one. To this I pledge you my word."

The conspirator was at first a little angered by the plea; but Napoleon's cool assurance impressed him. Probably, too, he felt better-natured than usual because of the progress of the great plot hatching all over Paris, and the good news he knew the tocsin would soon ring.

"At once," as Napoleon later reported the incident in a letter to his mother, "this fellow ordered the boor Thirion to desist. But your friends, the Permons, took it as casually as they did my trinket for Laurette. Yet, under the conditions, I risked my life."

The rarity of gratitude in this

world and the inconstancy of friends seemed also to be contributing to his disillusionment. In his heart he longed for affection, delighted in helping his friends. It was part of his code ever to be loyal to them. In this consciousness, he could not understand why his brothers and his associates were continually taking issue with him. Such remarks as Bourrienne's about his poverty and criticism by the Permons cut him to the quick. And he could make no allowances for them, since he could not observe his own manner, occasionally winning, but too often imperious and harsh. Further, if a young man sees more clearly than his friends what is best for them, it usually follows that they do not see straight enough to recognize the fact, and quite naturally resent the assumption.

In short, the young lieutenant, or rather captain, was in a way of becoming not only disillusioned but disgusted with human nature, of which he was to see more, and in the raw, that night.



He did not go to bed; indeed few in Paris except the little Dauphin and children of his age closed their eyes. The heat was intense, but it was something else that stayed the whole city from slumber. Every window was open, every shutter flung back, to admit the fugitive currents of air that might steal down from the close heavens and to permit a glimpse of events. The chandeliers of the palace, the sacred lights in the convents, tapers in every attic, were agleam, so that the whole town shone as though for a festival.

There was plenty of illumination,

therefore, for Napoleon, when he left the wrangling communists in the theater to make his rounds. Intensely interested in his profession, he analyzed every military situation, even though he was but a spectator. As hypothetical commander, first of the attacking forces, then of the defense, he decided where he would have placed his cannon, his barricades, how disposed his troops. It might have been better if the procrastinating king, pacing back and forth under the chandeliers to escape the taunts of his queen, had leaned out of the window and called the young man in.

The riding-academy was now dark. The chaotic Assembly had dispersed on a pretext, leaving the crown to its fate. The National Guard had been suborned; the City Hall would be seized, the palace stormed. It only awaited the hour and the tocsin. Then from the bridges over the river, by way of the Louvre, from the Rue St.-Honoré, back of the riding-academy and the Convent of the Feuillants and from the gardens, they would come, the marching columns, the men of the *faubourgs*, the wild men of Brittany and Marseilles.

Over the palace forces, Napoleon observed, hovered an air of indecision. Through the lofty lighted windows he saw the white head-dresses and shoulders of the ladies in waiting, the wigs and neck-cloths of the gentlemen. It was significant—only heads, heads without bodies, floating distractedly to and fro. This dramatic foreshadowing, however, did not interest Napoleon so much as the *élan* of the troops. The militia ranged in the garden of the

palace slouched listlessly on their muskets; those on the bridge-head of the Pont Royal, the only approach by way of the river, surlily obeyed commands; and the cavalry by the Rue du Louvre, a few hundred yards to the east, seemed similarly disaffected.

Here, at the corner of the Long Gallery, which ran parallel to the Seine, at right angles to the Tuileries, and connected that palace with the Louvre, he heard the rip of saw and the scrunch of wrenched planks. He mounted the high step of an old house. They were tearing up the floor so that the attackers could not rush the Tuileries by the Long Gallery after they had gained the Louvre. But the gap was only six feet. It could be leaped!

Napoleon made his way toward the main entrance of the palace, approaching it from the Carrousel. Again from a place of vantage, he could see those within the courtyard—an indifferent array of mounted *gens d'armes*, a few lines of gentlemen still loyal to the king, and the phlegmatic, red-coated, horn-hatted Swiss Guards. They lounged on benches, squatted on the steps of the Grand Staircase. Suddenly they jumped to their feet, stood at attention, and presented arms to a violet coat—the King. He seemed to be addressing them perfunctorily, now and then looking for his cue from some one; and Napoleon could see the bottom of a petticoat farther up the stairs. The petticoat descended—the Queen. She spoke to them with condescension, yet, it was evident, with some kindling fire.

It was past midnight now, and, feeling hungry, Napoleon deserted

the scene for coffee at the Palais Royal, only a few turns away. But scarcely was he seated when he heard a report from a cannon over by the Pont Neuf. The dance of death was on; and leaving his cup untasted, he hurried back to the Carrousel and pounded at the door of Bourrienne's brother, who kept a sort of genteel pawnshop and warehouse there. Admitted by his alarmed host, in breeches and night-cap, he looked down from the window on the palace court. The redcoats were in ranks now, stiff as though cut from cardboard, the troopers in their saddles equally immobile. Then suddenly there broke upon the night the deep booming of bells—bells—bells—from the Convent of the Cordeliers, L'Abbaye, St.-Gervase, Notre Dame—all the bells of Paris, those tocsins which for centuries had sounded the alarm for foes without and were sounding it now for those within its walls. For hours their silver, brazen, iron clangor vibrated on the air while lights burned brightly in casement and tower; heads leaned from the windows; thousands of expectant citizens listened in the streets and a little family trembled in the palace—and still those marching legions did not come.

Then the eastern sky began to pale; the lights in the city faded and went out. Crimson and golden banners, as though for a king's delight, shot, trembling over tower and pinnacle, straight to the zenith above the palace, and the sun came up, red and glowering. Napoleon looked at his watch, the one the old arch-deacon left him. It was half-past four.

The bells had now died down, to

be succeeded by other sounds that with soldiery accompany the dawn—the clink of accoutrements, the call of the bugle, the ring of horses' hoofs on the stones; and then, more ominous—the constant shuffle of feet, the cries of crowds debouching into the squares and choking the narrow streets near the palace until the gates almost bulged in. Stiff and straight the redcoats confronted them. Gamins, climbing the walls of the court, jeered and threw stones; then, like boys diving from a bank, they jumped, half jubilant, half scared, as from afar they heard the thunder of the now advancing columns.

The queen turned from her window. With her own hands she bathed the Dauphin, so hastily that the soapy water ran in his eyes and he cried. Then she dressed him, and went to summon the drowsing king. He had fallen heavily across the bed, lay with mouth open, breathing stertorously—snoring, any one but a courtier would have said. Usually he had not been without dignity; but he utterly lacked it now, as the queen shook him violently, and cried: "The troops are waiting. Go review them. *Sacré!* Wake up and show yourself a man!"

He did as he was told. Napoleon, who had now left Bourrienne's and had worked his way to the Terrasse des Feuillants, adjoining the riding-academy and north of the palace, saw the king come down the steps and pass before the massed troops, his clothing still unadjusted. His hose were wrinkled, his embroidered waistcoat unbuttoned; and the wig above his violet coat slumped down on one side, flattened from contact with the pillow. More than ever

the muscles of his heavy body showed a lack of coördination. As he plodded along, he tried to keep his head up, but rarely looked into the soldiers' eyes. He was confused, flushed, wanted to get out of it all. The rabble massed on the terrace outside jeered; guardsmen snickered. Over the wall snicker and catcall met, established a dangerous *entente*.

"He has made himself ridiculous; he is lost!" exclaimed Napoleon to himself. He had no love for the king; but a well timed gesture, he knew, was worth several battalions, and he hated an impotent one as much as he hated a poor maneuver. "If only he had shown himself on a horse!"

Then when the violet coat and flattened wig had disappeared within the west entrance of the Tuileries, a cry ran through the crowd. The City Hall was in the possession of the commune! The National Guard had gone over to the people. "*Ça ira*. It is here. At last we shall get on!"

A group of ministers came from the Assembly, which shortly after midnight had been reconvened, and went into the palace to confer with the king. Their advice was by no means impartial, and the conference was short. His Majesty reappeared, followed by the Dauphin, whose little gangling figure somehow suggested the incompetence of his more portly father's. The child held his mother's hand and kicked the strwn leaves. Louis mopped his brow.

"It is midsummer," he said; "yet already the leaves are falling."

Contemptuously silent was the queen. She could have thought

of fitter subjects than the weather. And she had no trouble in keeping her head up, while anger flamed in her cheeks. She was tender only with the child whose hand she held. So the group passed within the porter's lodge of the Assembly, never to come back to that royal garden.

But now some one within the courtyard had fired, the opening shots; and with it Napoleon wormed his wiry body through chinks in the crowd, back to the Carrousel. As he went, the first report was succeeded by others, then quick volleys, the crisp crackle of musketry rattling from the old houses far up and down the streets. With difficulty he gained a position near the courtyard, facing the main entrance. One of his stature but of less determination would have been trampled under-foot; for at last the men of the Sections and the South had arrived. Like a flood bursting sluice-gates, they had broken into the courtyard, sucking in the unarmed mob with them. The Swiss and the few poor gentlemen and servants who had elected to die for the king were falling back; now up the entrance steps, then the Grand Staircase; retreating, loading, firing, falling. There were splashes of bright color on the stones, the brilliant scarlet of torn coats, the darker crimson of pools that welled from them. But these were soon hidden by the swirling crowd of loafers, guttersnipes, and armed attackers that leaped up the steps, up the Grand Staircase, and went careering through the great halls; while from river, *quai*, and gardens, other columns came on in a frenzied double-quick; and still others could be seen racing down

the long corridors of the Gallery of the Louvre. Past the windows within, they ran—red bonnets, muskets, and pikes, eager to be in at the death.

For hours, it seemed to the pitying there, hunters and hunted raced up the stairs, through pavilion, bed-chamber, and hall, the cellars and royal chapel, and into the attics where scullions cowered under the eaves. It was a mad scramble that would have been fantastic, had it not been so horrible. Bedclothes were smeared with blood; the staircases dripped it. Servants hiding up chimneys were pulled down by their squirming legs and disemboweled; cooks were boiled in their own caldrons; and half-naked prostitutes reveled on the stained coverlet of the queen's own bed.

Glutted with blood, the mob now sought for wine; broke again into the cellars; drowned lackeys in tuns; then drank the wine in which their victims perished. Others staggered up to throw bottles from the windows; even above the uproar the crash of glass could be heard. Gilt clocks followed; statues, and rosy Cupids pried from the ceiling; then naked bodies that did not chip into fragments, but thudded sickeningly on the stones. In the gardens boys were using heads for footballs, women toasting ears on chestnut-braziers, and over all, the feathers from a thousand saber-ripped mattresses fell like snowflakes, blithely, airily, only to stick and clot in the stains on ledge and cornice, or to deck fantastically the limp red coats.

So the morning sun blazed into high noon, descended; and twilight fell. Night could not draw the veil.

The chandeliers still shone brightly in the palace; sky-rockets rose in fiery arcs from the bridges; and tongues of flame licked at the piles of dead in the courtyard.

A frenzied musician began to play the chapel organ. The strains of the "Dies Iræ" floated out into the court. To its holy measures chains of men and women danced ring-a-rosy around the burning piles, and the mad procession still ran through the galleries. One could see them on every story—now massed bands of assassins, honest artisans gone mad, then stragglers: a butcher in a lady's chemise—a headless corpse astraddle a *sansculotte's* shoulders—a fisherman with one of the king's wigs, the pigtail over his nose, and he feebly batting at it—or a naked woman running, the mark of a red paw on her white breast. Such were the patriots that streamed by the serene windows.

There was no escaping it; one could not look away. If one did, the flames threw shadows—mocking, capering, demoniac shadows on the walls; revealed the figures massed on the bridges and on the boats, leaning from attic windows, bending down from the housetops. And their faces, the very frozen stillness of their attitudes, would have told the horrors of the night.

Meanwhile through all this the young captain, Napoleon Bonaparte, moved, horrified, revolted, but not afraid. A surgeon had once told him that his heartbeat was remarkably low. He was not one to grow dizzy in high places or to be frightened at carnage. But there are two kinds of carnage—that necessary to a battle-field, and this!

A crowd of men met him, carrying something aloft on a pike.

"Salute!" they cried.

There was but one thing to do. Coolly and calmly he saluted.

He saw a red bonnet about to stab a Swiss. Quickly he seized the man's wrist.

"Comrade, you are from the South?"

"Oui, Monsieur le Capitaine."

"I too. So, man of the South, let us spare this wretch!"

The sword did not fall. To great man or murderer he knew how to make an appeal.

Snatches of song came to him:

*"Allons enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!"*

Was this then glory, this then the Revolution?

In retrospect one might answer that these maniacs made up but one fiftieth of the population; and that these, maddened by the sights of that night, the fear of the invading armies not far from Paris, or of traitors within, had run amuck. And fifty times their number wept and deplored it, as they huddled in closets, or looked down from the housetops. But all this was not so apparent then. The reeling brain would have sworn all Paris engaged. Besides, since Napoleon's brain did not reel, he would have had another answer ready: no one had stopped it; no one was strong enough. This *was* the Revolution; and *he* himself would ride the red tide.

So on through the night he passed, pitying, revolted, yet calmly outlining what he would have done, how checked this mob, how broken it, how bent it to his will. Never

for one instant was he in a panic; his mind worked with clock-like sureness. It would have indeed been well for the king that day, had he leaned from his window and called the young man in.

It was after the September massacres, which matched in violence this fateful August night, that Napoleon escorted his sister, Marianne Elise, from the school at St.-Cyr, made his way to Marseilles, thence by boat home.

The sister and brother did not have much to say to each other on the way down. He was absorbed; and for escort she might easily have preferred another young man. Still

she was ready enough to rave over her best hat which Napoleon had snatched from her head and crushed under his heel. But his ruthlessness was only a ruse, for that white plume had been like a red rag to the mob in Marseilles. None the less it was her *only* good hat; and she would not let him hear the end of it until he silenced her with a look that even the headstrong Marianne must heed.

Letizia was, of course, glad to see them; but she was not altogether happy.

"Only five months away," she said, gazing at Napoleon with her fine dark eyes; "yet you are changed, my son."

(To be continued)

WASTED HOURS

EDGAR DANIEL KRAMER

Folks say that I have wasted many hours
 In loitering along a lilac lane,
 In sprawling on a hilltop sweet with flowers,
 In wandering through mists of summer rain.

Long since they sighed and left me to my dreaming;
 He will not plow who walks to meet the moon,
 Who whispers to the wan stars softly gleaming
 And harkens to the songs the fairies croon.

Folks shake their heads, but oh, they are not knowing,
 As in the beaten paths they trudge and plod,
 That in these wasted hours I am going
 With Beauty in the ways that lead to God.

BISHOP'S BEER

A Temperance Experiment and Its Bearing on Prohibition

ALICE KATHARINE FALLOWS

BACK IN the mid-nineties, when automobiles were as rare as horses are now, and no man made a bar-room of his hip-pocket because he could step into a saloon on almost any corner, put his foot on the rail, have his liquor served over the counter, and get a free lunch as well—back in those almost mythical nineties a Chicago bishop said: "We are drinking animals. Any attempt to ignore it is a fatal attempt."

Eight years ago we nailed a prohibition plank into the Constitution on which our republic stands and thought we had settled the liquor question. We were ready to sing a special doxology the day the government closed the saloons and smashed the breweries and distilleries. We realized the benefits of the new order whenever we walked safely the streets that had menaced us before. During the first year after prohibition became mandatory, 1920, the rate of drunken persons arrested daily in Los Angeles fell from 45 to 10, in New York from 48 to 16, in Boston from 200 to 59, to select only three typical cities from the list. Crime lessened. Poverty decreased. "Yes," said we, in our ignorance, "we have killed the liquor question by law and buried it, and given it the Volstead Act for an epitaph."

Now in this year of 1927 the drink problem is the liveliest ghost that ever trod a national stage. Not since the first man sipped fermented grape-juice from a gourd has there been more discussion about it than in the United States to-day. This settled question has developed into the greatest national issue since slavery threatened to tear the Union asunder. It is as full of potential dynamite as the Civil War in 1860.

No one with ears to hear, eyes to see, and a mind to make up can ignore prohibition. But opinions about it are as contradictory as the witnesses at a murder trial.

Last November five States representing one fifth of the nation's population, through referendums, indorsed changes in prohibition enforcement by a decisive vote—New York, Illinois, Wisconsin, Montana, and Nevada. In these States are 20,000,000 souls. Two States, New York and Illinois, with a population of 17,000,000, represent about twenty per cent of the national wealth and include large masses of industrial workers. In some of the other States farmers, ranchers, and fruit-growers predominate. The election results, therefore, by no means represented merely the sentiment of a single class or section.

But what did that vote decide? The wets regarded it as a victory for their camp, the moderates for theirs, the dries for theirs. The processes by which they arrived at their conclusions are too complicated for a layman's eye to follow.

Various recent surveys are equally bewildering. The same figures are interpreted so differently by different parties that the truth seems a thing of polyhedron faces. As many are against prohibition as are for it. Even ministers, social workers, and police officials, in whose fields prohibition might be supposed to work the greatest benefit, are divided as to whether it is good or bad. A personal canvass among the people one meets in a single week reveals the same difference of opinion.

On every hand, from college president to bootblack, comes the unofficial information that drinking is increasing. In refutation of this, as eminent an authority as Professor Irving Fisher states that even prohibition at its worst is better than no prohibition at all, that only one sixth as much liquor is poured down the American throat as before the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect. Then along comes Raymond Pearl, as great a statistician as we have in the country, saying in effect that moderate drinkers outlive total abstainers!

When authorities so disagree, how can a mere citizen hope to get at the truth? Taken as a whole, is prohibition good or is it bad? Do we want it, or don't we want it? Whether we do or whether we don't makes very little difference as yet. We are not in the position of Norway. She slipped off her hair shirt of so-called

prohibition last fall in a single election. She did not experience prohibition at all either, in the American sense, because the percentage of alcohol allowed in Norwegian liquors was so much greater than in ours—fourteen per cent, even at first. By reason of pressure exerted by foreign countries which refused to purchase Norway's fish unless they could sell their wines to her, the alcoholic limit was raised in 1919 to twenty-one per cent.

But when she went wet by a great majority, conservative and liberal papers alike hailed the result of the referendum with relief. The Norway wets said that prohibition increased instead of decreased drunkenness, that it caused lawlessness and cost the government \$10,000,000 annually to enforce. They might have been speaking from an American soap-box!

For the sake of a social experiment unique in history, it is well that we nailed down the prohibition plank so hard and riveted the Volstead Act upon it. The vote against prohibition enforcement last fall was a gesture, the current discontent over prohibition merely foam. It is remotely possible that the clamps of the Volstead Act may be eased. But ripping the prohibition plank out of the Constitution is almost an impossibility. Prohibition is with us for a long stay. The smoke of many battles will clear before we settle the question one way or the other. We are committed to the attempt to get the nation dry by law. We may as well make the best of it. In the homely phrase of Josh Billings, "When we must, we better." Looking at prohibition through this op-

timistic lens, dries, moderates, and even some of the wets see one result of it as a blessing. It has rid the country of the licensed saloon. The saloon evil was so patently terrible that a repetition of it is unthinkable. If prohibition is eventually cast out, we want no saloon in any solution of the liquor question which may follow it.



That brings us back to the Chicago bishop who said, "We are drinking animals," who hated the licensed saloon and tried putting something in its place. Thirty years ago, in Chicago, when the country was wide open, he started a temperance experiment, based on the principle of substitution, which has a current interest to-day when the United States is in the strait-jacket of prohibition. I knew the ins and outs of this experiment because my father, Samuel Fallows, was responsible for it. He happened to be a bishop, but he loved his fellow-creatures as brothers because he was made that way. Especially did he love the working-man—practically because he was practical. He advocated union labor when it was a very unpopular thing to do, and he was alone among religious leaders in doing it. He also founded a People's Institute on the West Side to provide culture at cheap prices for the workman and his family.

He was an ardent advocate of temperance. A newspaper published back in 1866 carries the item that in a lecture he "struck a keen lance for temperance." He fought for temperance with John B. Gough and Frances Willard. He wore the white ribbon for it, preached for it, and

practised it. Christmas plum-puddings in our home were served without the pungent halo of burning alcohol, and I can remember a discussion between my parents as to whether a tablespoonful of whisky taken medicinally broke the pledge.

Yet committed to temperance as he was, he opened a saloon especially for the working-men in a basement on Clark Street, Chicago, in 1895.

The Clark Street of that yesterday has no duplicate in the experience of to-day's generation. It gathered, like a magnet, tramps and bums of every variety, the riffraff from the lake steamers, the worst specimens of a city's flotsam and jetsam. It was the section which fastidious people passed by with their eyes shut and their handkerchiefs to their noses. But my father had an obstinate desire to carry the pulpit into the market-place. His original way of doing it startled his generation more than once. Clark Street in 1895 seemed to him an excellent market-place, and his kind of saloon a convincing gospel.

He called his experiment the Home Salon, and he provided it with a temperance beer which would cheer but not inebriate, reading-matter which was pleasant rather than instructive, and helpers who were friendly but had no offensive odor of sanctity.

Times have changed and conditions with them. But his underlying reason for opening that Salon is as workable to-day as it was in 1895. It was grounded in the founder's understanding of human nature as it is, not as it ought to be. In that day when the saloon was anathema, he had this to say of it in a speech

before the Somerset Club of Chicago:

"The saloon is the poor man's or the average man's club room, cosmopolitan, instinct with the spirit of democracy. The very prompting which brings business men together in their Somerset Club or their Union League Club leads the laboring man into the clubs furnished by the saloon. It is the chief labor bureau in nearly every large city, the place where the jobless go for temporary relief and for another job rather than to a charity organization. The American saloon is one of the most powerful factors in American social life. There for a small sum the working-man can have large privileges. Homeless, he can find a home; friendless, a friend or a pretended friend. The saloon is meeting a great need of civilization in a wrong way.

"My theory is a very simple one. It is to adopt the best features of the saloon with the best features of the restaurant, and so to blend them that we shall have the excellencies of both.

"You must remember we are drinking animals. Gentlemen, your ancestors and mine were men who used to drink every other people on earth blind. We inherit this thirst. Any attempt to ignore it is a fatal attempt, and the result of the attempt is found in the fact that there are to-night nearly seven thousand saloons in the city of Chicago, and nothing of any kind to antagonize them.

"I have before me now a little map; it extends from Halsted Street to Michigan Avenue, and from Lake Street to Harrison Street. There are 541 saloons north of Harrison

Street on the South Side, and 359 on the West Side, between Halsted and the river, or 900 in all in this district. Nine hundred saloons and one Home Salon! Gentlemen, it won't do. . . .

"Let me say now as a humble representative of the church, it is useless for the church to wrestle with the liquor problem unless we put something in place of the saloon. I do not know but that it would be wicked in some cases to eliminate the things which the saloon has unless we put something better in their place.

"What," he asked, "has the Church or the Temperance Movement to offer in a material way to compete with the saloon? Nothing. . . . People want light and warmth and a place where they can feel they have a right to be. I believe such a work as this, if it proves successful, will be worth fifty years of purely intellectual temperance work."

The instant popularity of the Home Salon proved his theory sound. It was opened in February of 1895 in the basement of 155 West Washington Street, formerly occupied by Jerry Sullivan's saloon. The opening was described thus by one Chicago paper:

"The new institution started off with an immense boom. Though away under ground, though approached from the sidewalk by narrow, steep steps, and though advertised outside only by a modest sign reading 'Home Salon,' the rush began at an early hour. . . .

"It was a part of Bishop Fallows' plan to make the salon a saloon in everything except its evils, and the effort was a complete success. There

were the stuffy basement, the little round bare tables, the lunch counters, the sawdust two inches deep on the floor, the bar, and the barkeepers. The bar especially was a stunning feature. The former occupant of the premises would have noticed no change. The wall was covered with mirrors, in front of which were rows upon rows of tumblers, mixers, and bottles of what looked like Old Tom gin and Old Crow whisky. There stood the same tall bar with the foot-rest in front of it and with the white-aproned 'beer-slingers' behind it flopping the drinks down.

"But, by way of saving grace, pasted on the mirror were life-sized likenesses of Neal Dow and Frances E. Willard.

"On the opposite side of the room within an inclosure two cooks were kept busy ladling out to customers the 'free lunch,' consisting of bread and butter, a piece of meat, and peas or potatoes. When a customer had been served and had paid 10 cents, he took his lunch to the barkeeper and then received a drink of beer: so that it was really a 'free beer' instead of a 'free lunch.'

"The customers were an average Chicago crowd. The Rev. J. P. Brushingham and a few other ministers dropped in to wet their whistles; a few nice-looking elderly women sat in the back part of the place with their beer, and the rest of the throng who climbed over each other's heads, as if the Bishop were serving eternal salvation instead of beerette, were hungry men of all ages.

"The personnel of the management is interesting. First of all came the Rt. Rev. Samuel Fallows, D.D., Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal

Church, proprietor; then there was L. T. O'Brien, late President of the Retail Clerks' Union, manager; then F. L. Newman, the famous bartender in other years of Delmonico's in New York, who presided over the bar. Newman was ably assisted by George Bradley, formerly colored porter at Hannah and Hogg's and Chapin and Gore's; George Wilson, late saloon hustler for George Fisher; and G. Castles, a former bartender but late of the Painters' Union. The chef was George Brown, the former popular cook of the steamer *Virginia* of the Goodrich Line, who was assisted by one plain cook and two carvers."

Only temperance drinks were served, of course. The chief of these was a new drink, with a very small percentage of alcohol, developed from pure hops by a chemist retained by the founder of the Salon. It was dubbed almost at once "Bishop's Beer."

The attendance on that opening day varied from two thousand to eight thousand, according to the reporter. It reached at least the two thousand mark. The start of the venture was memorable to the man responsible for it in more ways than one. As a gentleman from the "Tribune" put it:

"The congregation was composite. Church people were there to see that stock in the new church venture was not a drug on the market. And it wasn't. The beer all ran out at high noon, despite brewery contracts for perennial refreshment. The sporting gentry was there to give the bishop a friendly tip about encouraging a homelike atmosphere in the place. Laborers came and some women, too, because a good lunch was got at cut

rates. Saloon-keepers peeped in to see what graft the bishop had on his advertising. A delegation of the Bartenders' Association inquired if Bishop Fallows expected to recognize any but union labor. Knights of the green cloth eyed unoccupied nooks in the saloon with gloating and it is whispered will make the proprietor a proposal to start games under the sidewalk.

"In anticipating the great rush at the opening of his churchly enterprise Bishop Fallows and his helpers reached the home salon very early yesterday morning. By 8 o'clock scrubbers and scullions were running hither and thither in a bustle of preparation. Cooks started to cook for the multitude. Bakers' and brewers' and grocers' wagons drove up and delivered their goods. Six swift-footed messenger boys stood in line and were alternately dashed out on expeditions for commissaries. When help ran short Bishop Fallows hung his hat and coat over the bar and started in with a scrub brush himself.

"It was encomiums for the bishop everywhere. He was immensely popular. They liked his free, easy way, his advice, and his garments. This fact was driven home to the bishop when he returned to don his discarded apparel. It was gone. Coat, overcoat, hat and gloves had been appropriated by some sneak thief who doubtless had received a lunch with a glass of beer for nothing. By chance, the bishop's valuables had all been retained on his person, and the loss was confined to clothing.

"In the press of early noon business, therefore, the hatless, coatless man was compelled to borrow gar-

ments from one of his force and sally forth to a clothing emporium.

"'Bless them that spitefully use you,' was the ejaculation of the church leader when he learned of his loss. 'If that man continues to trade here we will give him so much for his money's worth we will make him ashamed of himself. I hope he did it by mistake, not malice.'

"'They'll take surplice and surplus both if you give them a chance, doctor,' volunteered the head bartender.

"At 12:15 the crowd had reached its maximum. They couldn't reach any more. They filled the saloon, the rear room where lunches were served, they blocked the entrance and pavement. A phalanx, organized and expectant, stood four abreast ready for admittance. The news that the beer had been exhausted did not cause many to turn back. There were still concoctions of unknown consistency, there were all the softer drinks, and lunches and pastries galore."

The liquor interests did not take the new experiment lying down. They began, apparently, trying to knife it at once. The very day that the Salon opened, a case of Weiss-beer was slipped in with a soda-water order and served over the counter before the mistake was discovered. Weiss-beer contained eight per cent of alcohol and was taxable. Curiously enough, revenue agents were on hand just at the crucial moment, ready to take for analysis samples of the drink presumably being served in the Salon. The word of a bishop was sufficient to convince the government that the Weiss-beer was a mistake. The analysis of

Bishop's Beer showed only the percentage of alcohol claimed. The Home Salon took out a license, to be on the safe side, and banned the soda-water firm supplying the Weiss beer—which closed that incident. But there were others.

To keep it legally alcoholic, Bishop's Beer had to be put in kegs very soon after it was made. The next move of the liquor interests was to tinker with the coopers who furnished the kegs. These men cheerfully promised kegs and then failed to deliver them, which was much more embarrassing than if they had not promised them at all. But the management scoured the State for kegs, tided themselves over temporarily, and eventually secured a bottling-plant, so that this attack also was successfully met.

"It is foolish," said the Salon's head, "for saloon-keepers to make war upon us. If the sale of our beer is more profitable than the sale of theirs, all they have to do is to keep our beer for sale. We shall be glad to supply them. We have orders for it from one ocean to the other."

The press rollicked with the comedy of the experiment, from coast to coast. That also, undoubtedly, was liquor-interest propaganda. But it was proof positive of the position which the Mid-West bishop occupied in the newspaper world that it was comedy, not irony, and that in most cases the serious import of the experiment got at least a paragraph.

The next attack, on the ground that Bishop's Beer was harmful, was quashed by a sworn statement from the manufacturer that the beverage was made of pure malt and hops and

contained absolutely no harmful ingredients.



The Chicago Salon, in the mind of its founder, was merely a link in a chain. He hoped with this sample Home Salon to prove to business men that the plan could be worked out for the social good on a wholesale scale and return a dividend on the capital invested. His hope was based on the remarkably successful English coffee-house movement, sponsored by the Earl of Shaftesbury and the Duke of Westminster, with so many coffee-houses under one control that the managers in the year 1895 were buying flour by the cargo from the United States to supply bread. He wanted to see Home Salons under one company established in every city in the Union. Such an idea was new to the United States in the nineties, though chain-stores based on its principle have made fortunes a plenty for their owners since that time.

The Home Salon as a demonstration was successful even in spite of the brewers' opposition. At the end of five weeks the manager and secretary signed a certified statement that the net profits of the business had amounted to more than a hundred dollars a week. Any novelty will attract the public for a while. But the Salon kept on doing well, long enough to prove that under half-way favorable conditions its founder's high hopes might be realized.

The Salon's business principle was sound. The transformed basement on Clark Street reached the working class. The patrons were testimony conclusive on that point. The Salon met the social need which my father

hoped it might meet. I had indirect proof of that years afterward in a remote California town—of ten houses and a general store—when the combination express and ticket agent gave me the keys of the city because I was blood kin to the founder of the Home Salon. Its drink, its food, and its friendliness, he told me, had set him going straight when he was a young lonely man in Chicago. He was one of hundreds, he said.

Sound business. Sound goods. Sound appeal. The Home Salon had them all. For two years its founder gave advice and supervision and put his enthusiasm behind the experiment. But after all he was a bishop first and foremost. At the end of that time he had to concede the rights of a hundred other interests and let the Home Salon slip to the periphery of his attention. Soon afterward its doors were closed.

Why did the idea fail to come to full success in the nineties? For lack of capital. An ant was trying a boxing-match with an elephant. One Home Salon was fighting saloons by the hundred thousand—with pennies against the brewers' two hundred million dollars.

Too little money; that alone blocked the movement, though other reasons at the time seemed the apparent ones. It was difficult, for instance, to perfect Bishop's Beers so that it could be shipped or kept any length of time without developing a percentage of alcohol beyond the temperance limit. But when prohibition decreed near-beer or none, the capital of the brewers retained an expert who promptly met the difficulty. The necessary lessening of its founder's attention seemed another reason.

Illusory also. The experiment was based on a workable business principle. It was not dependent for success on a single individual. A salary ample enough would have secured an executive to do for money what the founder of this rational project was content, as a soldier of the common good, to do for nothing.

The Home Salon movement needed capital to put it across, a great deal of capital, enough to secure the volume production, the central management, and the highly organized distribution which any far-reaching business project has to-day, enough to command the high-powered brains able to cope with the liquor interests. The idea was a big-scale idea. It offered a constructive program of substitution, instead of repression, by which human nature could be educated out of what it was into something better. It offered simple machinery which could be set up on any street-corner and return a fair percentage on the capital invested. It was not a reform measure as such, but a legitimate part of the business fabric.

Some students of the liquor question looking back to-day feel that if the founder of the movement, with his boundless energy and his influence throughout the country, could have dropped everything else and devoted himself to the effort to chain the United States with Home Salons from coast to coast and from Canada to the Gulf, the history of temperance here might have been materially altered. But such a campaign would have required an immense fund, and none was forthcoming. The idea that a welfare movement should be economically sound as well as philanthropic was too far ahead of its time.

Only after twenty-five years did business men catch up with it. What could pennies hope to do against the brewers' millions? The Home Salon's fate was a foregone conclusion. The only wonder is that the ant withstood the elephant as long as it did.

So ended an experiment in substitution for the benefit of the workers which offered Bishop's Beer for Brewers' Beer, a Salon for a Saloon, food and friendship minus strings—a social experiment with no smell of condescension, an experiment which was as much a part of the business fabric as button or bicycle making.

Apparently, that is, the experiment ended. Actually its underlying idea has gone quietly on evolving to crop out as news again to-day when the cause of prohibition especially needs such news.

This is the news. While the radicals are submitting to the requirement to shake their dust-mops into the garbage-pail instead of out the window, and fussing about personal liberty to drink what they please, while the younger generation is cutting off its nose to spite its face by breaking the law, and the leisure class is working like a beaver to beat down bootleggers' prices, labor is reaping the benefits of prohibition. It is reaping them by the wholesale through the law of substitution which the founder of the Home Salon movement demonstrated in a small way thirty years ago. The capital he lacked, prohibition has supplied.

In 1925 United States brewers manufactured 1,118,000 barrels of near-beer, the successor of Bishop's Beer. About 500,590,000 glasses of this beverage, which smelled and

tasted and foamed like beer and had only one half of one per cent of alcohol, replaced the old variety for former beer-drinkers. No exact near-beer census is forthcoming, but its consumers were mostly workmen whose wages used to line the saloon-keeper's pocket. This year's output is greater. Pop, ginger-ale, the other soft drinks, coffee and tea in increased quantities, are helping to slake the thirst which the founder of the Home Salon conceded to be the prerogative of the human animal.

Cheap food for the workers, which was also part of the bishop's plan, is now provided by cafeterias, automats, coffee-pots, and restaurants, many of them operating on the chain system plan which was part of his dream.

In the present day's solution of food and drink for the workers, however, the friendliness and the educational incentives which were also part of the Home Salon movement's program are still omitted.

What has happened to labor under prohibition? What compensation is there for that magic of alcohol which made, for a moment, the poor feel rich and the disheartened cheerful?

In 1920 a set of resolutions was presented to the American Federation of Labor advocating labor banks. In 1925, thirty-seven labor banks in the United States had capital resources of over one hundred and fifty millions. The increase of savings during the previous five years, distributed among more than twenty-five million workers, was estimated in billions. Two thirds of the life-insurance policies issued that year in the country, according to one authority, were held by wage-earners, which

means that sixty billions of the eighty-three billions of dollars of insurance will eventually go to the working-man or his heirs.

In 1921 the Workers' Education Bureau was organized to meet the needs of adult workers who wanted to learn as they earned. In 1925 forty thousand wage-earning students were enrolled in classes throughout the country. This year shows an increase of several thousand.

The labor political clubs, which fill one function of the old saloon, are much better attended under prohibition, and the quality of their oratory has improved, as it has also in the meetings of the unions.

In Home Salon days, labor begged humbly for a living wage. Since prohibition the cry has been for a saving wage, and now, with that met, for a cultural wage. Prohibition has not been the only factor in the change, but without it the miracle would have been worked much more slowly if at all.

Labor, like the other classes, has its advocates of personal liberty. The taxi-driver who could "carry his liquor" feels abused that he must be restricted because his brother after a few drinks would set his taxi Charlestoning in the middle of Broadway. Labor has its representatives in the bootlegger's back parlor and in the speak-easies which any innocent "Suits and Pants Pressed" sign may conceal. But they are a small minority. The American Federation of Labor is on record as favoring a modification of prohibition. Spencer Miller, Jr., secretary of the Educational Workers' Bureau, however, as the result of an eight-thousand-mile trip during which he interviewed

thousands of workers, believes that labor would vote for prohibition three to one.

In Chicago a woman who did day cleaning for us was always on call before the days of prohibition. She had to be. Her husband drank, and she had four children to support. In 1920 I went to her rear flat on the upper West Side. She had moved. I traced her to a sunshiny place a few blocks away and discovered her making a bit of dainty underwear for her older daughter.

"Can you come to me next Tuesday?" I asked.

She shook her head. "I'm not working out any more," she replied. "I don't need to, now that my husband isn't drinking up his wages."

Multiply her by the wives and families of the workmen who have saved billions in a few years, whose drink money is going into food and shoes for the children, into the houses they live in, into automobiles, movies, theaters, vacations, and culture, and you have little trouble in believing that three to one of the workmen will vote in favor of the horse that carried them over the stream.

Prohibition must stand or fall eventually as the will of the people directs. No true American desires it otherwise. We only want to be sure that the will of the people really decides the question and not the propaganda of those who would profit by a wet United States, or a dry one either, for that matter. The condition of labor certainly makes out a strong case for a dry America. Better laborers insure a better country.

No one of us now dares deny our national unity. The principle of sub-

stitution working under the prohibition harness has accomplished many of the marvels which the founder of the Home Salon movement hoped for in 1895. But his combination of food, drink, friendliness, and education on a nation-wide scale has still not been made in 1927. The need of it exists. Labor is ripe for it. A Home Salon movement under a twentieth-century name, with attractive centers above-ground instead of in a Clark Street basement, serving food and drink and extending the educational courses already

started, might help greatly to solve the prohibition question even under prohibition. If a temperance Heckscher, with billions behind him, should finance such a movement as a sound business project in which labor participated, it is possible that the principle of substitution would settle the liquor question so well that America would rise up and choose prohibition again when it had a chance and become a guide to the rest of the world instead of the horrible example they are trying to consider us now.

ARTEMIDORA

Metropolitan Museum

JESSIE LEMONT

They sought you in far lands across the sea—
 When they had found your tomb, the hands that bent
 To lift you paused, their touch was reverent,
 Your lingering legend stirred in memory.
 From your long rest, they raised you silently—
 And, as through flame leapt from a cerement,
 Darkness was by a glorious vision rent,
 Beauty pierced the vast stillness like a cry. . . .
 You sleep no more among the burning sands,
 Your sanctuary lighted by a star—
 Indifferent, curious eyes now pass your bier;
 But clasped for centuries in your fragile hands
 There lies, unseen, a crystalline frail jar
 Containing one imperishable tear.

WILD WINTER LOVE

ANZIA YEZIERSKA

THIS is a story with an unhappy ending. And I too have become Americanized enough to be terrified of unhappy endings. Yet I have to drop all my work to write it.

Ever since I read in the papers about Ruth Raefsky, I've gone around without a head. I can't pull myself together somehow. Her story won't let me rest. It tears me out of my sleep at night. It leaps up at me out of every corner where I try to hide.

And it's dumb. Dumb. Words only push back the spirit of what I feel about her. The facts that I know so well dwindle into nothing. Only a piece of her life here, and a piece there—the end, the middle, and the beginning rush together in broken confusion.

The first thing that flashes to my mind is her outburst of impatience with the monotonous theme of love in American magazines. "You pick up one magazine after another, and it's all love-stories. Life isn't all sex. Why are they writing only about love, as if there was nothing else real to write about?"

How much she had learned of the realness and unrealness of love before she was through!

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It was in the Bronx, the up-town ghetto, that I first met her. Even

before we met, her neighbor's whisperings excited my interest.

"Imagine only—such a woman—a wife of a poor tailor—a house and a baby to take care of—and such a madness in her head—goes to night-school—wants to write herself a book of her life."

Her neighbor's voice was high-pitched with indignation. "The husband sweats from early morning till late at night, stitching his life away for every penny he earns. And she is such a lady, when she goes to the market, she don't bargain herself to get things cheaper like the rest of us. She takes it wrapped up, don't even look at the change. Just like a Gentile."

I had just moved in. It was one of those newly built five-story tenements with four three-room flats on each floor. She lived in the front and I in the rear. But it was weeks before I got on friendly terms with her.

All the other women sat around together with their baby-carriages in the sun, darning and mending, discussing what was cooking in the neighbors' pots. But she and her baby-carriage were always off by themselves.

She seemed wrapped up inside herself. Not seeing, not hearing anything around her.

Sometimes she'd take up some

pages and pencil from under the baby's pillow, jot down something. Then sit back very still, as if she were all alone, looking far out at the top of the world.

But when I met her in the store, or on the stairs, she looked like a neat, efficient, businesslike person with a busy concentrated expression on her face. She answered my "good morning" and "good evening" with a nod and a smile, but no more.

Gradually her life pieced itself together out of the fragments of conversation we had.

She had met Dave, her husband, in the same shop where she had worked. He was a tailor, she a finisher.

The sudden urge to write did not begin till after she was married.

"We were so happy in our little flat, all to ourselves. At first Dave wanted me to fix up a 'parlor like by other people.' But I wanted a plain living-room like in the settlement.

"And why not?" he humored me. But I could see it wasn't because he thought the plain things I liked beautiful, but that he wanted me to have what I wanted.

"And so it was when I told him I had to write the story of my life. He hadn't much use for books. He only read the 'Vorwarts' and the 'Socialist Call.' He looked a little doubtful. But he loved me so, and he was so good and kind. He shrugged away his doubt. 'If you'll have from it pleasure, go ahead.'

"And so I began to go to night-school to learn how to write my life. But in a class of fifty, how much time can the teacher give to me?

"I didn't realize when I began how long it would take, how I'd have to tear my flesh in pieces for every little

word. I am only just feeling out the beginning of my story. But now I can't stop myself."

I glanced up at her. Under that look of neat businesslike efficiency, a consuming passion flared up in her eyes. Her baby two years already. Writing every day since her marriage, and only just at the beginning.

"If I could only do it by myself! It's having to go to these teachers for help that kills me. Every evening this week they were reading in my class how Washington crossed the Delaware. Here I'm burning up with the crossing of my own Delaware. And I have to choke down my living story for a George Washington, dead a hundred years. All that waste, only to get the teacher's help for a few minutes after the class."

Her tightly clenched hands trembled with nervousness. I've seen the dumb who wanted to say something, but were too confused to know what they wanted to say. Here were brains and intelligence. Here was a woman who knew what she wanted to say, but was lost in the mazes of the new language. And more than the confusion of the new language was the realization that she was talking to strangers, to whom she always felt herself saying too much, yet not enough. To cold hard-headed Americans she was trying to make clear the feverish turmoil of the suppressed desire-driven ghetto.

One evening, several months later, I heard through the open air-shaft window loud quarreling in the Raefsky flat.

"Come to bed already. I waited up for you long enough. It's time to sleep."

"Oh, Dave! Stop bothering me. I only just got started. Why can't you go to sleep without me?"

No sound for a while.

"Nu? Not yet finished?"

"Let me alone, can't you? I've scrubbed and cooked and washed all day long. Only when the baby is asleep that I take to myself."

"Gewalt!" Dave's voice, raw with hurt, rose into a shriek. "There's an end to a man's patience. My gall is bursting. You're not a woman. I married myself to a *meshugeneh* with a book for her heart."

"God! What does that man want of me?"

"You know what I want. I want a home. I want a wife."

"Don't you have the things you like to eat? Was there ever a time that you did not have your clean shirt, your darned socks?"

"Oi-i-i! If you had flesh and blood in you, you wouldn't talk that way. What for did you marry me? So you could have a fool of a slave to give you everything, while you go on with your craziness?"

They drifted further and further apart. Whenever I entered their flat, I felt the cold chill that comes to you when you enter a house where the man and woman live under one roof yet live apart. It was only the love for their child that held them together in spite of the growing chasm between them.

As she became more and more consumed with her story, she grew impatient with the little special help she could get out of the night-school. She sought the club-leader of the settlement, a college student, the druggist on the corner, the doctor on the block. Any one she met with a

gleam of intelligence in their eyes, she would stop and make them listen to some little scene in her story that she happened to be working on. Their comments somehow helped her get a truer word, a deeper stroke in her picture.

And so the book built itself up piece by piece through the years.

I lost track of her for a long while when they moved away.

One day the club-leader of the settlement told me the exciting news that Ruth Raefsky had come through with her book, "Out of the Ghetto."

Breathlessly I read the enthusiastic reviews of great critics who hailed Ruth Raefsky as the New Voice of the East Side.

So she got there at last! What a titanic struggle! With all her dumbness, her fearful unsureness of herself—to have pressed on and on—beaten out a voice in so much that was dumb. . . . The steerage ship on its way to America. Cherry Street. The sweat-shop. The boss. The "hands." The landlord. The rag peddler. The pawnshop. The art theater. Dreams and the brutal battle for bread. Greed and self-sacrifice. The dirt and the beauty seething in the crowded ghetto—to have caught it all—framed it between the covers of a book!

How will she look released from that terrible burden? Would having reached her goal wipe away the tortured driven look on her face? What will she do with herself now? Can she pick up again the relationships she broke to pursue her dream?

I went to see her. I found her already famous. People whose

names I read about in the magazines were now among her guests for tea.

Success had not yet worked any miracles in her appearance. Though she was excited and elated, the tired strained expression was still on her face. Sleepless nights and tortured days still cried out of her eyes.

"How does it feel to be a famous living author?" I whispered.

"Will I ever be able to do my next thing? That's my worry now."

I wondered why she did not rejoice more in her good luck. Then Dave, grimy from his work in the shop, came in.

He tried to slip away. But Ruth pulled him forward. "Come, Dave. I want you to meet some of my friends."

He bowed awkwardly, hiding his dirty hands in his pockets. Every one in the room felt the pain of his self-consciousness. As soon as he could, he shrank into a corner and didn't say a word till they had left.

Then he burst out: "My home is no more mine. I come tired from the shop. All I want is peace—and my house is crowded with strangers. Why didn't you tell me you'd have them here?"

"Why hide yourself from people?"

"They're not my people. But what's the difference? What do I count in this house? To a writer, what is a husband?"

"Oh, Dave!" Her voice was sharp with jangled nerves. "Don't let's go over all that again. My writing is no crime."

"Sure it's a crime," he cried, his eyes blazing. "The pleasures of writing is for millionaires. What right has a poor man's wife to give in to herself? Suppose it willed itself

in me to write a book, who'd give you bread? I have to be a tailor, so you could shine in the world for a writer. Somebody's got to work for the rent."

I went away. I thought of an evening years ago, when I first knew them. Dave had come in from work, with eager shining eyes and a package in his hand. It was his wife's birthday. He had saved for months to surprise her with a Hungarian peasant shawl that he had seen her admire in a shop window. How he drank in pleasure out of his wife's delight as he wrapped the shawl around her! And now—the cold looks, the harsh voices with which they pushed one another away.

Some months later we made an appointment to meet for lunch. When the day came, I received word that she was ill. I went to see her. I found her prostrate with a headache.

She looked frightfully old. Her features stood out sharply. Her eyes seemed to have gone deep down into her head. She sat up in bed with a little jerk. Bright red spots burned on her cheeks. She barely stopped to greet me. She began talking at once, as though carrying on a conversation with herself.

"I'm a woman without a country. I'm uprooted from where I started; and I can't find roots anywhere. I've lost the religion of my fathers. I've lost the human ties that hold other women. I can only live in the world I create out of my brain. I've got so that I can't live unless I write. And I can't write. The works have stopped in me. What will be my end?"

Her reserve had unloosed through exhaustion. I never heard her talk so much. It was a torrent of high-pitched nervous words.

"My writing began with my love for Dave. But I've gone on only in my brain. I've gone too far away from life. I don't know how to get back.

"I have so much more to give out than ever before. But something has stifled this giving-out power. My terrible inadequacy is killing me. What is the agony of death to this agony I now suffer—to feel, to see, to know—and to wither in sight of it all—stifled—dumb!"

Soon after this, a nervous breakdown forced her to give her daughter to board, and she went away for the first vacation in her life.

I was seeing Dave, off and on, whenever I needed my clothes to be repaired.

"How's Ruth?" I asked toward the end of the summer.

"Now she's come back with a new craziness in her head. She's got to live alone. Such selfishness—" He stopped suddenly.

I was too embarrassed to press him for details. I hurried to see her at her new address. I expected her to be in a worse mental state, now that she was living the hermit. But she was radiant. Her face, her figure, her eyes, had a verve, a sparkle, a magnetism, that I never saw in her before.

"What has happened to you?" I cried. "You look a million years younger."

A light from away inside flashed up in her face. "I'm seeing for the first time how glorious it is just to be

alive. Beauty is all about us—only I was too blind to see it till now. What is that verse in the Bible—'all things work together for good to them that love God'?"

I listened in amazement. I couldn't take my eyes away from her shining face.

"Solitude has done you good."

"Solitude is only an empty cup. I have rich red wine to fill my solitude."

Now I knew what had happened to her. "Who? Who is it? You—at forty-seven, in love?"

"Yes. And with a man even older than I. What does youth know about love? What can youth bring to love, but the inexperience, the unripeness of youth?"

For a moment I looked beneath the radiance of her face into the battle-scarred, life-worn lines that the years had dug into her throat and about her eyes. In that moment she was all of her forty-seven years old. But it was only for a moment. I was caught up again by the rich warmth of her voice, the inexhaustible energy that poured out of her as she talked.

"Outwardly my lover is one of those cold reasonable Anglo-Saxons. A lawyer. A respectable citizen. Devoted to his wife. Adores his children. We're drawn to each other by something even more compelling than the love of man for woman, and woman for man. It's that irresistible force as terrible as birth and death that sometimes flares up between Jew and Gentile."

The resonance of her own voice was like fire that fed her. She looked far out—stern forehead, exultant eyes—seeing prophecies.

"These centuries of antagonism between his race and mine have burst out in us into this transcendent love. A love that burns through the barriers of race and class and creed. . . . Since Christ was crucified, a black chasm of hate yawned between his people and mine. But now and then threads of gold have spun through the darkness—links of understanding woven by fearless souls—Gentiles and Jews—men and women who were not afraid to trust their love."

"Mad-woman—poetess!" In a kind of envy I laughed aloud. But she was too inspired to hear me.

"It's because he and I are of a different race that we can understand one another so profoundly, touch the innermost reaches of the soul, beyond the reach of those who think they know us.

"When I talk to him, it's like traveling in foreign countries. He excites my imagination and releases my imagination. . . .

"My writing is but a rushing fountain of song to him. I pour myself out at his feet, in poems of my people, their hopes, their dreams. He listens to me with the wonder of a child listening to adventure. It's all so fresh and new to him, my world, that it becomes fresh and new to me. . . .

"In some way I do not understand I've been the means of bringing release to him too. I've awakened in him a new worship of life and beauty that none of the women of his class can ever dream is in him."

She threw back her head gloriously. Her laughter was a chant of triumph. "The wonderful way that man looks at me! It's like bathing in sunshine.

. . . Dave has driven into me all these years that I'm a criminal. That fire in me, that makes me what I am—a crime. And this man washes away, as in healing oil, the guilt and self-defense with which my flesh and spirit is scarred. To him I can be just as I am. He wants me as I am."

The starved tailor's wife! How it had gone to her head, the little bit of love! But what wonder? For the first time in her life, she found a lover, an inspirer, and an audience all in one—a man of brains who understood the warm rich muddle of her experience.

I was all curiosity to see the man who had so changed this lonely ghetto woman. I got to watching for them. Walking the streets where they were likely to pass. At last I saw them. It was like seeing black and white, so intense, so startling, was the contrast between them. His calm Anglo-Saxon face was like a background of rock for her volatile, tempestuous, Slavic temperament.

They lit up the street with their happiness. The world seemed to sweep away before their completeness in each other. And yet he seemed quite an old man. Not different from hundreds of other plain lawyers. She, for all the fire and vivacity that lighted up her face, was unmistakably middle-aged. How could they let themselves be so wrapped up in each other? How shameless, at their age, to get so lost in their love!

But a rich power for work was in that love. It put a new appeal, a deeper humanity, into her writing. Her stories became the fad of the

hour. Her stepping up into the world of success, while I was still low down in the struggle, gradually cut us off one from the other.



It was over three years that I had not seen her. By degrees I became aware that she appeared less and less in the public eye. I began to wonder what she was doing.

A sudden desire to see her swept me. But I pushed back the impulse. . . . What can we talk about now, when she's so happy? . . .

One morning I opened the newspaper as I sat down to breakfast. Ruth Raefsky's picture! Under it, in big letters—Suicide! I read on. But I was too shaken to take in anything. My brain was paralyzed by that one word—suicide.

Ruth Raefsky! So rich with life! So eager to live! She—of all people! I had to know the truth of what had happened. Suicide. That word meant nothing. What led to it, was her story.

I called on her relatives, her friends—on any one who might know.

"Well, what can you expect? Left her husband, her child, for an affair with a married man," said her next-door neighbor.

And each one had something different to say.

"Such a haunted face as she had the last time I saw her! Poor thing! She looked so unhappy."

"You can't blame the man. The wife and daughters got wind of the affair. He couldn't let them be hurt. Why should his innocent family suffer? So Ruth Raefsky had to go."

"He had a sense of duty to the community, if she didn't. I admire him for having been strong enough, in the end, to do the right thing."

"How she must have suffered! She shut herself away from all of us. She wouldn't let any of us try to help her."

So their words fell about her—smug or compassionate.

How could they know the real Ruth Raefsky? Those years of toil by day and night, tearing up by the roots her starved childhood, her starved youth, trying to tell, in her personal story, the story of her people. How could they understand the all-consuming urge that drove her to voice her way across the chasm between the ghetto and America.

A lonely losing fight it was from the very beginning. Only for a moment, a hand of love stretched a magic bridge across the chasm. Inevitably the hand drew back. Inevitably the man went back to the safety of his own world.

In the fading of this dazzling mirage of friendship and love, vanished her courage, her dreams, her last illusion. And she leaped into the gulf that she could not bridge.

THE CHANGING SOUTHWEST

Main Street Runs from Tulsa to Tombstone

FREDERICK SIMPICH

As a boy in Missouri I saw the big parade of covered wagons to the Southwest. Often as many as fifty outfits creaked through our village in one day. An "outfit," then, was a "mover" and his family, plus his wagon, team, and the loose horses, colts, and mules following after—or driven by a mover boy. Lashed at each wagon's end-gate, just above the horse-trough, was a coop of chickens.

To help feed his tribe, the mover shot rabbits and wild fowl along the road. Sometimes he shot a fowl more indiscreet than wild—if he saw one wandering far enough from a house.

We lived on the main road to this Southwest—that new Promised Land which lured movers by tens of thousands from Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri. Somewhere, beyond the purple haze of level southwest horizons, lay the "Indian Territory" and that vast empire of Texas—with free farms and opportunities, real and imaginary.

In the eighties and nineties everybody talked of the Southwest. Down into that mysterious land our fathers went each fall with guns and lean sullen hounds on clanking chains, to hunt big game. They brought back bear, wolf, and moun-

tain-lion skins. Now and then a neighbor who had killed a man, or "had the law on him" for another sin, slipped from our midst. Later we would hear that he too was "somewhere in the Southwest"—under another name.

Like the wagon-road, a railway to the Southwest also split our town. And always there came up from the southwest horizon—bound for St. Louis or Chicago markets—long trains of bawling struggling cattle. Atop these cattle-trains rode crowds of noisy big-hatted men, armed with long stout poles. Their job was to punch any cow that got down and make her get up again—lest she be trampled to death by other animals in the crowded car. Trains stopped at our town to change engines. Then the cow-punchers, scrambling awkwardly down in their high-heel boots, stormed the Katy Junction Eating House to wolf their food, or to fight some wary waitress for a kiss.

Grassy shaded creek-banks—at the edge of town—formed a favorite camp-site. Here movers paused to rest, swap horses, mend harness, or soak wagon-wheels to tighten loose tires; maybe also to work a few days doing any job in return for family food and horse-fodder—on the march to the Southwest.

On many wagons was the slogan "Texas or Bust." Rarely did these people come back. They couldn't. The mover had staked his last cent. One classic exception I recall: on the dirty canvas of this returning wagon was painted, "Busted, by Gosh; Gone back to Wife's Indianny People."

This wagon-stream waned in the early nineties. It waned when railways found that every extra acre plowed in a new country means that much more freight. With this new industrial policy of the railways came the "home-seekers' excursion," and low rates to the Southwest on household goods, farm-implements, and work-animals. It came to be cheaper for movers to go by train; so their numbers grew—and grew. From Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Kansas—in late decades—hundreds of thousands have moved to Texas—and beyond.

Since the panic of '93, the population of the Southwest has more than doubled. To-day Texas has over 5,300,000 people—nearly ten times as many as when Lee surrendered. Ten years before Appomattox—with Albert Sydney Johnston—Lee stood on a high bluff in Texas. For some minutes, the story says, Lee was silent, gazing to the northeast. "What do you see?" asked his companion.

"I am listening to the tramp of oncoming millions," said Lee.

His vision was prophetic. Though there has been no nation-wide ballyhoo about the Southwest—no hysteria of tumult and shouting as heard from California and Florida—yet to-day the movement of men to the Southwest is greater than ever. The

modern mover's financial position, too, is far better than that of the covered wagon man—who had health, hard hands, and many children—but no cash.

Now, according to careful estimates of railway industrial agents, the 600,000 people who have gone to Texas since 1920 have taken with them an average of \$2500 each. This means a billion and a half dollars of new capital taken to Texas by immigrants alone in the last six years. And statistics show that more foreign capital—represented in aggregate capital stock—was invested in Texas in 1925 than in all the preceding fifty years.

Since Lee stood on that bluff the wealth of Texas has multiplied incredibly. To-day it is estimated at nearly twelve billion dollars, or more than the riches of all America before the Civil War. Up from this Southwest, in early days, American cowboys drove ten million cattle to the ranches of Nebraska, Wyoming, and Montana. From wild cotton-plants found here by the Spaniards has developed a farming industry which grows half the cotton raised in the United States, and one third of the whole world's supply. Here are lignite deposits greater than those of the Ruhr, and vast fortunes in oil.

In the wake of Coronado, Doniphan, and Frémont, whose men died of thirst and hunger, came reclamation engineers. Here now is the fourteen-million-dollar dam at Elephant Butte. Last year, on the lands it waters, there was a crop grown that sold for a sum equal to the whole cost of the project.

Over rough trackless lands where once Crook and Miles chased Ge-

rónimo, the Apache, now stretch endless paved highways. You can ride from Texas to British Columbia in motor-buses. Speed cops whizz where once the ranger rode, and bootleggers hold the stage, instead of cattle-thieves and Indians. Up among the cool forests and trout-streams of Arizona and New Mexico, where the prospector used to graze his burro and gopher the hills for gold, smooth winding motor-trails now lead. Here fat women in knickers ravage wild flowers, spread forest-fires from careless camps, and litter the glades with discarded magazines and paper napkins.

Yet in all the annals of history no area of equal size—anywhere in the world—has seen an economic growth comparable with that of the American Southwest since railroads tied it to the Pacific coast in the early eighties. Now a pipe-line brings oil from Wyoming clear down to Houston. Here a great canal binds this magic city to the sea, and ships of two score lines link Houston with the ports of the world.

Across the Southwest each year railroads haul half a million people, and more than three million cars of freight.



With these economic transitions have come changes in the manners and morals of the people. From Fort Worth to Yuma the Southwest—officially—has cast out many of its devils. It has passed various laws to beat hell. Gambling is abolished, on paper. In Texas you can't play cards in a hotel or on a train—even at nothing a point—without breaking the law. Some who once gambled for a living have turned evan-

gelist, movie actor, or taken their marked cards and gone to Florida. The annual cowboys' camp-meeting held in a cañon near Alpine, Texas, brings hundreds of hard-riding, singing, and praying cow-punchers from all over a region once famous for its shooting-scrapes with Mexicans and rangers.

Long before national prohibition, sections of the Southwest went dry. Now prohibition agents scour the country-side; but the hip-and-mouth disease persists. El Paso has some of the biggest Sunday-schools in the Southwest—and some of the busiest bootleggers.

Gunmen are mostly dead or retired after long service. Sometimes you see their varnished effigies in "wax figure shows" at county fairs.

"Gun-fightin' ain't popular here no more," a bow-legged, bullet-creased octogenarian at Del Rio told me. "But I read there's a right smart in Chicago and New York. . . . All these changes are good for us, I guess. They say the Southwest is richer and safer without guns, games, or liquor. But life ain't so excitin'. Somehow I get right down-hearted when I see cowboys ride up to a drug-store in a flivver and make the boy bring 'em out a round of ice-cream cones—instead of lopin' down Main Street shootin' and pantin' for raw liquor, like we used to. . . . Another thing upsets me: that's being shoved around at Fourth of July parades by a lot of Boy Scouts proddin' us with poles, like we used to prod cows with on the cars to St. Louis."

"A big change I see in the people," said an old West Texas judge, with fifty years of legal experience, "is

that they don't tell the truth like they used to—especially the town people. Country people make better witnesses and jurymen nowadays. The town man is so hedged in by fellow lodge members, by business and social connections, that he's tempted to squirm around—to avoid friction with this clique or that; he's afraid to tell the truth, for fear it will cost him a customer. But to the average cow-man or rancher, an oath on the Bible is still a very serious ceremony. When I look down from the bench on a cow-puncher holding up his right hand and swearing to tell the truth, I feel we shall probably hear it.

"Time was when Southwest society made the confirmed crook hard to catch! Sooner or later every bad man was killed or run out of the community. In those days we had lots of killings. But an old-time killing, you understand, was often very different from common modern murder.

"Look at Arizona now. Since 1910 she has had about six hundred murders, for which only twenty-one men have been executed. In 1923 she had sixty-one murders and two hangings. In other words, about one murderer in thirty now swings for it.

"In Texas last year, Governor Ma Ferguson let over eleven hundred convicts out of the pen, on whose trials and convictions other officials of the State had spent huge sums. Many of these eleven hundred were thieves—who couldn't possibly have escaped the swift rough justice of a generation ago. Then if a crook stole your horse, or your steer, you could shoot him. That was a clean

killing. . . . But these killings kept stealing at a minimum. Autos are stolen now instead of horses and cattle. Few thieves are punished—so stealing increases.

"Legally, we're pure and dry. But last year Texas got more divorces than were granted in any other State—and drank a world of bad liquor. Our men and women don't respect each other as they used to—when both had to work harder for a living."

Southwest lawyers say another social phenomenon of to-day is seen in the fact that, no matter how flimsy the evidence, it is very easy to convict those charged with gambling; whereas a few years ago, from Oklahoma to Yuma, gambling was a recognized business. On the contrary, it is very difficult to assemble any Southwestern jury which will find a bootlegger guilty.

One hears much praise now for the rough-and-ready justice of former years. An Arizona judge, in sentencing an alleged cow-thief, said: "Maybe you're guilty—maybe not. The court ain't sure. But, just the same, I'm giving you two years. If you're guilty, you're getting off darned easy. If you ain't, it will be a good lesson anyway to a lot of other sons of guns around here—who covet their neighbors' asses."

Roy Bean, self-appointed judge and maker of law west of the Pecos, was, in his way, a salutary influence. In these days of legal hair-splitting and wholesale jail-deliveries by political pardons, many old-timers sigh with regret that Bean is no more—and repeat the tales of his odd decisions. They like to tell that yarn about the man found dead in West

Texas with a pistol and forty dollars in his clothes. Having also appointed himself coroner, Bean presided and fined the dead man the forty dollars for carrying a pistol! It was Bean, too, who freed a cowboy who had slain a Chinaman on the ground that he could find nothing in his one and only law-book which "made it a crime for a cowboy to shoot a Chinese."

When Columbus came, the biggest city on our continent was Pecos, an Indian town near what is now Santa Fé. It boasted the world's biggest apartment-house—with two thousand rooms. Here, probably, was America's oldest civilization.

Yet now New Mexico is dubbed "the State that nobody knows." Potentially rich, it has only three persons to the square mile. No other State of its size has more natural resources. Here are seventeen billion feet of pine, fir, and pulp woods. Here are known coal deposits greater than the combined fields of Pennsylvania and West Virginia. Millions of live stock roam its ranges. Its mines have yielded tens of millions, and its oil-field development has but begun.

What New Mexico wants is population. Within the State the federal government still owns sixteen million acres open to homesteading, and the State itself has more than ten million acres for sale at from three to five dollars an acre—five per cent cash and the balance in thirty years.

But New Mexico's great growth can come, say the economists, only with the aid of cheap hydro-electric power. Here 500,000 horse-power waits to be developed. The Ele-

phant Butte and Caballo dam combinations, engineers say, will supply more than 140,000,000 kilowatt hours of electric energy, when harnessed.

Till now, however, New Mexico has been known for its famous Carlsbad Cave, its ruins of aboriginal cities, and its Indians, who, strangely enough, have increased twenty-two per cent in the last two decades.

Its remarkable Indian pueblo of Acoma, the "sky city," is called the oldest occupied town in America. Acoma stands high up on a huge rock, whose perpendicular sides rise four hundred feet above the plain. To-day nearly a thousand Pueblo Indians live on this rocky mesa—changed but little since Coronado found them here in 1540. These "people of the white rock" still make good pottery. Their ancestors built Acoma thus for safety. Inaccessibility saved them from the raping Spaniards under Coronado and from later raids of Navajos and Apaches.

"I came from Boston to the Southwest twenty years ago," an Arizona woman told me. "Then women-folk were contented at home. Now every girl's ambition is to escape house-work—whether on the ranch or in town—and get an office job. When I first came out here, the ambitious girl sought only to teach school. Now our schools can't recruit teachers enough—at what they pay. But business colleges run night and day, and competition for office jobs is intense. Even after marriage, the Southwestern girl often holds her office job. Every year she dresses better—even if she wears less. Local dealers rush the latest in hats

and gowns from New York—by express. For the Southwestern girl must be up to date. She smokes, swears more and more—and paints too much. Church-going is negligible.

“Among older women, club activities are a dissipation. Though it’s more of a pose than a thirst for knowledge, in their papers read before various groups they tackle every subject from Steinach’s Monkey Business to the Feminist Movement in Fiji. Lately one woman I know asked our librarian for some data on the Tacna-Arica quarrel. ‘I’m reading a paper on it,’ she explained. ‘I hear Pershing’s there. He’s such a nice man. I danced with him once at Fort Bliss. Just tell me something sweet to put in my paper about Pershing—the ladies will love that.’”

“Scarce as papers and magazines were,” said one scholarly lawyer of the old school, “earlier settlers in the Southwest took keen delight in the study and discussion of public affairs. Somehow we kept fairly posted on world questions. But to-day—well, I’ve quit Rotary lunches and club smokers. All I heard there was talk about business, yesterday’s golf game, or some story that was old when Texas was a republic.

“Twenty thousand students pack the colleges of our Southwest—to say nothing of the army that goes East to amputate its Texas accent, learn not to shave its neck, or not to talk while holding a tooth-pick in the mouth. . . . Yet these flaming youths don’t study to learn, or for love of culture, as we old-timers did. I put four sons through college. To-day not a one can read a line of Latin—or remember even the high

spots in American history. The only national event they’re sure of is the standing of the big-league ball teams.

“Illiteracy is less, of course. But so’s general intelligence. We have fifty college graduates now where once we had, maybe, two or three. But few in the fifty know whether Mussolini is a Turkish wrestler or a salad-dressing.”

Yet the University of Texas is known—even in Europe—for some of its library facilities. Though only forty years old, and standing in a part of the world long regarded as beyond the pale of scholarly activity, its library now ranks high among the best in America. In its famous García collection is found almost every book ever printed on the history of Mexico. Only Yale and the University of California libraries can compare with Texas in this respect. Here also are the Wrenn and Aitken collections.

But, as in Arizona, so in Texas the governor names the regents, and politics has cramped the style of many a too liberal professor. Certain recent political incidents, however, indicate the intellectual lever may be as long in Texas as in Yonkers. Pat Neff, when governor, named his regents, and later they tried to elect him president of the university. But ex-students raised such a protest that Neff feared to accept. He became nervous when he remembered Ferguson’s fate. For Ferguson also appointed his regents, and then tried to dismiss everybody in the faculty whom he disliked. Some of these were big men. When Ferguson pressed them too hard, their friends, the ex-students, rose

and presented impeachment charges. Had Ferguson left the university alone, he probably would never have been impeached. But he began his political career by making war on higher education. It is to the credit of Texas that a majority of her voters, and most of her legislators, condemned such demagoguery.

When Neff was governor, his regents made it a rule that no infidel, agnostic, or atheist should be employed by the university. Later, this was revoked. Now infidels, atheists, and agnostics do their damndest at Austin just as in any other intelligent community. For some political reason, a fat salary is paid a double-fisted person upon whom was solemnly conferred the fantastic title of Dean of Athletics.

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Near where the Legal Tender, greatest gambling-hall in Arizona, once flourished, now stands the State University's museum of archæology and Indian relics—the most interesting west of the Mississippi.

To fleeting tourists, Arizona yields a peep at her Grand Cañon, a bus ride over the Aztec Trail, or a chance to buy beads from Yuma squaws. Seen only from tourist trails, she looks the same now as twenty years ago—an empty wilderness of sun, sand, and sage, of rabbit-tracks and far-away purple ranges. Yet in this desert State, up hidden valleys beyond the purview of observation-cars, fourteen thousand farmers last year grew a thirty-five-million-dollar crop, including five thousand cars of lettuce. Trifling, compared with the billion-dollar record crop of Texas; yet significant of economic

change, when you recall that only a few years ago, from Tombstone to Yuma, there wasn't lettuce enough for a canary-bird's lunch.

From Nevada, which lost population when her mines began to fail, Arizona takes a lesson. Some day, she knows, her present hundred-million-dollar yearly income from mines will decline. So, though still our richest mining State, slowly she builds up an agriculture, to rely on when her mines give out. Besides the great Roosevelt Dam, which turned the Salt River desert into paradise, many other irrigation works are built, or planned, in Arizona.

But for political pouting and bickering with neighboring States, Arizona's great Boulder Dam project might already be under way. Oddly enough, thousands of new Arizona settlers come now from California, migration's backwash. In ten years her population has doubled.

Two railways are spending twenty-six million dollars on new tracks in Arizona. As a State she is only fourteen years old. Yet already her university has made a place for itself in the West. Its "Ag" school has drawn pupils even from Egypt, to study cotton culture. Its president, Dr. Cloyd H. Marvin, youngest university president in captivity, is putting it on a pay-as-you-go basis. He lends out his professors to industry in the State. If a mining concern, a lumber company, or an irrigation district wants expert advice, it can obtain, free, the professional services of qualified members of the faculty. In Tucson I was told that expert advice given by these faculty members to Arizona interests last year would have cost, if purchased

privately, a sum running well into six figures.

When President Marvin wearies of university work, he shoulders a high-power rifle and takes to the Mexican hills with his neighbor, Harold Bell Wright, to shoot lions and big-horn sheep.

"One factor retarding growth in the Southwest," said Director Hunsdon of the Texas State Board for Industrial Education, "is that children don't learn trades.

"Texas makes a big bid for new industries. With her lignite fields, her stupendous raw cotton, oil, and gas riches, she is in position to develop hugely as a manufacturing State. Needing skilled workers, she has set up good trade schools. Yet only about one youngster in thirteen hundred is enrolled. All through the Southwest teachers seem to lend their efforts to training pupils for white-collar jobs or for college. Our public schools do not teach the dignity of labor. They don't even offer trade courses.

"Nothing whatever is done to show that it's just as honorable to be a highly paid skilled worker in overalls as it is to hold a low-priced office job—with white collar and fancy socks as the chief lure. Because Texas public schools fail to prepare youngsters for the particular trade or commercial pursuit which thousands of them must finally enter, many become inefficient workers at low wages, or, still worse, they become actual delinquents.

"In the trade-school classes boys choose the printing, auto mechanics, sheet-metal, machinist, and some of the building trades, because the best opportunity for employment is offered

in these lines. The Southwest needs more boys trained in electrical work, plumbing, brick-laying, plastering, decorating, paper-hanging, painting, and masonry. There is a growing demand for such workers. Trade schools and classes have been handicapped in getting students started in these courses because parents, employers, and labor organizations have not always coöperated in requiring all apprentices to attend some class which offers instruction for more efficient service."

More and more, hard labor is done in the Southwest by incoming Mexicans. Without them, the Southwest could not shear its sheep, herd its cattle, pick its cotton, or repair its roads.

From Texas to California nearly a million Mexicans are employed. As they get Americanized, they learn trades, join unions, and compete with natives. To a striking degree, young Mexicans trained in American high schools and business colleges are able to get and hold positions as clerks, bookkeepers, and stenographers. The nineteen-year-old girl who typed this article is a pure Mexican Indian. Yet she can take dictation in both English and Spanish, and can operate the adding-machine.

In many Southwest towns there are as many Mexicans as Americans. In border places, as El Paso, Laredo, and Brownsville, there are more. At the public schools white and brown races mingle freely. In time, no doubt, racial amalgamation will begin.

"We took a census of men in our town of 125,000 who earn over three hundred dollars a month," a leading

Southwestern banker told me. "We found that only five per cent of them had a bank-account. Many of the others owed instalments on radios, motors, jewelry, or furniture; their wives owed bills for hats and gowns at stores. . . . Our largest savings-accounts, we found, came from skilled laborers, from railroad men, mechanics, and so on. Some of these had five thousand dollars or more in the bank.

"The old pioneer thrift is gone. You see, till a few years ago, everybody here worked. In the first place, unlike many who went to California—or later to Florida—most movers to the Southwest landed here broke.

In time, however—what with cattle, cotton, copper, and oil—a certain element got rich. They would have got rich anywhere, given the same chances. But the trouble is now, most salaried men—urged by restless wives—are trying to live on the same scale as the cow and cotton kings. . . . But I guess that's true everywhere."

Probably it is! Main street runs from Tulsa to Tombstone—to Yuma. With radio, Rotary, and community chests—with too many flivvers and divorces—and college morons spurning toil—the once bold virile Southwest is as standardized now as Crawfordsville, Indiana.

I WOULD GO ON

MAURINE BAKER BARCAL

Hills that march in the moonlight to the sea,
Tides that fret and seek to shape anew
A changeless shore, I would go on like you,
On toward the thing that I would like to be.
Cold creaking stars, I do not need to see,
I do not clamor for the golden view,
I'll find the roadway and a flower too;
The going, not the goal, shall set men free.

I would go on, and if when I am done
I stand one least step nearer to the sun,
I shall not weep because the valley gleams
Less beautiful than all my sky-kissed dreams;
To the Upward Way I set one shrine apart,
In the blue and gold cathedral of my heart.



The CENTURION

JOHN ERSKINE



MYTH:—This is the month when we celebrate two heroes at once. Doubtless we shall be moved to refresh our memory of their lives. For our improvement there is at hand more than one excellent volume ready to inform us about the true George Washington and the true Lincoln. The titles may be phrased one way or another, but the purpose of the book will be to remove the myth and show us the man as he was. When we come to the end of the account we shall probably feel some disappointment. If this is the truth, then truth is somewhat unpleasant; if this is the real man, then what we admired before has somewhat shrunk. Our instinctive protest may be hard for us to justify, and yet it may be sound. These true accounts of men long dead may perhaps leave out something which the intervening years had a right to add. It may be possible to make old wine taste exactly as it did when it first came from the vats, yet we may not be at fault if we prefer the mature bouquet.

This fear of a myth is after all a strange obsession; nothing is more deeply rooted in our nature than the myth-making faculty, and perhaps nothing is more wholesome. A myth begins in some strong passion, usually in a great love; and what we

love, as the philosopher told us ages ago, we change. If we love the landscape and can get our hands on it, we trim it or move the trees around, or otherwise educate the object of our affections. If we love our city, our college, our church, or our home, we immediately propose changes, and our purpose, of course, is to make the beloved object better. But when we love human beings to the point where modesty prevents us from wishing to improve them, we then improve their memory by seeing in them deeper and deeper virtues, and by mercifully forgetting those weaknesses of theirs which were their handicaps in life, and which seem irrelevant to their fame. This impulse to fashion a myth about things we love is the instinct of the artist; and since it is an instinct and not a calculated program, it can no more be attacked, than it could be formulated and guided, by reason. Perhaps this is just as well for the spiritual profit of the race. Perhaps a generous love, contemplating the object of its affections and making a myth out of it, will proceed more wisely under the inspiration of nature than all the biographies put together, guided by the historical method, and eager to bring us down again to brass tacks.

It is a poor reward for any artist, after he has enriched the world with a masterpiece, for us to go snooping into the life of which his masterpiece was the climax. Would any one of us choose to be explained hereafter by our worst side, or by our best? The artist knows, and we ought to know, that his masterpiece is the best of him. His wish corresponds to the instinct of the race at large, that the masterpiece explain his life, rather than his life the masterpiece. In any case, the masterpiece is the important thing; and if we love it, it will become splendid with the tradition of our worship. It cannot be sullied except by violent juxtaposition with those facts in the artist's life which were always incongruous, and which, with the passage of time, have become impertinent.

A great career also is a work of art. It is often widely removed from the private life of the hero. There was the Washington in Mount Vernon, the Washington of his farm, of his business interests, of his love-affairs, of his private prejudices. But this is not the part of him that the world has loved, nor even cared to notice. No myth has ever been made about it; in fact, it has been forgotten. The other George Washington, the commander of the Colonial troops, the first president, has engaged the interest and affection of the world. The silly story of the cherry-tree can well be spared, but the picture of the father of his country which most of us have is the picture we want—a true expression of our gratitude and admiration. There are two Lincolns also. In his case the intimate Lincoln is easier to recover, since he is nearer to our time, and the record is

more complete than in Washington's case. We have his own letters too, more intimate than Washington's, though perhaps a man's statements about himself are not always accurate. But certainly there was a rough, and at times vulgar, Abraham Lincoln, an able and not always too scrupulous lawyer, a shrewd politician. There was also the war president, the magnanimous author of the Gettysburg address and the second inaugural, the superb statesman who wrote the letter to Horace Greeley about slavery and the Union. If we leave the whole matter to nature, we shall forget much of the private life of Lincoln, and idealize his public career. That is the way of the myth. If we are offered the "true" Lincoln, we must make up our minds whether the small moments of a man's life are the key to his greatness.

It comes down to the question whether we wish this to be a static or a creating world—whether we wish the beautiful achievements of man to remain as they first were or to improve with time. Or perhaps there is no question at all; some few of us may think there is, and may try to put back the hero into his first unidealized state, but the race memory will not be stopped. With time, anything we care to remember at all will be other than what it first was; a play of Shakspeare's is now not what Shakspeare wrote but what we have enjoyed, what we have thought about, what we have spent our scholarship on. Hamlet one hundred years from now will be quite different from the hero we now see dressed in antique black, or in up-to-date plus-fours. Shylock will be reinterpreted—who can say how?

But the Shakspeare of the future will also be the true Shakspeare, a little richer with the passing of a century. There will still be a rumor that the poet made indiscreet love to a village girl much older than himself, and that he was arrested for stealing deer. The evidence will remain that he was a shrewd business man, and he may have lost his heart to Mary Fitton or some other person equally alluring and unworthy. The great dramas, "Macbeth" and "King Lear," will be out of the reach of such facts.



TIRED MEMORY:—Why do people wish to take us back to the true Washington or the true Lincoln? The answer probably is that we grow tired carrying on the myth. It began in love, but it becomes a duty. Here are all these masterpieces to worship and to keep alive. God knows they are wonderful, but they are also numerous. We begin to think that this handing on of the torch takes too much of our attention. We think petulantly that we should like to start a tradition ourselves. When we feel this way, we are approaching the museum stage of art, the last act of piety before the religion dies. We gather the masterpieces in one spot to do them honor, but perhaps also to get them out of the way. We then avoid the places where they are; they become subjects of study and research, no longer our companions, our friends, our daily inspiration.

Or we evolve a philosophy of history to conceal from ourselves our own fatigue. We say that the traditional drama is exhausted, that the novel has come to an end, that

the short story has played itself out; and our conclusion is that the past and all its works may as well be dropped. The great advantage of getting rid of it, we feel, would be a new freedom for ourselves to expand and produce and express our hitherto burdened souls. Of course we do not reach this philosophy all at once; we sink to it through levels of fainting piety. We go through the stage of revivals; we say that an interest in Dickens has revived, or the reputation of Tennyson is coming up a little; we say it as though the poor struggling masterpieces were just keeping their heads above water; and for the sake of old times we do hope they won't drown. Perhaps we pass on to skepticism even in these revivals. We notice that though the masters go under and come up again, they rarely do so simultaneously. In music there has been a great Bach revival; we have managed to put the breath of life into him again. But while our back was turned, Mendelssohn fainted; we must now bring him to. When we have gone so far in our philosophy of history, the time is ripe for the most irritable person among us to tell the "truth" about these masters—how simple they really were, how inadequate to our great souls are their works! How out of date! How encumbering to our young wings! But when we talk like that, the fact is that our wings are not young, or perhaps we have no wings. It is not the masterpieces that are exhausted; it is ourselves. It is not our memory that has wearied; it is our love, from which the myth was born. We have ceased to create. When we are well disengaged from

allegiance to the old myth, we discover no power in us to start a new one. Out of harmony with the old world, we create nothing in our own.

The first sign that our love is fading is that the myth becomes merely conservative; it no longer changes. A vital love would feel no obligation to preserve the point of view of the past. On the contrary, it would retell the old stories quite naturally to fit the later mood. When the critic of the myth says he would rather have the facts of his hero's life told frankly than preserve the hollow convention of his praise, he has confessed his own weakness; nobody wanted a hollow convention of praise. The convention becomes hollow only when our love has died.



KILLING BY FORGETTING:—It is a terrible thought that the best things in this world depend upon our remembrance. We can annihilate them utterly by forgetting them. The best things, I say. I have in mind that the world into which any of us is born is rich and wholesome in proportion as it has much for the spirit to feed on. What a privilege it would be to open one's eyes first in a city like Florence, provided that one's mind also opened to the beauty which fills that marvelous place! But what the young soul would be aware of would depend largely on what its parents and neighbors remembered. Doubtless there are children in Florence to whom Michelangelo and Dante are nothing but names of streets; to whom the paintings in the churches are only a lure for tourists; to whom the spot where Savonarola died is only a special

pavement in a large square. To such children, though they are citizens of one of the richest spots on earth, Michelangelo, Savonarola, and Dante are not immortal; they are dead, and they perished not because of any feebleness in them or their works, but because some people who came after them let them die. If the man who buried his talent had to account for its inactivity, I wonder what would be done to us, in a scheme of infinite justice, for all the spiritual murders we commit, cutting off the immortality of great men because we were tired of remembering them.

Sometimes, when we feel our obligation to keep the great alive, we set up shrines to them, and put memorial tablets on their houses or on the streets where they walked. This at least is better than writing the so-called truth about them, but the still higher obligation is to love them. So long as we really love them, the myth will survive of its own momentum, and it will take its own direction. So long as we really love the human masterpieces of their days, we grow in life as the myth expands.

Indeed what we kill by forgetting is, in the end, ourselves. We live from this spiritual environment supplied by all the myths, and we proceed from that environment to our proper future. The ancient men of faith, we are told, though they deserved everything good, yet did not receive the promise; a more excellent thing was reserved for us, that they, without us, might not be perfect. I don't know whether my interpretation would be indorsed by the doctors, but these great words are for me the explanation of all myths. The full greatness of Washington or

Lincoln, to which their work entitles them, is not possible unless we contribute to their memory the more excellent thing, our love, giving them at last a perfection they never had in life. Something God-like in us confers this perfection, and unless we can confer it, divinity is absent from us. Our instinct is correct, that all books which revise downward an ideal memory have in them the principle of defect and poverty.

Of course there will always be dispute whether they really do revise the myth downward. A fresh statement of the myth, vitalized by a great love, may seem sacrilegious to the feebler myth-conservers, who have ceased to be creative and hope merely to hold fast what they have inherited. Does the new statement of the myth take away the glamour, or does it add a new love? Time settles this dispute for us—time and this irresistible tendency of the myth to march on. Those who cannot march with it, drop by the wayside, spiritual corpses, casualties of a journey which overtakes all but strong hearts.



THE MORALS OF REMEMBRANCE: Since the myth-making faculty operates on all subject-matter, the skeptical might say that without the historians to check us up we should be lost in indiscriminate and too voluminous admirations. Part of the answer is that we instinctively choose among the many things of each moment only a few to remember. The chief work of our so-called memory seems to be forgetting; so much so that when every insignificant thing remains vivid to us, we suspect that our minds are unhealthy, or our

nerves are about to collapse. But there is an active choice for all of us, a morality in what we remember and what we forget. If we are responsible for the life or the death of great spiritual influences, we shall have to choose more and more as the centuries inherit more; we shall have to select among many good things the few supreme memories which are to influence the future. Why should this selection be entirely haphazard? We are supposed to be psychologists, all of us, or at least we are supposed to know the importance of psychology in every department of our experience. When we have mastered the sound principles of eugenics in the physical realm of life, no doubt we shall consider the psychological conditions into which souls ought to be born. We shall inquire what emotions should surround man when he comes upon this earth, what inspirations we should contrive for him in advance, what myths should to him be natural. The idea is fanciful, but it is implied in any dream of a civilization in which forethought and science are to have a share.

The most famous advice in the matter is the old admonition to think of the things which are honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report. By implication we are to take our minds off other things. If our attention were confined to those aspects of history or biography which illustrate great virtues, then our myths would be automatic prolongations of those virtues into an ideal world, and that ideal world would be the natural inheritance of those who follow us. There may seem to be some narrowness in the advice; we may fear that the exclusive con-

temptation of what is good and beautiful and true may develop a certain selfishness in us, a tendency to turn away from those of our fellows who are unhappy or unfortunate. But the ancient admonition meant nothing so mean. In actual life we can hardly select our experiences, yet out of the unpleasant things we have to face we instinctively remember only those which have permanent meaning for us, and the dull or painful things die with their moment.

To think of all myths as a deception which nature plays upon us is to set up a fundamental antagonism between us and our minds. Just how we and our minds could be at such variance I cannot understand. I suspect the conflict is a matter only of words; and I believe that the sort of poetry which from time to time we dread, the universal tendency to praise the great men gone and to think better of them than they actually were, is in harmony with all of nature's ways of converting crude matter into magnificent effects.

It is the easier to believe this when we observe the results of the occasional attempt at a "true" portrait. The so-called truth makes its sensation of the hour, but afterward it is either neglected and forgotten, or, if it has caught our admiration, it becomes in turn the subject of a myth. It ceases to be a protest against the old legend, and becomes a branch of it. King Arthur, for example, was a great man. Those who remembered him first had theories of greatness which are not ours, and some of the early stories about him would now shock us. Later times admired him for his friendship with Lancelot. We still share that

admiration, though we are a little surprised when King Arthur, in the old story, expresses his preference for Lancelot over Guinevere. "It is not for the Queen I am weeping," he said, when they told him of her unfaithfulness; "there are many beautiful women in the world, and if not one, I shall have another, but where can I find again such a friend as this man?" I am afraid this speech of his, once tragic, now seems to us comic. Later poets made Arthur so austere and so exalted in his mood that he seemed almost identical with God; he was perfection. Love of his character could certainly do no more for the myth than this. Yet some of those older stories about him, which once were thought not dignified enough, haunt our memory as portraits of splendid manhood, to be loved not less than the deified Arthur. These secondary accounts of him are offshoots of the main tree, but in time perhaps they may gain importance and become the center of the tradition. The important thing is that Arthur is still a vital character to us, still a subject of our spontaneous interest and love.

Music gives us a final illustration. We play Beethoven one way, and another man plays Beethoven his way, and a greater artist may play him a third way. If you come along and say you will show us the "true" Beethoven, I hope that means you will play him a fourth way. Don't tell us just what was the cause of Beethoven's deafness, or how clumsily he shaved himself, or how untidy his manuscripts looked. When we have loved our heroes into immortality, these foot-notes of time become irrelevant.



The ROVING CRITIC

CARL VAN DOREN



MENCKEN'S MUSIC:—It is hardly more than half a dozen years since H. L. Mencken, his powers already well grown, was first observed to have taken a seat above the salt at the native literary table and to be holding it with a cheerful ease which promised that he would remain there while the feast lasted. The intervening years have put him at the head of the table or at least so near it that from any distance it is difficult to tell who else, if not Mr. Mencken, is presiding. What events or virtues have promoted him from chair to chair? Has a change of temper among Americans assisted him? Has he converted his countrymen, this rollicking Hammer of Non-Heretics? Have his light-hearted, iron-handed arguments prevailed? Is the civilized minority conspicuously larger than it was? Many observers of the phenomenon of his rise must have racked their brains over the delightful mystery, when a single season saw him not only guiding his pack in the "American Mercury" and swinging round the circle on a more or less political mission, but also putting forth his annual anthology of "Americana," a Fifth Series of his "Prejudices" (Knopf), and a deliberate treatise called, modestly, "Notes on Democracy" (Knopf).

What that season saw, or rather heard, was a burst of Mencken music. The image supplies a hint toward the solution of the mystery. The public events of the past half-dozen years are not by themselves enough to explain why the roaring critic should have been so generally accepted; look at the stubborn forces which actually administer the country. The arguments of Mr. Mencken are not enough explanation; his method in "Notes on Democracy" is only the method of his "Prejudices" employed on a larger scale. Knowing that democracy may be a stupid form of government, he falls hilariously upon it, as if aristocracies were not stupid too, and as if government everywhere did not seek its level, which is democracy, much as water does. Mr. Mencken's prejudices do his arguing. But they also make his music.

The music is what matters, and the music is the thing which has got him his hearing. Arguments do not spread so rapidly. After a period of natural resistance to him because of the vigor of his ideas, Americans found that they liked the sound of his censorious yet sonorous voice. Actually it was by no means so unfamiliar as they had at first thought, for it recalled several of the most

beguiling traditions of American humor, American journalism, and the American vernacular. As soon as Mr. Mencken's readers could get accustomed to his special amalgam of these traditions, his authentic personal note, they could listen to him with a pleasure not too much disturbed by the fact that he might at any moment be saying something which, if taken as reason and not as melody, must be seen to run counter to their own most sacred prejudices. And now what dry Fundamentalist, what sour apostle of Little Americanism, can quite hold out against this passage from Mr. Mencken's cheerful obituary of Bryan: "He was the most sedulous fly-catcher in American history, and in many ways the most successful. His quarry, of course, was not *Musca domestica* but *Homo neandertalensis*. For forty years he tracked it with coo and bellow, up and down the rustic backways of the Republic. Wherever the flambeaux of Chautauqua smoked and guttered, and the bilge of Idealism ran in the veins, and Baptist pastors dammed the brooks with the sanctified, and men gathered who were weary and heavy laden, and their wives who were full of Peruna and as fecund as the shad (*Alosa sapidissima*)—there the indefatigable Jennings set up his traps and spread his bait." Even the surliest enemy of Mr. Mencken, denouncing the passage as unjust, impudent, and mannered, must grin as he denounces. Such language has its undeniable charm.

Has charm seldom been listed among the Mencken virtues? Then it is time for that quality to be brought into the account. To real-

ize how much of it Mr. Mencken has, it is sufficient to compare his melodies with those of his imitators. Too often they simply hum, in tones between the nasal and the adenoidal, without the full throat and generous diaphragm of their master. He himself, capable of the organ at his best, never falls below the comic thunder of the horse-fiddle. He whines on no jews'-harp. For these reasons his music is heard so far beyond the reach of his arguments. And it should be. There are theologians and political philosophers and critics of literature who are more learned and systematic than Mr. Mencken, and duller. His instincts and aptitudes have led him to the province of the orator and the virtuoso. He is much less the scientist than the artist. Like Poe and Whitman, both of whom at different points he resembles, he is full of doctrine. Like Poe and Whitman also, however, he is not to be estimated for his doctrine primarily. Let the accusation be as painful to him as it may, he has to be considered in part as a poet. That he is a comic poet does not alter the case. Ideas which another man might have put forth in the thin voice of perfect correctness, and which indeed other men have put forth in that very fashion, he has snatched at with a hearty joy, worked over into glees and catches and satiric fugues, and blown out upon the air with a breath that now carries them across the continent. This, precisely and universally, is the method of literature. Who checks up Shakspeare to find out whether he squares with Euclid, Thomas Aquinas, Newton, or Darwin?

THE SALT OF MURDER.—There has lately been such a run on books about murder that the fad calls for analysis; and the simplest, most convincing analysis happens to be found in the introduction to the best recent book concerned with the subject, William Bolitho's "Murder for Profit" (Harper). "It is in its reality, not its drama, wherein lies the core of the interest of murder. We have a need of the sight of life and death as for salt. We wage-slaves live continually in incompleteness and inexplicability; we strain for a sight of stars and mud; we wish to take our bearings and know where we stand." The theater, presenting a murder story with all the arts of abbreviation and concentration, cannot compete with the court-room, however sluggish and technical, because the stage can offer only a mimic death. Actual death makes a better story. And as there are not enough current murders to supply the demand of the hungry fashion, classic murders are brought to mind and retold.

Mr. Bolitho, who might merely have compiled a miscellany, has instead composed a history. All his criminals are what he calls "mass-murderers," that is to say, men who killed so lavishly that killing was their trade: Burke, Troppmann, G. J. Smith, Landru, Haarmann. The chapters are each of them dramatically done, but they fit into a general scheme, which illustrates the various motives for such deeds, the various ways by which men drift into doing them, the egotistic excuses which they make to themselves, the social circumstances which first afford the murderer his opportunity and then punish him for acting upon it. Bril-

liant as are the special details of Mr. Bolitho's work, still more striking is the interplay of elements by which the whole is drawn into unity. Thus is murder at once vividly displayed and philosophically anatomized.

No paragraph in the entire literature of murder says more than this: "Such a breed is an inevitable, if an unintentional, by-product of the modern industrial system. Their manufacture may be explained almost mechanically. For if the industrial system be simplified to its essentials, it plainly consists in a possessing-class, and a reservoir of labour with an enormously complicated network of intermediate channels connecting the two. It is the interest of all except those forming it that this basic reservoir, the working proletariat, should be as large and as stable as possible. To this end various devices have been evolved, which we call vaguely 'the democratic chance,' by which all individuals with force, originality or will may ascend freely out of the mass, as far as their momentum will carry them, even to the high air of the possessors themselves. This safety-valve system has been found necessary everywhere because humanity in the mass under pressure is highly explosive. Complementary to it are a series of social forces, within the body of the reservoir, of which the most obvious are the family and the force of habit: ancient devices still useful in ordinary circumstances in keeping the reservoir in peaceful cohesion. . . . This, in its main line simple, system never, however, works perfectly. This reservoir, because it is humanity and not a gas, is in perpetual commotion,

naturally uncohesive, full of incalculable disruptive forces. . . . So every year unnumbered men escape from the receptacle, against the will and interest of society, some physically and mentally weak falling in spite of the meshes of repressive law and philanthropy from a mode of life too hard for them to the sediment that is called the criminal class. Others defying the regulations of the democratic valves squeeze upwards to an easier life than their education or endowments entitle them to. It is these latter runaways, who have broken the family tie and escaped the law of monotonous labour which habit held them to, and forced themselves into the more leisured regions of trade above, that form that large class of unspecialized, sharp individuals to which, along with a tremendous majority of persons inoffensive to the life of their fellow-creatures, our mass-murderers clearly belong."



ALL THAT'S ISRAFEL:—So many scholars and critics have busied themselves with Poe since 1909, when the Woodberry life was published, that the facts about him have been distributed through a whole library and have consequently been available only to the most strenuous specialist. These facts, and various new ones, are brought together in one work by Hervey Allen, whose "Israfel" (Doran) supersedes every other Poe biography. The gist of many monographs is in these two solid volumes; the odds and ends of information heretofore tucked away in scattered notes now find their place in a general narrative. The brilliant

critical interpretation of Poe's genius by J. W. Krutch is employed by Mr. Allen, though without as much acknowledgment as was due from Poe's most comprehensive biographer to Poe's best critic. It is finally possible to follow Poe almost week by week throughout his troubled life, to understand with what energy he worked, with what weaknesses he faltered, what he earned, ate, wore, what men he hated, what women he loved, how he viewed his world, and how his world regarded him. Mr. Allen is sympathetic to his difficult hero, and yet at no point sentimental. He proceeds on the assumption that if a biographer gives enough explanation he need not resort to much argument. Another biography of Poe can hardly be called for till some other age wants the man explained in its own terms.

In the circumstances, it seems unfortunate that Mr. Allen could not have written his book with greater accuracy and distinction. Except in occasional passages where the poet in Mr. Allen speaks out, his style is frequently wooden. He makes many small slips, which though perhaps typographical are nevertheless regrettable in a work of permanent value. His diction is often slipshod. Some of his sentences wander into distressing paths. If Poe himself could read this life of him he would probably approve the general thesis, but he would strain at its details. In the first chapter of the second volume, for instance, he would point out that James K. Paulding is miscalled *John* K. Paulding, that the word *matronly* appears as *matronally*, that Waverly Place is given as *Waverley* Place and Varick Street as *Varrick* Street; that

the poet's Carmine Street address is said on one page to have been No. 13½ and on the next page to have been No. 113½; that the play "Norval" to which Mr. Allen smilingly refers might as well have been identified with John Home's famous "Douglas," and that the verses here quoted from it are incorrect. These may be minor errors, but Poe would hardly have made them, and he would presumably be vexed at finding them in a book devoted to his fame.



REPRESSION AND EXPLOSION:—The serpent in *Zona Gale* is at least as active as the dove. Beneath the feathered texture of her style there are always the cool coils of intelligence. Nowhere in all her books does this appear more clearly than in "Preface to a Life" (Appleton), a novel full of the irony and despair which as a rule only reflective women are capable of. Bernard Mead, to whose life this story is the preface, begins by burying himself out of a sense of duty. Though he longs to leave his native town for a congenial occupation elsewhere, he yields instead to his father's urging and takes over the family business. Though he is in love with a woman outside his immediate clan, he marries one within it, reasoning to himself and to the woman he really loves that a man should consider more things than love in his marriage. Settled into rut and harness, he exists for a good many prosperous years, bothered by nothing but the uneventful dullness which attends him. And then, at fifty-one, he finds his imagination, so long repressed, suddenly bursting into fiery life. His eyes seem to have

become microscopes. With them alone he sees the world in motion, all its atoms dancing to tunes which are, as he tries to express the sensation, visible to him. But he is not a scientist exploring the constitution of matter. He is a man of affairs, in a small Wisconsin town, and he is, compared to his family and neighbors, simply mad. Something like a divine second adolescence has happened to him, but it has come when he has no longer the flexible expanding structure of the normal adolescent, and the vision rends him. At the very end he reaches a kind of peace, a union with nature and all mankind, and resolves to begin the life which he sees he has not yet begun. What if he is mad?

It is a desperate irony which concludes that Mead's substantial years are but the preface to his arrival at that reality which most men call hallucination. It is, however, a desperation without frenzy. Even when chaos is whirling about the subject of the story, and he himself is dumb or stammering for want of a fit vocabulary and fit images with which to communicate his state of mind, Miss Gale views him and his chaos with quiet, intelligent, comprehending eyes. Nor does she slip into moonshine when she presents even his most broken visions. She is a mystic with a crisp speech. With the friendly malice of the enlightened observer she sees through the women of his household and analyzes them with kind cruelty. Everything in the narrative, persons, places, moods, situations, is seen, and seen sharply, with the speed of photography and the tense outlines of etching.

SHORT CUTS

The Plutocrat. By Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Page & Co.

A brilliant story of a group of American innocents abroad, the most innocent of whom is an Illinois business man whom Mr. Tarkington offers as belonging to the great breed of warriors and magnates who made Carthage, Rome, and Venice what they were. A little more or a little less of this argument would have improved the story, which the argument, as matters stand, does not quite fit. But when Mr. Tarkington is not glorifying the American magnate, what sharp and laughing eyes he has!

Guy de Maupassant. By Ernest Boyd. Alfred A. Knopf.

The method of Mr. Boyd is description, not analysis, but within the limits he has set himself his work is a model of biographical writing and a sound and fascinating narrative.

Murder at Smutty Nose and Other Murders. By Edmund Pearson. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Fifteen classic murder stories interestingly and clearly retold, by a criminologist who believes that every man accused of murder should be regarded as guilty unless he can be proved innocent.

The History of Witchcraft and Demonology. By Montague Summers. Alfred A. Knopf.

"Only the trained theologian," says the Rev. Mr. Summers, "can adequately treat the subject" of witchcraft. This trained theologian begins by assuming that the witches were heretics and then proceeds to swallow whole the charges of the inquisitors. The consequence is a disgusting though erudite book, thoroughly out of place in the History of Civilization series upon which it has been grafted by the British editors. Why must those editors go on

adding one cumbersome title after another to the well organized French collection "*L'Evolution de l'Humanité*"?

Jesting Pilate. By Aldous Huxley. George H. Doran Co.

These easy casual notes upon a turn around the globe contain more that is penetrating and memorable than a thousand pages of the metaphysical Count Keyserling.

George Washington: The Human Being and the Hero: 1732-1762. By Rupert Hughes. William Morrow & Co.

Though Mr. Hughes writes somewhat as if the eighteenth century had just been discovered, he has done much painstaking work to prove, and he does prove, that Washington during the first thirty years of his life was less a hero than a human being.

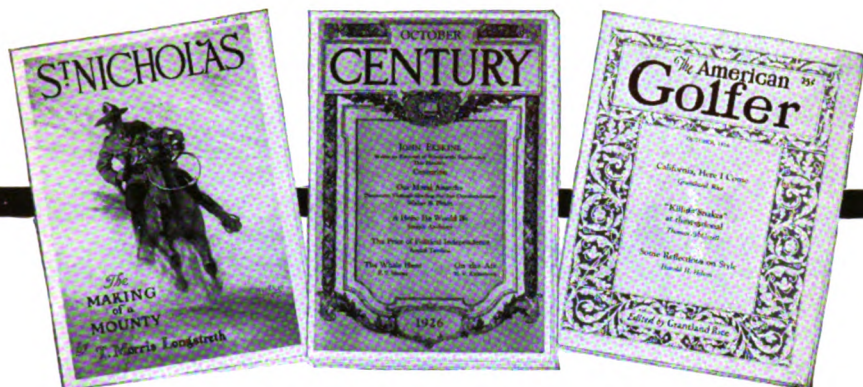
A Victorian American: Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. By Herbert S. Gorman. George H. Doran Co.

Longfellow would presumably have been a minor poet if he had been a contemporary of Pericles or Elizabeth, and Mr. Gorman wastes some energy in arguing that American Victorianism was to blame. But his account of Longfellow is thorough, judicious, and as sympathetic as the topic permits.

Love-Life in Nature. By Wilhelm Bölsche. A. & C. Boni. 2 vols.

A survey of all the manifestations of love from the amoeba to, or nearly to, the archangel. As the author has given a lifetime of authoritative research to his theme, and as it is the most interesting single theme in existence, the book has decided value. It is, however, needlessly expanded with the windy philosophizing and sentimental grace-notes which most expositors of the subject seem not to know how to do without. Beside Havelock Ellis or Rémy de Gourmont, Wilhelm Bölsche appears lamentably Teutonic.

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In addition to this Readers' Service, THE CENTURY will publish in this part of the magazine each month the announcements of reliable banking and brokerage houses that it can recommend. No house will be permitted to use these pages until it has been carefully investigated, and every effort will be made to accept only the offerings of safe securities and the announcements of responsible and reliable houses.

Address all communications to READERS' FINANCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT, THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Investment Questions and Answers

Good Foreign Government and Domestic Bonds

WASHINGTON.—Q. May I ask your advice once more? Do you regard the Argentine 6s or perhaps the more recent issues of 6 per cent. bonds of Chile and Uruguay as in any degree speculative? It may be needless to say I cannot afford to take chances and should not consider these securities even if you should class them as "business men's investments." If you are unable to give the bonds named a high rating, will you suggest some others? If you consider them reasonably safe will you place them in their proper order as to rating? Will you suggest several of the very best public utility bonds available in \$500 denominations?

A. The obligations of Argentine Government rank among the best of the South American countries brought out in dollar denominations, and the 6s due 1958 or 1959 seem entirely suitable for a portion of an investment estate. Both the Republic of Chile external 6s due 1960 and the Republic of Uruguay 6s due 1960 are likewise sound investment issues in this field although they do not rank quite as high as the Argentine bonds. We would rate them as coming after the latter, however, in desirability from a safety standpoint. We would not class any of these issues as speculative.

It is never a good plan to put all or a large proportion of one's investment estate in any one security or in any one investment field. To do so is a violation of one of the first principles of sound investment. Diversification, or a spreading of the risk by making selections from the various investment fields, insures still greater safety for a carefully chosen list of holdings. All of the above foreign issues are obtainable in denominations of \$500 and \$1000 and the following domestic securities, which are sound and seem suitable in your case, are likewise issued in pieces of \$500 and \$1000:

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sixty six years old. My first requirement is safety. I do not expect a return of much if any over five per cent., possibly a little less. May I not ask you to select six or eight of the safest bonds. I shall be greatly obliged if you can state the net yield of each bond you name.

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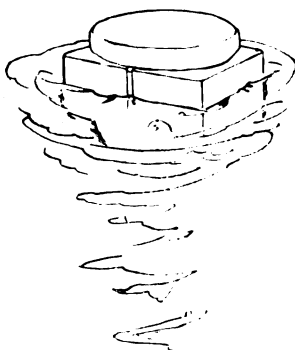


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Theodora Du Bois

Isolation Ended

Brigadier-General Henry J. Reilly, O.R.C.

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Those Quarrelsome Bonapartes

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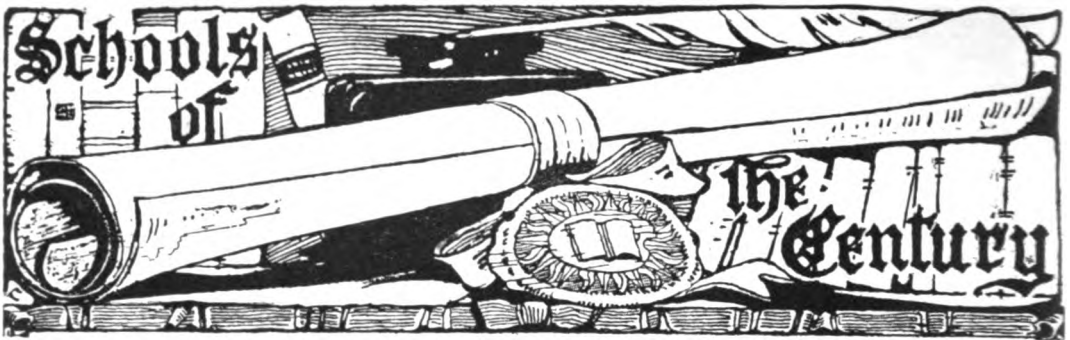


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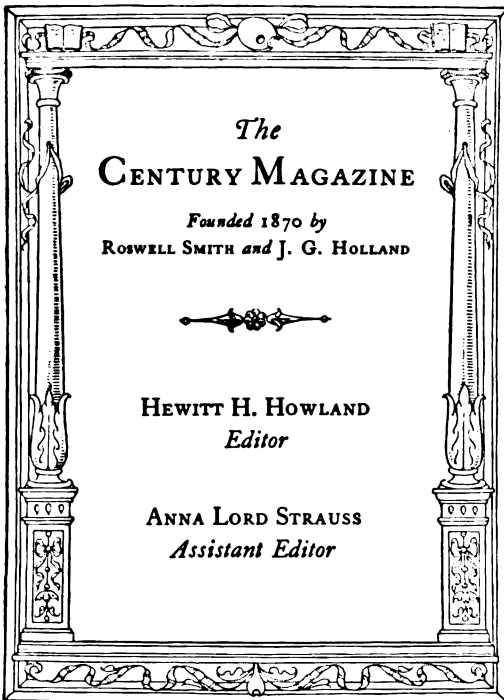
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Among Our Contributors

Henry J. Reilly (Our Crumbling National Defense) is so well known that any sketch of his career seems superfluous. But we should like to assure our readers that the general is neither a jingo nor a fire-eater. He knows what war is and has had more than enough. He knows also, however, that peace among nations hasn't been established and, as Mussolini says, that war often comes like a hurricane. The article in this number falls at a fortunate moment when the question of cruisers or no cruisers has been agitating the government at Washington.

General Reilly has been widely congratulated on the reasonable stand he has taken, which is simply an insistence that we carry out the provisions of our National Defense Act, and that we provide adequately for the men we urge so persuasively to "join up."

R. H. Mottram (The Winner) is an Englishman, born about forty years ago at Norwich. When he isn't writing, or fighting, as he did from 1914 to Armistice day, he is dealing in cash and credits at the bank in which his father and his father's father worked. The present sketch and the story in the January CENTURY are shortly to appear in volume form. Mr. Mottram is also the author of that remarkable book "The Spanish Farm."

H. A. Overstreet (A Quarter-Century of Psychology) is a lecturer at the New School for Social Research, New York, and head of the department of

psychology at the College of the City of New York. He contributes frequently to the magazines and is the author of "Influencing Human Behavior." San Francisco is his birthplace and the University of California his alma mater. He got his degree of bachelor of science at Oxford, Balliol College, in 1901. In speaking of William James's having published his "Principles of Psychology" in 1890, Professor Overstreet recalls that as early as 1874 James had established a private psychological laboratory in Cambridge and was printing articles that gained for him ever increasing recognition.

Irwin Edman (On Meeting Americans Abroad) is a native New Yorker and has lived most of his life in the shadow of Columbia University, where on graduating he returned as an instructor in philosophy. Last winter and summer he spent abroad, mostly in Italy and England. He is author of that extraordinary series of articles that appeared in THE CENTURY under the title "Richard Kane Looks at Life," of "Human Traits and Their Significance," and of many essays and poems. He is now assistant professor of philosophy at Columbia. "On Meeting Americans Abroad" is a delightful, penetrating, and fresh presentation of a situation familiar to many readers.

Helen Baker Parker (Absence) lives in Chicago, having reached that haven, by way of Maine, where she was born, and Minnesota, where she was graduated. She has had printed fifty stories and has written many more about whose worth she and various editors differed fundamentally. And at one time she wrote a letter to that distinguished Baltimore oriole who sings the song of the yokel, but the letter was never sent. It is not necessary to say that "Absence" is not Mrs. Parker's first poem.

William M. Jardine (The Farmer's Place Under the Sun) came out of the great State of Iowa, along with Edwin T. Meredith and other distinguished agriculturists, and knows both from technical education and practical experience the trials and troubles of the farmer. He was agronomist at the Agricultural Colleges of Utah and Kansas, and later dean of agriculture and president of the latter institution. He held many other posts of importance in the farming world before accepting the portfolio of agriculture in the Coolidge Cabinet, March 4, 1925. Secretary Jardine's article in this issue is of interest to the city dwellers as much as to the rural, for the farmer's problem is everybody's problem, even though it must be dealt with from the farm end.

Leslie Gordon Barnard (Marie-Louise) is a Canadian, born in Montreal, where he still lives. He was in business until the war, which he saw through, chancing to be in London on Armistice night, where a Piccadilly Circus incident suggested a story. This revived an earlier desire to write, and so after demobilization he set out to make his living by his typewriter. After months of suspense the cogs began to take hold; he wrote in the

first year thirty-eight stories and sold thirty-four of them; many, of course, to minor publications, but he sold them. And that's the proof of the pudding. With "Marie-Louise" Mr. Barnard makes his first appearance in *THE CENTURY*.

Genevieve Taggard (*Express Yourself*), said the late George Sterling, reviewing her first volume, "For Eager Lovers," "steps level-eyed into the shining company of Edna St. Vincent Millay, Elinor Wylie and Sara Teasdale, modernist to the heart-core. But for all her kinship with the three, she remains herself, an intense and starry individuality." Miss Taggard has other volumes to her credit, "Hawaiian Hilltops" being one that came out of her girlhood in Hawaii, and she lectures on half a dozen different subjects—"Some Tendencies in Modern American Poetry," "The Moods of Women"—and does it delightfully. Hearing her talk on teaching poetry we asked her to tell *CENTURY* readers what she thinks of the possibility. She lives in New York City.

William E. Dodd (*The Rise of Abraham Lincoln*) since 1908 has been professor of American history at Chicago University; graduate of Virginia Polytechnic; Ph.D. University of Leipzig. He has written a "Life of Jefferson Davis," "Statesmen of the Old South," "Expansion and Conflict," "Cotton Kingdom" (*Chronicles of America Series*) "Woodrow Wilson and His Work," and is a member of the National Board for History Service.

The current article is the first of three covering the Civil War period. "Lincoln and Lee" will follow in April, and "Victory" in May. We believe this historic series gives a fresh, even a new picture of the great crisis of the struggle over slavery.

T. Morris Longstreth (*The Yukoners*) is a freelance writer and traveler, with a difference, as readers of this vivid and sympathetic sketch will readily discover. Mr. Longstreth is a Pennsylvanian and a graduate of Haverford College. He has published "Reading the Weather," "The Adirondacks," "The Catskills," "The Laurentians," and several other delightful books, all in the last ten years. His post-office address is Lake Placid, New York, but mail would be delayed reaching him, as he is at the moment somewhere with the Royal Northwest Mounted Police.

Henry Robinson (*Separation*) is a member of that vast body of intellectuals, Columbia University faculty. He received the Proudit fellowship in letters when he graduated from the Morningside institution of learning not so many years ago, and remembered the scene of his academic travail when he published "The Children of Morningside." Mr. Robinson's brilliant sketch of Alan Seeger—"Love, Arms, Song, and Death"—in the December *CENTURY* will be admirably remembered by all who read it. It was chosen by a committee of librarians as one of the ten outstanding magazine articles of the Christmas month.

Ida Clyde Clarke (*A Woman in the White House*) comes out of the South—Meridian, Mississippi—and will never forget it. But her reputation as a writer and a stimulating speaker knows no sectional limitations. She has had active newspaper and magazine experience, but is not now connected with any periodical, having reached that delectable state of independence where she can come and go and do pretty much as she pleases. She was a pioneer among the suffragists, and is even now helping her sisters find their way among the intricacies of their new-found freedom. Mrs. Clarke has no illusions about a woman in the White House, but she discourses on the far-off divine event most engagingly. We shall be surprised and disappointed if this article doesn't bring out a number of potential candidates outside the magic circle of the big three.

Theodora Du Bois (*A Pirate in the Lincen-Closet*) was born in Brooklyn, brought up in Yonkers, and now lives on Staten Island in a house on a hill that looks out toward Sandy Hook. She has a husband and two small children, but has little difficulty in solving the problem of literature versus life. She simply divides her mind into two parts: one takes care of her heroes and heroines; the other sees to it that the children's rubbers are where they will do the most good.

The woman in this clever and amusing story, even without a profession, finds her children a handful and something more.

Winifred Welles (*Camels on Lexington*) has been contributing verse to the magazines for a number of years, and has published one volume, "The Hesitant Heart." Her home is in Manhattan.

Henry Justin Smith (Chicago) is a native and a loyal Chicagoan. Twenty-eight years ago he joined the staff of the "Chicago Daily News" and is now its managing editor. The only break in this long service came three years ago when for a special task and time he became assistant to the president of the University of Chicago. Mr. Smith is the author of "The Other Side of the Wall," "Deadline," "Josslyn," and "It's the Way It's Written."

Robert Gordon Anderson (*Those Quarrelsome Bonapartes*) is enjoying the congratulations of his old friends and new on the charm and originality of his Bonapartes. In answer to many who seem uncertain as to its historicalness Mr. Anderson gives assurance of complete authenticity; he has only mounted the facts in a setting of romance.

To our readers who wrote enthusiastically of Dr. Durant's article in the February number, we are glad to say that we shall soon have another paper from him: "Is Man a Machine."

In response to many requests we have expanded *AMONG OUR CONTRIBUTORS* to two pages instead of the usual one. We hope satisfactorily.

In the APRIL CENTURY

ARE WOMEN INFERIOR

A man takes up the cudgels

Louis E. Bisch

MEXICO IN QUEST OF SALVATION

She faces the big hard task of saving herself

Frederick Simpich

THE MINISTER AMONG MEN

There are Christian duties which come in men's sizes

Charles R. Brown

THE NORDIC GOES A-SABER-RATTLING

And selects an inconvenient form of self-destruction

Charles Edward Russell

MADEMOISELLE

And the inkstand of the great Napoleon

Elizabeth Finley-Thomas

OUR CRUMBLING NATIONAL DEFENSE

Where the responsibility lies

Brigadier-General Henry J. Reilly, O.R.C.

LINCOLN OR LEE

No peace without victory in a war-mad world

William E. Dodd

VENICE AT NIGHT

People of all nations glide along the dark unbroken waves

Konrad Bercovici

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Anderson, Gustavus Myers, and others*

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The CENTURY MAGAZINE

Vol 113

March 1927

No 5

OUR CRUMBLING NATIONAL DEFENSE

II—Isolation Ended

BRIGADIER-GENERAL HENRY J. REILLY, O.R.C.

THE PREVAILING belief that the Atlantic and Pacific oceans are barriers to successful invasion of this country is in reality the reverse of the truth. Instead of barriers, the oceans are pathways over which, thanks to modern inventions, it is, in many instances, easier to move an army than it is to move it the same distance over land.

As a matter of fact, the oceans have never proved a barrier to a people possessed of the necessary sea-power and determined to use its army to invade another country. History shows that a fleet strong enough to secure control of the necessary sea-routes and an army strong enough to whip the armed forces of the country to be invaded are the only essentials.

The British, French, and Spanish proved this even in the day when live stock or salt meat had to be carried because canning and refrigeration were unknown, when sanitation had never been heard of, and when "the white and rustling sail" bent "the gallant mast, my boys." By reason of Spanish sea-

power, Spanish troops landed and conquered South, Central, and even a part of North America. The route around Africa to the Philippines was cut off, for the pope had given that half of the world to Portugal. Nevertheless the Spaniards conquered those islands, and maintained their garrisons there by the long route across the Atlantic to Vera Cruz, overland to Acapulco, and then across the broad expanses of the Pacific.

Great Britain and France fought each other in India and in the waters near-by, though the troops and ships had to make the long voyage around the Cape of Good Hope and across the Indian Ocean. British expeditions captured Havana and Manila. And Wellington's army was landed in Spain and maintained there for years by the sea-routes from the British Isles.

In more recent times, the transport to South Africa of the British forces that fought the Boer War, the British overseas expedition to the Dardanelles, and above all the transport of our 2,000,000 men to France

in the recent war, are convincing examples of the fact that the sea is a pathway and not a barrier. In the four months from the first of July to the end of October, 1918, a million American soldiers were taken to France, 306,000 in the month of July alone.

With each succeeding year the world's total tonnage available for troop transport increases, while the means of insuring proper food, shelter, sanitation, and safety of passage are steadily being bettered.

The time may be some distance off when air transport across the oceans will be a commonplace, but it cannot be denied that we are making rapid progress toward that goal.

The military maxim, "Offense is the best defense," has often been mistaken for advocacy of aggression. It is true that an aggressor may avail himself of the policy of striking first. On the other hand, the nation that follows Mr. Roosevelt's advice to "speak softly and carry a big stick" is in a position to temporize until it becomes universally evident that its antagonist is the aggressor. Being the owner of a "big stick," or in other words ready, the first blow can be struck, thus starting the war in or near enemy territory rather than in its own. Nelson's dictum, always followed by Britain, "Make your frontiers the shore-lines of your possible enemies," is another way of putting it. Which means that the possession of a sufficiently powerful fleet keeps the enemy away from our shores and carries the fighting to his own. To use an Irishism, the time to stop an invasion is before it gets started.

Our possession of adequate sea-

power to insure this will have another wholesome effect. For in this day of increasing democracy, any government will hesitate a long time before declaring war when it is a certainty that the fight will begin on its own territory.

There may be those who believe the possession of such power will lead us into aggression. But history shows that the desire to follow an aggressive policy leads to armament, rather than that armament leads to aggression. Though this may be debated, one fact is inescapable: when conflict comes we must submit to war upon our territory unless strong enough to carry it immediately to the shores of the enemy.

Our combat naval strength, in relation to that of other great naval powers, has been steadily diminishing since the Washington Arms Conference. It is a simple matter to trace the steps. The Washington Arms Conference is primarily responsible. First, because we gave up our naval supremacy without accomplishing the uniform adjustment of the naval powers to a given ratio—our expressed purpose at the beginning of the conference. Second, because, the results of the conference being imperfectly understood by our people, we have been lulled to a sense of false security. This has brought about an indifference to the steady decline of our naval power, caused by our neglect since the conference. As a consequence, we are to-day considerably below the strength authorized by the Washington Arms Conference, while other naval powers have materially increased their actual strength by building in the classes of ships not

covered by the limiting clauses of that conference.

When the conference met we had fifteen capital ships under construction. The naval lessons of the World War were incorporated in their design. They averaged thirty-five per cent toward completion, and at the fairly rapid rate of construction then going on would have been finished in another two years. Ship for ship they were far superior in combat power to the best vessels afloat. They would have outclassed the capital ships of other navies in the same way that the British *Dreadnought* outclassed all other battle-ships afloat at the time she was commissioned.

Japan was building five new capital ships. Their construction was proceeding slowly because of the Japanese financial crisis. There was every indication that these five ships would not be afloat until long after our fifteen had been put in commission.

Great Britain was much worse off as to new ships, five years having passed since she had laid a single keel. Like Japan, her financial situation was such that it was extremely doubtful if any new construction could be undertaken.

Without going into details, it is approximately correct to say that a comparison of the fighting value of ships actually afloat would have put Great Britain and ourselves about on a parity, while it would be liberal to count Japan half as strong as either.

Thus it is readily seen that in ships built and building we were easily the first naval power of the world. While the ships actually

being built by Japan would have advanced her relative strength compared with Britain, they were not sufficient in number to keep her up to half our strength, because we were building three times as many new ones.

If we consider the relative financial condition of the three countries, and the contentment of our people in comparison with the dangerous discontent widespread at the time in both Britain and Japan, it is clear that we could have held our naval supremacy without difficulty.



Broadly, our proposal to the conference was that the limitation of actual naval strength of the different powers be based on the tonnage afloat, including both capital ships and auxiliary combat craft. By auxiliary combat craft is meant the various classes of cruisers, destroyers, submarines, mine-layers, and the like. The proposal did not include limitation of the collateral elements of sea-power—naval bases, aircraft, merchant marines, submarine cables, and radio stations, all of which materially influence the use to which a battle-fleet can be put. The lack of these collaterals made the journey of Rozhdestvenski's Russian fleet from the Baltic to the Far East so dependent upon the goodwill of neutrals that undoubtedly he faced Togo's Japanese fleet in a much weaker condition than he would have, had the Russians been equipped with these collateral elements. Britain's possession of these elements throughout the world, and Germany's lack of them, played a very important part in England's ultimate elimination of the kaiser's raiders, at

first successful throughout the seven seas, and in the decisive defeat of von Spee's German fleet at the Battle of the Falkland Islands.

The failure of our proposal to include collateral elements confirmed Britain and Japan in the possession of advantages already theirs. Halifax, Bermuda, Jamaica, and Trinidad, all British bases, cover at short range our entire Atlantic and Gulf coasts and the eastern entrance of the Panama Canal. The Bahamas, British Honduras, and the British West Indies have many areas quickly convertible into temporary naval bases, and, what is of equal or greater importance, airplane bases.

The Versailles Conference gave Japan mandates over the Marshall and Caroline islands, both of which block the routes from Hawaii to the Philippines. The Bonin Islands stretch from Japan south to the Caroline Islands, which run in an almost continuous chain east to the Marshalls, which in turn are but 1700 miles from the Hawaiian Islands, while the beach at Waikiki is 2100 miles from our Pacific coast. Thus in crossing the Pacific from Japan the greatest distance of open water is that from Hawaii to our own coast. With the rapid development of aviation, the day is approaching when the possession of airplane bases will be as important as is possession of ship bases to-day. This is true both from the advantage of distance covered, and from the damage that can be done in combat against ships at sea and troops and fortifications on land.

The day has arrived when airplanes have become a definite part of the equipment of a fleet. Their

practical value for scouting, for observation of fire, and for combat purposes has been fully established. In a combat between two fleets of virtually equal strength, in which one possessed ample aviation and the other did not, the probabilities approach a certainty that the fleet without would be decisively beaten. Consequently it is inevitable that every effort will be made to equip a fleet with the maximum number of planes. Carriers built for the purpose are expensive and cannot be quickly produced; and though catapults enable a war-ship to carry and launch her own planes, the number a combat ship can accommodate is decidedly limited. The bigger merchantmen, however, can be readily converted into plane carriers.

No argument is needed to prove the great importance of means to transmit to the fighting forces information concerning the enemy, and also to control the movements of these forces. The contrast between Nelson's blind search, back and forth across the Atlantic, for the French fleet, and the overwhelming British concentration against von Spee's German fleet, which led to his quick defeat off the Falkland Islands, shows the tremendous advantage given by cable lines and radio in time of war.

The more the question is examined the more it becomes evident that any attempt to bring about a ratio of naval strength between the powers which does not include bases, aviation, merchant marines, cables, and wireless must fail in its purpose. Granting this, then the difficulty, even impossibility, of controlling the instruments of the world's peace-

time daily life tends to convince us that the scheme to regulate armament is based on a fallacy.

Capital ship strength being of first importance, the early part of the negotiations was primarily between the United States, Great Britain, and Japan, the only powers really possessed of such strength. After considerable discussion, an agreement was reached by which we scrapped eleven capital ships then building and seventeen old ships, a total of twenty-eight ships, aggregating approximately 750,000 tons. Great Britain scrapped twenty old ships, aggregating 400,000 tons. Japan scrapped four ships building and ten old battle-ships, aggregating 300,000 tons. We were allowed to keep two battle-ships already launched, Great Britain to build two new ones, and Japan to keep one that had been launched.

The old ships scrapped by this agreement were naturally the oldest and least useful. As a matter of fact, they would all have been dropped regardless of the conference because the money and men needed to maintain them could be better applied elsewhere. Thus when it came to giving up what really counts we were the only nation that made any sacrifice. Great Britain had nothing new to destroy. While Japan did destroy four ships she at the same time advanced her strength in relation to ourselves, because the eleven ships that we scrapped constituted a greater proportion of our naval strength than the four she gave up did of her strength. The three great naval powers having settled their capital ship strength, that of France and Italy came up next.

France claimed that her necessities entitled her to 300,000 tons of capital ships. She pointed out that her colonial possessions, scattered throughout the world, were only second to those of Great Britain. She showed that throughout the period of the war she had allowed her navy to run down in order to concentrate her strength on her army. She proved that Great Britain not only maintained but increased her naval strength during the war, while neither in the number of her land forces facing the enemy, nor in the length of time maintained there, did she make an effort comparable with that of France. Thus she clearly demonstrated that the decrease of her naval strength in comparison with that of Great Britain, which had occurred between 1914 and the opening of the conference, was primarily due to the much greater effort made on land toward the defeat of their common enemy, the German army. While admitting the predominating part played by the British in keeping the German fleet in check, the French showed conclusively—and it is generally believed in military circles—that their land effort was much greater proportionately. They also pointed out that, far from asking equality with Britain, they were seeking a strength considerably below that of Japan.

The British, however, refused to agree. The result was a deadlock. For a time it looked as if the conference must fail. The British and French were adamant. Finally, as the result of a personal appeal by Mr. Hughes, Briand agreed to accept a capital ship limit of 175,000 tons, with the condition, however, that no

attempt should be made to bring about a reduction in the French quota of cruisers, destroyers, and submarines. As she asked an allowance of 330,000 tons, as compared with 450,000 tons each for Great Britain and the United States, in cruiser and destroyer strength, and 90,000 tons submarine allowance, the same as these two countries, her demand was not excessive. Here again Great Britain brought on a crisis by refusing to accept a limitation of naval auxiliaries, as we had originally planned, unless France submitted to as drastic a cut as the one imposed upon her in capital ships.

The justice of France's claim is well expressed by Captain Dudley W. Knox, U.S.N., retired, a distinguished naval officer who served on Admiral Sims' staff during the World War. In his "Eclipse of American Sea Power," published in 1922, he says: "It is essential to understand the pronounced vulnerability of France to naval domination by Great Britain. Nearly all the French home ports are very close to the sea and difficult to defend against long range bombardment by ships in the offing. Many of them are 'breakwater harbors,' with no land in front capable of being used for defensive purposes. Her ports on the north coast of Africa are similarly exposed. Two of them were bombarded with impunity by the German *Goeben* during the late war. Submarines and torpedo craft may be effective in preventing this form of attack and in keeping free for coastwise traffic a narrow zone along the coasts."

The British, determined to have

their way, started a vigorous publicity campaign against submarines. They based it on the fact that Germany had sunk without warning passenger and merchant ships, and ignored the many proper and legitimate uses to which submarines can be and have been put in war. Mr. Elihu Root, in an endeavor to straighten the matter out, submitted rules governing the future use of submarines in war, forbidding and punishing any inhuman practices. Again to quote Captain Knox, "No delegates exceeded the French in their hearty approval of these rules, and this, combined with their unqualified disavowal of the supposed advocacy of unrestricted submarining by a prominent French naval officer, who incidentally had been misquoted badly by Lord Lee, served to restore an atmosphere of more harmony." Italy in general supported France. The situation, however, still remained such that the conference could only be brought to an agreement by giving up the attempt to limit cruisers, destroyers, and submarines; in other words, by abandoning the original purpose of establishing a ratio of naval strength among the powers.

At this crisis, instead of giving Britain the choice of yielding to the French and Italians or of forgoing the restoration of her naval supremacy at our cost, through the destruction of our new ships, we weakly yielded. Rather than tell our people that the conference had failed, we surrendered our naval superiority without a compensating advantage, thus justifying the officer who said that the greatest British naval victory was won at the Washington

Conference by Lord Balfour and not at Trafalgar by Lord Nelson.

For some time before the conference met the pacifist organizations in this country carried on a campaign for disarmament. In this campaign they persisted in calling it the Washington Disarmament Conference and in so misconstruing the purposes for which it was called that finally President Harding had to issue a warning. Throughout the conference our delegates refused to give out any items of news. Our naval officers before and during the conference were warned to say nothing.

The British delegates, however, brought Lord Riddell with them as a publicity agent. He, being an expert publicist and having a thorough knowledge of the psychology of news, never failed to fill the papers of this country with the British point of view. His work was so adroitly done that our newspaper men did not realize what was going on. The way in which the horrors of unrestricted submarine warfare were played up in our press and entire sight lost of the fact that the submarine has an honorable rôle in war, or that this country has a real need for a substantial submarine strength, is a good example of Lord Riddell's subtle work.

The French as usual paid little attention to publicity. The result was that the American public never had put before it the best interests of America as affected by the conference; was plied with British propaganda until, when the whole thing was over, the belief prevailed that our navy was equal in strength to that of Great Britain and bore the ratio of 5 to 3 to that of Japan.

In the years since the conference we have remained comfortably content with the situation, still as a people unaware of the failure of the conference to accomplish its original purpose. What is worse, we are ignorant of the fact that the partial ratio established by the conference has been upset to our disadvantage by two programs, one carried out by our own government, the other by Britain and Japan. We have failed to maintain our navy at the strength permitted by the conference. Britain and Japan by a steadily prosecuted building program have increased their auxiliary strength so that to-day the ratio of our navy to those of Britain and Japan is considerably below the ratios of 5 to 5 and 5 to 3 respectively.

The table on the following page, whose figures are taken from authentic sources, shows the extent to which our naval strength has fallen because of the economy program of our government and of the building programs of Britain and Japan.

From the table it is apparent that Britain is considerably stronger except in the destroyer and submarine—other than fleet—types. In the destroyer type our advantage in total tonnage and number of vessels is compensated for by her eighteen destroyer leaders.

Japan's strength in modern cruisers and fleet submarines exceeds ours. Her peace strength in personnel almost equals ours. In aircraft carriers and submarines, other than fleet, her strength is but slightly below ours. It is only in destroyers that we possess a marked superiority. In capital ships armed with 13.4-inch guns her ratio to ours is as 3.57 is to

		ACTUAL RATIOS			Remarks
		U. S.	G. B.	Japan	
Personnel {	Officers	4.58	5.00	4.14	As both Britain and Japan have much larger reserves than have we, the war strength is still further to our disadvantage. To attain our proper ratio we would have to increase our navy by 800 officers and 13,000 enlisted men.
	Enlisted men	4.33	5.00	3.56	
Fleet aviation. No. of planes		2.8	5.00	2.44	Does not include for Britain a carrier being built in Australia.
Aircraft carriers		2.91	3.87	2.35	
Modern cruisers {	Tonnage	1.88	5.00	2.35	
	No. of vessels	1.38	5.00	2.31	
Destroyer type, first line {	Tonnage	7.29	5.00	2.48	Our apparent advantage due to large number of hastily built destroyers left over from war. We have no destroyer leaders built or building. Britain has 18 built and Japan 4 building.
	No. of vessels	7.30	5.00	2.54	
Fleet submarines, 1st line {	Tonnage	3.32	5.00	6.81	17 of Japan's are building, 9 of Britain's are building, and but 3 of ours.
	No. of vessels	2.81	5.00	7.19	
Submarines, 1st line {	Tonnage	8.41	5.00	7.00	
	No. of vessels	8.62	5.00	7.76	
Capital ships, armed with 13.4" guns or heavier		14	20	10	
" " 12" guns		4	—	—	

5. As her ships can keep out of range of our four capital ships armed with 12-inch guns and batter them at their leisure, 3.57 to 5 is the real battle ratio.

As the Washington Arms Conference deprived us of the right to fortify the Aleutian Islands or put the Philippines in a proper state of defense, while leaving Japan in her superior position as to naval bases, it is no exaggeration to say that Japan's combat naval strength closely approaches if it does not equal our own.

The end of the World War found aviation firmly established as a military arm over both land and sea.

Since the war, steady progress has been made in all countries through perfection in types of machines used, tactical methods, and organization.

As has been previously pointed out, fleet aviation is essential if our fleet is to meet an enemy fleet with any chance for success. At the same time army aviation must possess an adequate air force¹ so that in case our fleet is defeated, shut up in one of our bases, say Panama, by a superior force, or is in one ocean at the time an invasion is attempted in the other, the enemy can be met offshore.

The famous tests in which army aviators sank a number of war-ships

¹ "Air force" is the technical term for a force of aviation directly under the control of the general commanding and independent of the air units constituting integral parts of division or army corps or both. It is similar to General Sheridan's cavalry in the Civil War, which operated as a united force on special missions directly assigned it by General Grant. This cavalry was in addition to and independent of such cavalry as was assigned to divisions and army corps.

of different types, though exciting controversy, the echoes of which have by no means died down, proved that planes can fly offshore and seriously damage and sometimes destroy enemy vessels unprotected against attack.

There was nothing in these experiments to prove that war-ships subjected to such an attack cannot approach our coast, or that an army air force is sufficient protection against invasion. The fact that ships were sunk by airplane bombs does not prove floating war-ships to be obsolete, any more than the fact that several British armored cruisers were sunk by German gun-fire in the first few minutes of the Battle of Jutland means the abolition of that type of ship. It does mean, however, that a fleet can be attacked, and, therefore, must be ready to defend itself at a distance far beyond the effective range of coast-defense guns. To-day this distance is believed to be approximately two hundred miles.

The means which war-ships can use against attack from the air are two: defensive and offensive. The defensive means consist in such changes in construction as will give greater protection from projectiles arriving from overhead, and accurate anti-aircraft guns to drive the attacking planes to considerable heights, thus making it more difficult for them to hit their targets. As has always, however, been the case with purely defensive means, from the day shields were carried, they alone are not sufficient. The shield carrier was not protected unless he had a sword for offensive purposes. In the same way, the fleet to-day, no matter

what changes in construction to insure greater overhead armor, nor how accurate the fire of the anti-aircraft guns, must have its fleet aviation to meet the attack of the enemy air force.

The number of planes which the regular plane carriers of a fleet and which merchant vessels converted into plane carriers can transport is limited. However, the number of planes knocked down and put in the holds of merchant ships is only limited by the number belonging to the invader. Thus, if a base is available where a decent landing field can be had, it is possible for an enemy to prepare an air force at this base and then use it in a combined attack with his fleet aviation on the coast-defense air forces. While this would be facilitated by the possession of a base with a good harbor, the latter is probably not essential. Two years ago our navy experimented with carrying knocked-down planes in a transport to the scene of the maneuvers, then transshipping them to the deck of a carrier, where they were set up and flown ashore.

Thus to prevent invasion we must first provide our fleet with an aviation force sufficiently strong to beat any similar force which can be brought against it, and, secondly, provide our army with an air force sufficient to defeat the maximum air force which could attack us from aircraft carriers and bases within reach of our coasts.

The amount of aviation needed by our army and navy has been definitely settled as the result of boards appointed by the president and the Congressional investigation caused by Colonel William Mitchell's

charges. Congress has authorized the carrying out of a five-year building program with the consequent necessary increases in personnel.

Just as the belief that the Washington Arms Conference fixed the ratio of our fleet to that of Britain's and Japan's at 5-5-3 lulled our people into a false sense of security, so has the authorization of a five-year aviation program led them to believe that our glaring aviation deficiencies are being corrected.

It is not generally understood that an authorization is of no value unless the money necessary to carry out that which is authorized is provided. Congress evidently intended the administration to ask for such additional funds that the first of the five yearly increments, which constitute the aviation increase program, would have been completed by June 30, 1927. However, no funds were asked for, with the result that the fiscal year of which this date—June 30—is the end, will have passed without any increase having been made.

The budget for the fiscal year, July 1, 1927, to July 1, 1928, does not carry sufficient funds to complete one of the five increments. Thus June 30, 1928, will see the completion of but part of one increment instead of two as planned. What is worse, such funds as are provided are got by taking the amounts away from the budgets of the army and navy, thus compelling these two forces to submit to a considerable reduction in order to give aviation but part of the authorized increase. This is clearly contrary to the intentions of Congress, which plainly

indicated at the time it authorized the five-year program that the funds to carry it out should be in addition to the budgets proper of the army and navy.

In the meanwhile we lack sufficient planes to insure the battle efficiency of our fleet, and to provide that army air force which is essential if we are to prevent an enemy from landing on our coast. Because of lack of replacements our first-line planes are becoming obsolescent and our obsolescent planes obsolete. Economy is carried to such a point that by reason of lack of gasoline our fliers are unable to get the training essential to efficiency, while the continued failure to put our aviation in an efficient state is undermining the morale of the officers and men. General Patrick, the army air service chief, has recently pointed out the increasing number of resignations from the service resulting from this state of affairs.

The combat strength of our navy bears no relation to the 5-5-3 ratio. It is distinctly inferior to that of Britain and hardly as strong as that of Japan. The program which was to provide our fleet with adequate essential aviation, and our army with the air force vital to offshore operations, is not being carried out. In the midst of a world envious of our prosperity, resentful of our growing foreign trade, our customs and immigration barriers; at a time when the oceans are more than ever a pathway and the air rapidly becoming one, we are allowing extreme economy to rob us of the means to prevent an enemy from landing on our shores.

(General Reilly's next article in the April number)

THE WINNER

R. H. MOTTRAM

HE BEGAN by beating us—the C mess of divisional headquarters—completely. It was no mean feat. We were perhaps the most hard-bitten, deeply stained set you could find. Higher appointments fell to great skill, great influence, or great impertinence. But the sort of technical specialist who got pulled out of the infantry and attached to divisional headquarters, and messed in C mess, was a survivor of so much, chosen by the gods from among so many of his equals and betters. Why “Uncle” should have been so chosen, and how he arrived among us, we never discovered. But there he sat, one gloomy evening of 1916, with the Somme fiasco grumbling all along the horizon. He volunteered no information. He did not look the sort of man one could catechize. He just sat and smoked, and drank a good deal of whisky, not attempting to ingratiate himself, nor even to be agreeable. He beat us from the start. He went on sitting, smoking and drinking. He won. We adjusted ourselves to him, as he had not to us. He became a feature, then a boast, finally a byword. His outward appearance gave no clue to his personality. It was prosaic in the extreme. Bald, with a dirty gray mustache, of the kind which Tenniel attributed to the Walrus, broadish for his medium height,

astonishingly spare, hard and agile for his years, which appeared to be nearer sixty than fifty; his maple-leaf badges showed the number of one of the battalions of the First Canadian Division and the rank of captain. His name was Dakers. Beyond these vague indications he was a mystery. But he became an institution. We took to calling him Uncle. It does not matter who first thought of it, or why. It suited him exactly. There is something of authority and responsibility connected with the title Father. But Uncle—that semi-detached relationship in which one can be kind without condescension, and humorously affectionate above the clash of antipathetic generations! Now, no one would have dreamed of receiving an order from Uncle. He never gave such a thing. On the other hand we all contracted the habit of going to him for advice. This added immensely to his reputation. For whatever reason, good, or probably bad, he had been given the post of clearance officer at divisional headquarters, it was soon discovered that Uncle was a man of parts. When everything failed, as it did, in those increasingly enormous and useless offensives, about once a week, Uncle always had some expedient ready. The further we departed from all the known rules of war, the better he grew. At his own job of

clearance officer he was pretty useless—anyhow he left it all to young Skene, his second in command. But he was on surer ground when called in to help the deputy assistant director of veterinary services with sick mules, or the assistant provost marshal with colonials. And when the worst happened, when we had to retreat ten miles and the whisky ran out, his efforts were remarkable, were crowned with success, and met with the fullest recognition (for by the middle of 1917 whisky was one of the few things one was still certain of wanting in a crumbling world).

Thus from being a mystery he became an institution. His fame spread far beyond our little C mess. Very high personages, who could not ask his advice, obtained his opinion by circuitous means. It was owing to some mumbled remark of his that the Australians were taken right back after the massacres of Passchendaele. It was because he said, "You 'ave been a long while thinking of it," that the new mark-VIII, non-galling ammunition-carriers were served out to all the machine-gun units for their teams.

He was entirely unconscious of the weight he carried. He never smiled when, as was fitting, he was eventually enshrined in an epigram.

It was young Kavanagh, that brilliant Irish schoolmaster, who said it. When rest had fallen upon us, and the last excuse for the irksome discipline and bewildering boredom of soldiering was gone, Uncle still sat in the mess, always smoking a pipe, and perhaps drinking a little more. One by one, as we exhausted the few poor alleviations of our lot—for there was not even enough work

to occupy our minds, risk had been eliminated, and the amusements available to us had been worn to the bone—we dropped in, found that there was still an hour before they would bring us our tinned dinner, and sat down beside him. Kavanagh came in last, swallowed his drink at a gulp, coughed, stared, and burst out, "There sits Uncle, looking like a prairie!" None of us knew what a prairie looks like. But if unlimited and perpetual sameness is its characteristic, the simile is apt indeed. He had changed less than any of us in these four years or so. He did not blink on hearing the description, but suggested, in his voice, hoarse, as Kavanagh also had said, from drinking out of damp glasses, that we should play one of those childish gambling games in which he excelled, and which enabled him to pay his spirit-laden mess-bill. In this, as in everything else, he had us beat.



This concludes the direct evidence about him. As has been shown elsewhere, the increasing disintegration of the fourth year removed him from our little mess, which broke up shortly after, as if he had been its central rivet. We went off to do our special jobs in special holes and corners; he went with Skene, who discovered that there were real nephews of his in France, justifying his sobriquet. But more than that, not even Skene discovered.

Yet the student of human nature can make a few shrewd deductions. How did the man come to be what he was? He had a reputation as wide as that of most generals and far more creditable. But he was an obscure insignificant old fellow. People

called him ignorant, but Skene said: No, primitive rather. It was not merely that he understood horses. The A. D. Veterinary Services did that. Uncle very nearly was a horse. He looked at things from a horse's point of view. He understood the tongue-tied, pocket-full-of-money insolence of colonial troops. He understood a Massey-Harris reaper and binder. From the way he spoke to French mechanics who mishandled these almost human machines, one might almost say that Uncle looked at things from the Massey-Harris point of view. What sort of man has these thoughts, so rudimentary that they rank next to dumb instinct? Well, one must suppose some one born in and bred up to agriculture, leaving England at the earliest possible age, long before sophistication, and spending forty years without a break in Canada. Now the most primitive, entirely agricultural county in England is Wiltshire. It has no big town, not even a port. Its people have a slowness of speech and breadth of face that rather fitted Uncle's. As he never alluded to his childhood, never went to England on leave, never wrote to any one, one may assume that he left in disgrace and never cared, perhaps never was able to go back. But that he was not Canadian born is pretty certain. He had no accent. His attitude toward the war was too instinctive. He had no

imperialism. Nothing less than August, 1914, could ever have brought such a truant home to the mother he had saddened. If she has a consciousness, that queer mother of us all, that sits between Ireland and the Channel and the North Sea, she must think that he made good.

Most of us never knew of his death until years later. Then one or two came together, with Skene, and he told us. Then it was that one of us thumped the table with his fist crying, "By Gad, he always won!"

We knew what was meant. We had been comparing notes, trying to make out how, after a war so bad, the peace could possibly be so much worse. We had admitted that for the best part of 1917 and 1918 the real enemy had been not the Germans but the War. It beat most of us, but not Uncle. Just as he had always won at cards and drunk up his winnings, so had he swallowed the Armistice, lain down, and died, of flu. Certainly, he was unbeatable.

And amid the toppling of crowns and thrones, and creaking of new nationalisms, there glimmered our admiration for him. Of all the old and shaky and the new and gimcrack forms of civilization that may not outlast a decade, the England of which Uncle was a specimen will survive. Who else could hang on with so little fuss, and pass out so quietly?

A QUARTER-CENTURY OF PSYCHOLOGY

A Science That Has Only Just Been Born

H. A. OVERSTREET

IT SOUNDS a little amusing to hear some belated pessimist talk of "this materialistic age." An age is materialistic whose interest centers in material things. But any one who is at all alert knows that the interest of the present age is precisely not in material things but in something far more important, far more precarious. Things, after all, are comparatively harmless, compliant affairs. We can do pretty much what we please with them. They neither answer back nor stir up trouble. What really gives us concern is people. Men and women, we discover, are the stuff out of which most of life is made. If they are politicians, they have the fate of millions in their hands. If they are parents, they can make or wreck the lives of their offspring. If they are teachers, they can twist and darken the souls of their young charges, or can build them straight and luminous. If we marry them we soon discover they can make heaven or hell. Things, of themselves, are singularly impotent. It is men and women that mostly count.

We are learning that at last. If you go into any fair-sized bookshop in Europe or America, you see that the books which to-day stand out most are those about people.

I do not mean biographies of the old-fashioned sort, which give dates and lineages and recite complimentary anecdotes. It is a different kind of book about people that is capturing attention to-day. It is books about ourselves—our child and grown-up selves; our normal and sick selves; ourselves in inner or outer conflict; ourselves in our illogicalities, confusions, and self-delusions; ourselves as individuals and as crowds; as workers, employers, citizens, and patriots; ourselves as demanding human beings.

The spirit of the age, in short, has turned psychological. There is need enough for this, Heaven knows. The historic follies committed in the name of reason have been sufficient to put us all to the blush. Not only man's inhumanity to man, but man's naïve ignorance about most of his human relationships, gives ground for the conviction that if we are to get on a bit more successfully, we must handle ourselves at least as effectively as we now handle automobiles and seven-tubed radios.

Human beings have psychologized about themselves, of course, throughout the ages. They have wrestled with their sinful souls and meditated upon the workings of their minds. There have even been commanding

figures, like Socrates, who have bidden every one to know himself. There have been men of psychological insight such as Confucius and Lao-tsze, Plotinus, St. Augustine, Thomas a Kempis, Jacob Böhme, Swedenborg, who have turned their penetrating gaze upon the human mysteries. Psychology is not something utterly new. It is as old as man's interest in himself. And yet there is one sense in which it is new. It is new as a science. In fact, it is the youngest of the sciences, born only a little more than fifty years ago. Even to-day, as time goes in the sciences, psychology is but an infant stretching its hands to the moon.

There is something curious about that. One would suppose that the sciences would have begun first with man himself; for certainly man is nearest and most accessible to himself. And yet, throughout all the preceding centuries, man has built up sciences about pretty nearly everything else in the world except himself. He began with the farthest away, the stars. It is only in our own day that he has come at last to what is nearest at hand, his own personality.

Great things may come of this belated turning to himself. Man shaped and handled tools for thousands of years, without making much change in the order of his life. Then, in the great days of Galileo and Newton, the *science* of tools—mechanics—was born; and in a little over three hundred years the human world has been changed more profoundly than in all the accumulated millions of years preceding. Bring a science to birth, and something is bound to happen. As a matter of fact, some-

thing has already happened from the birth of even so young a science as psychology. Most important of all is a new point of view that is beginning to shape itself in the world.

It is in evidence, for example, in the region of child life. Education is being literally made over. The parent-child relation is being transformed into something far more wholesome. The backward child is being given an opportunity hitherto denied. The juvenile delinquent is being saved from the social discard.

Medicine is being affected. Physicians are becoming alive to the fact that they are dealing with human beings who have minds, emotions, and interests which powerfully affect the course of blood-streams, the action of heart, liver, adrenals, and the rest. A physician who is not also an alert psychologist will soon be *passé*. Industrial life is being affected. The squareness of the square peg is being discovered in time to prevent misplacement into the round hole. Workers are being studied as human beings. Foremen are taught the "handling" of their men. Executives plan improved human relations in factory and shop. Again, our understanding of social and political life is being affected. We are learning about the crowd and about crowd-mindedness. Flags, we now know, are not simply flags, but powerful instruments of crowd suggestion. Boundaries are not simply boundaries, but powerful shapers and misshapers of our point of view. We know now that people, in the mass, do not make decisions, but that they are beaten upon by thousandfold suggestions which drive

them unconsciously in directions which may be tragic. What we now discover, in short, is that man is not, in the main, a rational animal; rather, he is an animal driven by impulse and crowd-suggestion. All this has deepened and clarified our understanding of social and political life. While it has plucked the human being down from his pedestal of supposedly God-given rationality, it has at least shown him what he must do if he is ever to raise himself above the helplessness of his social and political self-deceptions.

All these things and more have happened already. What will happen in a hundred or in two hundred years is impossible to predict. But when we realize that hitherto there was no science of psychology, only a few scattered insights and a deal of vague theorizing, the future holds rather fascinating promise. Is it too much to expect that when man has perfected his understanding of his own self to the same degree that he has perfected his understanding of atoms and ultra-violet rays, changes in the conduct of human life will occur of which we can now have not even the slightest notion?

And now for the birth of this science. A science is born when techniques are devised which permit of accuracy and objectivity. Hence the epoch-making date 1879; for in that year William Wundt established in Leipsic the first psychological laboratory. That was the beginning of the end of the metaphysical psychologist, the theological psychologist, the psychologist of the arm-chair and of the pleasant literary ramble. It was the beginning of

rigorous patience-taxing work. It will be of interest to Americans to recall that two of Wundt's early pupils were James McKeen Cattell and G. Stanley Hall. Both of these young men, returning to important academic posts, established psychological laboratories in America. That was in 1883. Two laboratories! In the present year a laboratory is to be found in nearly every college or university that boasts a department of psychology. The effect of these two laboratories was to start a movement of experimental research that has since made America fairly noted throughout the world.

Thus the American impulse came chiefly from Germany. This is of considerable significance, as we shall presently see, for the German approach to psychology was sufficiently different from the French, Austrian, and Italian to develop a widely different set of interests and techniques. Wundt's endeavor was to make a minute and accurate study of the psychological mechanisms and processes found in the so-called normal individual. Thus he was interested in vision, hearing, smell, taste—the senses generally; in memory, judgment, reasoning, learning. The Wundtian tradition has continued in America and has built up what we may refer to as the “academic” type of psychology.

The French development was different. Beginning in 1888, with the appointment of M. Ribot to the newly established chair of experimental and comparative psychology in the Collège de France and continuing with men such as Janet, Richet, Grasset, Paulhan, and others, French psychology early addressed itself to

the problem of the mental life as a whole. It was not so much interested in the study of the particular mechanisms as in the way the whole personality reacted within its environment. This led early to the study of abnormalities of personality—hysteria, hypnotic suggestibility, hallucination, dissociated personality, and so on. It was a fairly long time before such problems began to be investigated in America. Even to-day they still remain outside the sphere of academic psychology proper.

The Italian beginnings were of a rather special kind. In 1876, Lombroso published his first work on the psychology of crime. That book made a great impression throughout the world. The work was continued by Sergi, who was profoundly convinced that science ought to be used to prevent as well as to understand the development of criminals. He therefore studied the child for the purpose of learning how to train not only the intellect but the entire personality. The Montessori method was one of the most noted results of these early beginnings in child study.

And now Austria. In the eighties of the past century, a young Viennese physician, Dr. Sigmund Freud was studying with Charcot in Paris. He was keenly interested in the use made of hypnosis to cure nervous diseases. Those were the days when it was medical blasphemy to assert that any disease could be cured by psychological means. All diseases were assumed to be bodily in origin and subject only to bodily treatment. But apparently Charcot was disproving that sacred dogma of the

doctors, with the result that they and the lay world poured withering scorn upon him. Freud, returning to Vienna, found that his friend, Dr. Breuer, had hit upon much the same hypnotic method of treatment. That was the beginning of new things. Freud continued his researches, returning to France to study with Bernheim; and before long, abandoning hypnosis, but holding to the view of the influence of the subconscious, he developed the now famous method of psychoanalysis.

The clinical nature of Freud's work must be emphasized, for it led to the second stage in the development of the science of psychology, namely, the curative. Psychology began now not simply to watch processes, to measure and classify them. It tried to set curative processes going in the individual. Freud, like Charcot, has been furiously criticized and most scathingly condemned. It is no part of the function of this paper to enter into an appraisal of the bitter controversy which still rages. It is enough to say that, whatever the elements of truth or falsity in the Freudian point of view, something of profound moment has emerged from the early clinical insights of the young Viennese physician.

One more date, and we shall bring ourselves to the present century. In 1890, William James published his "Principles of Psychology." The book was an instant success. It made James famous almost overnight. It has continued to be one of the great landmarks of psychological science. It gave to American psychology its definitive direction; and it has supplied American psycholo-

gists with most of their problems for research. James's views on habits, instincts, emotions, and the stream of consciousness, despite their imperfections, will continue to remain of outstanding value in the history of psychological development. Also James himself will always be, for American psychologists, one of the most attractive and stimulating of personalities.



And now, having noted these fivefold beginnings, we come to the period of the last twenty-five years. It is a bewildering task to try to trace in adequate detail the developments which have taken place in that short period; for the young science, belying all respectable precedents for infant life, no sooner was born than it bounced out of its cradle and began to run and leap. It has leaped ahead in at least a score of directions. Sometimes, of course, it has walked, and with cautious step; for not all of its adventures into the *terra incognita* of human nature have been unattended with danger. Sometimes, also, it has had to retrace its steps. Sometimes—so its skeptical friends have said—it has succeeded in getting itself rather helplessly lost. It has, however, had a surprisingly good time of it all.

One of its most fascinating explorations has been made—William James started it—into the region of our original or unalloyed human nature. What psychological impulses are we born with, impulses that drive us from the day of our birth to the day of our death? James called them instincts and gave a long list of them. Thorndike also, after ingenious and painstaking ex-

periments with animals and infants, gave an impressive list in his "Original Nature of Man." To subsequent psychologists the lists seemed too long and also too rigid. Much was included that seemed the result of environment and training. William McDougall gave a shorter list that attracted wide attention. But psychologists attacked even the shorter list. Watson, Dunlap, Kantor, Bernard, Kuo, Faris, carried on a merry fight which continues to this day.

The upshot of the fight thus far is that much has been rescued for environment and training. The prevailing tendency now is to regard the human being not as born with an elaborate equipment of special powers, each of which clicks into action as at the pressing of a button, but as born with more or less general tendencies to respond. It becomes even a little out of fashion to talk of "instincts"—such as the much used and abused instinct of pugnacity, or gregariousness, or motherhood. Instincts seem too suspiciously like ready-made gods out of a machine. The result is that the human being is regarded as very largely susceptible to the modifying influences of environment and education.

Another fascinating exploration has been made into the region of habit formation. A term which is much used among psychologists is "conditioned reflex." There is no space in a brief paper to attempt an explanation of this rather cryptic term. It is enough to say that it harks back to the famous Russian psychologist Pavlov, and that it has cast revealing light upon the manner in which our habits are formed and

unformed. Through experiments carried on with animals and infants—John B. Watson has been one of the leaders in this enterprise—it has suggested important modifications in our techniques of child training.

Still another exploration has been in the region of mental measurements. This takes us back to France in the year 1904. In that year a commission was appointed to examine the status of the mentally defective in the schools. It was soon discovered, however, that the work was seriously hampered because of lack of clearness as to what was meant by mental defectiveness. A French psychologist, M. Binet, undertook to clear up this confusion. With remarkable patience, he worked out a scheme of questions and tests, which, being applied to hundreds of thousands of children, finally made possible the detection of what we call the various "mental ages."

The Binet-Simon test was the starting-point of a movement of mental testing which has since become widespread. The movement was advanced from child testing to adult testing during the late war, when American recruits were subjected to the so-called army tests in order that they might be segregated into the proper intelligence groups.

At the present time, controversy rages as to whether these tests discover "original intelligence" or a combination of original and acquired intelligence. Whatever the answer may eventually be, the intelligence test is probably destined to become an increasingly useful tool, which, through discovering grades of intelligence and kinds of aptitudes, will make possible, in education and

industry, wiser selection, placement, and utilization of human beings.

We have mentioned William James as one of the great figures of modern psychology. By his side must be placed G. Stanley Hall, who began his career in 1883 as professor of psychology in Johns Hopkins University. Hall's contribution to American psychology has been exceedingly rich. He was one of the first to link psychology with Darwinism and was also one of the first to bring American psychology into touch with the masters of German psychology—Pfleiderer, Paulsen, Virchow, Helmholtz, Fechner, Wundt, and others. Also, he had the honor of being the first distinguished psychologist in America to countenance the views of Freud.

As early as 1883, Hall began to publish articles dealing with child psychology. His interest in that subject was continued throughout a long life, coming to its most noteworthy expression in his volume, "Adolescence." That book, like James's "Principles," was a germinal point in American psychology. Out of it and around it grew an energy of investigation into the psychology of child and adolescent life that has fairly revolutionized our attitudes toward young people and laid the foundation for thoroughgoing revisions of our parental and educational practices. As a result, child study has taken its place as one of the major concerns of present-day psychology.

Out of the above mentioned studies of instincts, habit-formation, mental measurements, child nature, and adolescent nature, there naturally developed a vigorous new

movement of educational psychology. America has been a leader in this movement. The figure of John Dewey stands preëminent. In Europe there are Decroly, Adler, Cizek, Ferrière, and others. The result has been not only an impressive body of psychological theory regarding education, but an even more impressive series of educational experiments. In all of these, we detect a new note: a confidence in the child and an effort to awaken in him his own creative energies.

Of particular moment, in this connection, has been the study of backward children. America has a large number of educational clinics devoted to the sole end of studying and readjusting children who, for one reason or another, cannot keep up with the pace. In Europe, one of the most important developments has been the work done by Dr. Alfred Adler in Vienna, who, starting with the assumption that no child must be branded as backward, because no child must be permitted to lose his courage, has instituted a reëducation of the teachers of Vienna that is already remarkable in its results.



The reader will observe the clinical note entering into psychology, the interest in the subnormal, the abnormal, and the generally unadjusted. It has come to be increasingly recognized that there is no such creature as a "normal" person. All persons, to some extent, are off the normal. Hence the value of the work done by such men as Janet, in France; Freud and Adler, in Austria; Lombroso, in Italy; Jung in Switzerland; and by their followers in

Europe and America. In studying the obviously abnormal, they have made discoveries of considerable importance for the rest of us, who are not obviously off the normal, but who nevertheless have psychical maladjustments that hinder our most effective functioning.

The outstanding figure in France has been that of Pierre Janet. Janet has turned his attention chiefly to the study of divided personality. He developed the theory that healthy life requires a certain energy with which to integrate itself. If this energy diminishes, the personality breaks apart. Hence the curative techniques, according to him, must consist both in restoring lost energy and in preventing the unnecessary waste of the psychical energy that is available.

Freud developed a different view. He discovered that the source of disease in his nervously deranged patients was invariably traceable to some psychic shock or misadventure that has since been lost to consciousness. By recovering the consciousness of this forgotten cause, Freud was able to remove the neurosis. From this rather striking discovery he concluded that the cause of neurosis was not a lack of energy, but an abundance of energy in subconscious conflict. Subconscious conflict, then, became the clue to psychological disease, and the removal of such conflict the chief curative measure.

But Freud went further. Not simply conflict in general was at the root of our troubles, but a very special kind of conflict. Freud called it a conflict between all those unorganized and imperious drives

in us that seek, irrespective of consequence, for personal satisfaction, and those requirements of the social life which are necessary for our living together. The imperious drives he summed up in the word Libido; the social requirements he summed up in the word Reality-Principle.

Libido was the word that startled the world. In its more usual expression, sex, it shocked it to its foundations. What was almost equally shocking was the technique of dream interpretation whereby Freud tried to explore the symbolic deliverances of our subconscious selves.

Dr. Alfred Adler, on the other hand, starting with the same assumption of a conflict of inner energies, diverged from Freud in the matter of sex. According to Adler, the basic drive is a drive to power—the wish to be recognized, respected, loved, admired. The greatest conflict ensues when there is engendered a feeling of inferiority. If the inferiority feeling is not overcome, the individual compensates for this in various ways. It may be by way of nervous illness, or tyrannous behavior, or bitter pride, or criminality. According to Adler, then, the clue to the human situation is the understanding and the overcoming of the inferiority feeling. It is in view of this that Adler is so insistent upon the fact that no backward child must be branded as such, and that one of the greatest pedagogical crimes is to make a child repeat a course in school.

Freud seems to hold to a kind of unchangeable given constitution in the individual which is in irreconcilable conflict with a fixed social

environment. Adler, on the other hand, holds that everything depends upon our power to change both the individual and the environment. Thus while Freud is socially conservative, Adler is socially revolutionary; while Freud is relatively uninterested in the problems of nurture and education, Adler finds in nurture and education the chief clue to the entire human situation. While Freud seeks his solution of conflict by individual sublimation, Adler seeks it in a more wholesomely organized home, school, and society.

The chief work of psychology thus far has been in the regions of what may roughly be called the normal and the subnormal. But another begins to invite, the region of our possible supernormal powers.

As good evolutionists, we must, of course, believe that our present equipment of powers is not at all the last word in psychic outfitting. We are no doubt destined to develop powers of which we now have not the slightest notion. Are some of these supernormal powers already discernible? That is the problem which the young subsience of parapsychology, or metapsychology, as it is variously called, is trying to solve.

The chief problems which have suggested themselves for research have grown out of certain baffling phenomena. There is, first of all, the phenomenon of action at a distance; for example, the moving of a chair or a table when there is apparently no physical intermediary, knocks when there is apparently no knocker in sight. Again there is the equally baffling phenomenon of

sensation at a distance; as for example, the feeling of a pin-prick or a pinch when the body is not in contact with pin or pinching fingers. Again there is the phenomenon of transferring thoughts without the usual intermediary of words or other physical signs. Then, most baffling of all, there is the apparent production of a substance, ectoplasm, as yet unexplained by the physiological sciences. Finally there are the "communications," delivered either by lips or pencil or other device, and quite without the consciousness of the person or persons communicating.

These phenomena have been studied with the nearest approach to strict laboratory control in France, by such men as Richet, Geley, Boirac, Joire, Osty, and others. In England and America they have, with the coöperation of the Society for Psychical Research, been studied under far more varying conditions of control.

Those who have been in the thick of the research stoutly maintain the reality of one or all of the foregoing phenomena. They differ, however, in their explanations, some attributing the supernormal manifestations to the influence of departed persons, others attributing them to certain as yet unexplained workings of our own minds, like self-suggestion or group-hypnosis. With the rapid increase of rigorous control and laboratory experimentation, there is every reason to believe that another decade or two will find a new region of human powers opened up to our understanding and use. It must be remembered that it was only a few decades ago that hypnotism was

denounced as charlatanry. To-day it is a highly respectable factor in much of our therapeutic psychologizing.

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There have been other regions of exploration of which we can only make mention. There is, for example, the region of social psychology, in which we find outstanding figures—Tarde, Le Bon, Durkheim, Trotter, Dewey, Hall, Baldwin, Thomas, Mead, Cooley, and many others. The problems in this field have been exceedingly complex; only first beginnings have been made to reduce the huge field to order. What has chiefly resulted from the research has been a fairly new conception of man as a creature of the herd, growing up under herd suggestion and herd compulsion, and forming his standards of life and his loyalties not out of pure reason or out of pure ethical ideality, but chiefly out of the pressure of the herd environment. Social psychology is therefore beginning to lead us to a rather drastic revaluation of our social ideals and objectives.

Another region of exploration has been in the field of religion. James was one of the pioneers in this as in many other regions. His "Varieties of Religious Experience" stimulated a wide interest and led, both in America and Europe, to a re-viewing of the religious problem from a psychological rather than from the accustomed metaphysical angle.

Nor must we fail to mention the very practical work done in the field of industrial psychology and the psychology of advertising. In both of these fields the problem of the psychologist has been to study the

human being as a whole, to note what influences him and how the influence can be exerted. Industrial psychology, in particular, in inducing the employers to study the effect of the working conditions upon the workers, has already been fruitful in introducing a far more wholesome atmosphere into the industrial world.

At the present day, one of the foremost issues has been raised by the school of Behaviorists. The members of this school frankly challenge all psychology which in any way bases its conclusions upon the belief in a purely "mental" or "inner" life. They therefore discard introspection and trust only to the observation of outward or physical behavior. This extreme externalism is not only opposed by the traditional introspectionists, who still believe that man has, so to say, an "inside" about which he can speak with some authority, but by a vigorous new school just arising in Germany, called the Gestalt school, which counters Behaviorism on the ground that, through its externalistic approach, it divides up the individual into separate behavior "arcs" and loses count of the essential structural unity which is present in all psychic behavior. At the time of writing the fight goes gaily on, with John Watson the vigorous protagonist of Behaviorism and Koffka and Koehler

the equally convinced protagonists of the Gestalt theory.

Finally it may be of interest to indicate the chief branches into which the science of psychology has divided. They are: physiological psychology, animal psychology, comparative psychology, genetic psychology, experimental psychology, the psychology of the child and the adolescent, social psychology, the psychology of religion, pathological psychology or psychiatry, and para- or metapsychology, the psychology of the supernormal.

The foregoing gives only in sketchiest outline something of the development of psychology during the past twenty-five years. Some aspects of that development we have had to omit altogether, particularly the ingenious work done in devising more accurate methods of experimentation. And yet even this bare outline should make manifest to the reader something of the vigor and the promise of what has taken place.

The science of psychology, as we have indicated, has only just been born. There is every reason to believe that it will yet grow up. As it learns caution and precision, it may even, some day, become a highly respected member of the great council of other sciences. And then it may speak with a power that may yet profoundly influence our human world.

ON MEETING AMERICANS ABROAD

And Discovering One's Own Country There

IRWIN EDMAN

IT HAS become a commonplace that one of the best spots in which to study America in our time is Europe. That is not simply because of the obvious fact that American method and the American tempo are becoming omnipresent in the food, the dancing, and the business of European life. It is because of the still more obvious, almost irritating fact that one cannot any longer spend any length of time abroad without meeting one's fellow-countrymen. It is no longer simply in summer or in Paris that you encounter them. You may find yourself in the heart of Touraine in February or at Nice in August, in the high obscure hill city of Gubbio or in some village tucked away in the wildest of North Wales; the familiar tone, profile, and gesture of a fellow-American are more than likely to appear. If you did nothing else for a year in Europe but study the Americans you met, you would have accomplished a year's important work in sociology.

In a year abroad spent on various parts of the Continent one is sure to meet every variety of American, from the notorious loud-mouthed and quick-paced tourist to the expatriate dawdling out the decline of his life on the disdainful height of an olive-

clad villa above the Arno. America abroad constitutes a country whose population is always more or less transient. Its philosophy, as various as the purse of its inhabitants, is controlled always in some measure by the fact that those inhabitants are away from home. If you are fatuously determined while in Europe to be a European, seeing Americans will be a constant source of irritation. It is hard, just when you feel that you have become pro tem. a Frenchman or a Tuscan, to find yourself jolted back to Dayton or Detroit. But if you are frankly more or less preoccupied even when abroad with your own land, America in Europe becomes another continent to explore.

In a certain sense you discover your fellow-countrymen for the first time when you meet them away from their usual haunts. Whether they have come for a month to see the whole Continent or have lived for a decade in one corner of it, what they have that is characteristically American stands out in almost brazen relief. You come to be aware, as never before, of the American voice when you hear it suddenly in the shrill staccato chatter of an Italian market-place. It may come as a jarring unmusical shock, this famil-

iar drawling monotone, after the musical cadences of French or English speech. It may come as a fine homely suggestion of a hundred mingled memories of home. You may overhear a slang epithet that you have not heard in months, and it will recall forcibly the intense nervous definiteness of a civilization you thought for the time to have completely deserted. You may notice the tilt of a hat or the movement of a hand that in some unaccountable way spells America, or a touch of bright brassy humor that could be none other than transatlantic in its source.

Time and again you come upon America in a phrase, a joke, an intonation, or a gesture, and you are led to ruminate a little on your compatriots. What are they doing here, these energetic countrymen of ours who pass from Paris to Madrid, from Amsterdam to Berlin, as they might from Albany to Rochester. Why have they come? What are they getting out of it? What makes them so immediately and irretrievably different from these natives, among whom they move so quickly and so hermetically, and from all other travelers in these foreign lands.

Perhaps it is the new cheap rates to Europe or that Europe has ceased to be merely a place to visit museums or to buy hats. But there are whole new classes of Americans you meet abroad who cannot be dismissed as conventional quick trotting tourists or vulgar itinerant millionaires. Heaven and the irritated Continental know that there are still sufficient of these; more, doubtless, than ever. You know where to

find and how to avoid them, these hurried idlers who make a loud summer resort of Paris and a loud winter resort of Nice. There is almost nothing in the way of atmosphere they could not find as well or as badly in Atlantic City or in the boom cities of Florida; wines, French dishes, and French shops are about the only differences that distinguish their lives abroad from the lives they would find at equivalent places at home. Almost they need not be studied at all in this connection, for in a profound sense they are not in Europe.



But Europe is filled these days with a younger America that is here for good and serious reasons and has an almost pathetic earnestness in getting something out of it. You meet young men and women in all parts of Europe staying for longer or shorter periods, and for more or less special purposes. An increasing number of fellowships for travel and study abroad pour each year upon the Continent a whole stream of youngsters in their twenties for a wanderjahr. It is not the conventional grand tour. For these travel stipends are, even with the present rate of exchange, not too large. Many of these post-collegians live and travel in Europe even more frugally than they would live and travel at home. They are to be found in the most modest of pensions or wandering in the most out-of-the-way towns and museums.

In Italy they are discoverable spending a month in Florence, trying to swallow *en même temps* the whole of Renaissance art, the whole of the Italian language, and all of Fascism.

In Paris you will have to look for them far from the mundane crowd, in some pension, or in some family far from the Rue de Rivoli, deeper by a good deal in Racine than in Montmartre. Nearly all of them have the haunting presentiment that they may never be in Europe again, and they are counting their minutes as well as their pennies. There is astonishing intensity and efficiency in their attempts to get all there is and all at once. They never miss doing or seeing the native and revealing things of the places at which they happen to be. They will be sure to hear the classics at the Comédie Française, and be present in Siena for the summer festa. In Southern France they will not miss the local wine or the local entremets. All over the Continent they will avoid English when they can, and in England they will try to speak it particularly well. There is none keener than they for detecting the unique qualities and characters of places visited, or reading themselves into sympathy with the objects of their pilgrimage. In their memories and in their collected mementos they are storing up Europe for life.

The young student-wanderers have, of course, the weaknesses of all tourists. They like, for one thing, to feel that they have been where few others have ever gone. It is nice to come home having Ragusa and Helsingfors as well as Paris and London under your cap. They will occasionally be contemptuous of their own country in the enthusiasm of visiting another, or be impatient of a foreign land in the homesick memory of their own. For like other travelers they do grow home-

sick. Many a student plowing through Dante in a room in a pension in Rome, or through Lamartine in a room in a pension in Paris, lives spiritually half the time in his letters to and from home. With all the help afforded by the university unions and the international committees, the student abroad, or the student-traveler abroad, very seldom penetrates into the intimate domestic life of the country in which he happens to be. One out of twenty comes home having acquired a European friend. Few of them in a year come to know familiarly a European family. Very few of them certainly feel themselves Europeanized at the end of a year, and almost none wishes to become expatriate. Long before the end of the year their eyes and imaginations are turned with childlike eagerness toward home.

Where they do get to know or get to be known by Europeans, they are among our best ambassadors. They do much to disabuse the European of the notion that every American is a millionaire. They help to clear them of the belief that most of us are vulgarians. To meet them abroad is to have a sudden pride and a kindled hope in the possibilities of American youth. It is to have a sudden sense also of the distinctive character of that youth, and of its special limitations and indubitable special virtues. They are a well set-up lot, these American student-travelers, for one thing, and display a certain fresh antiseptic energy that marks them out when they appear among a group of Continental students. The American student of, say, twenty-three seems ridicu-

lously naïve compared with some of the eighteen-year-old students among whom he studies when he settles down for a while at a Continental university. He still has to find out the elements of subjects and ideas whose complexities they have long ago taken for granted. His Continental acquaintances are often amused by both his intellectual and moral innocence. The English student's conversation will be sprinkled with casual references to the classic of his own and of ancient tongues; the German student will mingle politics with metaphysics; the Italian student will move easily in the history of fine art and in the ways of the world. All this will bewilder and discourage the American fresh from his B.A. For the wandering bachelor of arts is innocent morally as well as intellectually. A meeting with young Americans abroad sometimes prompts you to consider what babes may win degrees, and degrees with honor, from an American university.

But most of them, at least in the experience of the writer, do not try to hide or belittle their naïveté. Some of them, away for the first time from the restraints of their usual environment, are in terrific haste to remedy their state of innocence. They ape a culture they do not yet possess and a devilry they do not care for. But you are struck peculiarly by their balance, their eagerness, and their good sense. They live in Europe usually as discriminating Americans, not as the esthete's imitation European. They get Europe without succumbing to it. Their six months or a year abroad does not disenchant them with

America. It gives them a perspective on it; it helps them to live more fully as citizens of their own country, and as citizens of the world in whose fortunes that country is involved.

It is hard to speak as highly of the summer migration of undergraduates. For them the new cheap ocean rates have made possible a quick lurid holiday in Europe. Many an innkeeper on the Continent has mixed memories of American collegian visitors. You wonder whether the average American collegian on his return has clear memories of anything. But for even the most scatter-brained of them Europe must be at least a visual experience. For those with any degree of intelligence or feeling, even a hurried trip through the Continent or England must make literature and history much less a matter of hearsay when they return in the autumn. The sound of French or the look of Oxford must be for many of them an elementary lesson in cosmopolitanism.



There are other Americans you meet in Europe whose presence you cannot so clearly account for. In many cases you are certain that Europe is for them in the nature of some sort of flight from boredom, from perplexity, from disappointment. If you meet such cases in a lonely place, a little off the beaten track, where America seems very far away, you may, over a bottle of wine, learn why they are there.

The writer has met in the course of less than a year at least a dozen men between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five who have discovered at the end of several years in some

business or profession that they did not like it. They have come to spend their accumulated savings and an uncertain length of time to try to think out what they should do next. They drift through Europe from one place to another, not much caring where, until their minds are made up or their purses exhausted. For them the charm of the Continent consists chiefly in the fact that it is three thousand miles from home, and that they are for a time where they are known by nobody and where they owe explanations to no relatives. Or you run into men who persist in believing that they can come to Europe and leave their crucifixion of spirit at home.

There are older people, elderly married couples, released by a small funded income, to wander aimlessly and not very happily from one famous place to another. They do not know when or if they are ever coming home, or why they are staying, or quite why they came. They are pathetic castaways living aimlessly in no world at all. There are sad-eyed men and women of varying ages who have come to forget something or other, and in the loneliness of distance they will tell you, perhaps, what they have come to forget or how lonely they are.

Even people you think to have known fairly well at home will in the stimulation and liberation of being in a foreign country suddenly reveal themselves as they would not dream of doing or dare to do in twenty years' conversation at home. There are professors who will betray their disillusion with scholarship or education, or who will lapse into sentiment or sentimentalism that they would

never permit themselves amid the respectable frigidities of a campus. There are business men who have a surprising childishness and humility here amid the inconveniences of a foreign language and far from their telephones and secretaries. All their brusque efficiency is gone, and in Sicily or at Cap d'Antibes they may suddenly confess a doubt about the distant busy preoccupations of their lives.

Some of the driftwoods seem bound to stay forever, if they have any income and if they consider the rate of exchange. It is certainly the low rate of exchange in the Latin countries that is responsible for the large semi-permanent literary colony you meet nowadays abroad. Nor is this literary colony simply a long-talking non-working Bohemia. Paris and all of Italy are filled with industrious literary men who find it convenient to live where American checks will pay for taxis instead of subway tickets, and where the receipts of one fairly successful book will permit life in semi-luxury for a year. These also can hardly be described as really living abroad. For what is alive in them, their spirit, is at home. Their intellectual food consists largely of American books, periodicals, and press-clippings. Their social life consists largely in conversation with kindred Americans settled like themselves for reasons of convenience in Europe.

But it is not the low exchange that explains the presence of the large body of expatriates you meet all over Europe, especially in Paris and Italy. These permanent exiles are a sadly interesting lot. They are interesting if for no other reason than that they

remain sometimes after twenty years inescapably American. They betray themselves to the visitor from home by their wistful, half-concealed, half-feverish concern with events and personalities in the land they have deserted. They are Rip Van Winkles who have been all these years only half asleep, and in their dozing have caught whispers of the world to which they were once awake. They seem, many of them, to be minor characters out of the less competent of Henry James's novels. You are peculiarly sure to find them in or above Florence, among the hills of the island paradise of Capri, among the almost luridly lyrical colors of Taormina. For it is Europe as a soft esthetic refuge that has brought and kept these here. A rococo villa above the Arno is their surrogate for the Ivory Tower. Twenty years in Italy have made them not the least Italian in their tastes or sympathies. Their Italian is often primitive, and they know no natives other than their servants or Andrea del Sarto and Botticelli. Theirs is a closed world consisting of luncheon parties at each other's villas, or the entertainment, sometimes on a grand scale, of a tolerable spirit from the barbarous active frontier world which they disdain from afar. A faint scorn and a faint unmistakable discontent are in their voices, their faces, and their words. They will never come home, and, for all their obvious luxury and apparent peace, they have for twenty years been spiritually starved and emotionally homeless. They have lost contact with the only public opinion that has any meaning for them. There is nothing particularly exciting

to do, and the rôle of spectator has lost all its excitements, since the spectacle is no longer a novelty. They are the most unhappy Americans in Europe. They are homesick, and they will never come home.

Out of these multitudinous impressions of these so various Americans you meet abroad, you begin to frame an impression of a civilization whose *mores* have combined to stamp a race. The theory of the melting-pot may be true or false; the anthropologists may argue that out among themselves. The notion of an American race may be a fairy-tale or a remote possibility. But meeting your fellow-countrymen abroad leads you to accept the fairy-tale and believe in the possibility. It is more than the lean jaw, the straight head, the even, always slightly nasal voice. They may be young or old, eager tourists or disillusioned exiles; they have certain common qualities that are as striking as the dark skin of the Italians or the reticent unconcern of the Britisher. The very qualities that sometimes make them offensive in Europe are the defects of a certain rough virtue.

Mark Twain long ago celebrated with broad strokes and defensive sympathy the American innocent abroad. He made most persuasive that honest provincialism which refuses to think of guides as prophets or of guide-books as Bibles, and which will not be bulldozed into awe by things that are simply famous or old. One has laughed a thousand times over Americans who divide among themselves the task of seeing a museum, or let one member of a family do the outside of a cathedral

while the other one takes the inside. But there is something to be said for the traveler who will not stay more than ten minutes in the Pitti Palace in Florence if he finds the pictures dull. Much of what is condemned as Philistinism may be defended as honesty; much that passes for crudeness is simply lack of cultural pretense.

The American, especially the young American abroad, is often sniffed at for too much humility rather than for too little. There is of course, Mark Twain's impudent rough-neck who blows out a light that he learns has been burning a thousand years. But there are thousands of others all too ready to think that any little light of other days outshines even the blazing contemporary sun. There are numberless youths too timid to be outright American, and anxious to be courteously imitative of other people's habits and manners and accents. But if a youngster is humble for a time in Europe, it will not hurt him or hurt his capacity to be a citizen of his own time and country. Why should he not be hushed into humility by a civilization whose mere age and range must bewilder a young

citizen of a young country? When he gets home there will be plenty of people about, to teach him respect for the bright and shining and new.

"Punch" smiled once at a mythical American girl who asked a London policeman the nearest way to an English skylark. But that naïve hunt for background was based, after all, on a loving acquaintance with Shelley. There is, after all, something appealing in a traveler who goes hunting for a skylark of which a poet has caused her to dream.

The roughness and the humility, the nervous haste, the nostalgia and the sense of alienation that are revealed by Americans in Europe are symptoms of the fact that the American abroad is a type and a character. He is always a stranger, a rather self-conscious stranger in a world he feels to be different from his own. It is from that sense of difference often that an American learns to discover his own country, and his own implication in its life and fortunes. He goes home, in most cases, a rather finer American. Europe has become naturalized in his eyes and imagination; often for the first time America has become naturalized in his head and heart.

ABSENCE

HELEN BAKER PARKER

'Tis not the parting that I fear, but your return;
Not fond farewell, but words you may not say
 in greeting;
Not seas uncharted where unmeasured planets burn,
But distance traveled in your heart before
 our meeting.

THE FARMER'S PLACE UNDER THE SUN

His Basic Difficulties a Menace to Our Stability

WILLIAM M. JARDINE

THERE is a rather widespread impression in the cities that agriculture in the United States has recovered from its post-war difficulties and that it needs no legislative consideration or other attention at this time. It is true that there has been a remarkable improvement in farm conditions since 1921. But progress has been slow and has been, broadly speaking, a succession of regional advances. The Wheat Belt, the South, the Pacific territory, the dairy regions, the diversified East, have made substantial progress, with, however, various setbacks from time to time, such as the present cotton situation. That part of the Western range country which is devoted to sheep has prospered, but the cattle territory, like the Corn Belt, has faced heavy odds for five years, though it now is on the road to better times.

All this, however, is the surface situation. The community at large has not seen the close-up shock of the depression period on the farms. It is difficult to visualize the details of an economic depression that spread itself through thousands upon thousands of homes over the length and breadth of the land. When the country as a whole attempts to appraise the current agricultural

situation, the picture must be cast against the background of events since 1920. The country must understand that and give it weight.

Underneath the surface the farmers of the United States are struggling with a disparity between their receipts and their costs, debts, and fixed charges that is peculiarly a heritage of the war. They are struggling with a problem of recurrent unavoidable surpluses, which is the outgrowth of the modern division of labor or complex exchange economy. These basic difficulties are a serious drag on our agriculture and a menace to the stability and prosperity of the United States generally. It is a wholesome and significant sign of the times that the men of affairs in urban life are giving so attentive an ear to agricultural problems. We make history fast in this young country, so fast that it is a little difficult sometimes to maintain the perspective on some of our shifting economic issues.

It was only the day before yesterday, figuratively speaking, that one could go up the Hudson Valley, out through the Mohawk, and into the Genesee country, and one was in the heart of the nation's granary. Western New York was the great wheat belt, and Ohio was the frontier range

country. Men still living can tell first-hand stories of the old cattle drives every fall from Ohio over the mountains down to Philadelphia and New York. Then, within a single lifetime, the vast stretches of our West were opened up. Back of this westward sweep surged an irresistible pressure of population. The great necessity was for development of the natural resources to get the land opened up and set to producing.

Among other things, it has produced some problems of agricultural adjustment which are now nothing less than a national concern. A narrow view of agricultural problems will no longer suffice, a fact which the best minds in city as well as country recognize. The business men of this country are interested in keeping agriculture in the market. The consumers of this country are interested in the maintenance of an even flow of food products at prices they can afford to pay.

I want to make clear that, for the long pull, I am an optimist on farming conditions. Our agriculture may be distressed, but it is far from disabled. It is at bottom a sound going business. In the long run, it will have its measure of prosperity, for such cannot be permanently withheld from that part of the community which produces the necessities of life and which does so on terms of high relative efficiency.

It is not necessary to advert to the obvious interrelationships by which our agriculture and urban industry are so closely knit. The United States has made long strides on the road to becoming an industrial country. But our resources in land are enormous; our agricultural pro-

duction is the most efficient in the world; our rural population is a strong and virile social group. During the last three or four years the cities have enjoyed a marked degree of prosperity which has made the farmer's difficulties stand out the more sharply by contrast.

It is an unquestionable fact that agriculture has not been getting its fair share of the national income. That is not due to any lack of efficiency in production. The question is, of course, what can be done toward solving the problem. It is a question to be approached sanely and carefully. The approach to the solution seemingly must be both from the angle of action on the farm and from that of public action.

That such sound legislation as will help agriculture to an equitable place in the existing economic order is a national concern and responsibility, is admittedly true. For example, it has seemed to me fundamental that legislation designed to affect the prices of farm products must have full regard not only for the common interests, but likewise for the conflicting interests of all regions. We can get nowhere with a national legislative program that helps some farmers at the expense of others. I believe our national policy should reckon with the fact that agriculture is not yet restored to equality in the general economic situation. Whatever responsibility for this situation rests with public agencies must be fully recognized. Much helpful legislation has been passed during the last five or six years, but more can be done. The expansion of our farmland area may require legislative action. I am opposed to bringing

new areas under cultivation until we have found a market for the products we are now producing, as I am against attempts to determine economic law by means of legislation. The four major subjects demanding attention are freight-rates, taxation, utilization of the public domain, and coöperation.

One thing stands out forcibly; that is, the natural division of interest between great agricultural sections of the country, which are, in many cases, important consumers of each other's products. Farmers of the East are heavy buyers of Western grain. The North is a buyer of cotton products. The South is a heavy buyer of Northern pork products, grains, and feedstuffs. Even within the same region the grain grower's finished product may be the live-stock feeder's raw material, and so on. With regard to the basic surplus, the problem is not confined to any one section. It is a problem that fruit growers, live-stock raisers, dairymen, cotton and potato growers, tobacco raisers, grain producers, and producers of nearly every staple farm product have to grapple with from time to time.

The industrial community has shared in the nation's prosperity, although the picture differs as between certain industries. The textile and coal industries are examples of groups which have had serious difficulties through this period of generally good times, while a great and prolonged boom has carried urban development forward in a marvelous fashion. Accordingly farmers in certain sections have fared much better than others. Sheep raisers, for example, have

made profits for three years. Wheat growers did well last year and are doing well now. Dairy and poultry producers felt the depression relatively less than certain other farmers.

With regard to cotton, the basic economic conditions have not altered, and I am convinced that the situation is very largely due to panic conditions which seem temporary. Cotton producers must soon realize that the intrinsic value of the 1926 crop has not changed. Cotton is not a perishable commodity. We have the necessary facilities for storing the crop for months or even years and ample credit to carry it. Cotton in storage is probably the soundest basis for credit that we know. The people of the world need all the cotton that we can produce, and we are in a position to supply their needs in an orderly manner. Meanwhile all private and federal agencies have been made available to care for the emergency.

Certainly I do not share the view, expressed by some, that a large cotton crop or a large carry-over from one season to the next is a misfortune. It is to the best interest of both producer and consumer to avoid wide fluctuations in cotton prices. The best way to avoid such fluctuations is to be prepared to carry continuously an ample reserve, sufficiently large to absorb any surplus from one or more good seasons and to supplement the shortage of several bad seasons. We are now in position to begin the creation of such a reserve. In fact, we should accept the present opportunity and make the most of it.

Agriculture cannot make its ad-

justments in production to demand as rapidly and accurately as can industry. It is handicapped by weather, diseases, limitations of soil and climate, slow business turnover, and other more or less uncontrollable influences. Nature will give bountiful yields in some years, even though acreage may have been decreased. Certainly it is to the interest of the entire community that agriculture should not be periodically depressed by over-production and low prices. Business at large has almost an equal interest with agriculture in preventing any undue fluctuations in farm commodity prices. Measures to regulate the movement of surpluses into consumption are needed so as to lessen speculative hazards and prevent unnecessary price fluctuations. But I am opposed to government handling of farm products; I am opposed to price fixing.

Of course, it is well to differentiate between surpluses. It may be a useful carry-over from one producing season to another, part of which is involved in the process of manufacture and distribution, and part of which is the national reserve against fluctuating seasonal production. It may be over-production beyond the domestic and world demand.

There are, I believe, two general avenues of approach to a solution of the surplus problem. One is through the better management of production. The other is through marketing and distribution.

In the first instance the problems must be dealt with from the farm end. I have said repeatedly that a substantial part of the farmer's problems must be solved on the farm, and I say it with full under-

standing of the difficulties that face the individual. I have been up against them.

The ideal solution is to have the best possible adjustment of production to market requirements. This is much more feasible to-day than in the hit-or-miss situation of a few years ago. The process of collecting and disseminating the necessary information which helps farmers to adjust their production programs to consuming demand is rapidly being improved. Reliable estimates, surveys, and reports give the farmer of to-day great advantage in his planning. It is essential to have the utmost efficiency in farm operation, however. There is no formula under the sun that can guarantee the well-being of the inefficient producer.

With due allowances, after the individual farmer has put his house in order, what remains to be done by the public agencies?

This is controversial ground. There is not always complete agreement between various group interests.

There are, however, three major issues. There is the problem of storage of a given harvest, pending consumption during the year or season, and of storage for the carry-over. We have then, in all storage questions, the immediate problem of credit. Beyond these two issues of storage and credit lies merchandizing. Merchandizing is the orderly control of the stream of supplies to the consumer. I regard this as the central problem. We can solve the first two by better provision of facilities, but we can solve the third only by collective action.

It is a difficult field, but I believe farmers through their organizations have a most powerful instrument to control the movement of surpluses into consumptive channels. A measure of the progress already achieved in this direction is the fact that nearly one fifth of our agricultural business, or about \$2,500,000,000 worth, was done last year through farmers' business organizations.

The activities of government agencies in connection with the surplus problem should, in my judgment, supplement and assist rather than control and direct the efforts of the farmers themselves and their associations. To accomplish this may call for enabling legislation. Even if direct government interference in the channels of trade were to be tolerated by the consuming public, it would lead to heavier production, and ultimately to an aggravation of the whole problem. Government buying and selling, if successful, would smother the coöperative movement, because it would eliminate the incentive for collective action.

Although coöperative marketing is a farmers' movement, it is not in any proper sense a selfish class movement and holds no menace either to consumers or to other business interests. There is plenty of room for action here without injuring the rights of the consumer by any development of trading practices in restraint of trade. Farm production is so extensive and varied, so dependent on nature, that restriction of it to the point at which the consumer's interests would be menaced is a remote possibility.

The chief aim of coöperative marketing is not to obtain for the

producers the profits of independent merchants, but rather to contribute to and effect better merchandizing methods than previously were employed in the marketing of farm commodities. Business agriculture to-day demands that we bring about a better balance between production and distribution. American farmers can more effectively apply modern business methods to their business and effect integration in the production and distribution of agricultural products by banding themselves together in coöperative groups. In coöperative marketing organizations the members do not contribute their services in the informal way in which one farmer may help another in harvesting or threshing. They take an additional step and contribute capital to finance a joint business enterprise, and enter into agreements which specify the duties of each member. When this occurs, coöperation takes on a more or less definite legal status, and meets problems similar to those of other business organizations. American farmers' coöperatives must find and fill their place in the agricultural, commercial, and industrial life of the nation. There is also a real need for a better understanding and appreciation of the coöperative movement by the general public.

The tremendous development of coöperative marketing in the last ten years is not an accident. It is an inevitable outgrowth of the times. Perhaps a picture of the revolution that American farm machinery has wrought in crop production may not be amiss. Could the farmer of Pharaoh's time have been suddenly reincarnated and set down in our

grandfather's wheat-fields, he could have picked up the grain-cradle and gone to work with a familiar tool at a perfectly familiar job. And then, within twenty years, the methods of crop production underwent greater changes than in the previous five thousand years. At one stride we covered ground where fifty centuries had left almost no mark of progress whatever.

As a result, not forgetting the war itself, the farmer has emerged from the old self-sufficient economy, wherein surplus production was a blessing, into a modern specialized economy wherein the exchange value of his products is the vital consideration and an undue surplus of products is anything but a blessing. So we have come to hear the farmer talking a great deal about orderly marketing.

Much has been said, and is said, about the "middleman." I have little use for the demagogues who forever cry blindly against the middleman, laying at his door all the troubles that beset agriculture. The machinery of distribution is just as essential as that of production. I do want, however, to impress upon every one that no small part of the agricultural problem of to-day unquestionably centers on the marketing rather than on the production end. We shall all be better off if we recognize and accept that fact. Agriculture is facing a problem of efficiency in merchandizing much as it has hitherto faced and solved the problem of efficiency in production.

The farmers of this country have become the most efficient agricultural producers in the world under our traditional governmental policy which for generations has

fostered and promoted agricultural production. It is too much to hope that any single piece of legislation will provide a panacea for all the difficulties that beset agriculture. We are dealing with a general problem which has been the concern of nearly every civilized government. What I hope for is that we can at least take a long forward step in assuring to farmers a firm place in our economic progress with a full and equitable share in the national income.

The relationship of the government to coöperative associations may be loose and informal or close and authoritative. It may range all the way from a mere let-alone policy to one of thoroughgoing supervision and minute regulation. Of course, neither extreme is within the range of practical policy. What the government can do further to assist depends upon the funds available for such work and the demands of the coöperative associations. What the Department of Agriculture is already doing indicates the nature of the service it can give.

It is not proposed, on the other hand, that the coöperative movement should be hampered by government regulations. Coöperation in the United States has developed from the needs and experiences of the farm people. The weight of experience in this country shows that it should begin as an economic movement of the rural communities and that it should be free to develop in accordance with their needs and the opportunities for service. It seems obvious, moreover, that supervision and control are not desirable. Coöperative associations are, to re-

peat, business concerns. Like other business concerns they must eventually stand or fall by themselves.



Speaking of the middleman makes pertinent some references to the real causes for the spreads between prices received by producers and those paid by consumers. The most important factor in the creation of these large spreads is the cost of extensive services imposed upon the distribution structure as a result of present-day methods of living. Services multiply in the terminal markets. It is here that the greater part of the difference between producer price and consumer price is incurred.

Studies conducted by government agencies confirm this observation. It appears from these that profits of the various distributing agencies are not of first importance in determining the wide spreads. Profits in such cases are of relatively small significance when expressed in terms of the retail price to consumers. It is the cost of services rendered by the various agencies of distribution which are of greatest importance in causing wide spreads.

For example, a study of city distribution margins and contributing factors, carried out in some detail in the New York Port District in coöperation with the Port Authority, showed that the combined jobbing and retail margin for fourteen important fruits and vegetables was about 47 per cent of the final retail price. About four fifths of this combined margin measures the size of the average retail margin for the fourteen commodities. Although the study relates particularly to

conditions existing in the New York Port District, facts of general importance have been brought out.

Terminal handling costs, which consist mainly of freight-car movement within the terminal area and truck hauls to jobber and to retailer, amounted on the average to somewhat less than 10 per cent of the retail price. These costs for a sack of Michigan potatoes were greater for the terminal movement of about fifteen miles than they were for the entire road haul of more than a thousand miles. The chief element of cost in terminal handling is that of trucking. An analysis of this item of expense indicated that of the average dollar paid as trucking charges on fruits and vegetables, 25 cents went to pay for idle time because of lack of work during trucking hours; 21 cents were necessary to meet the expense of unproductive work—delay at terminals, trips with part loads, and other partly unproductive efforts; 26 cents paid for operating expenses incurred during productive operation; 14 cents covered loading expense; and 14 cents remained for the owner as salary and profit. Thus 46 cents out of each dollar received from trucking charges were required to maintain facilities in idleness and unproductive service during working hours.

Notwithstanding the extent of distribution inefficiency indicated by this analysis, there appears to be slight possibility of any great saving in trucking costs with the present handicap of out-of-date receiving arrangements.



A word with regard to farm credit. Farmers are, generally speaking,

receiving better prices for their products than at any time in the past five years; and, with good crops, the two factors have materially improved their financial position. But nevertheless there are many regions where the small farmer, particularly, is at disadvantage. While certain of the present difficulties of farmers trace back to easy credit, many farmers are especially handicapped in getting credit accommodations at reasonable cost. There are some regions where local capital is insufficient to meet the legitimate needs of agriculture, and where the cost of short-time loans is excessively high. Crop liens and chattel mortgages often interfere with the proper marketing of crops.

This state of affairs has at times hampered the development of coöperative marketing associations, but these conditions need not persist. They can be corrected by the organization of agricultural credit corporations, through which the intermediate credit banks can be reached. The intermediate credit banks have gone far in financing

coöperative marketing associations; they can do much also for the individual farmer by means of the credit corporations. Of course, machinery has been provided by the government for both long-time and short-time credit, but much still remains to be done to bring the services of these institutions to the farmer. This is especially true of the federal intermediate credit system. This constructive piece of credit legislation will give maximum benefits to the farmer only if the system is thoroughly vitalized.

I am not advocating the organization of new agricultural credit corporations where established credit agencies are already adequately serving the farmer. But I do want to emphasize the importance of developing credit machinery which serves the farmer adequately and reasonably in times of depression as well as in times of prosperity.

In conclusion it should be pointed out that progress is being made, slowly perhaps, but inevitably. The American farmer will have his place under the sun.

MARIE-LOUISE

LESLIE GORDON BARNARD.

IT WAS on a Saturday afternoon that I ran into Lawrence Ashcroft on the street. He was hurrying along with that slightly bookish stoop to his shoulders that would be more pronounced if we, who were his intimates, had left him still more to his reading and writing, instead of insisting on occasional periods of recreation away from the city and his customary circles. For the holiday before last I had been responsible, a glorious two months in northern Quebec; now I remembered, with a slight inward uneasiness but an outward smile, that he must have been back some time from his European honeymoon.

"The art gallery!" he replied, rather crisply I thought, in answer to my question as to his immediate destination.

"Does Marie-Louise take kindly to the artistic life?" I asked him. I could have bitten my tongue out after it was said.

His eyes shot to mine. He replied, quickly enough, parrying it with a smile: "One cannot expect everything! I take her to all the exhibitions!"

A great desire came upon me to see again the little rose-checked Marie-Louise of our glorious Laurentian days. I hinted something of the kind. Perhaps he thought his non-committal silence would put me off,

but it only increased my obstinacy, and I fell into step beside him, wittingly blind to any decencies involved. His slight stoop seemed to increase, as if I had, by my company, put an added burden on his shoulders. As we approached the broad steps of the gallery, he swung upon me. "Look here," he said, "you think I'm meeting Marie-Louise. I'm not! It's just—a friend. I'm sorry, old chap, but—"

He smiled again in dismissal. In a moment I should have left him, but suddenly the smile on his face died and suffered a curious resurrection. This latter was not for me. I turned instinctively. A slim autumn creature came gaily up; there was a little stirring of breeze behind her that seemed to carry her lightly to us; I thought of a scarlet leaf dancing in autumn wind and sunshine.

"Both of you!" she cried, offering a hand to each of us, but letting mine drop first.

"Mrs. Holling!" I cried, with due deference to the bridal state of one who was Patricia Ward.

"Pat to my friends, please!" she chided. "Come along, Lorry; I'm just famished to see some pictures with you!"

Ashcroft hesitated, his eyes on me with an evasion natural, perhaps, in a newly married man about to escort through the gallery a newly

married woman, and embarrassed by the unexpected presence of a mutual friend who knew how, having been as good as engaged, they had gone their respective ways and married elsewhere. . . .

"You'll come with us, of course?" suggested Ashcroft briefly, explaining to Patricia that I had thought of accompanying him.

"Of course!" she agreed, readily enough, but her eyes shot fire that her pretty lids were not quick enough to cover. With an impulsive movement she put a hand on Ashcroft's arm; it was a possessive gesture. Remembering Marie-Louise, I felt suddenly chill. The high interior of the gallery was like a mausoleum after the brilliant sunshine of the street.



It was not my purpose to force my society upon them, even if my obstinacy had brought me this far. To do so I felt would be a disservice to our little Marie-Louise. I became ostensibly interested in a group of paintings, and left them to their own devices. The real fact was that my mental chaos cast a blur over the pictures, and only gradually did they come into focus. And there again I must amend my statement, for it was one small thing in oils that had, almost subconsciously, attracted me, and that now held me to the exclusion of all others. "Spring in the Laurentians" it was called, though I did not need the catalogue to tell me that. A simple enough composition: a French-Canadian house of the better sort, a thing of honest stone and broad mortar, of casements below and dormer-windows above, un-

spoiled by any of the modern gewgaws that a more flimsy and ornate and superficial taste has introduced. Set on a slight rise, the land sloped away from it in curious convolutions of brown earth, with snow in white patches still, and, working through it all, a faint ethereal green, so elusive yet so pervasive one caught one's breath. This spring patchwork melted into soft haze at the foot of the low encircling hills that formed the background. In the foreground, the April sun had stirred the little farmyard into activity: some hardy fowls scratched in the uncovered mud and straw; a few ducks waddled toward a muddy-colored stream that ran in a depression to the right, a tiny stream but so grown big with spring that it flooded the roots and lower trunks of a thin growth of trees on its banks—young poplars and one or two sugar-maples, to catch whose sap cans were hung. As yet the branches were bare, but some cloudy promise hung over and about them, and, as one looked, faint life seemed to stir, and one felt again that sense of an all-pervasive green. . . .

I knew at once it was Brynner's; nobody but Brynner could have done the subtle thing, and I remembered he was to have gone up the week-end after we left. For this was the house of Paul Choquette, and one required little imagination to fancy that the figure, barely suggested in the doorway, was that of Marie-Louise herself. It induced in me a curious sensation, not wholly painful; I cared to see no other painting than this; I sat down on the leather-covered couch opposite and remained drinking it in . . . living

again those holidays at St. Lemaire in the hills—those winter days with long woodsy tramps while the surface remained unbroken save by our snow-shoes, and then the sudden break-up of spring, the real ecstasy of seeing the first brown earth where a wheel of old Paul's wagon rutted through; of hearing the gurgle of running water under the thinning ice of the stream, the cawing promise of a crow high up in the April sky; of watching the comradeship of my friend Ashcroft and little Marie-Louise, caught in the toils of spring themselves, their love-affair as delicate and subtle as that pervasive green of Brynner's picture. Mixed with it was a fear, on my part, of heartbreak for Marie-Louise, if this should pass and come to nothing, forgetting that a man, in a case like Lorry's, may be caught on the rebound, and held . . . at least as long as spring is in the air. Perhaps I was a fool not to think further, not to consider the greater heartbreak that might follow any more permanent attachment.

His poetry was mixed up in it too. You may have read "Spring Hill-sides," by Lawrence Ashcroft. It was there he wrote the greater part of it—to me the finest thing he has done, for it smells of the soil, and touches the humanities, though he regards it more lightly. He used to read the stuff to Marie-Louise, whose English, for she was convent-bred for several formative years, is good.

Sitting there, I could picture the interior: the little "front parlor" especially opened for us; the window wide to admit the sweet spring air; Ashcroft sunk back in a deep horse-hair-upholstered chair; Marie-Louise

curled up like a happy kitten on an ancient sofa; and Ashcroft reading, "The crooked road that runs beside the barn

Is putting on a garb of ragged brown—"

at which Marie-Louise would sigh happily, shaking her head that he should think of that which she had seen each year when spring came around; or again,

"My window, growing weary of the white

Of Winter's onslaughts, now rejoices in

The slow soft pulse of Spring that beats itself

Against the panes in cloudy tints of green—"

when she would cry, her voice breaking a little, and her eyes eager almost to tears: "Oh, m'sieu! Oh, m'sieu!"

I thought then: "She will do! She understands!"—forgetting, of course, how Ashcroft had always said: "When I want real criticism I have to go to Pat for it. She's not just gush and emotion; there's a lot of solid intellect and judgment to anchor it!"

But it was spring then at the home of Marie-Louise, at St. Lemaire in the hills. And he seemed well satisfied that she should cry in that eager, broken way of hers:

"Oh, m'sieu! Oh, m'sieu!"

Often during the winter that followed my autumn meeting with Lawrence Ashcroft and Patricia Holling at the art gallery, I thought of how they came upon me as I still sat there engrossed in Brynner's picture.

"There's a good thing!" cried Pat, with her quick little way of forming assured opinions.

"Yes," agreed Lorry gravely. "It's good!" His eyes, as if they could not help themselves, flashed to mine. How can I express the thing I saw in them? The most precious things of life are often the most elusive; to put finger on them is to let them slip. What was it? I do not know. Something as haunting as that cloudy spring of which he wrote; more elusive, for Brynner managed to catch that with his brush. It was gone like a shimmering bubble touched by the eager finger of a child, for I tried almost with anguish to seize it, as if indeed I might hand it to Marie-Louise—a shred of happiness perhaps—but as I reached, it disappeared.

"Better come along with us to tea!" Lorry said, and like a fool I went. Marie-Louise, tremblingly happy over putting her wedding tea-service and china of undreamt-of daintiness to use, and childishly clumsy at her task, poured for us and served us. She was so glad, so glad to have Madame Holling. Also to have me, "comrade of happy, happy days," she whispered in my ear, proud of the felicity of her English phrase! Patricia sat there, deep in a corner of the Chesterfield, where the lamp-glow could burnish her red-gold hair to advantage, accepting the girl's ministrations with sweet and dainty graciousness, her fingers like delicately painted ivory against the honest red still showing on those of Marie-Louise from her days of labor on the farm. Occasionally, at some trifling *gaucherie* of the girl's, she would smile quickly at Lorry, her

head a little on one side, as if to say, "But how quaint, my dear!" Ashcroft would fidget, and I found myself hating the crinkles about Pat's keenly observant eyes.

Afterward, while the two were busy over the reviews of a new book, I got Marie-Louise aside, asking how she liked married life.

Her eyes were like stars; tears welled up. "You will think me so silly," she said, "but that is how it is with me—and him! He is so wonderful to me. One cannot speak of it." And then she shook the tears brightly from her. "Oh, I can see how greatly he must have cared when there were—others—such as she. Others who are not—" She laughed gently. "But there, he will not have me say that I am, after all—just ordinary!"

No, I could understand that he would not. There are thoughts that will not bear expression in words.

"Besides," agreed Marie-Louise, her big eyes gravely upon me, "it would be very terrible—would it not?—to be—just ordinary—to one's beloved!"

Not once during that first winter of her married life did Marie-Louise express in words any uneasiness or mistrust of her man. And I doubt if any was in her simple heart. She had exalted him to a pinnacle; and what he did up there, being right in his eyes, was right in hers. In some ways this was the very worst attitude she could have taken. Especially did her mention of his work irritate him, I could see. She had a way, when guests were in for instance, of speaking with a certain awed breathlessness about it. Anything he

wrote was wonderful to her. And Ashcroft, more than at her incompetence of judgment, her lack of the finer discrimination in literary matters, was annoyed at such candor in circles accustomed to pose a little about the things they created.

When I say guests, I mean the occasional enlargements of his literary circle; ordinarily it was to Patricia Holling that he turned. You would think, sometimes, that it was her house, not Marie-Louise's, the cool way she had of making herself at home. Holling himself had turned out no good at all. We heard of him in Europe—ostensibly on a business trip, but word drifted back of some entanglement in Paris. In justice to Ashcroft, it was I who, long before he had any inkling, I believe, became aware of the subtle desperate game Pat was playing for happiness. She was intensely modern, of course, and superior to old-fashioned ideas of marriage. Old Lorry and she both had made a ghastly mess of the business, and the sensible thing was to recognize it and retrieve the future. I wasn't supposed to hear that. She chose an unfortunate time to be confidential with a woman friend; she caught my eye as I passed, saw I had heard, and flashed a quick defiance at me.

We met at tea the next Saturday, at Ashcroft's. He had just received advance copies from his publisher of a new edition of his "Collected Poems," and demanded the communion of a fellow-artist in celebration.

I can imagine the tiger gleam in Pat's eyes when I was announced that afternoon!

I left them, however, to their rapt consideration of the new volume.

Marie-Louise was coming from the kitchen, after some instructions to the maid—always an embarrassment to her who had been accustomed to all menial work—and I intercepted her in the hall. She drew me over to a corner where, through leaded panes, the sunshine of late afternoon was touching a plain black vase, from whose dark mouth a bundle of pussy-willows lifted themselves.

"This morning," she informed me, "the baker's boy brought them! He and I have such great talks! He also is from the country!" She was wearing a simple black dress; the sleeve fell back, displaying a white arm as she reached up to stroke the gray silky things. I thought, "She too is Spring in a black vase!" . . . She said: "You will hardly believe it, but I cried over them. Yes, like a great big baby, I cried!" Her eyes were brimming now, but with ecstasy. "Such a secret to tell you!" she confided. "Oh, my dear friend, how could I do without springtime in the country? But my dearest promised me, all winter he has promised me we should go—as soon as spring breaks, and the sap is running, and the stream is waking, and the silly fowls are cackling their heads off! It is to be our second honeymoon!" She broke off. "Oh dear! The tea has gone in, and I am not there! Come along!"

We entered the living-room, where a cheerful fire burned, and soft lights were agleam against the orange glow of the window. Patricia Holling, regal and composed, in a rather audacious gown of jade green, was calmly pouring tea from Marie-Louise's wedding silver tea-pot into Marie-Louise's best wedding china!

Through much travail Marie-Louise had learned to perform this office with distinction; she was immensely proud of it. Ashcroft knew that; had himself praised her. It was a little thing, perhaps, but I heard Marie-Louise catch her breath, to see the girl there pouring tea as if she were the mistress. "Lorry was famished," Pat explained coolly, "so we went ahead. How do you take yours, Mrs. Ashcroft?"

Poor Marie-Louise crimsoned; stumbled over words. I don't believe she knew how she took her tea. It was always her delight to serve others; her own cup she filled mechanically if at all. "Mrs. Holling spoke to you!" said Ashcroft sharply. "Cream and two lumps, isn't it?"

She nodded quickly. If he had said four lumps and no cream she would have known no difference. Irritation showed in his eyes that his wife should appear so stupid before his guests; I rose and transferred the cup from Patricia to Marie-Louise, drawing a small console-table near enough to her elbow to set the thing. Her hands were beyond the power of holding it, I felt.

You know how a little thing like that can create a most fearful abyss of silence, and how one is apt to topple unwise words into it.

"I was admiring the pussy-willows in the hall," I began. "By Jove, they make you feel the winter's broken at last! I'd like to be going up with you to the old spot, Lorry!"

Pat's eyes flashed up, to me and then to him. "Going where?"

"St. Lemaire," said Ashcroft shortly. "Marie-Louise's home. She hasn't been home, you know, since we were married!"

Patricia nibbled at her toast.

"When did you say?"

"April!" nodded Marie-Louise eagerly, childishly snatched from her depths by this turn of conversation, and the joy of anticipation. "It is just the grandest month at home!"

"April?" Pat turned to Ashcroft, brows puckered. "Oh, Lorry! How could you plan that—when you know my recitals are to be then?"

"But I didn't know they were coming off that soon!"

"Well—they are!" She bit decisively into her toast. I knew intuitively that she had decided on the dates definitely at that moment. Marie-Louise looked small and frightened, forgetting to eat or drink, not understanding the subtleties of polite composure. Ashcroft did not look up from his cup. "We'll have to see about it," he said non-committally, but I heard the quick intake of Marie-Louise's breath.

The anger that blazed in me found vent when Marie-Louise accompanied the visitor to get her wraps. I suppose I spoke more harshly than I had business to, or than was wise. Ashcroft, as if fearing we might be overheard, drew me into the music-room adjoining. He listened silently; somewhere a telephone was ringing, and I wondered if it was to that rather than to me he was giving attention. But when I stopped, he swung upon me. "If it was any one but you, old chap, I'd call you a damned meddler. You don't understand—about Pat. She's vital to my work!" He paced up and down twice. "I've got to have that sympathetic and yet critical understanding. You can't just under-

stand, of course!" I tried to stop him then, for a mirror behind him, which he could not see, showed me the door into the hall, and Marie-Louise approaching. He waved aside my words. "With Marie-Louise it's awful—awful! Everything I do is good—as if I were a god creating—she doesn't understand the first thing, the first thing in a critical sense. I tell you, Pat is vital to me!"

It was then he saw for himself what the mirror had betrayed to me: Marie-Louise trying now to escape from the doorway.

He called out, "What is it?"
"The telephone—for you!"

How she managed the words I do not know, nor where, for the moment, she disappeared to.

Patricia was in the living-room, her outer wraps on, waiting. I had no desire for conversation, and halted at the entrance from the music-room. Ashcroft's footfall sounded. He entered by the other door. She went swiftly to him.

"Lorry, you haven't promised?"

"What?"

"About April!"

He stood for a moment, stroking his face thoughtfully. She drew nearer.

"Lorry—don't you care—enough for me—to do this much for me?"

When he answered, he said: "The kid would be so disappointed. She's such a child that way!"

Pat drew her furs impatiently about her. She moved toward the table where the new edition of his poems lay, and picked it up. She looked up in her quick little way.

"Do you think it's fair, Lorry?"

When we have our work to think about? I've tried to give you the best I had!"

He took the thin volume from her, fingering it. Eavesdropper though I was, I held to my place. The telephone rang again. Marie-Louise called him. He set the book down decisively.

"You're right, Pat!" he said. "I'll have to manage it somehow!" He excused himself. She lifted the volume thoughtfully; her face being toward me and in the glow from the shaded light, I could see the nervous twitching of her lips. Her victory seemed bitter to her.

"Damn his work!" she flared, and flung the book from her to the floor.

Ashcroft, returning, said from the doorway: "Meriden calling. You remember Meriden, chap who works in oils in the Japanese style? I'm going down to his hotel, and I'll drop you anywhere you say!" She glanced quickly at the book on the floor, which he could not see, hesitated, caught her wraps about her, and went out with him. That was Ashcroft all over, forgetting any duty as host he held toward even a friend such as I, when something concerning art was afoot.

I was about to go and get my own things on, when I saw Marie-Louise slip into the room. She halted, then ran forward with a little cry, and picked up the fallen volume, smoothing, with infinite care, one page which had turned under. She kissed the thin volume, caught it to her breast almost crooningly, as if it were a child and hurt at this treatment. I coughed then, embarrassedly. She glanced up and saw me. There was a quite peculiar calmness about the

way she said: "I do not understand—no, not as she! But I love—I love every word, every comma, because it is his!" She sprang up and came to me swiftly. "You must not tell him what she did! To him, you understand, she is—how is it you say that which I am not?—vital?"

The broken sound of that last word tore at me. I think I looked away from the tragedy of her young face. I know that when I turned again, she had gone. The thin volume of Ashcroft's poems, a new edition but containing much of his old work, lay in its place on the table. I went and picked it up. It opened, naturally, at the place where the page had been crushed by the fall. A curious wet blot had fallen upon the page, spreading to cover, in part, two lines. And these were the lines upon which the sorrow of Marie-Louise had fallen:

"The crooked road that runs beside
the barn
Is putting on a garb of ragged
brown—"

Marie-Louise made no complaint at all. Her manner to him did not change, unless indeed it was in a refinement of her watchfulness for his comfort, and a quietness above the ordinary. Ashcroft himself was busy about a new creative idea that inspired him enormously; and he suspected nothing, for he has since confessed as much to me, as he has told me quite frankly the part of his story to which I now must come. The utter tragedy in his eyes as he said, "Old man, it makes me think of some poor little animal that, being

hurt, licks the hand of its owner but crawls away to suffer in solitude!" prevented me from amending his statement to do justice to a certain high pride that was also Marie-Louise's. He did not notice that the black vase in the corner no longer held the slim, gray-tipped pussy-willows in its mouth. But her bedroom window gave upon the back area fringed with poplars; and their pollarded branches, that she could not put away, must have mocked her daily with their cloudy green. He was lost in his creation. He would work away at it, and, three afternoons or more a week, Pat would come, and they would go over what he had done. Between times he often telephoned her. Sometimes they would vary it by meeting down town over the lunch-table.

Holling had been back from Europe, and raised some sort of a scene; I don't know the details, but they were useful to Patricia in dealing with a man like Lorry, who was not to be browbeaten by a wastrel, and who scorned tea-table gossip. Holling did something else before returning to his Parisian widow—for so we understood her to be. He made it clear to Pat that he wanted a divorce, and quickly. You may imagine the triumph of that for her, the zest it gave to her game with Lorry. And he, poor dupe, was too full of his creative fire, and too thrilled by her unstinted but careful and clever criticism, to understand what really she was after; if indeed he had any suspicions, he deliberately pushed them from him. Patricia was vital to him—to his art!

I believe he was too engrossed to notice the harassed look that began

to grow upon Patricia Holling. Partly, of course, it was the consummating of plans for her recitals, the first of which, now that March had blown itself out, was due in less than a week. "Pat," he would say, realizing at least this much, "I can never forget what you're doing for me, when you're so confoundedly busy yourself!"

"You can do one thing!" she told him. "Bring me back here after the first of the beastly things is over. I'm all keyed up and fagged out after them, and I simply must have some one like you to talk to!"

He did better. He arranged to escort her there, to send flowers up to her on the platform, and to rescue her from a host of admirers afterward. At the last moment he had one of his rare flashes of sense, or of conscience, or call it what you will. He told Marie-Louise that, if she cared, he'd come and take her over to the recital. It was, I recall, a most perfect spring evening: clear, perfumed, fragrant with growing things. Up at St. Lemaire there would be frost still at night, but the sap would be running well with the warmth of the days, when the ragged brown patches would grow in the fields, and the silly fowls would cackle in the uncovered mud and straw, and the stream would have grown big with spring, flooding the roots of the thin growth of trees, whose bare branches would have already caught that queer, breathtaking, pervasive green. Perhaps she was abandoning herself to these thoughts, believing he had gone, when he returned, running up to find her in the bedroom at the window. "No," she shook her head, "I do not

think—I care—to go!" It ran in his mind afterward that she was angry with him over the disappointment at their change of plans. The truth of it was she dared not trust herself to speak just then.

The recital was a tremendous success. "By Jove," Ashcroft said in my ear, chancing upon me in the aisle as he jostled his way to the platform afterward, "there's an artist for you!"

She was tremendously fatigued by it. In the taxi she lay back, her shoulder companionably against his; he was filled now with compunctions, and expressed himself. "You've been overdoing it! You shouldn't have bothered with my stuff, Pat!"

She smiled, shaking her head. When they reached home Ashcroft had Marie-Louise brew some strong coffee, the maid already having retired. Patricia put a hand on his wrist while the girl was making preparations. "Just ourselves, Lorry dear! Just you and me. I can't stand—any one—to-night!"

That was easy enough, of course. Marie-Louise quite understood that they were vital to each other's art, and had learned self-effacement. I gather that the creative artist in Patricia did a quite tremendous thing then, with the stage cleared that way. It almost got Ashcroft; he has told me so since. Holling was out of the way now for good, apparently; not that it mattered, of course, but there it was. And they were made for each other. The touchstone of their art was too great to overthrow. I am putting it very baldly; she did it with consummate finesse. She made it all so extremely logical, and modern, and sensible;

and through her logic she shot the golden darts of her femininity. They were both in a sensitive exalted mood after the recital—in a world almost of unreality. The room was soft with lights, heavy with the fragrance of narcissus and hyacinth. His latest manuscript lay on the table; she held it as she spoke, fondling it possessively.

He was pacing the room. Rising from the Chesterfield where she had been half reclining, she went quickly to him. "Lorry, I need you! I've no one but you! And, oh, I'm so tired, so tired!"

She staggered slightly; believing her faint he put a hand out to steady her; she clung to him fiercely. Her voice, perhaps, had been raised a little too high; Marie-Louise, thinking something was amiss, appeared in the entrance. She was gone again in a minute, so that Ashcroft, whose face was toward her, was not sure if his imagination or his eyes had played him false. But it was sufficient to restore to him his underlying wholesome good sense. And that it was which saved him. He almost lifted her to the sofa.

"You're overwrought, Pat!" His voice was very gentle. "We're neither of us quite normal to-night." He tried to laugh. "My manuscript and your old recital, you know. We've been too close to it. Tomorrow we'll recover our perspective and see things normally again. It's our work that draws us together, our common interest in creative art. Nothing else!"

She knew, of course, she was beaten for this time. She managed a smile as she asked him, like an old dear, to call a taxi.

Marie-Louise had fled to her room upstairs. She remembered after a while that she had left a light under the coffee. She went down again. Ashcroft was standing in the hall, hands deep in his pockets. He had just telephoned for the taxi. He did not turn to look at her. It was that, I think, that broke her finally; as if she were but a servant in the house of her beloved. She groped her way, blinded with tears, to the kitchen, and shut off the gas under the coffee. She piled up the few dishes and pots ready for washing; winning composure through this, and thinking Patricia Holling had gone, she returned to the living-room for the rest, knowing only that she must keep going or some terrible thing would happen inside her. She went by way of the music-room, to escape Lorry's attention now. She would do the dishes and go to bed. Like a servant in the house. She had failed him otherwise! Her simple mind did not find fault with him. It had just all been a mistake, supposing that a girl such as she, from the country, could mate with a man like this. She could love, but she could not mate.

Stepping inside the living-room, she came to a sudden halt. Patricia Holling was there still! She did not hear or see Marie-Louise. She was standing before the fire, and the light of it fell on her evening-gown, on her white wonderful shoulders, on her red-gold hair with its coronet of pearls and diamonds. A little choking sob welled up in Marie-Louise. Never, never could she be wonderful like this! Patricia was smoking a cigarette; that Marie-Louise did not like, but refrained from criticism, as

of a world she did not understand, and could never enter.

Patricia Holling tossed the cigarette into the fire, with a quick motion. She caught up the unfinished manuscript, that new creative work of Ashcroft's, and glanced quickly through it again. A curious struggle was reflected in her piquant face; Marie-Louise watched in fascination. Then quickly Pat tore the precious thing, with the close distinctive writing of Lorry upon it, rending it viciously in two. She hesitated, glanced at the fire. Marie-Louise stood stunned. She could not quite understand even when words began to spill fiercely from the lips of the girl by the fire: "His work! It's that. His work—not me, not me! I hate it. Oh, I hate it!"

She started to crumple the fragments, her gaze again upon the flames; that it was which touched the spring in Marie-Louise, enabling her to run forward with a cry of, "Oh, no! Oh, no! Stop!"

The torn pages cascaded to the floor. Pat turned and went swiftly from the room. Ashcroft, unseeing and unhearing in the hallway, felt her hand on his shoulder.

"I thought I heard the car, Lorry! Oh, there it is now! You've been a dear to me—the flowers and everything!" She tapped his wrist; her laugh showed that she was still overwrought, he decided. "You mustn't do too much of that kind of thing, Lorry . . . the Latin mind might not understand such—comradeship!"

He was relieved at the word. There they were, on sensible terms again.

"Oh, Marie-Louise you mean," he said. "My dear Pat, she quite understands how vital you are to my

work. Thank God, she's not the jealous kind!" He called after her: "You'll not fail me when I get the next part completed? Good! I'll phone you!"

He went, whistling now, to fetch his cigarettes from the living-room. He determined to work a while on his manuscript while the "feel" of it was upon him. After his manner, he thrust from him the idea that Marie-Louise had seen the incident of a few moments ago. Probably just his fancy.

He stopped short. A frightened little figure, white-faced, knelt by the hearth, her hands full of torn pieces of his manuscript. She caught them to her, staring up at him. He towered menacingly over her, shocked and stunned at the desecration.

"You—little—beast!" Ashcroft is not certain if that is the word he used; he fears it is; he was too upset to notice or to guard his speech.

Marie-Louise looked up at him again, as if uncertain of her hearing. Then she stared at the pieces of torn paper in her hands, pieces she had been lovingly smoothing out, pieces she had been kissing because even his writing was dear, though alienation had come and she was no longer anything but a servant in his house. The pieces fluttered to the floor. She got up, and crept away from the awful look in his eyes. She must bear that; she must take the reproach; for was not the other who has done this—how would one say it?—"vital to him?"

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Ashcroft sent for me in the morning. "She's going home," he told me, grayly, after he had given me the gist of the matter. "I don't know

that I should blame her so much. It'll be better for her to get away, for a while at least. She was cut up, of course, at our not getting to St. Lemaire for the month, and then—I can't be sure—but I fancy she saw us—that way!" He was enormously frank about it. "It's a ghastly mess, old man," he said. "I can't tell you how I felt, seeing her there, with the torn manuscript, you know. There's something—I can't just express it—some virtue gone from life. It's not a thing you can put your finger upon!" My mind snapped back to that afternoon at the art gallery, and Brynner's picture, and the elusive haunting thing I'd seen in his eyes that retreated from me as I reached for it. "I didn't see it before," he went on; "it was one of the things one accepted, like light and air. Once, old man, I was passing that vase there in the corner—the black one. She'd stuck those pussy-willows in it, and I thought, 'By Jove, that's Marie-Louise—that's spring!' Another time it was that white hyacinth on the sill there. You won't understand, of course. I don't myself. But there it is. And there's that bit of a thing I wrote at St. Lemaire—I believe, subconsciously, I was writing of her. You remember it:

"My window, growing weary of the white
Of Winter's onslaughts, now rejoices in
The slow soft pulse of Spring that beats itself
Against the panes in cloudy tints of green."

Old man, the pulse is gone. I never felt a spring like that spring. I

didn't—credit it—to Marie-Louise—that way!"

"It's not too late!" I said.

He shook his head.

"She's not Spring now," he said gravely. "She's Winter now. That's my doing. Spring beat itself to death against my window. I didn't understand—I didn't open in time!"

The telephone rang presently, as we sat there in silence. He roused himself to answer it. I heard his returning step at last. I saw by his eyes, his whole demeanor, that something was up.

"It was she!" he said, jerkily, after a moment. "Pat, I mean! To apologize! Overfatigued last night, didn't know what she was doing, what would I think of her—that kind of thing. I didn't understand at first!" He began pacing the floor, wringing one hand curiously with the other. Then his finger sprang at me, leading his words: "Why didn't Marie-Louise say? Why didn't she tell me?"

My intuition leaped to it.

"Perhaps she cared too much," I said, a little scorn creeping into my voice. "Perhaps she would not snap a link that was so—vital—to you!"

Ashcroft was shaking all over. He was utterly broken; and any anger I had for him, any scorn for his blindness, died in that moment.

He went over and touched the white hyacinth with his lips.

"Marie-Louise!" I heard him say. "Marie-Louise!" And then, thickly: "Open that window, will you? I'm suffocating." I obeyed. He drew in great breaths. "By George," he said, "that's good!"

"It's Spring!" I told him. "It's just Spring, old man!"

EXPRESS YOURSELF

How to Teach Poets—with Examples

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

YOU CAN learn to write poetry as you would learn to build a bridge or drive a Ford car. Of course you are not likely to learn how to be a Great Poet, however much you learn. Are there many really Great Drivers of Trucks in the world? No, indeed, you must be born to that.

By being a poet at all I mean that you will be able after a time to get down on paper what is unique and peculiar to yourself. That is a distinct gain. And if what you get down on paper is of supreme importance in one way or another to a living and dying world, so much the better. Greatness is hard to guarantee, and will not be discussed in this article—except to start with the reflection that greatness, along with every other state of being, has had a period when it demanded that some one stand in the relation of teacher. In the past if the poet could manage it in the flesh, he preferred a tangible one, however often wrong and mundane. And when he could not lay hands on a mortal, he took, for a time, a dead man, or several—inscrutable and uncontemporary. Emily Dickinson wrote to Colonel Higginson using the words “teacher” and “pupil,” over a space of years; John Keats spent his evenings at Leigh Hunt’s house. The

teachers were of course laughable in both cases; they knew nothing about the genius that was using them as a sounding-board. But they were much more than simply convenient; for a time they were as necessary as air.

Like Elizabeth’s England, America is a nation of daily sonnet writers. They struggle alone or in tiny sentimental groups; it is hard going; and no one tells them why their lines are flat, or why one rhythm has more sinews than another. Expressing themselves, they call it; and that is the last thing they do, to be sure. Eddie Guest at one end, and your favorite at the extreme other, crack the professional whip across the land. Art-mad America can be said to have three main divisions: those who write poetry; those who practise on the saxophone; and those who plan to go into the movies. Of the three only the first class expects to lift itself over the fence by its own boot-straps.

What a welter it makes!—ask any editor. “Do you value it?” ask him. “Has it anything to do with literature, or is it just sap in the spring tree—a Niagara of waste?”

Two or three times, in New York and in California, I have found myself taking the rôle of teacher and

playing out the rôle to discover what would come of it.



This is a true story of a young man who is now one of the most promising younger poets.

"Third down. Three yards to go," sang out his own voice, automatically, and down he put the ball, backed off, and blew his umpire's whistle.

It had been going so all afternoon; whistles, decisions, and the soft thudding sound of bumping bodies, booted leather and turf. It made a nice rhythm and a very unobtrusive accompaniment to something else.

"Here lies the most beautiful lady,
Light of step and heart was she;
I think she was the most beautiful
lady

Ever was in the West Country. . ."

It wasn't quite right; but the words went on and on of themselves:

"But beauty dies, beauty passes,
However rare, rare it may be,
And when I die, who will remember
This lady of the West Country?"

Saying it not two or three times, but all afternoon, past the last whistle, and the break-up of the game.

The next Tuesday he told me about it.

"You know that De La Mare poem you read me last time. Well, Saturday I had to referee, and it was the first time at a big game, and I was sort of nervous. And that poem kept going in my head. I went around pulling the kids back, and bossing the whole game, and I never made a slip. It was a big game, and lots of fight. I came

home dog-tired, but that poem was still going in my head; and all day Sunday I worked. . . ."

I reached out and took the batch of new stuff.

"I've got one swell sonnet there, best thing I've done. Not at all like those others. Gee, it was funny to be hard-boiled all Saturday, and to think nobody knew anything about what I was saying to myself."



My tall football pupil vanished into the delights of pure lyrics, and I found myself going over my bookshelves a few days later, as you would ransack a first-aid kit, in a moment of emergency.

"No De La Mare this time," I thought as I climbed the stairs to the sunny studio.

In the outer room I waited, going from one canvas to another. My pupil was a distinguished landscape painter; every time I came I saw how distinguished, and I trembled. Here was an angular talent perfectly expressed in pigment, woefully lost in words. The doctor had forbidden the physical labor of standing at an easel. Very slowly, very starkly, this woman was dying.

Before death came she felt something that demanded words.

At first, at the class, where all the others had felicity and knew their poets, and what wasn't fashionable, and what was, she had seemed too far from the trickery of words. Facing death her poems were awkward, abstract, and banal. The class found her lack of literary sense appalling. I should have valued this lack. But she seemed to me to be unable to think in a poet's medium. She knew this and was in despair.

"You have no music, no rhythm; you just state things; you need a lighter touch."

We all said this; and she struggled for concluding sonnet lines together with the sometime football coach and the writer of verse for "Smart Set."

Then one day in the mail from her came an eight-line irregular fragment, sharp as flint, irregular as thought, with not one atom of substance more than the thing itself required. How slow I had been in finding her next of kin!

I mailed my three volumes of Emily Dickinson without a word. To-day I was bringing Adelaide Crapsey.

She lay back on the chaise longue as I came in, and her hands trembled.

"I've been writing all night. See what I've done." It was itself—this work—no longer buried under the verbiage of vague memory.

"How did you like Emily?" I asked.

"Oh, this one," she said, hurriedly finding it.

"The soul selects her own society,
Then shuts the door;
On her divine majority
Obtrude no more.

"Unmoved she notes the chariot's
 pausing,
At her low gate;
Unmoved, an emperor is kneeling
Upon her mat.

"I've known her from an ample nation
 tion
Choose one;
Then close the valves of her attention
 tion
Like stone."

Not long after she died.

Another pupil performed the classic task of educating her own teacher, who believed theoretically that any object or feeling is material for poetry, but who could be discovered dogmatizing freely on the theory's numerous exceptions.

She was a mother with four children. There were maids to manage, and spinach lunches to order; a whole elaborate organization went round and round because she willed it. Her husband bought her books of poetry and told her to take time for it. But so swiftly, if one of the children got the measles, or a maid left, she let the book slip.

"And anyway, it's more fun to write it than read it. When I go out to the country place in the spring and see the beautiful skunk-cabbage I really want to write poetry. No matter how much better other people write it, I want to, too. What if I am thirty, and the mother of four?"

"But where shall I start? The modern poetry is so awful, and the editors print things I think are very ugly. And the critics praise the moderns for writing flippantly about love; does that make a poet? Or they write Nocturnes in Blue and Silver, and the critics talk as if they were as good as Shelley. Who is Harriet Monroe, and is she really related to Amy Lowell? I wish I knew some one to talk to; or some one who wrote poetry that was beautiful, and not too inhuman. You can't write like Milton nowadays. It's silly to be so sonorous. And lots of the great poets in the collections are very dull. I only like the simplest things. I wish people would stop writing free verse."

When I came to the great dark

library, where she waited for her first lesson, I brought all my favorites—challenged by her scorn of the moderns; critics, poets, collections. Under a flood of lyrics—Edna Millay, Hodgson, and Housman, chiefly—my bright-faced pupil ceased to mourn and rage against modern dullness and stupidity. The “Prayer to Persephone” was beautiful; yes, it was; but why did Miss Millay spoil all the tenderness by the ending:

“My dear, my dear,
It is not so dreadful here.”

As if that were the way to talk to an erring child!

And how shocking to say, if you really meant it:

“I shall forget you presently, my dear,
So make the most of this, your little day,
Your little month, your little half a year. . .”

Important poetry couldn’t be written out of such superficiality!

Then one day after a long visit with the Bull and the Serpent in Hodgson, Wylie’s Eagle and Mole, Housman’s cherry-tree and dead lads and girls, with Edna Millay’s New England women who clip their geraniums and feed winter sparrows, I brought a new book and opened it confidently.

† “Here, now, is a perfectly unsentimental poem about being a mother. Let me read it; listen.”

It was Eunice Tietjens’s *Bacchante to Her Babe*.

“That is just what I think is so awful about modern poetry. It has no reverence at all. The poem is

drunken, just as it says it is. I think it is perfectly terrible. Motherhood is sacred, and if you don’t feel sacred about it, I don’t think you should write about it.”

So we gave up motherhood for a theme. Nature was, after all, safest. And sure enough, in a few weeks came an exquisite little poem about snow in the woods, an unliterary poem, imitating no one.

Then, suddenly, we struck another difficulty, and Nature was to blame, this time. The beautiful skunk-cabbage wanted to get into a poem. I had never seen skunk-cabbage and insisted that it couldn’t get in.

“Skunk-cabbage is sacred to another association,” I insisted.

“Why, you’ve just read me a poem where Rupert Brooke put blankets and hot water into a serious poem, and made it exciting and beautiful. His teacher probably told him that there were all kinds of reasons why *they* couldn’t be used in anything but doggerel.”

She wrote the poem in spite of me, and I stuck to my opinion, verbally. The poem wasn’t bad; I began rather to like the use of the homely word. We were each slowly being convinced by the other’s point of view.

“I woke up last night saying one of Millay’s poems. How wonderful it seemed in the dark! Do you think it will live forever?”

We met not long ago and recounted the arguments of the lessons, three years before. There is another child in the family. Spinach lunches are continuous. But there have been two books of poetry as well.

“Do you remember how we fought

over skunk-cabbage?" she asked. "You said I couldn't use a word like that in a serious poem."

"Well, I don't believe that any more."

"I thought you didn't," she said, beaming, "because in your last book there is a word I wouldn't think of using."



Is this teaching, merely? I have told you of the intoxication, not the teaching. There is a craft to be learned, but of that I cannot talk except in the concrete, when faced by the problem of an actual poem.

As for theory, to begin with, there is the first proposition that any one who wants badly enough to write, can. An active electron creates the longing—it wants out and needs proper treatment from its poet. A young poet is afraid and humble. He must be taught to have arrogance and to be brave. When he first begins to write, and when he is listening to the many half-formed lines inside himself, he selects what sounds most like literature and rejects all that sounds unfamiliar and bold.

Of course the hackneyed and the banal, the cliché and the orotund, seem fine to him. How did he manage to sound so much like a real poet, he asks himself in delight. Marvelous! If an original line has slipped out of him, under the rope of the censor, he looks at it a moment and crosses it out for its unchastened sound. Soon he has fourteen lines—or longer. Shelley, Keats, Byron, Browning, Milton, Tennyson, Swinburne, Wordsworth, Longfellow, Service, Whittier, and O. O. Nobody, all blended into one neutral board-ing-house dainty. The consummate

stupidity of the traveling generations! And it looks like a blaze of light to him; and he falls down and worships. It is his, and inspired.

The teacher's task is a ferocious one. This is false; this is falsier. Here, and here only, is something alive. There is your poem. Take that and let it lead you off into the wilderness and never come back.

But besides being a sort of surgeon, the teacher has to be a poet too, and show the young poet his own poem as it exists ideally. That is why teaching is so hard. For the teacher must conceive and see fulfilled, in a dim way, what the poet himself cannot yet see—the unwritten poem, lying under the scrap-heap.

When the words come out too pat, and have a fatal smoothness, I scratch all the fine finish by giving him a series of experiments.

"Write me a poem that will make me feel cold. I'll venture you can't."

The next week, very likely, will come a grinding square piece of typewriting, adjectivally cold, nothing else. He hadn't got the point.

"I want a poem that is cold, not one that says it is. I want verse that acts cold."

Of course that is a difficult demand.

After the pupil knows that I want him to try to convey sensations by the rhythm, or by the connotations, or by the structure of his verse, he looks at me with a wild glint in his eye when I criticize:

"This line is very bad. It falls to pieces."

"But," he says triumphantly, "I'm trying to make you feel motion. And this line moves."

"Walking is falling down and getting up again, but it isn't staying down."

And at this point, if the young poet takes you too literally, you give up.

He will love metaphysical language. It will be less and less necessary to tell him anything except in symbol form.

In a short while he will insist on writing sonnets.

When I look over all the little poetry magazines and see the sonnets therein, they seem like the eggs the farmer threw out of the window—"Pretty good eggs." Pretty good sonnets are equally useless. I would walk a mile to avoid a pretty good sonnet.

But still the young poet will want to try his hand. When Leonard Bacon was sternly instructing me in the prosody of Mr. Saintsbury, and guiding me by the pure star of the Miltonic grandeur at the University of California, I wrote an assignment of some one hundred sonnets for him, of which number he considered three passable—nay, rather fine. Stern as he was, I think the three, even, were abominable. Nevertheless one hundred sonnets mean one hundred pitched bat-

tles. Before the poet's imagination is trained to see the form of an idea, unique and sharp as a mountain against a morning sky, he needs to wrestle with the sonnet, in order to know something of its anatomy. It may deaden him to every other outline. In which case we must simply admit that he was not fit to survive. . . .

Most poets write sonnets as if they were swimming from side to side of a large swimming-pool. In the middle of each line they begin to churn to reach the other side; they do so with a great gasp—reach out a stiff arm and touch the edge (this is the rime at the end of the line)—and push off hard to zigzag over to the next stop. And with a great flat rime they end, climb out of the water, and demonstrate that they are land animals by an air of "Thank goodness, that's over!"

Still, I am not sorry that the land is dotted with sonneteers—if I don't have to read their works. And in time, your pupil will say: "I am tired of sonnets. It's like a disease. I begin to see everything in terms of that miserable sterile form."

He is fast working beyond you.

You say oftener and oftener, to his questions, "I don't know."

THE RISE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Lifting the Burdens from the Shoulders of All Men

WILLIAM E. DODD

WHEN Andrew Jackson, the happy warrior, trim, correct, both feet out of the grave, well dressed and well mounted, bade farewell to Washington that memorable March day, 1837, the next great president of the United States was in the making, far off on the prairies of Illinois: Abraham, son of poor Nancy Hanks and trifling Thomas Lincoln who had hired the boy to hard-fisted farmers on Pigeon Creek, Indiana, for twenty-five cents a day and put the proceeds into his own dirty pockets; Abraham Lincoln, six feet four, awkward, loose-jointed, and uneasy, used to the ills of a life that promised little but ill; meditative, restless, now and then called "the mad Lincoln," a young lawyer, twenty-eight years old, a member of the legislature of Illinois, and engaged, with his hustling calculating little friend, Stephen A. Douglas, twenty-four years old, in a piece of the most foolish legislation that was ever enacted. An interesting couple: the elongated Lincoln paying ardent court to one woman and trying to escape the tender suggestions of another, sitting now and then on the conventional sofa in the "elegant home" of ex-Governor Edwards, his legs too long, his feet too big, with the comfortable, rotund, aspiring

Mary Todd, cheery little aristocrat from Kentucky, beside him. On the other end of the sofa sat the same buoyant friend, Douglas, absurdly short, delicate of frame, with small fashionable feet and beautiful tender hands, a huge head crowned with a shock of raven hair at the top of him—Douglas in deadly earnest. The dénouement was amusing. Douglas, with all his cleverness, was rejected of the lady, and Lincoln was accepted, accepted before he offered. Would the path of so crude a figure lead to the place where Andrew Jackson had fought so desperately, the place Henry Clay three times failed to reach?

Few prophets would have ventured: yes. But strange are the maneuvers of History, whether they tended to weave the web of Abraham Lincoln's life or whether they so enmeshed the men and forces of the expanding national life that the field-hand of Pigeon Creek should be called to sit in judgment upon all the works of the mighty South, its vast plantations, its millions of black slaves, and decree the fates of Jefferson Davis, the most powerful of senators, and Robert E. Lee, most princely of Americans. It was indeed a marvelous fate that was beckoning; and strange were the move-

ments and maneuvers of the men that hastened it.

The great, jubilant, frontier and mountaineer party of Andrew Jackson turned under the leadership of the suave Martin Van Buren into the calm walks of safety and was overwhelmed by the matchless and unscrupulous Whigs in 1840. Coming again to power in 1844, the party of Jackson became the party of reaction, of slavery unchangeable, decreed of fate and God alike. And, when the fierce political war of 1850 was past, both parties declared slavery a fixed and everlasting thing—smug national content in the face of wrongs and ills that denied and betrayed all the ideals of the Revolutionary fathers. In these changeful times Stephen A. Douglas entered the national life as a representative in Congress, attracted the attention of the country, became a senator from Illinois, and in 1852 was a contender for the presidential nomination of the Democratic party, what we would call a progressive in the party of conservative reaction. A little later the homely form of Lincoln appeared in Washington, the irrepressible, if charming, Mary Todd at his side. He too was a representative, a member of the dying Whig party, what we would call a progressive seeking a place in the other great party of conservative reaction. But Lincoln righteously opposed in 1847 an unrighteous war waged upon a weak neighbor, lost his hold, and retired to the dreary life of smudgy Springfield, grabbing in vain at a Washington clerkship as he and the disconsolate Mary made their way back home.

The law, the dingy little office, and

the irrepressible William H. Herndon, abolitionist, for a partner; cases in court, cheap tricks with juries, long rides from court-house to court-house, and an occasional visit to the hustling, filthy, stinking Chicago: these were to be the routine and the events of Lincoln's outward life, while a snug modest home, increasing children, and a busy, fussy little housewife offered what compensating domestic joys there were. In the midst of these unalluring humdrum performances, Douglas, now the "great senator from Illinois," recently bereaved of his beautiful and adorable wife, Martha Martin of North Carolina, who had borne him three sons, left him the master of a plantation in Mississippi and a hundred slaves, the ambitious, the dexterous, contriving Little Giant, the very picture of prosperity, the hope of a hundred politicians, the Henry Clay of the decade that preceded the deluge, offered in the Senate a bill which opened the door again to Lincoln. It was the bill, often discussed and as often misapprehended, that proposed to set up two new Territories, Kansas and Nebraska, build a railway from Chicago to the Pacific, and erect half a dozen new States west of the Missouri—make of the Northwest the dominant section of the Union and perchance enable its author to sit in the seat of Washington. In order to bring all these things to pass, Douglas found it necessary to agree to many concessions: public lands for the building of little railroads in the Northwestern States, feeders of new cities; and finally the admission into the vast new region of the precious slaves and their eager masters.

It was a bill like many another that had preceded it, as good and as bad as its predecessors.

But there was uneasiness in the air. Two conservative parties, each without principles but with masterful leaders, who were willing to risk war in the pursuit of their personal interests, willing to annex other nations' lands, north or south, in order to dominate: these things put men on pin-hooks. And there were two men in the Senate who watched with eagle eyes the chance to stir an uneasy people to the depths, and themselves ride out the storm: Charles Sumner, of tall form and bishop's bearing, in gay clothes and of somber mien, sitting in the seat of Webster, biding his time; and Salmon P. Chase, six feet tall, well dressed, erect, of high forehead and heavy brow, good to look upon, if less learned than Sumner, without a party but with an ambition as soaring as that of Lady Macbeth herself, likewise biding his time. Douglas's bill gave him the chance of a lifetime; and he took it and hastened, not his own steps to the White House, but the crisis which aroused the slumbering and sullen democracy of all the Northwestern States and called the gentle Lincoln off his dreary backwoods beat.

Chase wrote and Sumner signed with him the famous "Address to the Independent Democrats," wrote and mailed the document in the time he begged Douglas to allow him to study the contents of his bill. On the day the measure was taken up for discussion the Address lay on the sacred desks of New England and clogged the mails of Western editors. It was the twenty-second of January, 1854. Chase and Sumner thus

called in trumpet tones to the faithful yeomen of the North that the time had come to buckle on their armor, that Douglas, "the architect of ruin" (if I may compress the stirring phrases of the Address into a brief quotation), "would open all the territory of the Union to slavery and convert it into a dreary region of despotism inhabited alone by masters and slaves; language fails to express the indignation and abhorrence of honest souls and faithful patriots. Shall this plot against democracy so monstrous and so dangerous to the cause of liberty throughout the world be permitted to succeed? We appeal to the people."

When Douglas rose to explain his measure, a measure which any but the simplest must have seen would have given the North every Territory in question, because every Territory lay within the natural zone of Western and Free-State settlement, the flaming Address was on every senator's desk, its burning words and false interpretations in the news columns or editorials of every paper in the North; and innocent ministers of New England were sending urgent petitions and protests. Douglas explained; he attacked the Address as the work of demagogues; he ridiculed the messengers of the lowly Jesus, war-paint on their faces; he denounced his opponents in a language that showed he was in the toils. It was the beginning of a new epoch; men's lives and fortunes were being put to the hazard of internecine war. Three months the Senate and the House quarreled and fought and voted, and at last passed the bill. The day of the last roll-call the

guns of the old Democratic party roared as they had roared in the days of Andrew Jackson, but the people did not shout. Douglas, sick at heart, if resolute of purpose, wended his way back to Illinois, the road lighted by the blazing effigies of "the great senator." In his own Chicago, which he was endeavoring to build into an imperial city, his friends were unable to rally; his enemies, half drunk, in a vast audience, jeered and shouted him down till midnight. He went home that night weary and despondent, wondering whether his boasted democracy was democracy after all.



Two hundred miles away Abraham Lincoln heard the roar, the hoots and shrill cries of maddened audiences as they listened to denunciations of his former friend and neighbor; and perhaps Mrs. Lincoln herself wondered a little whether she had taken the wrong suitor after all: it was life, American political life; and Abraham Lincoln began slowly to put on his war-paint. The law-courts lost some of their charm, and the droll tales of backwoods bar-rooms ceased to grip his attention. There was larger game. In the Western Reserve, Giddings and Wade; in northern Indiana, Giddings' son-in-law; all over Illinois, the stalwart Alabama school-teacher, Lyman Trumbull, attacked and denounced the "architect of ruin," who had tried to sell his country for the mere chance at the presidency. Out at Ripon, Wisconsin, old men and young who never had seen anything but wickedness in the Democratic party now wept over the sin of its leader; in southern Michigan,

the rising, privileged, and "righteous" Zach Chandler whetted his tomahawk for the scalp of poor old Lewis Cass, a senator in Congress. Why might not Lincoln join the chase? And Lincoln, now forty-five, his face hard, dry, and wrinkled, replied to Douglas at the vast State Fair at Springfield on October 4, 1854. He teased and tortured Douglas as one teases a mad bull; Douglas knew not how to answer his earnest and till now unsuccessful friend—the modest, lean, and angular Lincoln talking the gentle language of reason and democracy undefiled—the language of Jefferson and the great Declaration, which Douglas had suffered to rust a little in his memory. It was a trying and a troublesome canvass that Lincoln gave the dapper and boastful senator, now in a sea of troubles; and before it was over, it was plain that, had Douglas himself been a candidate that year, he might have been defeated.

But it was decreed that the plodding lawyer of Springfield was to remain yet a season on the frontier. Lyman Trumbull won the seat in the Senate that Lincoln longed for—Lyman Trumbull, a keen-witted, cruel-minded man, sitting the next session of Congress by the side of Douglas, great Southern senators wondering what was to happen to them and their God-given system if there were to be other addresses to independent Democrats and other senators like Trumbull. From that December, 1854, till another and a more fateful struggle between Douglas and Lincoln in 1858, there were excitements and quarrels and manœuvres all over the uneasy South,

realinements all over the stirring North, a new, radical, idealistic party coming into existence—the young Republicans, the brilliant if ponderous Sumner, the while ruthlessly beaten down by the reckless Preston Brooks of South Carolina, off in Paris seeking medical aid and advertising to all the world “the barbarism of slavery.” When the little senator went home in the summer of 1858 to fight for his reelection, the great and the powerful of the earth were against him: the president of the United States was his bitter enemy, sending John Slidell, keeper of the Democratic money-chests, out to Chicago to lay unfriendly wires and remove friendly postmasters; Douglas, married now to the “divine Adele” Cutts, grandniece of Dolly Madison, a *grande dame* of the city of Washington at the side of her roistering senator, ready to sit upon platforms whether presidents of the United States liked it or not—Mary Todd looking on, wondering.

Abraham Lincoln in his long linen duster was eager; Illinois was ready to give both Lincoln and Douglas a fair hearing, these sons of hers making her name known to the whole world and to all time. Popular sovereignty, too, was winning its way in a shirt-sleeves and a corn-husking country. It was not an uneven debate, Lincoln contending for the immemorial principles of self-determination for all men by direct national methods, Douglas contending for the same principles among all white men and by the direct means of local autonomy. The homely, irreproachable, meditative Lincoln was blocking the path of Douglas and his divine Adele to the goal of their ambition,

and peering now and then down the dimmer way which the busy, up-and-coming Mary thought might be the road to the fateful White House. Slavery and freedom, “despotism” and democracy, were the slogans of their earnest discussion, the rich sophisticated cities of the East wondering what to make of the gawky champion of the North, the angry South growling and denouncing a contest in which both candidates made it plain that its cause was doomed. When the second try-out with Lincoln was over, Douglas was again successful: he won the majority of the legislature that must elect him, Lincoln winning a majority of the people of Illinois that might help elect him to the presidency itself—Lincoln of the meager fortune borrowing money to pay a part of the cost of the debate, five hundred dollars. Lincoln had come a long way since Chase sounded his trumpet—there was yet a long way to go. Douglas went back to Washington to lose the chairmanship of a Senate committee he had long held: his success but the beginning of his ruin. In 1860 the great party of Andrew Jackson broke into halves at Charleston, the one section adhering to the champion of popular sovereignty, Douglas, the other seeking a candidate to speak the will of reaction, of Southern control of the Union, John C. Breckinridge. Douglas, democratic as Lincoln, and convinced that he knew how to save the Union and thwart slavery at the same time, sought votes all over the land, sought them at the cost of his health and his fortune—drinking his way to an early grave.

Chase meanwhile had also gone a long way. His heart was set on the

Republican nomination as the great convention met in Chicago, the second national gathering of the young enthusiastic party, roistering, half drunk, and swearing in roaring, snorting Chicago on May 17, 1860—there in the old wigwam on Lake Street, forty thousand Lincoln claqueurs in the choking alleys. But Chase had a great competitor, the little, wiry, seasoned, crafty, oratorical William H. Seward of New York, and still another in the hungry office-monger, Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania, the same Pennsylvania that so bewonders and bewilders to-day, and the same kind of a candidate. Chase and Seward and Cameron; but the greatest of all was Seward, his car-loads of Easterners, gentlemen, like young George William Curtis, their top-hats matching their shining boots, filling the hotels and paying their fares, to the delight of the enterprising Chicagoans. But there was also the rounded, ambling, awkward, bald-headed editor, Horace Greeley, of the "Tribune," representing an Oregon district, who annoyed Seward and his unscrupulous manager, Thurlow Weed, more than whole troops of claqueurs: Horace Greeley in a bad humor and edging his way into the crowded wigwam—certain to drive a nail in Seward's political coffin at the right moment. Tobacco-juice and saliva made the floor slippery; bottle-stoppers tripped one in the aisles, empty bottles alongside the walls, the whole place smelling strong of corn whisky. It was a great convention making ready to choose the nation's greatest standard-bearer. Abraham Lincoln was chosen; and a committee found its way slowly a

few days later to tell the plain Lincoln the well known fact, glasses of harmless water before the distinguished guests, Mrs. Lincoln sitting demurely by the wall. The son of Nancy Hanks, and his wife, had gone far since they sat on the sofa together in the house of ex-Governor Edwards. The election returns presently told them they must pack their grips and go farther.

On December 20, Thurlow Weed, emissary of William H. Seward and a great committee of the Senate in Washington, knocked at the door of the Lincolns in Springfield. He brought the news that the aged Senator John J. Crittenden, successor to Henry Clay, had persuaded Congress to offer the frantic South another compromise, extension of the ancient Mason and Dixon Line to California, and guaranteeing forever the peaceful existence of slavery south of that line, if only the Southerners would remain in the Union. It was the voice of wisdom, though Lincoln must have seen that it would mean the ruin of his party, for the recent election had denied the Republicans a majority in both houses of Congress. If the Southerners went, the new party would control, perhaps a new era would open. It was not an easy question to answer. While the far-seeing Lincoln talked to the office-monger of his party about Seward and Crittenden, secession and slavery, and, I think, the soft and easy jobs, the telegraph brought the fateful story that South Carolina had withdrawn, the whole State throwing up its hat in hilarious jubilee. What was to be done?

Lincoln was a man of moderation,

not unused to compromise; Weed was a shouting advocate of compromise; Seward, there in the Senate, was a still greater advocate of compromise; even the "wild" Horace Greeley was daily proclaiming, "Let the erring sisters depart in peace." But there were other voices. Bluff Ben Wade, partner of the fiery Joshua Giddings, with the Shorter Catechism at his tongue's end, a scion of ancient Covenanters, rough, unscrupulous, a field-hand of former days and a cattle-driver of matchless dexterity, ambitious, boastful of his past and dreaming of the White House, was in the Senate and saying: there must be some bloodletting. Charles Sumner, the pacifist, roared every day that there must be war. Nor must one forget Lyman Trumbull and the raw Zachary Chandler, poor old Cass' scalp hanging at his side. They too urged war.

Lincoln took their advice. Weed went sorrowfully back to Seward; and Seward sorrowfully told the great Senate committee that their work was in vain. In a few days six other Southern States went hastily out of the Union of Washington and Jefferson, matching unwisdom with gay defiance. There was anxiety that winter in the simple home at Springfield, in spite of all the brave brags of the Northwestern press; unhappy Lincoln packing his little trunk for Washington while his anxious wife told of brothers and cousins about to join the Southern armies.

Time passed. The Lincolns made ready to depart. They bade farewell to their neighbors, to the town of Springfield, grown lovely in their eyes, one of their little ones lying there in the lonely cemetery. In

Philadelphia, on the way, there were great throngs: aspiring grandees of politics, unfriendly opponents who feared his love of democracy and vast dumb masses, waiting the call of the great guns and shallow graves on Southern battle-fields. He lifted his dark face, worn and wrinkled in a life of unceasing toil, and looking kindly out of his little gray eyes from underneath his great shaggy brows, said:

"I have never had a feeling, politically, that did not spring from the Declaration of Independence. . . . It was not the mere matter of separation of the colonies from the motherland, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty not alone to the people of this country, but hope to all the world, for all future time, which gave promise that in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men. This is the sentiment of the Declaration. Can this country be saved on that basis? If this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I would rather be assassinated than surrender it."

"Lifting the weights from the shoulders of all men." How like the master of 1801! How sincere, yet how remote from the world of reality! Slipping out of a side door of his hotel at Harrisburg, where he had gone for a brief address, the night of Washington's birthday, bare-headed, a soft hat in his pocket, a certain furtive look on his furrowed face, the son of Nancy Hanks bade farewell to a world he had had little chance to know, and appeared the next morning in the capital of his country to try again what Jefferson,

his master, had tried in vain; namely, to make it democratic. He was at the Willard. There were thousands of Republicans, young and old, lame and halt, alert and designing, bent upon serving their country, Simon Cameron's hordes from Pennsylvania, men from Michigan, and earnest souls from Iowa; they filled the lobbies, piled in twos and fours upon the beds, lounged at night in the corridors and under the staircases: all eagerly awaiting the great event and the good things that were to follow, damning the wicked Southerners for the treason they had not committed, but not unhappy that so many offices were falling vacant.

Washington was a dreary city, its aristocratic curtains lowered, black crape on the doors and chandeliers of fashionable houses, distinguished gentlemen keeping to themselves and fine ladies drawing their skirts about beautiful ankles lest they be contaminated by the barbaric hordes that filled the public places. General Scott was there and busy in spite of his years and his huge fat form, warning his captains that the "minions of Jefferson Davis" might break into the city and capture the president. Senator Seward, big with great events, slipped in and out of the presidential rooms with the mysterious air of a mighty man. Edwin M. Stanton, intimate of the "traitor in the White House," could hardly keep his counsels and his poise, wondering whether the new cabinet could be formed without his presence.

Armed and uniformed soldiers, for the first time in history, waited along the avenue for the unmilitary president elect. At last Lincoln appeared at the appointed place, a vast

uneasy audience before him, to read his inaugural address, little Douglas at his side—the divine Adele and the perturbed Mary not far away. As Lincoln arose, he looked about for a place to put the indispensable top-hat. He was embarrassed. Douglas stepped forward with the ease and aplomb which ever marked his movements and took the hat, thus saying to a million ardent followers, "We support the president of the United States": the one auspicious moment of an inauspicious day, the last act of Douglas but one before the grave on the shore of Lake Michigan opened to receive his remains.

Lincoln looked out to the east and south where he must have imagined he could hear the movements of the excited Southerners as they formed their armies, seized public armories, and marched to strategic places, Jefferson Davis, tall, lean, sallow, half ill and of troubled soul, their president. Everywhere there was life, hope, and zeal: young men on horseback and making ready to command other men; young women, unused to needles and thread, making uniforms, knitting socks, or unfurling the banners of revolution. What could Lincoln say?

He took the doubtful ground of Webster and Jackson that the Union antedated the States, that there could be no secession: "I consider the Union unbroken and shall execute the law in all the States. But there needs to be no bloodshed, and there shall be none unless it be forced upon the national authority." It was the only position the president could take since he had refused the olive-branch of the preceding December. But gentle of spirit and sanguine of

nature, the president turned his face southward:

"I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection."

It was no light occasion. The South meant to be free or make a war the like of which the world had not seen—desperately afraid of the future. The North, busy with its machines, its banks, its party hucksters, its incoming hordes of immigrants—the riches of a great future beckoning—had no time for war; nor did the son of Nancy Hanks have any stomach for the game of kings. The secretary of state in the language of Sir Oracle declared every day there would be no war. Samuel P. Chase, of the famous Address, in immaculate attire, planning the day when he would sit at the head of the cabinet table, thought there would be no war. Over in the War Department the most unwarlike of secretaries thought less of generals than of contracts for Pennsylvania railroads, while neither Seward nor Chase nor Cameron had love for any one of their group. A little apart one sees the correct square-headed Gideon Welles, the righteous, eying sharply the doings of all his fellows, ready to run off and put it all down in his crabbed diary. But the most remarkable of Lincoln's political family was the young up-and-coming Montgomery Blair, son of old Frank Blair, marked all over with the scars of political battles, postmaster-general—the only member of the cabinet, I believe, who owned slaves—ever buckling on or taking off a sword, rather than hastening off postboys with fat bags

of mail. A marvelous cabinet with a staid attorney-general from Missouri peering anxiously into ancient law-books to find precedents for the unprecedented dilemma. It was a new, awkward, unwelcome régime, Abraham Lincoln, "a felt hat on the back of his head, in ill-fitting clothes, striding like a crane in a bulrush swamp and mopping his face with a red handkerchief—Mrs. Lincoln hurrying off of afternoons to milk her cows"—this from William H. Russell.

But there in Charleston, brave Union soldiers, cooped up in an ancient fort, besought him daily for relief. If Lincoln gave relief, he would start the guns of war; if he did not give relief, he would leave the Union to fall to pieces. Ruefully he gave notice to the governor of South Carolina that he must feed his own. The military men, grown weary of politicians, North and South alike, let loose the dogs of war, April 12, 1861. All that night the shells rose high over the harbor and fell upon the fort, the wit and the beauty of the proud South watching and shouting and praying from the roofs of Charleston, Colonel Anderson and his men making what resistance the honor of the Union required, helpless, starving, powder-blackened men. It was war. But on the morrow the sun rose calm and red from the waters of the sea: not a man had been killed. The aged bishop of South Carolina thanked the god of battles for the divine intervention; the Roman communion sang in their little cathedral the first Confederate Te Deum.

The president of the United States called for seventy-five thousand vol-

unteers, three months' men; so short a struggle! The busy North ruefully buckled on the harness of war, ready to fight with one hand and run their mills with the other. Ancient Virginia, long in convention assembled, took sides, called home her Lees and her Johnstons, seized the United States navy-yard at Norfolk, the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, and staked anew her far-flung boundary: the Chesapeake Bay, the Potomac, thence to Wheeling, and the Ohio River to the borders of Kentucky! Maryland forbade the incoming volunteers to cross her narrow territory and made ready to declare inviolable neutrality. Kentucky was about to take the same course—and make the invasion of the seceded States impossible. Invasion of sovereign States! The wise men of the cabinet knew not what to do. Seward and Chase and Cameron were poor counselors. Edwin M. Stanton wrote his friend, James Buchanan, that their mutual friend, Jefferson Davis, would soon come and make an end of the miserable régime. General Scott, seventy-five years old, hobbling about between two orderlies, his gouty legs wholly unequal to his three hundred pounds of weight, and not forgetful of his lifelong feud with the president of the Confederacy, was both the hope and the despair of Lincoln. Happily, the irrepressible Benjamin F. Butler, fat, wabby, coarse-built and coarse of character, with big bulging eyes and a nose that almost hid his generous mouth, a Democrat who had done his utmost to make Jefferson Davis president of the United States the year before, brought a Massachusetts regiment into Maryland and

with the support of Scott compelled the legislature to yield the control of her soil to the new administration; strange savior of Abraham Lincoln! And Lincoln promptly put the railroad zones from Washington to New York under martial law, the Supreme Court of the United States to the contrary notwithstanding. Before the first of May, Kentucky took warning, and Missouri was gripped to the Union through the courage and the chicane of Frank Blair, representative of that State in Congress and brother to the belligerent Montgomery Blair, postmaster-general—always ready to resign if he did not have his way. A dangerous moment for Lincoln sighing, "When will they come?"

The longed-for relief came, and Lincoln breathed easily when he learned that young George McClellan, a former protégé of Jefferson Davis and friend of Stephen A. Douglas, was marching from Cincinnati into the mountains of western Virginia. Nor could Lincoln now escape the invasion of Virginia. He made the home of Robert E. Lee the headquarters of General Irvin McDowell, himself of Virginia stock; and McDowell, holding the bridges across the Potomac, stretched his lines to Fairfax Court-House, twenty miles southwest. How many thousand indignant volunteers did not that give to the Confederates, their president settled in Richmond, great training-camps spreading their white tents around the devoted city! All over the South young men hastened North, young women made uniforms and knitted socks—three million slaves hardly lifting their black sweaty faces from their tasks, three

million negroes singing and frolicking at their work. Thirty miles southwest of Washington Pierre G. Beauregard, recent superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point and master of McDowell there, commanded twenty thousand soldiers; at Winchester Joseph E. Johnston, prize officer of General Scott, watched the movements of General Robert Patterson, master of mills in Pennsylvania and plantations in the South, with twenty thousand men dismantled Harper's Ferry. There were skirmishes here and there, rumors of victory and defeat—the distraught people of the United States about to come to deadly grips.



In this state of things Congress assembled the early days of July. There was Senator Sumner ready to give law to the rebels in Richmond and read them the Sermon on the Mount; Benjamin F. Wade, of "bloodletting" temper, an old rifle at his side in the Senate; and the redoubtable Lyman Trumbull whom Lincoln had helped into high office six years before—all restless, angry, complaining of a do-nothing president. In the House there was the suave young George W. Julian, son-in-law of the implacable Joshua Giddings; the sour Thaddeus Stevens, dragging his deformed foot after him, ready to put the South to fire and sword and call it the work of the Lord; and General Frank Blair, Lincoln's candidate for the speakership. A Republican Congress of an anti-Lincoln temper, as was shown when Galusha A. Grow, a friend of Thaddeus Stevens, and not of Lincoln, was made speaker. But there

were more hostile members, John C. Breckinridge, recently vice-president, tall, gentle, clever, and resolute, contemplating a general's command in the Confederacy, and Jesse Bright, Indiana senator and Kentucky slaveholder, to be expelled a year later for writing a letter to Jefferson Davis. An interesting Congress, to become more interesting as the ordeal of war pressed more hardly and revealed more clearly the characters of men.

Lincoln sent his first war message, an able statement, arguing again the famous Webster thesis that the Union antedated the States and asking for four hundred thousand volunteers and four hundred million dollars! A huge army and huge sums to support it. Not a word against slavery and slaveholders. Was he retreating to the camp of compromise? But the money and the men were voted, even if the means of raising them were left in doubt. Congressmen were more interested in hastening the army under McDowell into Virginia, "on to Richmond," where the miserable rebels were to be dispersed and their government dissolved—before July 20. Lincoln gave the order. The motley regiments moved forward burning traitors' houses and taking traitors' property; had not the government taken Robert E. Lee's ancestral estate? It was the twenty-first of July before the impatient Sumner and Wade could get the regiments past Fairfax Court-House, a sultry day, several inches of dust on the roads, great oaks screening Confederate movements about Centreville, silent witnesses to the bloody struggle so soon to begin. Wade and Trumbull and Chandler fol-

lowed, swords and horse-pistols handy—making ready to make short work of the bedeviled Southerners. Only the innate dignity of Lincoln saved him from joining the lusty Western warriors who had urged him against all compromise and plagued him into this hasty march, Lincoln waiting and pondering and praying to his unknown god. There was firing early that Sunday morning, near Bull Run Creek, firing that men heard half-way to Washington. Then fighting, maneuvering, death-grapples between the ill trained Yankees and the ill trained Rebels, bitter oaths and cursings filling the air, great guns roaring and, unlike their kindred guns at Charleston, doing deadly work, choking the ravines and the sluggish creek with the dead and the half-dead that fell thick and fast through the hot morning hours, their horses running, riderless, hither and thither, falling in windrows where the bursting shells caught their retreat; through the hot morning hours the thirsty men fought on, now victorious, now in retreat, frightened but resolute, into the sultry afternoon when Johnston brought his fresh farmer-soldiers from the valley fifty miles away where Patterson was to watch and hold them. Their numbers seemed myriad, their step swift and terrible as they bore down on McDowell's weary men. It was too much. The Union regiments began to give way; they retreated, leaving their big guns to the needy Confederates; companies collided, firearms went off unawares; the retreat became a rout, congressmen, crowded too near the fighting-line in the hope of taking the scalp of a former political enemy,

hastening with the rest to Centreville, to Fairfax, into the fortified lines near Washington. It was an awful day; the night was worse. Over all the dusty roads, through the forests and fields, men hastened, shouted, threw down their arms, dropped all dispensable clothes, running in the full belief that a vast army of cavalry pursued them. Wade made a poor spectacle, his unfleshed sword still at his side; Trumbull was hardly in better plight, his long-tailed senatorial coat flapping against his busy legs. There had been some bloodletting.

It was an awful day for the simple couple in the White House. Lincoln had sat that day at the telegraph to get the first news of victory. He learned of the initial successes and drove about the suburbs meditating perhaps what the victorious president would say to his defeated and flying fellow-Southerners. When he returned to the White House: "The day is lost; the army is in full retreat; save Washington." Lincoln received the shock without a tremor, his loose-knit frame hardly tightening its tendons. He went quietly to dinner and told Mary, Douglas dead and buried there in Chicago—no clarion Democratic voice to call again the people to war and to defend a friendless chief.

About midnight the fragments of McDowell's army crowded helter-skelter, swearing, drinking at the dram-shops, and damning aloud the miserable abolitionist régime. There was no sleep for the troubled soul in the White House. Would the suppressed Confederate majority of the city join the victorious army of Beauregard on the morrow? Shouts,

rumblings of wagons, occasional shots indicated what the rising sun might reveal. Then came the heavy thunders of a storm. Nature was breaking the long drought. The gentle rain began to fall upon the just and the unjust alike. It turned to torrents. The streets became little rivers; all the long roads across Fairfax County, clogged with wagons and weary men, would be a foot deep in sticky clay. Next morning the bedraggled hordes, drenched with rain, the floods still unabated, were spiritless. Confederate sympathizers could not perform a *coup d'état* on such a day. He had been spared firing the first shot on Fort Sumter; a second time fate had intervened. The dreary Monday passed. Next day the Union sympathizers took the initiative; they hung an effigy of Jefferson Davis and poured shots into it, vain and impotent child's play; but better that than Confederates jeering at the effigy of the president of the United States.



The sun came bright again into the sky. The river was there; the Rebels did not appear; Arlington watched majestic over the scene. The president and the secretary of war took their precautions. Under-officers coaxed the spiritless remnants of the army together. Lincoln and Seward went out to McDowell's headquarters, poor McDowell ready to take his undeserved medicine. The Confederates still did not come over the hills; the great forests were clear, the forts and defenses still manned, a certain William Tecumseh Sherman there putting the spirit of order into disordered heads. After all, Washington had not been taken,

thanks to the floods of rain. But McDowell was dismissed. The country would require that. Congress would set up an investigation: Wade, Trumbull, Stevens, and the rest demanding to know why Richmond was not taken, when they really were praising God that they were not themselves prisoners of Jefferson Davis. Lincoln, looking about, bethought him of the dapper George McClellan, hero of western Virginia, friend of Douglas, the man who had killed General Garnett and laid the foundations for a second Virginia to supplant the ancient Dominion. McClellan came into the presidential presence, not forgetful of the great debates and the special trains for Douglas, private citizen passage for Lincoln, that far-off year of 1858; the little man was in shiny boots that incased half his thighs, uniform and epaulets not unbecoming to General Scott himself, his broad if low forehead lifted at the proper angle of self-respect—the "Little Napoleon," men had already begun to say. He was ready to take McDowell's place. Lincoln made him commander of all the forces in the East. It was a god-send: a Democratic leader who knew the art of war, who had seen the great armies of the European allies in the Crimea, thirty-five years old and a wife from the great Marcy family of New York. Relieved, buoyant again, Lincoln gave the young Napoleon plenary powers and called him "George."

McClellan went about his work, organizing the hundred thousand men that poured into Washington, Beauregard still as death behind the lines now pushed forward to Fairfax

Court-House. The weather was beautiful, the roads became hard, the early autumn leaves suggesting a long winter of idleness for all the hundred thousand new-clad soldiers. The country began to be restless. Out in Missouri John C. Frémont, fierce and impotent, not averse to "the recompense of the reward," issued an emancipation proclamation, since Lincoln would not issue one. All the slaves in his district were free. Wade and Chandler, "Xantippe in boots," wanted to know why Frémont was not in McClellan's place. Lincoln evaded the query, but annulled Frémont's decree. Wade and Chandler and Trumbull visited the army, talked bluntly, as became senators, to the commander about marching while the weather was good to Richmond. McClellan trained his men, limbered and unlimbered his great new guns, and cut down the beautiful forests about his camp. Lincoln told McClellan to suit himself, take no more Bull Run risks.

The Senate replied with a Committee on the Conduct of the War, bluff Ben Wade at its head. They sent for commanders and under-officers, took testimony, showed how war ought to be waged, and sniffed their big noses at "the Louis XVI of our day." The autumn passed. There was no second march on Richmond; Lincoln reviewed the great Army of the Potomac there on the wonderful hills about Lee's old home; McClellan, on his high horse, the pommel of his saddle almost to his chin, a huge sword at his side, gilt spurs tickling and teasing his nervous steed, rode at the president's side—the president in tall silk hat and long

black broadcloth. It was the second Napoleon and "the old Tycoon," according to the clever John Hay, making ready for the second march upon Richmond, all the world waiting—waiting till the bottomless roads of Virginia were ready, May, 1862, the cost of it all a million dollars a day!

The country could hardly have stood the strain except for the work of a certain stoopy, unlucky, ill used little man from Galena, "little Ulys Grant," commander of an Illinois regiment that nobody else would have, in debt for his horse and his outfit, discharged from the army in former times by Jefferson Davis, admitting the charge of habitual drunkenness—Ulys Grant, disowned by tanner Grant, his father, and disliked by father-in-law Dent of Missouri, now slowly making his way to higher command in western Kentucky, in the first new suit of clothes he had had for years, his old overcoat thrown aside, his new boots none too clean, a slouchy, easy-going, stocky man of some hundred and twenty pounds weight, poor wife and children praying for unlucky father. And Grant, a little before Washington's birthday, upon his own initiative, captured the two great forts, Cumberland and Donelson, inside the great State of Tennessee, and twenty thousand roistering, belligerent Confederates, the great Confederate general Albert Sidney Johnston promptly abandoning a third of Andrew Jackson's State—Ulysses Grant, his wife the owner of slaves in Missouri!

Wade could not help rejoicing, strange as it all seemed to him. There was something to show. Lin-

coln, unpopular and unloved, jeered by the editors and snubbed on occasion by the second Napoleon, was making headway, even before the roads permitted. But Grant moved south too fast. He put his army in a dangerous position between the Tennessee River and a murky sluggish creek, the waters swollen out of their banks, far to the south, at Shiloh Church. Albert Sidney Johnston fell upon him, was on the verge of driving his whole army into the great river, and killed a third of his men. The bravery of the successful Confederate leader led him too far; he fell mortally wounded, his army fell into disorder, and Grant saved himself from total annihilation. Intervention of Providence. Grant did not lose; and Lincoln could rejoice. Jefferson Davis trembled there in Richmond as he read the dark signs, the winter and spring of 1862; Lincoln knew of Davis's distress, Mrs. Davis about to run off with the children to North Carolina.

McClellan was at last approaching Richmond, approaching by the Peninsula, as big-nosed Butler had urged a year before. In front of Richmond there was an army of forty or fifty thousand men, standing upon the ridges to the eastward of the seven-hilled Confederate capital, the chimes of the churches ringing out the hours behind them, the people, even the president, praying as they had never prayed before. McClellan made ready his hundred and twenty thousand men scattered about the swamps, moving upon the narrow roads, fighting the mosquitoes and driving droves of fat beeves to safe places, made ready late in May, the weather hot and sticky.

He struck and was halted with heavy losses. Joseph E. Johnston fell badly wounded. Robert E. Lee took the vacant place. McClellan struck again in June, struck now at one place, now at another, all along the line from Hanover Court-House to the terrible White Oak Swamp. He was beaten or lamed or confused, his men losing themselves in the difficult country, the dry leaves on fire, the bushes in his way, clouds of smoke blinding his men as they stumbled about, fought, and died. Lee proved a terror those seven days, Lee whom McClellan feared. Great guns could not be used; they were stuck in the swamps; horses lay dead everywhere; rifles and ammunition were scattered, half his army killed or wounded or missing, escaping through the charred undergrowth—it was war, the waste of war. On July 12 a last stand gave McClellan the semblance of victory at Malvern Hill, but he withdrew to the gunboats on the James River, balked, stunned, cowed; it was worse than Bull Run—the North despondent and angry.

Again Lincoln heard the tale of disaster. He went to the Peninsula, looked upon the half-buried remains of his devoted men, saw the black birds of the Southern air crouching upon the carcasses of dead horses and caught the whiffs of the carrion-laden winds those hot July days when he wept and wondered whether men had ever dreamed of such war when they talked of bloodletting, Abraham Lincoln, kindly, gentle, and unwarlike as a Carmelite priest. He took the remnants of McClellan's army from him, hurried it toward Washington, ordered other troops gathering in northern Virginia to march

upon Richmond by the old Bull Run route, eighty thousand of them those anxious August days, John Pope, hero of skirmishes on the Mississippi, in command. The second Napoleon, no longer "George," was left to find his way back to Washington, risk a street attack, and encounter the scowls of Edwin M. Stanton, now the secretary of war, Edwin M. Stanton, the "divine Carnot" who a year before had taught Washington to sneer and snub the "incompetent" president. It was war.

Robert E. Lee hastened Jackson and twenty thousand men to the west of Pope, gained control of the gaps in the Blue Ridge, fell upon Pope's communications with Washington, burned vast parks of war supplies, and hid himself in the woods under the very nose of the new commander. Pope, uneasy, nonplussed, begged for help and received many regiments from the army that had been ruined in the Peninsula, moved unwittingly toward the very ground where McDowell had lost a year before, dead men's bones protruding from the earth and skeletons of horses strewn about the ground. There on the twenty-eighth of August Lee attacked Pope, Jackson joining him on the field of battle. A second time a great Union army was beaten, routed, driven pell-mell over the Long Bridge into Washington. Would the tide never turn?

Ben Wade and his committee hounded the president. The members of the cabinet quarreled, intrigued, and attacked; attacked the president, demanding the trial of McClellan till the news of the defeat of their favorite, Pope, came; urged

the abandonment of the city, the papers of the government ready packed, a train waiting to take the leaders of the country out of danger's way—Stanton most uneasy of all, wondering what his friend Jefferson Davis might think or do. Benjamin F. Wade wrote as Congress was about to adjourn, "The country was on the way to hell, the scenes of the French revolution were nothing to what we shall see here." Trumbull declared that no one could imagine the hatred of the Republican Congress for its president.

There was no relief in view anywhere, the cabinet, Sumner, the fussy Halleck, new generalissimo, all nonplussed, half ready to abandon the government itself—the president, worn, haggard, despondent, meditative; nor was the country in a better state of mind, preachers visiting Lincoln, abolitionists complaining, Emerson, the philosopher, declaring, "If the Union is incapable of universal freedom, its disruption were as the breaking-up of a frog-pond." And a second time the Confederate army did not march into Washington. Instead Robert E. Lee set his regiments, fifty thousand strong, upon the roads to Harper's Ferry and Frederick, there to march across Maryland, release Baltimore and the East from the grip of the United States army, and move into Pennsylvania, his barefooted, ragged men singing the stirring song, "Maryland, My Maryland." In this day of depression and woe, Lincoln sought out the humbled McClellan and gave him again the command of all the armies of the East! "Lifting the burdens from the shoulders of all men."

("Lincoln or Lee" in the April number)

THE YUKONERS

And the Spell They Cast

T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

YUKON Territory began for me, on that April evening, at the dock in Vancouver. The first boat of the season was about to pull out. It was filled with old-timers who had wintered "outside," but whose nostrils had sniffed the breath of memory. Three young Mounties, as glorious if not as wise as Solomon, rolled cigarettes at the bow rail. Veteran river-captains, pilots, cooks, collegiate stewards, and master mechanics were bound north to inaugurate the complicated services of the summer Yukon. Prospectors and miners called to friends on the dock, where some hundreds of ex-Yukoners, whose scars ached with the opening of navigation, had wistfully assembled. At my elbow a pinched-off little man was explaining to me why he was nervous: his partner, a stranger with whom he proposed to go gold-hunting for two years, had been enchanted, on the way to the boat, by a beer-parlor. A fifteen-hundred-dollar grub-stake hung on his reappearance. Another stranger had helpfully gone to find and disenchant him, the pinched-off man explained, while he stood by the duffle. The situation so staggered my ideas of what was sensible that I had no consolations to offer, not a platitude. Two years with a stran-

ger in a wilderness, bearing a ton of provision along in the hope of finding gold! Could gambling take on a direr form? Five minutes before we started the partner rolled up the plank, a large able man, who I saw at once had had no intention of missing the boat. I felt sorrier than ever for the little one, if free will meant anything to him.

The trip, of inland ocean-voyaging and railway-mountaineering, was one from which every asperity had been removed, and for once the scenery was not transcended by the advertisements. But the color and contours were secondary in interest to my fellow-travelers, the returning Yukoners. I was impressed by their eagerness to get back to their isolation, for that is what the Territory is, a mountain-circled eddy of isolation, a compact comprehensible country organized about the head-waters of the Yukon River. Walled off by mountain ranges on the west and south and east, it becomes a lonely if not inaccessible unit of land whose innumerable streams all flow into the one home river. No other wilderness of two hundred thousand square miles is so much one, and none so conscious of its personality. The Yukoners seem all kin. They all know or know of each other. Their doors

are open. They are drawn together by distance, if that sounds not absurd. They are all on the inside, and the rest of the world is outside. They are cozy, related, "one great big family."

"One great big family"—it is their expression, not mine, and it has become habitual on their lips. I had it from river-captains and hotel-keepers, from men of the Mounted Police and leery old beer-swiggers and alert waitresses. I did not hear it from the Indians, whose sense of humor differs. It seemed true to me as spontaneous things are true, one of those genial, up-flowing remarks that convey the nature of the speaker more accurately than the situation spoken of. "In here," a Yukoner, pausing between crisping damnations of some neighbor, would say, "we're just one great big family, you see." Irony, possibly; hypocrisy, no. I came to see that their blighting criticisms were inter-family privileges; let a stranger assail them and he was instructed where to go. A loyalty, a solidarity created by the conditions of their land, underlay their lives, and beneath pettiness was constant proof of a large and continual neighborliness. A community that can leave its doors open and that turns no needy ones away is entitled to its little inconsistencies. Long before we had reached Skagway and had topped the ramparts on the extraordinarily courageous railway I was sure that I was going to like the Yukoners, but it was not until I was finally inside that the novel career of coming to know them got under way.

Steel ends and navigation begins at White Horse, a village where men

live and watch the impudence of time with a smile; and it was at White Horse that I spent two weeks of utter happiness while the ice of Lake Laberge was deciding to go out. There was nothing to see—no sights, I mean—and nothing to do, which left an unusual amount of time for the gainful occupation of enjoying one's self. This took many forms. I strolled out to Baxter's fox farm and listened to tales of big game in the White River region: Mr. Baxter's business is amusing rich men; his recreation is telling about it. I sat on Frank Harbottle's porch and heard about the humors and difficulties of conveying mail to Dawson on a caterpillar. I visited the old copper-mines with Corporal Cronkhite of the Mounted Police and his eight huskies, who were beautifully trained not to eat you, or even to begin. And I spent evenings in Captain Bruce's home, which resembled Stevenson's idea of heaven, a place where a man could have a little conversation. And when the mood to be alone came on me, I knew where to go.

Behind the village rose an ancient cut-bank which afforded an unfailingly satisfying view. The mountains stood back in widely separated ranges and were clothed with a soft and colorful atmosphere. Magnificence had quieted into beauty, and with the spruce-greens, granite-grays, and ice-blues, nature painted a landscape of exquisite repose. The eye took the imagination into a far country, a country of wide thoughts, soberly beautiful thoughts.

To escape these, the villagers sat all morning, all afternoon, and presumably all night, in the lobby of Charley Johnston's hotel. The chairs

were worn into comfort, and the air filled with tobacco-smoke, by a highly individual circle of sourdoughs, mostly of the importation of '98, who gathered about the stove. If that stove could talk, it could repeat all Yukon history, all Yukon customs, and offer more than sly allusions to all the Yukon romances past and present. During my fortnight I heard, while the talk smoldered from one sage to another, bits of all Yukon experience. I gathered facts about mining, about furs, and about the local adulteries. I listened to accounts of drinking-bouts, the eccentricities of women, and how to manage dogs. There were remarks on the outlook for tourists, the actions of tourists, the guilelessness, gullibility, and general godforsakenness of tourists; and there were prolonged talks on the weather. Occasionally some one would open the door into the world of magic beauty outside and say, "Damn the damn wind!"

Sometimes the hint of what I was missing would overcome my interest in these kindly, able, and inveterate gossips, and I would steal away to the White Horse Rapids and the company of the thirty thousand ghosts of '98. I liked to sit on a rock near where the whole river, converging, rushed into one wave, broke white, swept on into the next, and the next, and next, and slid away—a beautiful rapid, and one I should have walked around, in '98, like Swiftwater Bill. If I closed my eyes, I could see a procession never approached in any movie for drama, and could hear the shoutings of the treasure-seekers who followed the heel of the ice, that fabulous spring a generation ago, on the way to Dawson. What energy,

what tragic hopefulness, and what comic preoccupations come to pass there! In one spring they peopled the great valley of the Yukon with apparitions; and some, in meager flesh, can still be come on up quiet branches of the creeks.

The way to Dawson! Tahkeena, Hootalinqua, Little Salmon, Carmack's, Yukon Crossing, Selkirk, Stewart River—names that reach deep into the secret sensibilities of the ex-Yukoner, for in their sound he hears an echo of the spell that held him. He forgets the years of imprecation, the summers of flies and the winters of frost; he remembers his desires. Even to myself, *cheechako*, those names bear a sentiment that stirs, an atmosphere of self-reliance and liberty, those familiars of the frontier. It was on an all-night trip, rowing from Stewart River to Dawson alone in a skiff, that I drank deepest from the cup of felicity which the Yukon holds to a man's lips.

The fame of Dawson is authentic. There she stands, with every other house untenanted, with warping sidewalks and cabins sagging on their natal ice, with death in her heart but a human cheeriness in her greeting that is immense, symbolic. She means more than do innumerable thriving towns with trolleys and statistics and chambers of commerce, complete, and all so wearily alike, for she has been somebody. Frayed of sleeve and gaunt of cheek, she wears the badge of Arctic Brotherhood on her breast, and it would be treason to give her away, to side with time and contradict the five hundred conspiring optimists who stick it out with her. For an instant she was great, great with the humors and

heartbreaks of human commonplace in a unique setting, and her fame is safe. Those who can visit Dawson and not be moved are the dead ones.

To view her aright, I climbed Midnight Dome one sunny evening, and sat on a commanding perch through a few hours of perfect beauty. Below me lay the checker-board of the city on which strange games had been played; beyond ran the creeks—Eldorado, Bonanza, Gold Bottom, Klondike, Dominion, Too Much Gold—whose possibilities would have upset the uncommercial serenity of the Sphinx. But peace had again closed in on these uneasy solitudes. Still farther on lay the trackless and mountainous forest; austere peaks raised pyramids of color in the midnight glow, while above all arched a sky still luminous with the day undying there so short a distance below the horizon. The gold commotion showed in its proper relation to the whole.

And now I come to the best of all, the up-river days. I had been active, and the laziness in me looked forward to those four days of watching the shores, from Dawson back to White Horse, of sleeping and eating and reading and talking and bathing in the perpetual sun. What rushing cannot do, sometimes hushing will; and it is in the fruitful slowness of up-stream travel that a man can occasionally have, in addition to unfamiliar sights of things, those unfamiliar sights of self which awaken, disturb, incite—and matter. Otherwise travel is a blind man's holiday, and the swiftness of travel but the toy of fools.

It was still before the tourist season, and the boatful represented the "great big family" in all its variety. Bishop Stringer with his pioneering wife was starting on a tour of his diocese as large as a side of the moon. Major Telford of the Mounted Police, a man compounded of all northern experiences and sympathies, lean and humorous and mellow, matched stories with all comers, mile for mile, and remained champion. A school-teacher of Selkirk, who had never seen a train of cars, a crowd, or a ten-story building, was just returning from a flight with the aviators who had forwarded Amundsen's polar films. A mining magnate and his wife were scouring the region for pianos and bowling-alleys to take to Keno for the silver-diggers' pleasure. A poised intelligent half-breed discussed the latest perfections of the radio. Mushers, market-hunters, prospectors, were all there, and all instantly and sincerely friendly. The real significance of life was in that friendliness.

For the rest I am not a Baedeker. I could star beauties, identify routes, recommend—places such as Kluahne Lake, for instance—but not being a transportation company I do not care if only a few people take the trip to Dawson. I am this selfish, that I do not want the Yukon over-run before I get back. For, to quote Mr. Service's best line, "I want to go back and I will."

"Well, sir," said one unwashed sourdough to me, "I rambled into this country in 1897, and I've been here ever since. One gets addicted to this country."

"Why?" I asked, regarding the unnecessary filth upon his person.

"Yes, sir, it's dirty work, dirty work," he countered, not wishing to tell me the truth. "At this work a man's got to wash 'most every day."

He was a priceless remnant, that wood-chopper who did not like to admit that he stayed because he could be free to be lazy. And it was later on that same day that I met a little French Canadian who gave me another clue. "Outside," he said, "you have to have de money at de ends of de fingers." Inside, one could imply, you were free from such restraints. Inside men will trust you, for they can keep tab on you. Inside there are lazy men and licentious men, but no bad men—they cannot survive there. Inside the conditions of existence are easy: learn to shoot, learn to cook, learn to avoid freezing to death, and two hundred thousand square miles of park-land is yours. By working hard for six months, even for three, a man can loaf the rest; and the subtle

poison of this liberty enters his system rarely to be ousted. It is the land of reversion.

Nobody can ever say Yukon in my presence henceforth without starting a strange thrill around my body. The mischief has been done, the spell cast; and it was the Yukoners who cast it rather than the land they inhabit. I have been in greater wildernesses since. I have tasted life in the Mackenzie Valley, where the tradition is rivalry and social bitterness, and nothing could induce me to go there again. But the Yukon! It is a land to dream about; a land where the animals roam unterrified, where business is only skin-deep and beauty is the rest; a land where even the most hurried traveler needs only to stoop to pick up something rare. While there he begins to see how much of the routine of life is a mirage, a deception of shiny surfaces; and when he comes away, he comes thoughtful-eyed and richer.

SEPARATION

HENRY ROBINSON

Now I know why the lonely horse
Whinnies beside the empty stall;
Now I know why the hollow corse
Lies so desolate and still;

And why the living clover-shoot
Dies when the sickle makes it hay;
Oh! even unremembering fruit
Withers when severed from the tree.

A WOMAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE

Have We a Presidential Possibility

IDA CLYDE CLARKE

TO THE majority of people the idea of a woman in the White House is still unthinkable. And yet, since women have successfully aspired to honors as high in the political scale as the United States Senate, and since, politically speaking, they are not in a state of arrested development, it is not unreasonable to assume that a woman presidential candidate is at least within the range of possibility. Not that such a candidate would set a precedent. It has been about half a century since the nomination of Mrs. Belva Lockwood for the presidency of the United States sent a slight ripple of amusement over the country. A little later the Equal Rights party nominated Mrs. Victoria Claffin Woodhull Martin for the same high office, but this incident was taken even less seriously.

That was back in the unsafe seventies, those years when democracy was not yet safe for women workers or women voters or women office-holders. It is true that some of the barriers to woman's progress had already begun to give way. A few women had been employed by the government to copy land-warrants, the work being sent to their homes. In the Treasury Department a wife had been permitted to

work in the place of her husband who was ill, but although she was allowed to keep the position after his death because of her efficiency, she had to work *under her brother's name*. About that time a high official of the government said: "A woman can use scissors better than a man, and she will do it cheaper. I want to employ women to cut treasury notes." The movement of women toward economic freedom having been thus accelerated by the wisdom of Providence augmented by the thriftiness of man, there is no telling how rapid progress might have been except for feminine frailty made evident when the tea-pot invaded every window-ledge in the Treasury Department. This, according to the political philosophers of the day, was proof that women were unfit for government service, though the corridors were blue from the smoke of cigars with which, at the noon-hour, men workers stimulated and refreshed themselves.

Yes, Belva Lockwood and Victoria Claffin Woodhull Martin lived in those good old days when woman's right to overwork and to be overworked remained untouched by legislative interference. According to the statistics of the seventies there were in Boston alone eight thousand

sewing-women who earned less than twenty-five cents a day.

But there have been rapid and radical changes in the political and economic status of women during the last fifty years, and it is a safe prediction that should the organized women of the country decide that they want a woman in the White House, and if they could agree on the candidate, it would be no laughing matter to the men aspirants for the honor or to their supporters. It may be interesting, therefore, to consider the women citizens of these United States who may have personality, power, popularity, and political technique enough to make a creditable race for the presidency.

A wide sweep of the field brings the number of our female presidential possibilities down almost to the vanishing-point. Few women can be classed as "timber," politically or otherwise. Most of us are still in the vine class and have tendrils going out in every direction seeking something to cling to. In fact, we are not satisfied to be mere clingers; we wind and we twine and are never quite willing to let go.

There are, it is true, some "favorite daughters," but, however able they may be, none has yet attained in any marked degree national prominence or importance. Among the increasing number of women holding public office, none, so far, has achieved such national popularity as would sweep her into the White House.

There are a few organization leaders whose names are nationally known. But of these only Mrs. Catt has demonstrated the qualities usually attributed to statesmen. She would qualify, by temperament

and native ability, as well as by training and experience, as a worthy claimant for any high political honor. But she is the spokesman for the aristocrat among women's organizations, and her popularity is among the sophisticated few. It is scarcely to the credit of women that, after almost a lifetime of zealous, persistent, and highly effective effort on their behalf, Mrs. Catt is able to muster only a million or two of the twenty-seven million eligible women voters to march under her banner of feminine freedom. The magazine which bears the stamp of her personality, carries her name at the masthead, and has continued to exist largely through her faith and generosity, has never had more than a few thousand subscribers. This lack of appreciation and loyalty is, to me, one of the most discouraging aspects of the present situation regarding women. It was in the convention of 1900 that Mrs. Catt, newly elected president of the American Suffrage Association, and referred to by the press of the day as a representative of "the younger generation," was led to the platform by the venerable Susan B. Anthony, who said: "In Mrs. Catt you have my ideal leader. I present you my successor." And from that moment to this Mrs. Catt has been on the firing-line in every battle for the freedom of women. It might conceivably be that the women of America, having neglected and failed to appreciate Mrs. Catt for all of these years, would rally to her standard in case she were a candidate for the presidency.

In considering the possibility of any unity of sentiment among

women, it is natural for us to think of the club-women. It is doubtful, however, if there are more than three or four million women in the United States who may be classed as "club-women." If the General Federation of Women's Clubs has three million members, and the National League of Women Voters has two million, at least one million will have to be counted off because of overlapping membership. In fact, practically all members of the League of Women Voters belong to other clubs of one kind or another.

So organized women, even if they could agree on a platform and a candidate—and this they will probably never do—do not hold the balance of power, and it is doubtful if they have a leader who is able, magnetic, and appealing enough to capture the votes of the other millions of unorganized women voters.

And then there are the national political parties to be reckoned with. The very thought of a woman president is, as yet, intolerable to the parties; and though women have, in certain local situations, demonstrated that they will scratch the party ticket if the challenge rings high enough and clear enough, no national test of women's party loyalty has yet been applied. And it is exceedingly doubtful if women have yet achieved anything like enough independence of thought and enough courage of action to heed the still small voice within a women's "bloc," when men are sending megaphone messages from national party headquarters.

It appears that the woman political racer for big stakes, who might be swift enough to outrun her op-

ponent of the stronger sex, would have to come either from the rank of non-club-women and be able to rally to her standard women from all ranks, or she would have to emerge from one of the dominant political parties with such political push as party machinery could give. It is safe to assume that no woman will be pushed forward by either political party for some time to come at least.

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We have, I believe, not more than three women who possess the tremendous potential power necessary to achieve high political honors, aside from group influence, and only one of these is exercising her power politically or has any avowed political ambitions. These three are Anne Morgan, Alice Roosevelt Longworth, and Ruth Hanna McCormick.

Each is a worthy representative of a celebrated American family, and each has undoubtedly inherited certain rare gifts and striking traits; but in addition to inherited wealth, talent, family name and traditions, each of these remarkable women has brains and ability that would mark her as exceptional, aside from her family background and recognizable inheritance. Each is distinguished for having inherited specific talents from a celebrated father; but it is the *plus*—the feminine embodiment of these gifts—that gives to America three super-endowed women, any one of whom could probably get what she really wanted if she should set her head to it and put the full force of her influence back of the effort.

Now I am not considering popularity. I am considering power, potential political power in the possession of women. If the millions

of American women should be asked to vote for the woman they like best, the majority of votes would doubtless be cast for Mary Pickford or some other "queen of the silver screen." If the younger generation were represented I do not doubt that Helen Wills would be a favorite.

No male aspirant for the White House need quake a single quake in his political boots on account of Anne Morgan, for she is not politically minded in the least. But I believe she might be the first woman in the world to achieve the highest honor within the gift of a people if she really craved that gift. However, she does not now, nor do I believe she ever will crave such honor. Her mind works quickly and definitely—with a majestic Morganesque sweep—but it does not work politically.

Anne Morgan is essentially kind. She is socially minded to an unusual degree, and without being conscious of it. She is sympathetic to a fault. She is easily influenced at times by people she likes, and she likes people thoroughly and often on short notice.

Anne Morgan has the human sympathies of a Lincoln, though she may lack his deep understanding of humanity; she has the high impetuous spirit and the personal magnetism of a Roosevelt, though she may lack his acute political sense; she has the inner poise and surety of a Coolidge, but in times of stress she would never be willing to keep cool with anybody. She is all for action, and her policy is invariably a positive and not a negative one. And, I might add, she can out-Hoover Hoover when it comes to organization ability.

Her work as head of the American Committee for Devastated France will forever stand as an example of fine generalship, and it is to the credit of America and to the honor of American women that she belongs to us. She is one of the few women who know how to delegate detail work. She sees things always in the large and in outline. She never starts a thing until she can see the finish of it. She is not infallible in her judgments, she is often mistaken in people, and she is not inclined to change a plan once she has made it. But she is a good sport. If, in the end, she finds that she has been wrong, she knows it and admits it; and if financial loss has resulted from her decisions made against the advice of her co-workers, she dismisses the whole matter speedily by personally making the loss good. And, biggest and best of all, she is an adept in the fine and delicate art of being a friend.

Her method is admirably exemplified in her recent work in the interest of the project of the American Women's Association, of which she is treasurer, for the seven-million-dollar club-house for business and professional women to be erected in New York.

The association had acquired property carrying a mortgage of a million and a half dollars, and had been aggressively at work in an effort to sell three million dollars' worth of stock to make the proposed club-house a reality. When things failed to go as she thought they should go, when campaign enthusiasm was on the down beat, when discouragement settled over the faithful few who had worked with soldier-like fidelity,

Anne Morgan took an office in Wall Street and occupied it during business hours of every business day.

How she did it is beyond the ken of those of us to whom Wall Street and its doings are deep and magnificent mysteries, but since Anne Morgan opened that office something has happened. The building-site previously secured has been disposed of, and another more desirable (and incidentally a million or so more expensive) has been secured on Fifty-seventh Street, in the very heart of New York's most expensive business district, near the site of the new Metropolitan Opera House; and whereas the enterprise had been a four-and-a-half-million-dollar one—staggering to the brain of the average woman—it is now nearer a seven-million-dollar undertaking. On that site will be erected the greatest women's club in the world, the exclamation point in the story of women's progress.

Since seeing her recently exploited recommendation of a beauty cream (and I confess this astounded me), I have come to the conclusion that Anne Morgan might become so interested in some cause as to run for office if she could be brought to believe that in so doing she could serve that cause. But for her I believe it would be a very great sacrifice.

As for Alice Longworth—it is doubtful if there is an American woman who is better informed or who has more decided opinions on national and international politics and affairs than Alice Longworth. But if she has or has ever had the slightest purely personal ambition in the direction of politics she has never

given an outward sign. Perhaps she works off her political steam vicariously. Underground gossip at Washington is all to the effect that the Hon. Nicholas Longworth is dreaming a big dream of taking the charming Alice back to the White House some day, and she may be waiting for that. Every now and then some one used to rise to prophesy what might happen if Alice Longworth should take a notion to run for the United States Senate, but she seems to think that one statesman in the family is a full quota, and after the arrival of baby Paulina all fears of her mother's breaking into politics subsided. And if there remained any doubt as to her attitude, the doubt was set at rest when she declined the appointment last fall as national Republican committeewoman from Ohio.

But behold Ruth Hanna McCormick, daughter of Mark Hanna and widow of Senator Medill McCormick of Chicago, clad in all her inherited and acquired political glory, and glad of it! "I was the first woman ward politician," she says proudly. In the early days of her career she was even quoted as saying, "I am a professional lobbyist, a ward-heeler, a favor-seeker, an office-seeker, and I hope something of a precinct boss."

Well, that was some years ago. Ruth McCormick has long ceased to think in terms of precinct or ward. Sitting in her pleasant drawing-room on Lincoln Drive in Chicago, she told me quite simply and frankly that the only two offices that would interest her would be the governorship of Illinois and the United States senatorship.

"Or a place in the president's cabinet?" I suggested.

"No," she said immediately, as if she had thought it all through; "that doesn't interest me. There's nothing there I want."

"Isn't there any diplomatic post you'd like?" I asked, but she was ready for that question too.

"No," she said. "There are so many things to do here at home. And, besides, I don't think women are ready for diplomacy yet. In fact, I don't want to be *appointed* to anything. That wouldn't appeal to me. I want to be elected in a fair fight on a clean-cut issue."

So be sure of this much: no political widow's weeds for her. She wants her plum-blossoms fresh and in full bloom, and she chooses to pluck them for herself, thank you!

Ruth Hanna was born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1880. She made her first political speech when she was sixteen from the rear platform of a special car in which her father—then, and for some time thereafter, the most spectacular figure in American politics—was campaigning. He had made his speech sixteen times that day, and she had heard it sixteen times. At eleven o'clock at night another crowd was clamoring for a speech. His throat had given out. She knew that speech, word for word, and so she delivered it.

Mrs. McCormick is the only woman in America with a political technique. If she achieves high political honors it will not be because of her personal popularity. Women do not like her, and she knows it perfectly well. Men are afraid of her, and she knows that too. The women of her own political party voted for her as

a national committeewoman, but she was not of their choosing. And she prefers it that way. She prefers power to popularity every time.

Yes, Ruth McCormick's political technique is superb, and the men know it. There is nothing hidden in the big game of American politics that has not long been revealed to her. She can meet the men politicians on their own ground. Important men come frequently and from long distances to consult with her, and most of them would be considerably more comfortable if they knew just what she does intend to do.

As a matter of fact, Mrs. McCormick has announced no political plans whatever. That is why so many people are worrying about her. If they could only *know* what she is going to do! Not that she is either waiting for or wanting what politicians call a "walk-over." "I love a fight—and the stiffer it is the better I like it," she told me with a toss of her head, and any one who has known this clever woman as I have known her is convinced that she means it. Just now she is merely "sitting pretty," biding her time; and every prospect pleases. There is no man in her party better informed on political issues than she is, and she is sure to play a star part in the political drama of the next few years.

In personal appearance she is tall, slender, and dark. She dresses smartly, and invariably with extreme simplicity. She is one of the best speakers in the country, being concise, logical, and convincing. In debate she is brilliant. Even when she speaks on highly controversial topics to unsympathetic audiences, she is never confused or unready with

a rejoinder. You may not agree with her, you probably won't, for she is a sort of a political "jay-walker," and crosses the beaten track whenever and wherever she likes. But you'll like her just the same.

Mrs. McCormick came into national prominence in the old suffrage days when the lamented Anna Howard Shaw was our leader. She was one of the gems mined out of the solid rock of feminine indifference by those brave pioneers. Socially prominent young women were not joining in large numbers in those days, and here was an influential, wealthy, attractive, intelligent young woman who was indeed an asset to the cause. She was made chairman of the Congressional committee of the National Suffrage Association, then the most important office in the organization with the exception of the presidency. That was about the time Alice Paul with her followers "bolted" and formed a Congressional committee of their own, out of which has grown the National Woman's party.

Mrs. McCormick, since early girlhood, has been interested in the advance of women. At various times she has supported the Women's Trade Union League, the National Civic Federation, the Consumers' League, the American Association for Labor Legislation, the Women's Club for Civic Improvement in Chicago, and the Women's Section of the Navy League, which she formed. She was active in the Progressive party in the days of its prominence, and in 1920 was elected chairman of the Women's National Republican Committee. She is an active member of the Women's City Club of

Chicago and of the Colony Club and the Women's City Club of New York. Social life, as we are accustomed to think of it, interests her no more than it interests her intimate friend Alice Longworth. Neither is she interested in the common or garden variety of women's clubs.

This, in brief, is the picture of Mrs. McCormick as the world knows her in a public way, but no description of this unusual woman, not even so slight a sketch as this, would be honest, unless it gave some insight into her personal and home life.

Really to understand her one must remember that even as a child Ruth Hanna had much in common with her celebrated father. She was very often with him, read with him, studied with him, campaigned with him, and knew personally and intimately many of the most eminent men of that day. She lived her father's stirring political life almost as keenly as he lived it. In 1903 she married Medill McCormick of Chicago, whose family traditions, political and otherwise, were quite similar to her own. They had common interests; and had he lived, I doubt if she would have sought political honors for herself.

All of her life Mrs. McCormick has been extremely active, and her activities have never been trivial or inconsequential; and yet a more devoted mother of three lovelier children would be hard to find. It was when Katrina and her younger brother John were quite small that their mother became interested in a pure milk supply. That interest, inspired as it was by a mother's love and concern for her babies, now finds expression in a thousand-acre dairy

farm at Byron, Illinois, where Mrs. McCormick has a noted herd of Holsteins, including "Aggie," celebrated for the quantity of milk she gives, and a number of other prize-winners. Mrs. McCormick spends much time on this farm and gives it a great deal of personal attention. There she has taught her children their first lessons. During part of each year the family home is in an apartment on the Lake Shore Drive in Chicago, and Mrs. McCormick also maintains an apartment in New York which she occupies occasionally. She has undoubtedly demonstrated that lifelong and enthusiastic interest in politics and in public life need in no degree lessen a woman's devotion and attention to her home and children.



As to business ability Mrs. McCormick can hold her own with any man. One example will show her gifts in this direction. As chairman of the Women's Republican Committee her task was to raise money. One day her friend Helen Bennet was commiserating with her on this task. "I wish you would stop feeling sorry for me and give me an idea," was her reply. Miss Bennet proposed a Women's World Fair for the exploitation of the activities of women. Mrs. McCormick was interested but not convinced. She remembered that her friend Mr. Wrigley, of chewing-gum fame, has, so she thinks, an uncanny sense of the commercial value of an idea. In half an hour they were in Mr. Wrigley's office, and the big idea had passed the censor. People generally had told Miss Bennet that it would take a year to organize the project and put it through.

Mr. Wrigley saw things differently. "Go ahead and do it," was his advice. "Hire a hall, make the best showing you can the first year, open the doors, and tell the world to come to the first Women's World Fair ever held. The idea is good for five or ten years, and you can improve it every year."

That was in December. In four months the doors were opened. There was no underwriting. There was no borrowed money to pay back. Every Saturday all current bills were paid. The fair opened absolutely free of all indebtedness, and the bank-balance stood around \$20,000. When the doors were closed at the end of the seventh day there was a clear profit of over \$40,000. The next year the experiment was repeated with even greater success. The fair is no longer the project of a political committee but is operated on a permanent basis by its own independent organization.

The beginning of this great and expertly handled enterprise furnishes a shining example for women who wish to raise money. A new bank building offered the most desirable place in Chicago for the fair. The bank president said the rental was \$1000 a day, \$7000 for the seven days. The women said that was too much, and that they could only pay \$5000. He said he could not reduce the price. Did that settle it with those women? It did not. They took a walk, and in the course of the walk they asked some thirty people, selected at random, for directions to that building, and not one of them knew where it was. They went back and told the bank president about it. They convinced him that the place needed ad-

vertising and reminded him of the advertising value of a Women's World Fair. He stuck resolutely to his price, but the next day he telephoned Mrs. McCormick that if they would rent the place for \$7000 his bank would take \$2000 worth of advertising space at the fair, and the proposal was accepted. Now notice this: *His* terms called for \$1000 cash on the signing of the contract, and *their* terms called for 50 per cent cash on the signing of the contract. He paid \$1000 first (at their suggestion), and then they paid it back to him!

That same day they went to see the manager of Chicago's largest department-store. It was an inviolable rule of that store never to take space in any fair or exposition. It never had been done, and it never would be done. That was what he said. But, lo, the inviolate became violate. The contract was signed, a check for 50 per cent of the amount given, and the next day the bank-account was opened.

It is not surprising to learn that Mrs. McCormick is personally handling her own estate and that of her late husband. She is the guardian for three orphaned children, runs her farm, and in addition to all this she may be a candidate in the near future for some high political office. As a mother, as a business woman, as a speaker, as a politician, she is all that American women could desire as their representative in public office. But both by marriage and in her own right she is a hopeless "irreconcilable," and therefore her views would not be in harmony with those of the majority of organized women. She has been from the beginning opposed

to the World Court and the League of Nations, on the ground that there is no question that we could conceivably take before the World Court that we could not take before the older Hague Tribunal, whether we belonged to the World Court or not; and that in joining this court we become morally liable for its actions, liability which she thinks might eventually force us into war. She says she is opposed to war, but believes that our present efforts toward peace are misdirected and that they will prove ineffectual.

Here, then, is the woman who may, within the next few years, generate enough power to put her in some high public office. If we are to have a woman president in my day and yours the miracle must be wrought through power and not through popularity. A woman who could charter a train at an expense of about \$12,000 to take her from New York to Chicago in order not to miss a meeting she wanted to attend, as Mrs. McCormick did recently, could probably do almost anything she wished to do. You possibly may not agree with her political views, but you will like her for her ability, her simplicity, her directness; you will admire her for her beautiful home life, for her fine qualities as a wife and mother, for her business genius. If Ruth Hanna thought as organized women of America think, or if they thought as she thinks, what a leader she would make!

At any rate it is interesting to know that we have at least one woman with a political technique heretofore supposed to be possible to the male only—even though we do not agree with her.

A PIRATE IN THE LINEN-CLOSET

THEODORA DU BOIS

LUNCH was very pleasant. Leslie was always thankful that she had stuck to Colonial in the dining-room and not gone off into Spanish with its refectory-tables and lanterns and exotic things like that. White wainscoting and grass paper and good old mahogany—you couldn't get anything much better. As a matter of fact the room looked like one of those photographed interiors in "Home and House" or "Beautiful Gardens," only in the pictures you couldn't get the color, or the breath of warm cut grass from outside, or the spiciness of the nasturtiums in the center of the table, or the drowsy sound of crickets, or the stir of curtains in the wind. If she hadn't married, or if anything should happen to Peter, she knew she could make a fortune at interior decorating. That chintz at the French windows was particularly good, yellow and orange and red and green and parrots climbing among woven tropical branches, and who else would have had sense enough to use Quimper ware in this room? She loved its gay colors on the heavy cream linen runners. And her iced tea had caught all the browns and yellows and golds and turned them to liquid amber with a sprig of green mint like emerald in the frosty glass. It *would* be fun to try your hand at decorating! The freedom of

it and the joy of working with colors! She would buy one of those shiny low sport-cars for herself—maize yellow perhaps, with a fascinating naked nymph diving off the radiator-cap. Of course she didn't want anything to happen to Peter, but marriage did simply choke all your talents and abilities, and children weren't enough. Although they were darlings! How sweet they looked with their little faces reflected in the table! Those sailor blouses were perfectly darling on little Peter, but he was far too thin and pale lately and cried too much. Dr. Baldwin was bound to have his tonsils out.

"June dear," she said, "I haven't heard a word you've been saying. What is it?"

"Why, about Jingle, you know. There's a little gold door in the garden wall back of the rhododendrons, and every day a man comes out with a peacock and plays with us. He's got bells on his clothes that jingle, and a white peacock too."

"'He has bells,' not 'he's got bells,' June dear."

"Yes, and he hates the pirate too. Mother, I don't think Petey ought to play with that pirate so much, he's so afraid of him."

"Don't say that. Don't say that. Don't say that." Petey was just on the verge again, shrieking so.

"Don't tease him, June," Leslie said. "You'll get him all upset. Peter, it's all right, darling. June won't say it. Eat your chop."

How adorably his lower lip turned in! He said, "Its lumps stick in my froat."

"Shure there's no lumps, Mrs. Anthony. I cut off every bit of fat." Martha was a good nurse and much nicer looking than most, so thin and with a really decent hair-cut—not like a wild woman at all. But she was apt to feed Petey too fast. "Here, ate this, Pater," she said, "or ye'll not grow to be as big a man as yer father."

Now what was there in that to upset the child so? He howled and beat his Quimper plate with his knife. "Don't say that—don't—don't—"

"Peter, stop this instant. Don't let him have the knife again, Martha. You'll have to finish your lunch out in the kitchen. Take him out please, Martha." It was remarkable that Martha wasn't deafened with Peter howling into her neck like that. Lovely hair he had, like unsalted butter.

"He didn't like Martha's saying that about he wouldn't grow to be as big as father. He always says when he's as big as father he'll kill the pirate. He's awfully scared of the pirate. May I have some more peas, mother? I've got to liking them, haven't I?"

"Don't say 'got' so much, dear. Yes, you may have some peas." She stretched her foot about under the table and finally found the humped place in the rug that was the bell.

"Peter's awfully funny, mother.

He cries and hits the pirate on the head when he sees him crawling out of the little gold door, but he says he has to play with him all the time."

"That's perfect nonsense. You children are not to play such silly games. . . . Please pass the peas, Delia, and I should like some more bread." How lucky she was not to have to worry all the time about getting too fat, like most women!

"Thou shalt do no murder," June said. "What commandment is that, mother? I mean what number?"

"Isn't it the sixth—or the second?" What did that combination of numbers remind her of? oh, yes, that absurd song, "Put down six and carry two—tum-ta-ta—tum-ta-ta." Was it "The Red Mill"? No—"Babes in Toyland," and she had won a blue *crêpe de Chine* dress with a long full pleated skirt and a high collar with bones and ruching. How ridiculous she must have looked! "June, don't let your peas spill over the edge of your plate."

"All right, mother. I wonder if we'll have peas at the Brown party. They 'most always do. They're going to have a Punch-and-Judy. I do hope I won't get measles or anything. I haven't been to a party since Christmas. I'm just estatically anxious to see a Punch-and-Judy."

Leslie laughed. "You know Mrs. Brown is coming over for tea this afternoon, with the children." How dreadful it would be if Petey and June were as plain as the little Browns! Terrible if they should have to wear glasses—goggling out at the world like little frogs. The water-pitcher was tarnished around the handle. She could see it even

across the sideboard. And how June was dawdling!

"Eat all your potato, June. Don't leave your knife hanging off your plate like that."

"All right, mother. Peter's still crying. Would it be a murder, do you think, to kill a pretend person?"

"Please don't kick the table, June."

"All right, mother."

"I wish you'd say 'very well' sometimes."

"All right."

"All right?"

"I mean, very well, mother. But would it?"

"Would it what, June? I haven't the least idea what you're talking about." How exasperating even the loveliest of children could be sometimes! They made you simply want to yell. There was a good deal in this English plan of governesses. But then the English women never kept really in touch with their children. They never could understand all the details of their lives. "What do you mean, June?" she asked, and folded her napkin.

"I mean would it be murdering to kill a pretend person? Oh, Delia, I don't want custard. Have I got to eat it, mother?"

"Don't say 'got' so much, June. Yes, you must eat it. June may have one plain cake, Delia. Now, June, finish your lunch and go up for your rest until the Brown children come. You may have orange-juice and lady-fingers at four." She wandered across the hall into the living-room and sat down at the piano. The bowl of lavender sweet peas on it was charming. Just the color of the candles on the mantel beyond,

and the silk of her great-grand-mother's dress in the portrait. How did that foolish old song go? "Put down six and carry two; la-la-la—la—la-la . . ."

"What's that song, mother?" Why do children always jam up so close against you when you're playing? And they are always so hot, poor dears.

"It's called 'School Days,' I think. Now run along upstairs."

"All right, mother. But would it be murdering?"

"What murdering?" How mad-deningly persistent they were!

"To kill a pretend person."

"No, of course not; what nonsense! I don't want you and Peter to play such silly games. You're to stop it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, mother, but—we can't stop it yet because of the pirate."

"Of course you can stop such nonsense. 'School-days, school-days, dear old golden-rule days—'"

"But, mother, don't you see, if we stop it now the pirate will climb up the trellis and let the flat black animal out of Petey's closet, and the pirate will stick Peter with his sword thing, and the animal will eat him up—" She was nearly crying.

"June, I forbid you to talk any such foolishness. Tell Peter there's no such thing as a pirate. Now go up to your rest."

"Yes, mother."

At last. Now how did the rest of that song go? "School-days, school-days, dear old golden-rule days; you were a something in calico—I was your—"

"Mother!"

"What is it, June? Didn't I tell you to go upstairs?"

"Yes, mother. I'm going. But if they can't kill a person, I mean a bad wicked person, what do they do to them, I mean?"

"Lock them up."

"Oh—like in your locked bureau drawer?"

"Yes—only in a jail or prison." Leslie was looking over her pile of music.

"Might I lock up that pretend pirate in a closet or something?"

"Yes, yes, child. Now go to bed."

"Peter's still crying; he doesn't want his door shut."

"Then tell Martha to leave it open. Now for pity's sake, go!"

June went, and Petey's howls subsided from above.



It was pleasant to lie out in the long chair in that interval between tea and dressing for dinner. Leslie had one of Sherwood Anderson's books, but she didn't like it very much. It was too—well, just the way they always were. She wouldn't care to meet him. She imagined sitting next him at some dinner, and if he should fall in love with her it would be dreadfully hard to handle him. He wasn't the sort who could be jollied off. He'd say: "You know you aren't more than half alive now. Come on." It would be a devastating sort of experience, but tremendously stirring . . . and poor Peter, Peter senior, when he found her note on the pincushion! It would be so horrible for him. He did love her. And he was a darling, although of course he wasn't perfect. He never would get his trumps out first, and he spoiled the children and didn't have a sign of musical appre-

ciation, that is, for really good music, and he repeated his stories until she wanted to scream. If he told that one about the Irishman and the parrot at the Adams's dinner tonight she simply couldn't bear it. "Shure I beg yer pardon, sor; I thought ye was a burd." It took a tremendous lot of patience to be married, and so many people couldn't seem to hit it off at all. That was because the women didn't make any effort to have things go well, to understand the personalities of their families. That was the secret: understanding, and sympathy, and keeping yourself up.

It was really a charming dress she had on. That pale yellow crêpe was just right for her dark hair. And the short shingle did give her a tremendously distinguished French look. It was such a comfort to know one's self to be good looking. Beauty did certainly count.

It was a joy to have the place in such good order. The new gardener had done wonders with the lawn even here at the side. It was beautifully smooth and green, and she loved these long shadows across it, from the two apple-trees. There was a thrush in one, singing. And a foolish robin trying to pull a worm out of the lawn. And the house was lovely. She was so glad they had had tapestry brick. And beetles didn't climb up the vines and drop in the windows at all as Aunt Abbey had said they would.

Over by the wall the nasturtium border was like running flame at the foot of the rhododendrons. "Running flame"; that was a good thought. If she took the time to it she could write well herself—a strong psycho-

logical novel. It would be nice to have a hundred thousand dollars or more. They could build a swimming-pool. But with two children one never had a minute for anything. One was simply rushing all day long. It was almost their bath time now.

"Children—June, Peter," she called.

They came running around the corner of the garage, shouting and waving sticks as if they were hitting at something. They might break down the shrubs, beating among them like that, and Petey shouldn't scream so wildly.

"Kill him, kill him—kill him—Jingle, Jingle."

June came running across the grass, much too red and overheated, but her brown hair was charming in little curling rings.

"Mother, mother," she cried. "I've got to have a stagger—quickly—quickly—"

"Darling, you mustn't get so excited. What is a stagger?"

"Oh, it's a little sword, to stab you with, you know. Mother, please."

"June dear, how hot you are! Did you have a pleasant time with the Brown children?"

"Yes, mother—*please*, mother—I *need* a stagger dreadfully—"

Petey shrieked from over by the wall.

"June, June, he's killing Jingle. Oh-h-h—"

"The pirate's fighting Jingle by the little gold door," June gasped. "Oh, mother, please let me have a stagger or a carving-knife. Jingle isn't nearly as big as the pirate. I've simply got to have one."

"Don't say 'got' June," said Leslie and took her hand firmly.

"What did I tell you about stopping this ridiculous game? Peter," she called, "stop hitting those bushes. June, stop dancing up and down so. Why, your heart's beating like a hammer. Go and call Martha to get Peter for his bath at once."

How homely even the prettiest child can look when it's going to cry! "Oh, mother, I can't; the pirate's cut an awful big cut in Jingle's side."

"June, go and get Martha for me at once."

"June!" Peter shrieked from his bushes, and June dragged her hand from Leslie's and ran straight across the lawn calling:

"Petey darling, I'm coming, I'm coming."

"Did you get the stagger?" he called. "Oh, Juney—" and he sobbed wildly.

Then Martha's white skirt swished past Leslie, and everything became chaotic. Leslie sat up in her chair, and the book slid to the ground. Disgusting, this tantrum of the children. They had got overtired. There was Peter, his blue sailor suit all dreadfully mussed and rumpled, kicking at Martha and screaming like a slum child, and Martha dragging June out of the bushes by the back of her bloomers. How strong those Irish girls are! It's no easy matter to handle two fighting yelling children and drag them across the lawn like that.

"Be quiet, children," Leslie ordered as Martha hauled them up to her. "You are *very* naughty. You see, Martha"—she had to shout above the noise of weeping and protests—"they got overtired with the Brown children. Carry him up—"

stairs to his bath. June, I'm shocked at such behavior. Go straight into the house and sit perfectly still in a chair until Martha wants you for your bath."

"But, mother," June sobbed, "the pirate's killed Jingle almost. He's dreadfully hurt. He's lying all among the nasturtiums. I might save him—"

"Go into the house at once."

"But Jingle's dying—" She turned with wilful disobedience and ran toward the bushes.

Leslie was seldom so angry, and it is dreadfully hard to get up from those canvas chairs. They close up on your back. She struggled out and ran across the lawn after June and caught the child's shoulder and shook her and wanted to box her ears, like a tenement woman.

"Go into the house at once," she cried. "If there is any more naughtiness you can't go to the Browns' party. Go at once."



Miserable, to have all this friction and chaos at the end of a day! How Martha spoiled them! Well, she would go in and have her own bath and dress for dinner. She would wear the peach-blossom chiffon to-night. She always had a good time when she wore that—and a horrid time when she wore the blue. She did hope she wouldn't have to play bridge with Jamie Mathews. He always overbid. Peter and June were still howling as she went in. They simply couldn't have other children to play with them since it got them so much excited. She wished the house were bigger. She hated the sound of crying.

Sounds of weeping came to her ears

even above the agreeable splashings of her bath, but she tried to close her mind to everything outside of herself. Bathing was delightful, and she was always glad that the tub and the walls gave the water that soft blue look, it was so Roman. And bath-salts! But she wished they dissolved faster. One sometimes sat on them uncomfortably. She soaped herself and enjoyed the sheen of her knee rising from the water, and the play of the shadows and sunlight on the wall, and the cool feeling as she raised her arm to pull a towel off the rack. She had lovely skin, really. So many women had mottled arms and necks. Dreadful. That was because they didn't use the proper creams.

The racket from the nursery was growing simply intolerable. Peter was shrieking, "Don't shut the door; don't shut the door; please, please—please." How Martha spoiled him!

"Mrs. Anthony." How annoying it was when people spoke to you when you were in the tub!

"Well, Martha?" Her voice sounded irritated, and she was glad of it.

"Pater won't have his door shut."

"He *must* have it shut. He simply can't be allowed to behave so badly. Tell him that you are going to shut his door and he must go to sleep."

Steps receded down the hall, and there were murmurs and louder shrieks and June saying:

"But, Martha, Martha—Jingle's dying in the nasturtiums, and if he dies there isn't anybody to stop the pirate climbing up and letting out the flat black—"

"Now that's enough of that nonsense. If you don't stop I'll call yer

mother to spank you, Pater." This from Martha; and the nursery door was shut violently, and Peter gave a despairing howl.

Leslie was drying herself angrily. It was disgusting, the house to be so upset at this time of the day. She simply wouldn't pay any attention to Peter's howlings. He'd have to cry himself out; that was all. She slipped on a soft negligée of apricot and lace and ribbons and went into her own room and manicured her nails. But she had not had time to dress before the storm broke out again down the hall; wilder shrieks and sounds indicating that Peter was losing his supper. She put on her negligée again and hurried to the nursery and found a charmingly naked Peter sobbing into the cushion of a window-seat and Martha hunting out a pair of clean night-drawers.

"Well, I suppose something he ate didn't agree with him," Leslie said, and Martha snorted:

"It's timper, Mrs. Anthony; that's all."

"Peter, *stop* it." She took hold of his little tense shoulders and pulled him around, facing her. "Why, Martha, he looks quite feverish. Where's the thermometer?"

Then as Martha was putting Peter into his night-drawers there were shouts below from the lawn. The cook calling:

"Come out o' them flowers, June Anthony. What's in that bottle you're pourin' on them?"

June in her night-drawers, dancing up and down among the nasturtiums, and emptying the dark contents of a little bottle! Was the child crazy?

"Come up at *once*, June. Bring her up, Bridget."

Peter, wrapped in a bunny-blanket on the window-seat, was silenced by a thermometer in the mouth, and there was a scuffle outside on the stairs, June evidently escaping from Bridget, running down the hall and trying to hide in the linen-closet. There was the sound of a door opening and closing, a key turning, some one dashing into the bath-room, water rushing, and then June being dragged by the arm to the door of the nursery. And she had been out in her pajamas! They were too small too, and two buttons off the back.

"June, didn't I tell you if there was any more naughtiness you couldn't go to the Browns' party?"

June's lips trembled. "Yes, mother, but I just felt I'd *got* to do it."

"Very well then. I'll telephone Mrs. Brown you can't come. But I don't suppose I can—you've accepted. What were you pouring on the nasturtiums?"

"Iodine."

"Iodine? For heaven's sake *why*?"

"For—for cuts—"

Leslie took the thermometer out of Peter's mouth and held it up to the window. It was hard to read.

"Oh, June," Peter implored, "don't let them shut this door."

"Petey," June said and sat on the edge of his crib, "Jingle's all right. I poured iodine all over him. His cuts are all well."

"No, he doesn't seem to have any fever, Martha."

"No, ma'am, I knew it was just timper."

"Jingle's going to sit on the roof outside your window, and if anything comes up the trellis or anywhere he'll hit it on the head with that

stick thing with bells he carries," June was saying.

"The peacock too?" Peter asked.

"Yes, he'll be in the apple-tree."

"Hurray—hurray, hurray—hurray!" Now Peter had gone to the other extreme and had hold of the bars of the foot of his crib and was bouncing up and down with his cheeks pink as apples and his fluffy little hair all on end.

"Have you the key to the linen-closet, Mrs. Anthony?" Martha was at the door. "I have to be getting clean sheets for Peter."

"No, I haven't it. June, did you do anything with it?"

"Yes, mother—I—I threw it down the bath-room."

That was the last straw. "For heaven's sake, why?"

"You said I could lock up the pirate."

"Oh, Juney!" How enormous Peter's eyes could get—and that enchanting deep blue. "Is the pirate locked up in the linen-closet?"

"Yes—and the key's thrown away and Jingle's well."

"Jingle's well—Jingle's well—Jingle's well—"

Gracious, how Petey and June were shouting—and it would be impossible to open the linen-closet without a locksmith. How utterly maddening! "You'll have to get sheets from the laundry, Martha. There are probably some that were ironed to-day. Children, there's father coming up the road, and I'm not dressed at all." Heavens, what a racket they were making! "It's not 'Jingle's well,'" she called above the uproar. How children did twist things! "It's 'Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the day. Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh—'" There, that tune had got the ridiculous "put down six and carry two" out of her head at last. And the children were happy as little larks. It all came from treating them with firmness and understanding.

CAMELS ON LEXINGTON

WINIFRED WELLES

Once, even on Lexington Avenue,
 I seemed to hear the still dusk speaking—
 It was a moment when all iron creaking,
 All thrumming steel, all men and women too
 Had passed. Amazingly on the empty street
 There came two camels, stepping softly,
 Stepping over the stone as deftly
 As if it were sand that whispered under their feet.
 Gaunt beasts with their bird-like necks and tall
 tufted backs,
 Out of a land where nightfall is full of lovely
 Wavering horizontals; oh, how gravely
 They passed these vertical buildings between the
 straight steel tracks!

CHICAGO

Her Plans and Her Growing-Pains

HENRY JUSTIN SMITH

THE PICTURE of a city that a man carries in his mind—if he has been there only once—is a caricature. It is even more grotesque if he has never been there and depends upon what he reads and hears. No doubt there are plenty of people who think of New York as a phantasm in electricity and a continuous "style show"; of Philadelphia as a pattern of prim brick houses without front yards; of Boston as a labyrinth of alleys and some sort of bay; of Detroit as a traffic jam; of New Orleans as a collection of fine old houses with "galleries." The same sort of people, having passed through Chicago once, may remember it as a vale of switch-yards, a group of oil-tanks, and a canopy of smoke. Having read about it, in the customary terms, they are probably quite ignorant about its extent, its contrasts, its ambitions. They hear much about its crimes. They are frightened at the seething of its crater, and know nothing about its vineyards. To put it another way, there is a good deal to be told about the normal and characteristic development of Chicago. The city is going somewhere. Where, then?

A paragraph or two of history, if you don't object.

Ten years from now, Chicago will be a hundred years old, as a city. Before it was so chartered it passed through phases which changed it from a trading-station to a civilized community. In the middle of the nineteenth century it drew to itself great numbers of able and constructive people, largely from New England; between 1840 and 1871 its population grew from 4000 to about 300,000. In the latter year its one calamity of the first degree, the "great fire," wiped out a large part of the primitive city and at the same time cleared the way for the metropolitan adventure of the present. Twenty years later came the World's Columbian Exposition and another renaissance; not merely the "fair," with its perishable monuments, but a foreshadowing of the city which would some day take form; a vision, credited chiefly to Daniel H. Burnham, which was bound to emerge and find embodiment before the twentieth century was far advanced.

It is this embodiment which is now in process. This is the actual direction which the city's energy is taking.

Chicago is building.

It is a determined, lavish, and absorbing movement which, if it has not actually side-tracked other move-

ments in this city, is certainly finding much greater emphasis than are they. This is the time predestined for planting deep in the earth, and outlining against the sky, the physical structure of the kind of metropolis that we want. Chicago has discarded all its small-city conservatism. It knows now that it will have many times the area the previous generation thought about, and that its population will be millions greater. Having once awakened to its future, having, as it were, become aware how large a family it is to have, the city is building its house accordingly. It is bound to have the right kind of foundation and walls and floor-space and yard. It is determined to have embellishments also; monuments, if you like. The city is not only planning this, but is doing it.

No one who will look about him in the ninetieth year of Chicago's history as a city can fail to see what is happening. In one spot he will see a river-bank, only a few years ago bordered for the most part by warehouses, old wharves, and the rear of tumble-down structures, adorned with a wide two-level boulevard. Elsewhere he will discover a block of dubious landmarks wiped out to make room for another tremendous hotel. He will observe new and lofty spires on all sides; and how they do gleam at night! He can be shown where a monster railway station has been completed, and where another will soon be begun. He may be most astonished, and perhaps mystified, by the desperate activity along the lake shore, out on the "made land" where until recently there was nothing—except water—but where now there is to be an

enormous acreage of park, and islands, and drives, and fountains—and no doubt about it.

An Eastern journalist who used to make periodical trips to Chicago always was accustomed to ask the writer, jeeringly, "Well, when are they going to start the Chicago of the future?"

He has not passed this way of late. I regret it.

...

More specifically, but not at too great length, one may define some of the symptoms of the renaissance. They include, besides development of the lake front, a great number of things such as street, park, and boulevard improvements; new bridges; straightening of an eccentric embarrassing river branch; expansion of transportation service; a track elevation program; new university buildings, especially for medical science; and a tremendous array of industrial and commercial structures, hotels, theaters, and so on. The latest published estimates of costs are hardly adequate, but besides the millions already spent there are about \$1,500,000,000 going into improvements described as "under construction," and another billion group represents plans for the near future.

At the center of this effort operates the spirit of the "Chicago Plan," which not only contributes certain definite features of progress, but serves as a framework into which individual ambitions may fit, and maintains an ideal. This Plan is remembered as an outgrowth of the World's Fair and of the "Burnham dream." People do not always realize that it really had little chance until 1909, when the Commercial

Club indorsed it, published it, and presented it to the city, accompanying the gift not only with hopes but with funds. Not thirty years, then, but only eighteen have elapsed since the Plan went on paper in due form; yet the transformation it has wrought seems like the work of a whole generation.

Over that slim river which we once used to cross on a rickety bridge, to find ourselves twisting among narrow and darksome streets, we may now ride on a bascule structure ninety feet wide and two hundred feet long. We go up a gentle slope, past glittering shops and offices, and upon reaching the river find a blaze of light playing upon the faces of a group of titanic buildings, which are but the first comers in a line that is to extend from the river's fork to its mouth. If we pause at the brink and look westward, we discover the Wacker Drive about where South Water Street, that beloved but ugly home of the produce merchant, used to run its length. We like to say that this locality will outrival the Thames Embankment. If we continue over the river, we enter a district where virtually a new city has gone up within a few years; an "exterior galaxy" of a city whose character is not fully expressed when we cite the \$100,000,000 increase in property values which is said to have come about.

Driving north, we see Lincoln Park being extended over vast acres of "made land," and the outline of new playgrounds, drives, and gardens being laid down. If we go south, we can discern amid a muddle of earth and machinery the anatomy of that archipelago reaching from the harbor

to Jackson Park, an island paradise "to be spanned by numerous stately bridges," says the prophet. Where the Field Museum and the stadium of Soldier Field already stand, a boulevard is to be brought east to the lake, this boulevard having been recently smashed through miles of forlorn and neglected districts to the westward, cutting a huge path from the very prairies to the lake. Surveying the situation on the sunset side of the river—that West Side which for years seemed hopelessly neglected, which mocked at the brave gestures on the lake front—we note the beginning of a system of through streets, running in rectangles and diagonals, which are counted on to reclaim the worst of the "bad lands." Those tenements, those awful rows of toppling cottages, erected with the haste and greed that followed the fire of 1871, are to go. And "we don't mean maybe."

This is only a five-minute glimpse of the things actual and to come. To it may be added just a "flash" of what is encircling this new Chicago; namely, a system of natural parks in the low-lying but charming fringes of forest which border the geologic bowl of the city. This is our "forest preserve" area, comprising now some 30,000 acres, and to be enlarged, they say, by 10,000. Cook County has provided camp-grounds for the multitude—and Henry Ford has done the rest.

It seems worth while to dig a little further into the tendencies of this building era of ours.

The fact, cited by the Chicago Association of Commerce in a certain comprehensive survey, that

more than ninety miles of building frontage was erected during 1924, need not long detain our attention. More significant, perhaps, is the fact that during three years, 1921 to 1924, the number of "single-family dwellings" increased from 4608 to 8579. Although there has also been an increase in the construction of apartment buildings, the establishment of separate homes—which any sociologist will admit implies ambition to live most normally—has kept up a rate certainly as high as any large American city can show. Furthermore the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics figures that residential building in Chicago exceeds that of the rest of the country, such construction, for the United States, being (in 1924) at the rate of 112 per 10,000 population, while in Chicago the rate was 122. The "boom" continued during 1925. And for the first six months of 1926 permits were issued for more than 5000 residential buildings.

Thus it is clear that the ninety miles of building frontage are not going preponderantly into sky-scrapers, hotels, or theaters. Mr. Chicago—variously depicted as a murderer, a bootlegger, or a "hotel lizard"—is building places to live in.

And Mr. Chicago is moving into the suburbs. Those regions, many of them charming, which encircle the great mass of masonry, the noisy thoroughfares, of the city proper, are growing three times as fast as "actual Chicago." I hate to be statistical, but there is no better way to tell the story than to cite, from the Association of Commerce survey again, the figures which show that the "metropolitan area" in-

creased its population 76.3 per cent during the last census period, as against 23.6 per cent within the city limits. During the same time the "fringe" of New York became only 27.2 per cent greater in population, and that of Philadelphia only 34.3 per cent greater. Put these figures into pictures, and you can show on your cinematograph a relatively large and rapid exodus of Chicagoans from urban conditions into places where good Illinois soil becomes the plaything of the householder, where the vine and the fig-tree shall flourish, where children remain human, and where—ordinarily—explosions of our well known automatic pistols are unknown.

Within the city limits, too, there is a situation which is remarkably interesting, and which harmonizes ill with the theory of Chicago as the worst city on earth. This is the "mushroom growth" of several score communities, as distinct from each other, as well populated, as many of the small towns that dot the map of Illinois. I don't know what a sociologist would call them, but I call them "little Chicagos." They retain many of the characteristics of suburbs, but they are, physically speaking, miniature cities. Such a place begins with—well, one can hardly trace the actual beginning. But soon there sprouts a number of stores, then a movie theater, then a hotel or two, concurrently a group of apartments—and sometimes a library. Ordinarily there remain many of the features of an older time, including shade-trees, or big lots surrounding old houses too good to pull down; and there may hang on, to modify the incoming "bright

lights," much of the real community or suburban life which was there before. Commercial associations grow up, but so do church organizations, literary societies, lecture groups. The men who flock aboard train or street-car of a morning fling Christian names at each other quite generally. In many of these communities—not in all, by any means—the aloofness, the stiffness, the grimness, of city life have mercifully been prevented from spreading. In scores of regions, neighbors compare notes across back fences on their early planting; groups of wives gather over their sewing, their gossip, or their bridge-tables; the local ministers may hold their jobs for years.

It is to the "little Chicagos" that I invite the attention of any Eastern muck-raker or foreign journalist who may be planning to visit us. He will surely discover in most of them that the traditions of building honestly, living plainly, and rearing healthy children are being maintained. He will find them ambitious to be the best little communities they know how; each with a passionate local civic pride which is good for them, but perhaps not so good for the reformation of the city as a whole. For it is a theory that seems not without basis that the fostering of all this local, rather than metropolitan, patriotism, may be one thing which delays the general house-cleaning in politics which, when it comes, will dispose of certain vicious alliances and presumably solve our crime problem at the same time.

Ah, that crime problem! What concern there is about it, in New

York, in London, even in Paris! From our machine-guns are fired shots heard round the world. Many a picturesque writer one thousand, two thousand, four thousand miles away, has had his shot at "criminal Chicago." Many a serious investigator has come here to find out what is the matter and has gone away deeply puzzled—unless he chose to build upon the facile hypothesis that prohibition is to blame.

I make no effort here to state what is to blame, and none to minimize the bloody incidents of the last few years. They are a disgrace indeed. So are the paltry, if not purposely abortive, gestures made about them by officialdom. Who can explain what strange inertia or preoccupation prevents the great sane majority of Chicagoans from dealing with the situation (and with the officials) as they deserve?

The present effort is merely to offer a few well known facts which will modify, or at least broaden, the conception of Chicago held by many people who do not live there. It has been pointed out that a great deal of the city's energy is just now being expended upon building. A great deal more is going into the process of "just living." Another part is being devoted to culture and to study.

Here are some paragraphs which may be enlightening:

In Chicago, the wicked, it is estimated that there are over 600,000 families. It is known that more than 165,000 of them own their homes. In 1926 they had a total of \$672,726,000 in the savings-banks, an increase of more than \$380,000,000 since 1919. Workers, especially in factories, earn more than ever before. Strikes are

much less frequent, and seldom prove violent.

In Chicago, the "cradle of crime," 500,000 children attend public schools and 120,000 the parochial schools.

In Chicago, infamous, cruel, degraded place that it is, 11,000,000 books are taken out of the public library in a year; about a million people visit the Art Institute, and another million the Field Museum; and nearly 150,000 attend the concerts of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

In Chicago, where Youth is supposed to be going to its doom, you will find music schools and art schools in such numbers that no one has recently counted them; while for Youth there has been provided, as well, organized recreation which occupies millions of boys and girls each year.

In Chicago, the ignorant and barbarian, two great non-sectarian universities attract 20,000 students a year, and are centers of research and instruction better known in Europe than at home; two others, Roman Catholic, add about 10,000 to the roster.

One more paragraph about the universities. They are by no means of the old-fashioned cloistral order, but are actively diffusing knowledge instead of hoarding it. They have won the confidence of the larger public, and have been fully adopted as practical concerns of that public. The ordinary man knows a good deal about what they are doing; he even knows the names of some of their scientists as well as he knows the names of some of our most celebrated assassins. And he is aware that, along with

"mere culture," the universities are fostering in a big way medical, law, and divinity schools.



Chicago brag? Be it so.

A city like this cannot be expected to go on forever, smiling foolishly while a distorted portrait of it is being exhibited from San Francisco to Moscow. One could wish for an organized effort to "brag," not in terms of products and profits, but in terms of social progress and the pursuit of happiness. One can perceive here, on every hand, material for a "publicity campaign," consisting of facts and not phrases, which would soon discourage one's chance companions in a smoking-compartment from asking, "Well, can a man go to Chicago now without getting killed?"

This article, which has nothing to do with such a campaign, started with the question: where is Chicago going? In several directions; that is the answer. Nearly 60,000 persons are added to its population each year. A great many of them, no doubt, become recruits to that body of people, stupid, criminal, or merely indifferent, who delay progress of any kind; but many others choose to join the ever-widening groups of sane, constructive, and even cultured folk who are building a metropolis despite all obstacles. The fact that Chicago has never ceased to grow, and to improve, through all its phases of calamity, folly, and political peril; the fact that even now, in a truly somber period, it is supporting so many good enterprises and eager for more—these things, to any one but a professional pessimist, would suggest that the city's course is not toward perdition.

THOSE QUARRELSOME BONAPARTES

IV—The Little Meddler of Toulon

ROBERT GORDON ANDERSON

THE BLOW Letizia long expected had fallen at last. She must leave her home, the house on the via Malerbe.

In the heart of winter the king had been killed, dying rather bravely for a good-natured incompetent fellow; and spring had come again—in spite of massacres and Reigns of Terror.

Wistfully, through these weeks, Letizia had watched peach and almond, lemon and cherry, break into pink and white, the mimosa into gold. With a fierce thirst she had drunk in their fragrance, mingled with the scent of juniper and rosemary, arbutus and myrtle, coming down from the hills—for the last time, she felt.

She had not been altogether happy in this house, for the handsome Carlo had had his troubling instabilities and, too, his downright infidelities. That he had other children besides the thirteen she herself had borne, there was good reason to believe. From here she had gone forth to war with him, in the saddle over the hills; and, since his death, had known the bitterness of poverty. But it had been her home for many years. And it was hallowed by a thousand associations, of the children, the old archdeacon, of birth and death and toil, vital experiences

which strike roots deeper than any existence of mere luxury, comfort, or freedom from care.

And now they were coming to drive her out, with her sons away, Joseph south, Napoleon on an expedition against Sardinia, and Lucien at Toulon. They never should have let him go. For Lucien had let his tongue wag again, this time with disastrous results. In his fieriest harangues yet, at Toulon and Marseilles, he had denounced the beloved leader Paoli. This was the last straw. Since the Bonapartes were so enamoured of France, said the Ajaccians, there let them go!

Resistance, Letizia knew, was hopeless. Nevertheless she had outlined a plan of defense worthy even of her second son, and, to carry it out, summoned every hand she could from the farms at Bocognano and Melleli. But Fesch and Cousin Ramolini had tried to dissuade her. And there were the children. So, resolute yet wavering because of them, she drew bolts and bars, this May night, saw that the men were sentinelng terrace and doorways; then for a moment stood watching the stars above the belfries of San Giovanni Battista, the last petals falling in the gardens, and listened for footsteps, hoping her sons would come.

Later, she undressed and fell asleep, to be awakened, about ten o'clock, by a light violently flaming over her pillow. It was a torch of fir held by a bronzed arm; and in the orange and soot-black fumes she saw that the room was filled with armed men. But their faces, though fierce, were very friendly.

"Signora Letizia," said the holder of the torch, "rise quickly! In the woods are armed bands coming for you. You have in us a faithful escort. We will take you safely over the hills."

"Would you have me run away, Cousin Costa?" asked the widow intrepidly. "The Ramolinis, men and women, defend their homes to the last!"

"But the little ones, signora! Think of them."

It was of them that she had been thinking all the past week as she waited; and now she bowed her head resignedly.

"You are right, Cousin Costa; and if you will withdraw, I will make ready."

The dark faces and torches filed out; and quickly she dressed herself and, with Saveria's aid, the younger children, Caroline and Jerome. These she despatched with two of the men to the house of Fesch; then, taking a few handkerchiefs and stockings and changes of linen for herself, Marianne, Louis, and Pauline, with the three she stole out of the door and past the cathedral to the gates. Awed by the fierce demeanor of her escort, the warders let them through, and they made for the hills back of the town. Now, for fear of pursuit, the torches had to be put out; and they stumbled upward,

over rocks and gullies. Their long dresses were torn by thorns and cactus, and they blundered against tree-trunks, smiting their foreheads in the dark.

All night they wandered over the hills, descending, just before dawn, to the shore of the gulf opposite Ajaccio, where they saw a cluster of hovels and towers cutting dark segments out of the purple of the sky. It was Capitello; for the time at least, they were safe.

An hour passed without a sound, save for the lapping of the waves, the cry of night-birds wheeling around the towers, and an occasional shot from the far-off city, where the candles of early risers began to twinkle.

At last oar-locks creaked over the water; a boat grated on the shingle; and a short figure muffled in a great-coat jumped on the shore. It was Napoleon, who had escaped from the bands sent out by Paoli to arrest him, by disguising himself as a shepherd. He was once more in uniform, having changed at Bastia, which he had reached safely, he told them; and then, on hearing of his family's peril, had secured boats.

"At once," he said, "I made for the *quai* of Ajaccio and sent a messenger to Cousin Ramolini's house. He said that you were heading for Capitello, and thither I sailed. And now let us embark. We go to better things!—This way, Signora Mother."

They rowed to the lugger and boarded it, and as they rounded the point and, turning northward, skirted the coast, Letizia stood, an indomitable figure, on the starboard side. A little way inland, two pillars of smoke columned to the sky, and,

below these, flames rose and fell like variable fiery fountains. It was their farm-buildings at Melleli; and an unheeding bystander remarked:

"Your home on the via Malerbe, too, is doomed, captain. I saw it being sacked. They had broken in the doors and were carrying out furniture and bedding into the street."

"Quiet, rascal!" said Napoleon sternly. "Do not distress her further." Then aloud, waving his hand at the shore: "That is the past. There"—he pointed to the north—"lies our future. Let us be cheerful. Come, signora, up with it: a *Vive la France!*"

And "*Vive la France!*" cried Letizia bravely, though she had never cared much for that country. In the darkness none saw her lips tremble.

So she exchanged her home for a heaving deck and a country equally unstable. There was a stop of a few days at Calvi with some relatives, another at Bastia, where Fesch and the youngest children and, later, Joseph joined them; then with her brood Letizia covered the hundred miles of open water that lay between the island and Provence, to arrive at Toulon on June 12, 1793, weary, destitute, and hungry.

Here they were met by Lucien, who had come down to the wharf to meet the arriving packet; but though he had been for some time in the town, he did not help them much. He could shiver an oratorical lance most gallantly, but it was beyond him to nose out the best lodgings that could be had in the town for a few sous a day. Besides, he was rather miffed that his brothers did not ap-

preciate that speech that had dispossessed them. What was a roof, anyway, when there was the free air of liberty all around them?

"Can you not get some sense in your head?" said Napoleon, there on the *quai*. "There is a time for everything; and it was no time at all to let loose that bombast. Hereafter you await word from me!"

Joseph too, though more mildly, upbraided him for his lack of caution; and that speech had been the *chef d'œuvre* of his young life—his nineteen years. He fancied himself now a noble Roman of the Cause. And when his mother pressed her inquiries about lodgings, addressing him as Lucien, which was not unnatural seeing that she had so had him christened, he bewildered her by requesting her to call him "Brutus" in the future. At this Paulette giggled and Napoleon swore; while Marianne, a self-possessed girl, at times almost as imperturbable as her second brother, retorted:

"We'll call you anything you want, if you'll only get us a place to sleep and something to eat."

Letizia, however, looked at him wonderingly, but tenderly none the less. What had got into the boy's head? Had he suffered a sunstroke or had the revolutionary horrors of this miserable France driven him mad? But Lucien had stamped off, enraged at the snickers. For a week he was in the sulks and vouchsafed them few glimpses of his handsome Greek-coin profile.

Meantime he had left them on the *quai*—eight-year-old Jerome in his little bobtailed coat; Louis, almost fifteen now, the bass beginning to render husky his boyish treble;

Caroline, eleven, the thirteen-year-old Paulette, and Elisa, just passed sixteen, in their quaint gowns, limp and out-moded in the swift-changing fashions of those years; Joseph, twenty-five, trying to look the grave statesman; and Napoleon, younger by a year but years older in wisdom, his greatcoat now his only luggage. In the center stood the usually amiable Fesch, a slight frown of bewilderment and discomfort disturbing his broad radish-hued face, and that indomitable woman, their mother, her dark eyes fronting haughtily and yet sweetly the *sans-culottes*, sailors in abnormal trousers, fezzed Turks, and lascars brown as boiled chestnuts, that stared at her from the piles of barrels and powderkegs, coiled ropes and jutting bowsprits. Here they were, a curious group, like so many immigrants, come up to this troubled country—no one, save Destiny, knew why—strange entry on the stage on which they were to take a not inconsiderable part!

Napoleon, however, unlike Lucien, let no time lag. He had left on his brother's heels, to return in a short time and convey the group to a house in the suburb of La Vallette, kept by a widow named Cordeil, who, with some haggling, agreed to let them in, thus establishing, though she knew it not, her only claim to fame.

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After seeing them settled, the three girls in one tiny bedroom, Letizia and Jerome in another, with Fesch not far off, Napoleon checked Louis off by diligence to the military school at Châlons, Joseph to Paris with Napoleon's plan for the subjugation of Corsica. Under any con-

ditions this campaign would have been sound; but undoubtedly his umbrage at his mother's harsh treatment gave it greater clarity and succinctness. Joseph was to present this to the Provisional Council at Paris; and off he went, to study it en route in the post-chaise and to be convinced by the time he presented it that it was three quarters his own devising.

Two of the boys gone, Napoleon now turned his barrage on Lucien. Here persuasion was more difficult, for Lucien had been spoiled both by the flattery of his women-folk and his older brothers' squelchings. Possessed of real, though scarcely rounded, talents, he was by way of being turned into a handsome donkey. And he did not relish at all that clerkship which Napoleon by hook *and* crook had secured for him in the commissary store at St.-Maximin.

"I have something better to do for Liberty," he protested, "than sitting on a wine-barrel, signing vouchers, and shoeing rats!"

"Sometimes I think you are a fool, Lucien," Napoleon retorted. "You cannot eat your words—though, by the gods, you ought to eat that speech of yours—yet you protest the thousands francs a year that I have secured for you. I got no more as a *sous-lieutenant*, but I made it stretch to cover even your follies."

The upshot was that he kicked the boy out—metaphorically, of course, though he was longing to place an actual boot in the thin seat of Lucien's breeches—and sent him off to his shoeing of rats and signing of vouchers on a wine-barrel. Thus, having deployed his forces, the young

captain himself departed, after depositing in Letizia's hands what he had left of his francs, to rejoin his regiment, now stationed at Nice. That he was again somewhat overdue did not disturb in the least a very practical, though by no means atrophied, conscience.

Letizia stayed with the slatternly Cordeil widow a scant four weeks; then, seeing from her dormer the Spanish, English, and Neapolitan fleets sail into the harbor, to help the good folk of Toulon in their capricious revolt against the Assembly (now the Convention), she took up her wanderings once more.

With Bausset, Cadière, Miouacc, she quickly became acquainted, and with a long line of villages which she had never even heard of and, to tell the truth, did not much care for. Provence was fair as a garden of the Lord; the roads they traveled ran white among the hills and vineyards, and poppies flecked with crimson the golden wheat. But their crimson was all too symbolic; too often the grain was ungarnered; the roofs of the little white cottages fallen in; the wayside shrines desecrated; the church altars unlighted, their bells stilled. Altogether it was a pathetic hejira for the widow and her children.

And since they could not always afford a diligence and were only occasionally given a lift by a hospitable berlin, the journey was hard on clothes and boots. The clothes Letizia mended at night by candle-light in half-ruined cottages where the stars shone through, or in sinister inns where soldiers gabbled drunkenly on straw mattresses in the out-houses. Their shoes were repaired by cobblers in the villages through

which they passed. There was also considerable renovation of spirit to which Letizia had to attend. For while Marianne, who was beginning to be called Elisa, showed much of her mother's spirit, Pauline—growing dangerously pretty now—was distressed over their shabbiness. Bumptious patches over the toes did not show off to advantage a foot which already she recognized as shapely. Caroline, too, was fretful, perhaps because she was undernourished; and little Jerome grew weary; and he cried out with leg-ache in the night.

Almost as much were Pauline's looks a source of worry, with so many upstart young officers about. Often the mother caught her, and sometimes Elisa, loitering by hedge-rows and fences; and Paulette, she began to fear, showed herself one of the light sort that would flirt with a handsome lackey when there were no gentlemen about. So Letizia's fine eyes, though they lost little of their brilliance, grew heavy through exercise of this eternal vigilance.

At Marseilles, where they took lodgings in the Rue Pavillon, the proud Elisa grew depressed. It was not so much that each day the tumbrils rolled down the Cannebière with their loads of trembling victims. Youth might feel a moment's pity, then forget. But a young lady could not forgive having to stand in a queue, day after day, at the Municipal Bureau, with a lot of beggars and snarling fishwives, to present a ticket for a loaf of bread. It was all Napoleon's fault, she declared, *not* Lucien's. Napoleon had ruined her best hat and now had sent her to the bread-line.

As she stormed in from her first long wait, breathless with indignation and climbing the stairs, Fesch quite agreed with her. Not only was Napoleon a flea; they were all fleas, compelled to jump from one hovel to another. He had set them all doing it.

"Surely," he continued as he took a turn of their meager apartments, then watched the cocked hat across the street shoving his victims into the cart—"surely Cæsar, Augustus, Charlemagne, or those 'Plutarch's men' occasionally were still. Once in a while they sat on thrones, issued laws, or slept in their palaces. If this nephew of mine is, as he fancies himself, a second Cæsar, why does he not get somewhere, stay somewhere, issue his mandates from a throne, hold levees, make laws under oaks—anything, so long as he leaves his family to sleep and eat in peace?"

"Especially eat," he repeated to himself, his head now feeling extraordinarily light; and Letizia, realizing this, forgave him except in so far as to ask:

"What did you expect, Joseph? If he realizes the dreams you speak of—and I am not admitting he has them—he will not be like any king that ever lived. On Monday he will be in Paris; on Tuesday, Vienna; the day after, in Milan."

Not that she meant to make any such prophecy. She was at present more concerned with shoes and bread than scepters.—Joseph's salary now. He had just been appointed secretary to Sallicetti, and it would be a good one. He had been a pretty good son too; and if only he would be as generous as Napoleon—the little "Nabulione"—what was it

his father had said when he lay ill? "Come, where is the little Nabulione? Why does he not come with his big sword to defend his father?"

But Carlo had gone years ago, and the little Nabulione had grown up—she was forgetting—those tumbrils—the man with the cocked hat, the plumes, and the smirk—counting out his victims!—Oh, if that young girl across the street would not scream and shrink so!—Was her head, too, growing light?

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Light though her head might be, from horror and hunger, Letizia was clear enough in this characterization of her son: he would never leave them in restfulness and peace. Even in those dark years, already he was the energizer, the magnetizer of men, the indefatigable. And all who follow him, even to-day, must make forced marches, ride fast and far. If one dislikes that, one had better dismount at once and learn nothing more of our restless little captain.

He was trying his hand at energizing at the very moment of this October day of 1793, when Letizia and Fesch were talking about him in Marseilles and, far to the north, Marie Antoinette was turning her proud head on the scaffold to gaze for the last time at the Tuileries. Not that he knew this for some days thereafter, for there were no broadcasters then glibly to announce:

"The Widow Capet approaches in the tumbril. It turns the corner. The crowd massed in the Place de la Révolution cheers. She sees the guillotine—shrinks back—recovers. She is nervous but in pretty good form.

"The cart reaches the foot of the

scaffold, and she is assisted up the steps. For the ladies interested in the fashions we might say that she wears a white muslin gown, for obvious reasons cut quite low at the throat. She also has on a small linen cap and the daintiest of slippers. Her rouge is a trifle thick this morning to conceal her pallor; and her hair grayer than when we saw it last, over a year ago at the palace—why, it is almost white, though she is only thirty-eight!

"There, she is going to speak from the platform—thinks better of it and instead turns to look past the draw-bridge of the old moat, over the walls and chestnuts of the Tuileries. It looks as if there were one or two late roses out—yes, we can see at least one. Apparently she sees it, too, or perhaps, above the trees, the windows of the palace. Those to the right, in the corner by the river-side, open from her old apartments. She remembers them, of course; but the Revolutionary Tribunal sits there now.

"But they have seized her, bound her, thrown her down. Her head is screwed down in the pillory under the knife. The features are suddenly distorted. Monsieur Sanson, the executioner, does not twitch; he seems quite cool and collected and goes, pleasantly grim, about his business. There are little details of this to which he must personally attend—see that her head is screwed down tight and far enough out for the knife; that her hands and feet are secured so that they do not twitch too convulsively.

"There, all right and set; he crooks his little finger—a flash of something in the sun—descending—

a scream—groans—a cheer! Sanson is bending over; gropes for the forelock; is annoyed because the widow's cap is in the way. He holds it up—this oval thing that once was a head, very beautiful too, every one said; but now the features are distorted, and the eyes stare so! That cap has slipped down over one. Comically? I would hardly say so; but frantically the people cheer. Hear the roar—up, on it goes, gathering volume, to Notre Dame, L'Abbaye, the Butte; and all the bells ring—ring while the blood drips through the cracks in the scaffold platform into the pit below. They have enlarged it recently.

"But now the show seems about over. They are throwing the once royal body into a basket—*plop*—in it goes like a recruit rudely tossed in a blanket. After it goes the head with the staring eyes. The wheels creak again—hear them? They are carrying the Widow Capet away. One might pluck that last rose from her garden and throw it in the basket; it would be a pretty sentiment; but it would mean only another head. . . . Creaking, creaking—hear them, those eternal wheels! . . ."

No, the young major, Napoleone di Buonaparte, did not hear the roar of that crowd as he stood by the guns of his battery, gazing through field-glasses down on the beleaguered city of Toulon.

Behind him rose the besieging mountains; on the lesser and descending hills were his own redoubts, cannon, and red-hot furnaces; below, the roofs, belfries, and open squares of the city, from which, faint and far, the bugle-notes came. There the red coats of the English were assembling, while a flotilla of boats transferred

shot and powder-kegs to the *quais*. In the roadstead the azure and crimson banners of England, the scarlet and gold of Spain, flapped idly against an impenetrable maze of masts, cordage, and spars.

But it was no idle study that Napoleon was making. He was planning just where he could bring up another battery to advantage. The disposal of the guns was in his hands now, for since his promotion to *chef de bataillon* he was nominally second, actually first, in command of the artillery. And on his arrival he had found everything at sixes and sevens—a disordered commissary, grumbling soldiers, incapable sergeants, and worse generals—the sort one finds in all revolutionary armies, not so well fitted for the sword as the counting-desk, and not very good at that.

And how he had worked! under sun, moon, stars, and rain; despatched aides to Briançon and Grenoble for stores; ordered metal gabions for fortifications by the thousand from Marseilles; written to the Army of Italy for more cannon; and sent off dozens of letters to the ministry, who began to sit up and take notice of this meddlesome young officer.

And he had slaved with his men; slept with them on the ground in the torrential autumn rains; taught them how to load and fire the twenty-four-pounders; to set gabions; and how properly to heat the cannon-balls and carry them without dropping them on their toes. Where the exceptional officer might be in two places at once, he was in five; everywhere solidifying, consolidating, restoring, magnetizing, and spurring on his men. For it is not only in the

charge that the born commander is revealed, but also in the way he handles batteries and stomachs, and charms munitions and shoes out of the empty air. And his long hours of study by candle-light in the marshes of Auxonne, those silent reconnaissances of hypothetical military situations, told now fully as much as the battles in which he had been actually engaged. Told the more because he was not only fired by ambition but was, too, most enthusiastically and energetically engrossed in his job.

So he had put the besieging army in a high state of efficiency; that is, as far as the artillery went. His guns had been quadrupled in number, were all in working order, well manned, and disposed on every commanding height. He had even gone so far as to make a few pertinent suggestions about the infantry, though he would brook none from the infantry about the way he handled his guns. . . . But there were some of those fool foot-officers now; he could see their rooster-plumes dangling above a neighboring redoubt.

"*Citoyen chef de bataillon*," said the boldest when they confronted him, pointing east of the town, "we think it advisable that you shell that fort."

"You mind your own business and let me tend to mine," he retorted brusquely. "It is the artillery that takes fortresses. The infantry but supports."

And he turned his back on them; and somehow that back, frail though it was, had a most impregnable look. The rooster-plumes vanished in the woods.

But the morning was full of interruptions. And here was old Carteaux, the commander-in-chief. Painter before the Revolution, Napoleon called him "the Dauber," though not yet quite to his face. Leagues of gold lace on his chest, he lumbered up.

"Citizen major," he thundered, or tried to thunder, "post one of the batteries on yonder hill."

"For what reason, general? As a decoration?"

"You are insubordinate!" spluttered old Carteaux. "That hill commands all the enemy forts."

"And they in turn command our battery. It would be silenced in five minutes."

The gold mountain moved on. His junior was insubordinate, but, by the devil, he was useful! The battery was not placed on that hill.

Napoleon took up his glasses again and looked at the ships. Below the bulwarks of each were broad black bands with many apertures. From one of these apertures something spoke. A little white puff of smoke coiled and floated lightly away. A shell whistled through the air, landed at their feet, hurling a shower of sand on a young officer writing by the redoubt.

"Good!" said the young officer, as he blew away the particles of sand from the sheet of paper. "Now I shall have no need of sand!"

Dropping his glasses, Napoleon studied him—son of a plodding farmer, but full of fire, also of oaths, and very fond of pretty ankles and duels. The last qualities did not matter. But he was looking for young men with fire—was gathering them here and there.

"Lieutenant Junot," he said, "run after 'the Dauber'—if you can catch up with him," he interpolated ironically as the barrage grew hot—"and tell him I want you for my aide."

The fiery young farmer swore a joyous oath and embraced him on the spot. There had been other young men who had embraced him on the spot—Desaix, Muiron, Marmont, Victor—if he was in search of young men, these, scarcely younger than he, were also looking for a leader. They were strangely unobservant too, lamentably oblivious of externals. They did not appear to notice that this new chief of theirs was much smaller than they, and thin and frail; that his uniform was disordered, crumpled, and muddled from sleeping in the rain; that his locks were tangled; that spots of fever, also blotches caught when he had seized a ramrod from an infected gunner, disfigured his yellow face. They had caught something else—an intangible something—the note that vibrated in his word of command—so rapid yet so cool and collected, and more compelling than any orator of the tribune. Also they had glimpsed a pair of blue-black eyes that burned out of those splotted features—beautiful eyes and stern and piercing, holding all the joy of battle, yet ever far-seeing, calm and controlled. There are things, unseen, unheard, that more than trumpets stir the blood.

What was it he had said to each?

"Follow me, and we shall find paths of glory!"

Ever to statesman or assassin, subaltern or general, the ringing, the challenging, the *right* word!

So laughing and slapping each

other on the back, they had sworn joyous oaths and vowed to follow him to the ends of the earth; that is, Muiron, Desaix, Victor, had, and so did Junot now. Marmont, having the taint of Judas in him, as yet undiscovered, had been glib and not quite so joyous.

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But while he spoke of "paths of glory," the little major did not forget his guns. Perhaps he thought they would blaze the way to those paths, open them up. At any rate he was very busy sending shot and shell over the walls and the decks of the menacing ships riding in the harbor, when the *comte*, now citizen, Barras, and Fréron, the two commissioners in charge of affairs in the South, called at his headquarters. Possibly he should have been there, but he wasn't.

"The little Captain Cannon," said the portly citizeness who kept the place, for that, despite his rank, was what the villagers called him, "you will find over there"—and she gave a vague sweep of the horizon. "He does not sleep; he does not eat. He is sick, yet he does not die. He is the little god!"

Napoleon from his guns saw them coming. He did not like them, reading their characters as much by his swift glance as by report. Barras he knew for a degenerate nobleman turned regicide, with all the vices of the old régime and none of its virtues but a courtesy which was too bland, covering his gifts for political intrigue, and a most marvelous technique for the seduction of frail countesses and cooks.

Fréron was worse. Sleek editor turned man of blood, though he had

guillotined his thousands, he did not quite fit; and Napoleon suspected that his fanaticism was assumed; that he strutted in blood, waded in it, talked it, to curry favor with the Terrorists—it was very popular at the time. And he disliked his fox-like face, the man-of-the-world air he affected when away from the guillotine, his correct wig, his snowy jabot, and coral breeches. The breeches were not coral this afternoon; they were buff for the trenches. Letizia, however, had so described his appearance when calling at the Rue Pavillon. There was the rub. To his mother's consternation, this Stanislas Fréron had turned suitor for Pauline's hand. And Napoleon, though he loved Pauline more than his other sisters, was beginning to fear that she was both passionate and light. And despite his forty-two years and the blood on his hands, Stanislas had a way with him.

Nevertheless they were commissioners, in power; the only instruments at hand. These facts, being unafraid and a fatalist to boot, he considered more than the guillotine. He would use them now, later on find a way to circumvent Fréron's attentions to Pauline.

As the three met by the guns, Barras glanced at his companion in amusement. Muddled uniform, tangled locks, blotches! A trifle bedraggled for flight he thought the plumes of this young man, this strange John the Baptist they had come out to see. His lips twitched once—not twice, though, for Napoleon's glance had met his. . . . Perhaps, after all, they were on the right scent.

At once their host plunged into an

explanation of the disposition of his batteries, also of his grievances. No qualms had he about criticism of his superiors. The besieging army was being crippled by incompetents. Fuddlers would not let him carry out his plans. They should put in some one who would act, not strut about in gold lace—though these he did not indicate by name.

Concentration was then his theme—a favorite with him. In a siege one must envelop, to be sure; but one must not scatter one's forces too far along the line. Attack at one point!

Below them lay a fort held by the Spanish and English, a few hundred feet from the battery and not far from the besieging ships.

"Strike there, citizen commissioners," he said, "if you would take Toulon. That fort captured, the fleet retires, and Toulon falls!" Then he added as the two shrank under the desultory fire: "It is to cover an attack on that fort that I have placed this battery so near. I had difficulty in manning it until I dubbed it the Battery of the Men Without Fear. At once I had recruits enough."

So the two men of blood, the one with the haughty seigniorial air, the other with his snowy jabot, departed, a little more erectly than they had come, with that sarcastic comment ringing in their ears.

"He will do," said Barras, "but he will be hard to manage."

Though he did not hear this remark, Napoleon knew that he had impressed them.

"The fox and leopard!" he said to Junot, tweaking his ear in a rare good humor. "And do you know what they are saying? That they will use

me. I will let them think so. It is the best strategy, though too subtle for you, my fire-eater." Then he frowned. "But Stanislas Fréron for a brother-in-law. . . . *Bah! No.*"

In a week he had encouraging evidence of the impression he and his representations had made. The dauber Carteaux left, and another commander, Doppet, took his place.

"Not so much gold lace," said Napoleon, "but quite as much the bungler"; then, when this Doppet for his opening gesture ordered an attack on the fort Napoleon had indicated to the two commissioners, "He has received his cue!"

The day set came, and through the morning Napoleon's barrages fell into the fort; with noon the advance sounded and the smoking guns stood still. At once the troops which had formed to the rear of the batteries charged down the hill, up another, and hacked their way through the palisades, gaining in quick order the enemy's second line of trenches. On the third the redcoats fell back, suddenly reformed, and, with bayonets, drove back the blues.

Still by the twenty-four-pounders of the perilous battery, Napoleon observed the turn of the tide and sprang on a gun-carriage.

"Citizen gunners," he cried, "Men Without Fear, let us not leave to the infantry the glory we have won with our guns. We ourselves shall take that fort!"

And leaping down, he led the way over the open ground, under a heavy fire, and gained the breach. The bluecoats, thus reinforced, now drove the reds back; but on the hills the drums suddenly beat the retreat, and back the blues tumbled.

Now Napoleon did not mind so much the bullet that had clipped him in the forehead, but he was infuriated by that order. Blinded both by rage and the blood from his wound, he sought out Doppet.

"Our blow has failed!"—he hurled the insult straight in his commander's teeth, there where he stood surrounded by his staff—"because a *bâtard* has beaten the retreat!"

Again the right word; this was a camp language the gunners could understand. They cheered. The irresolute Doppet, too, understood, but said nothing.

With December came another general, after other conferences with Barras and Fréron—this time a bluff old fellow named Dugommier, and a soldier more nearly after Napoleon's own heart—not quite, though, since no one could come up to "Plutarch's men," and while Napoleon paid tribute to many a comrade's courage, he had scant respect for any strategy but his own.

Still, Dugommier was sagacious enough to order another attack on that fort; resolute enough to keep the drums from beating any premature retreats. Toulon must be taken before the new year.

So, on the tenth of December, in a blinding rain-storm, the columns formed. Cannon-flares could scarcely be seen, and whole companies lost each other in the darkness; but sufficient gained the palisades to breach them and set the Spaniards and English flying. They fell back on the last defense, then raced headlong for the city. Napoleon, who with the gallant Muiron and old Dugommier led the attack, now brought up his guns and turned

them, with those of the fort, on the ships at anchor.

Below, in the murk, though they could see neither sail nor mast, even by the light of the bombardment, he knew the ships were weighing anchor. Then suddenly he saw clearly enough, as magazine and powder-ship went up, lighting the town, the surrounding hills and the harbor. Silhouettes struggled feverishly at the capstans and halyards, trying to heave up the anchors, to raise fluttering bits of topsail; and the *quais* were crowded with kneeling figures imploring the English sailors to take them away from *la guillotine's* vengeance. Their prayers unheard, they flung themselves into a sea as violently agitated from the explosions as any shaken by an earthquake.

For hours they saw these tiny silhouettes in the intermittent flashes; then dawn came, revealing the ships in a long-drawn-out queue far out at sea. By noon they had entered Toulon.

For a Christmas present, though in the Revolution they did not think so much of sacred festivals, they made Napoleon a brigadier.

"We'll *have* to promote him," said old Dugommier. "If we don't, he'll promote himself!"

Which does not matter so long as he got that promotion. The steps had been slow and hard. They were coming faster now. In 1786 a *sous-lieutenant*; in '91 a first; '92 a captain; major that fall; and now, with this new year of '94 breaking, a general. Not so bad—a general at twenty-four! Things at last were looking up!

And so, with his comrades, Muiron, Junot, Desaix, Victor, and Marmont, he left for a new front, to take charge

of the artillery of the Army of Italy. And still the letters that found their way to the Rue Pavillon contained a goodly percentage of his increased salary. Pauline got her new shoes, Elisa that hat; and the whole family moved to better lodgings in the Hôtel Cipières. But Letizia did not spend it all. Though not exactly a prayerful woman, she gave thanks to God for their good fortune and put away most of the extra francs in an old stocking.

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The eagle was off on his flight, but still they tried to leash him. In Italy they planned to send him to the guillotine.

Now this was a strange reward for a man who had ranged up and down the coast building forts, reorganized the artillery, marched expeditions up the mountain passes, executed difficult diplomatic missions to Genoa, and despatched fleets against Corsica, even if these had been dashed in pieces by the English, for he was never lucky at sea. But possibly he had given too much advice. Certainly he had stressed his old idea of concentration, of massing troops and guns at a vital point. The two French armies operating on this front were jealous of each other; yet he had urged their union. He had even embodied his views in letters which he gave to Augustin Robespierre, younger brother of the famous Maximilien, to carry to Paris.

"Once a breach has been made," he wrote, "the enemy's power of resistance is broken. Strike at Germany first; and Italy, then Spain, will fall. The two armies must be joined, with a common center and animated by the same spirit."

Sound, yes, but the commissioners saw in it only disloyalty. He was, said they, trying to break the Army of the Alps. So they lodged him in jail at the foot of the mountains.

But a few feet of stone cell were too narrow for his bold spirit; and when on the fourteenth day they sent for him, he had his defense ready.

"You have relieved me from duty," he said, addressing the commissioners and a few fat generals, "and ordered me under arrest without a hearing. Have I not, since the Revolution began, constantly shown myself loyal to its principles? Have I not taken my part in the struggle both against internal foes and, as a soldier, against the foreigner? I have sacrificed my home, everything, for the Republic. I served at the siege of Toulon with some distinction and with the army earned laurels at Saorgio.

"Sallicetti"—here he fixed his eyes on his chief betrayer—"you have known me for six years. What have you seen in me that is disloyal to the Revolution?"

In this defense was much of sincerity, for Duty and Self-Interest do not necessarily lie up different roads, despite brother Lucien. But this consciousness of right was not the only quality that impressed them. As one of the old generals—taller by two palms, a prodigious swearer and a very mighty man—remarked: "I cannot understand it. He frightened me. His glance crushed me!" So they opened the prison doors and let him go.

In all these differences with the plumed incompetents of the French armies he had but one friend; that is,

besides his fiery young men, who were mere subalterns, with only their swords and courage. And he was much criticized for his alliance with this man of power, Augustin Robespierre. He had joined hands, as the Permons and their like said, with Barras and Fréron, and now with the two Robespierres, men of blood, when he had no stomach for murder and little for vengeance. Indeed, when he came up to Paris, a little later, and found this same Sallicetti, his betrayer, outlawed and hiding in the closet of his friend, Madame Permon, he let him go. Numerous, too, were the Royalists he at his own risk had saved. He was naturally conscious of this magnanimity, and the criticisms hurt.

"Why can they not be practical?" he said once to Marmont, who had more sagacity than the impetuous Junot and had not yet shown the Judas stripes. "The Revolution has been almost ruined by theorists. Every crowned head in Europe is massing his troops against us or intriguing with his spies within. They hate us because they fear Liberty will cross our borders into theirs. The Royalists are hatching plots, and many provinces have revolted. Firmness to the point of liberal executions is the only thing that will stop insurrection. It is no wonder that many have gone insane, that among others the innocent have perished. Better that a few of these die than that the Revolution fail. Not only France but the world would be the loser. Civilization would go back three hundred years.

"Take your Robespierre now—Maximilien I refer to—he would guillotine all who disagree with his

theories; but, monster that he is, he has kept us together, put down revolt, held our armies with their faces to the foe. And none can deny that he is incorruptible. With all his opportunities he has enriched himself by not one sou.

"What the idealist calls casuistry, Marmont," he concluded in disgust, "is sometimes nothing but common sense!"

But the Robespierres could help him no longer. They also were answering questions—questions more categorically put, by the august Revolutionary Tribunal at Paris, in the old apartments of the queen. That is, Augustin was trying to answer them. Maximilien had been a great talker; but he could scarcely mumble now, with his lower jaw shot away and the blood staining that faultless blue swallowtail and a jabot as snowy as Stanislas Fréron's. But no answers ever satisfied these arbitrary judges, and next day the guillotine fell. The head with the stained bandage and broken jaw was held up to the cheering crowd; and the Reign of Terror was forever over.

The fair body of France had gone through many throes, these past five years, and in this Revolution, as in all, there had been three estates: that of the constitutionalists and States-General; then of the Assembly and half-measures; and at last of the extremists, the Convention and the Terror, when the men of iron and blood, assassins, fanatics, strangely and complexly motivated, but not all without patriotism, ruled. Now was to come the reaction, sadder still, that follows the agony, when peace is at hand, but a distorted peace, cynical and corrupt, and

which has to mitigate it none of those fires of ecstasy which burn bright even as they shrivel and destroy.

The last spasm Napoleon himself was to see, when he reached Paris, in another May, 1795, with three of his young men, Marmont, Junot, and Victor—Masséna, Desaix, and Muiron having perforce been left behind. Quite a band too, all nearly equal in age and matching their chief in mettle, if not in temper and vision—paladins all, like those of Charlemagne. And their number was to be augmented by other youngsters who would travel with him the paths of glory. For wherever men were gathered together, his eyes were eagerly yet coolly watching, searching for new recruits.

Older men, too, he had allied to himself; and one, the austere Carnot, was to prove a valuable ally, shortly after his arrival, when Napoleon was ordered to Vendée, there to be transferred to the infantry. Now in those years, as to-day, the artillery looked down on the infantry; and Napoleon smarted at the demotion. So promptly he sat down and wrote the War Department:

“Many soldiers can direct a brigade better than I. Few have commanded artillery with greater success. I refuse to accept.”

It might have gone badly with him, had not Carnot, also Barras and Fréron, stepped in. And Barras could use him now. For the people of Paris, angered at the new Constitution and egged on by the Royalists, planned to storm once more the Tuileries where the new government sat. Barras was in command of the Army of the Interior and needed

some one to handle his guns. The little meddler of Toulon was the man. True, Barras also appointed four other young generals to help take charge of events. But no one seemed aware of that. All government and populace saw and heard was the smallest of the five.

The situation was reversed from that of August 10, three years before, when the city rose against the king. The attackers then were a ragged mob; now the rebels had thirty thousand well drilled militia besides hastily armed Royalists and malcontents. And there were within the palace environs only seven thousand troops to defend the Convention.

But one man rather surprisingly changed these odds. On that August night only as hypothetical commander, he made his rounds. Where before he had placed his cannon only in fancy, he disposed them now with a dread actuality.

But again there was a lack of guns. No time was to be lost, and he persuaded Barras to send a certain Captain Murat—another of his young men—to Sablons for more cannon. A wise precaution, the government said, praising Barras! For this messenger, young Captain Murat, was dashing, expeditious. Swiftly he returned with the guns, rattling over the cobbles of Paris. Swiftly they were placed, as Napoleon directed, on bridge-heads at the river, at the street intersections; at every point, in fact, he had picked out that night three years before.

In the morning the Royalist columns formed; but it was four o'clock before they struck. One could see them everywhere, their bayonets

glistening far up the streets running north and south. From the windows, too, muskets protruded—as in the riots at Ajaccio. Paris was a bigger town, but that had been another lesson that could be applied on a larger scale. So never mind those forty-odd thousand, forty against seven. His guns were at every corner, pointing up the cross-streets and commanding the Rue St.-Honoré, over which the rebels must come, from the Palais Royal, past the old yellow church of St.-Roch to the convents.

But now some one had fired, from a house or over a barricade. They were coming on—just a square away. He gave the word. Those guns, always obedient to their little commander, spoke once, twice, several times. Hundreds lay dead—the Royalist columns broke, ran, hid in the old yellow church, cowered under the blue painted sky and the white sculptured figures of its altar, or scampered off toward the Madeleine. Over the river, too, he had placed his guns well. There the rebels broke and ran quite as fast. A few minutes of fighting, and he was master of the situation.

So peace was restored. People grumbled for a little while; complained that Barras had wantonly killed his fellow-citizens. It was, said Barras, all Napoleon's fault. Soon they forgot to grumble. It was a good measure, after all. Now Barras said it was he, and not Napoleon, that had handled things so well. But it was too late. The word had gone the rounds. That young Corsican emigrant was a coming man!

Barras frowned. The meddler *was* hard to handle. Better win his support by promoting him again. On the tenth of October he persuaded the Convention to appoint this Bonaparte second in command of the Army of the Interior; on the sixteenth he was made a general of division; on the twentieth he took full command. Faster now. Indeed things were looking up!

And now he could have an extra uniform, a horse and carriage—two or three if he liked. These he had not desired as a luxury, but because, as he wrote Joseph, it would “enable me to go about my business with greater despatch.” And he moved from lodgings to a hotel of his own.

Nor did he reserve all his good fortune for himself. He bade Joseph see that “all the family are abundantly provided for. None must want for anything.” There was Lucien, for instance. He had made a fool of himself by marrying an innkeeper's daughter because he was behind in his board bill and then had got himself in jail. Moreover the bride was going to have a baby. But he must be looked out for. There were many poor, too, now in Paris. He would distribute free bread.

Barras also had an idea, for which the time was ripe, he decided, after looking Napoleon over.

“You should enlarge your acquaintance, general,” he said. “Come to my salon. You will find there ladies of great beauty and charm—the fair Madame Tallien—the widow Beauharnais.”

The brusque young Corsican was to be launched in society.

(To be continued)



The CENTURION

JOHN ERSKINE



CENSORSHIP:—The question of censorship is up again, this time with reference to the theater. The plays in New York are said to be, some of them at least, of a character that calls for vigorous correction. If the public will not do its duty, we are told the government should interfere.

The question is vital for many people, even though they have not seen the plays that are making the trouble. Vital, even though we disagreed as to which plays were good and which bad. We know that the theater, more than any other form of art, has an immense emotional effect upon its audience, and it is sensible to suppose that this effect may either do harm or do good. What could be more obvious than that an intelligent society should entertain itself exclusively with the art which in some sense will do it good?

Many of us, however, are immediately roused on the other side. We believe that censorship of art, like other forms of restraint, will always injure somewhat the very person supposed to be benefited, even when the censorship can be intelligently applied. In literature, however, we are quite sure that no censorship is at the moment possible which by any stretching of the word could be called intelligent. Our

reasons for this position, omitting for the moment the whole problem of liberty and responsibility, is that we do not yet understand sufficiently what is the effect of any good play on the minds and the hearts of those who see it.

To oppose censorship lays us open at once to the charge of moral indolence, or perhaps turpitude. Since the object is to improve the world, why, we are asked, should we oppose any method which will further this end? We find ourselves strangely on the defensive. In the face of so much good-will and of such admirable intention, we lose some of the courage of our conviction, perhaps, and conclude that the experiment might as well be tried for the sake of the race at large. But in some moments our courage comes back, and we are moved, as I am now, to protest that not every method is a good one, even though it is intended to serve a good end. I should like to question the whole method of censorship.

When we object to any proposed censorship, we often say that the problem would solve itself, if the sensible and moral part of the community, by far the majority, would only indorse the good plays and stay away from the others. This simple

program is usually applauded; I have at times suggested it myself and felt that I was saying a wise thing. Yet I know how quickly I should get into trouble if I confessed publicly to my admiration for certain plays. In any choice of the half-dozen finest things Shakspeare wrote, I should include "Measure for Measure." In spite of its subject, and in spite of its astounding frankness of speech, it impresses me as one of the noblest studies of human nature in any language, one of the most moral, one of the deepest, and essentially one of the purest. Yet I doubt whether the police would let this play go on in New York to-day with Shakspeare's text unexpurgated. Some highly personal stories in the Old Testament, involving certain of the patriarchs and kings, seem to me noble and beneficial to readers of any age, and quite in their place in a canon of sacred Scripture. Yet I should expect even the gentlest censor to make it impossible to present them on the stage as they are presented in the Bible. My reason for expecting such drastic action is that wherever censorship has been applied, in moving pictures, for example, the work of expurgation has gone even further than I am here suggesting.

The illustrations here cited of literary masterpieces which we hold up to reverence in the schools and in the churches, but against which we should probably be on our guard if they came fresh from the pen to-day, suggest a phase of censorship which most of us usually overlook. In our desire to purge the drama of what is base and degrading, we are likely to brand with those evil terms what in

the masters we pretend to revere, and anybody with an alert mind will see the contradiction. Censorship, if it should ever exist, ought to be complete. If you are going to protect the morals only of the citizen who is spending his two hours on occasion in a theater, you are wasting your time, and provoking ironic comment. During the other portions of his life he may be exposed—who knows?—to the Bible, for example. Or he may be reading Homer, or he may come down to such comparatively recent authors as Fielding, or he may wander into foreign languages and read Balzac or Tolstoy. If certain influences in the theater are likely to do him harm, ought we not to protect him also from the scandals and misbehaviors which the newspapers report? Even his own relatives may occasionally forget themselves and set him a bad example; ought we not to rescue him promptly?

To this argument I know the advocates of censorship will probably give little attention. The question will seem to them absurd. They will cut through it to the heart of the matter, as they say, and will remind me that after all there is a difference between a good healthy play and a rotten one, and the rotten ones should not be permitted on the stage.



WHAT IS A GOOD PLAY?—Very well. All we need, then, is to know what is a good play. Some of us will define dramatic excellence in terms of the subject-matter, or rather in terms of something excluded from the plot or the dialogue. A good play

will be one which does not represent wickedness in the world, or which does not represent wickedness unpunished. Or a good play will be one in which no evil character or no evil side of life is shown. Or a good play is one in which the bodies of the actors are fully clothed; the term admits of some definition, but we will assume that a complete covering of the human frame is here understood to make for dramatic excellence. Or a good play is one which conceals a subject about which the young and the feeble-minded ought not to think so much as we do.

This sort of dramatic criticism of course is absurd, and rather childish. I do not mean to imply that it represents fairly the view of intelligent advocates of censorship, but it does represent the attitude of some of them. It is implied in many of the hasty remarks about good and bad plays, or good and bad books. Any one of these definitions can be quickly reduced to absurdity, and in literary practice they have often been so reduced. There have been plays, as well as stories, based on the theory that bad characters should not afford us an evening's entertainment; or if bad characters enter the story, their badness should be punished and the virtue of the good should be rewarded. The classic story of this type in English is "Sanford and Merton," now little read, but imitated by a host of those ridiculous fables known rather unjustly as Sunday-school stories, in which the good boy who does not interest us at all gets rewards we feel he does not deserve, and the bad boy, who may not interest us either, is punished with an accuracy and a tenacity

which we do not elsewhere observe in the morality of the universe. It would be impossible to construct a story on these childish precautions for our neighbor's welfare which any one would care to listen to, or which any one would call true.

Probably the excellence of a play or a novel will have to be defined in quite other terms, in terms of the emotional effect upon the audience or reader. A few literary critics here and there in the world have tried, without much success, to study this effect. Coleridge had the problem in mind, and Poe emphasized it. The professional student of literature and esthetics, however, has paid it too little attention. Perhaps now that the psychologists are measuring us for many other values, they may help us to a method for determining what difference it makes in our natures whether we read a novel by Dickens, let us say, or one by Thackeray, or one by Hawthorne. Some difference there surely must be. Each author puts us in a different mood, and leaves us with a different attitude toward life. So with the poets, and so with all other artists. And these differences must be in the end practical, working out through our nerves into various unconscious actions. We are willing to believe that the kind of wall-paper we live with is of consequence to our happiness. Certain violent reds are too exciting, and some other tones would make us nervous or irritable. We know in a general way whether or not a room is restful or the opposite. But we have only begun to ask which authors in literature or which masterpieces produce which effects. If we are so slow in the very elementals of

criticism, it is not to be marveled at that our definitions of complete excellence are inadequate.

We need not be unduly mortified by our ignorance; men greater than we have shared it. Most of us think that Homer is the world's greatest poet, or certainly one of the few great. Yet Plato let Socrates suggest that from any well run state Homer's books would have to be excluded. The argument is strangely modern. Do we not wish the young to think well of religion? Does not religion speak to us of immortal life much happier than any we can find on earth? Does not Homer tell us that when Odysseus met Achilles in the other world, among the blessed, and gazed with awe at the great hero there enjoying his reward, Achilles replied that he would gladly be the meanest and most unhappy man on earth, if he could only get out of heaven and live again on earth? Of course this is exactly the way most of us feel about going to heaven, but no statesman-like censor would let us express our feelings. So Homer must be kept out, lest the people of little faith should find encouragement in him.

One of the speakers in the Platonic dialogue replied to Socrates that of course it would be admirable to furnish the public with good books exclusively, but how are we to tell whether a book is good? Socrates answered: "For the moment, my dear friend, we are not literary critics, but founders of a state. May not those who found a state be expected to know what is a good book? Very well, then, we will put Homer out."

THE MORALITY OF ART:—The psychological effect of a book or play on reader or audience may turn out to be less moral or more so than we expected. Some of our friends object to such a poem as "Twas the Night Before Christmas" on the ground that there is no literal Santa Claus and that an anthropomorphic picture of benevolence misleads childhood. Personally, I should say the poem is altogether moral, because the effect of it is to increase kindness in the reader, and to give goodness what it often sorely needs, an atmosphere of adventure and romance. On the other hand, I am personally somewhat troubled by certain aspects of Dickens's "Christmas Carol." The cheerfulness of that moving story is largely shadowed for me by pictures in it of poverty and sickness to which the total moral of the plot does not seem to apply. I find myself worried over the implications of many other famous stories which pass for what is altogether pure and noble. Emotional implications, I mean. If the Book of Ruth were written to-day for the first time and put on the stage, and if I were reviewing it, I think I should say that Ruth was a gentle but not particularly important character, that Naomi was a rather unstable scheming woman with a quite inadequate sense of morality, and that Boaz was her victim. I know there was an ancient custom that the nearest unmarried male should espouse a widow, and Naomi avails herself of that tradition to promote Ruth's fortunes. But what sticks out as the most conspicuous part of the story is the fact that the nearest male relative in this case was poor,

and Naomi fastened her attention on the next relative after him, who was rich. I don't object; why should I object to one of the greatest stories in the world? But I observe that the effect of the story is less perhaps a sense of providence in life than a sophisticated awareness of the way in which some human beings behave.

This sort of thing, however, is not what would bother the advocates of censorship. Anything one might say about the character of Naomi would for them be a small matter in comparison with the glaring evils now to be witnessed on Broadway. Nudity, for example. Human bodies are exposed completely, or almost so, in tableaux and dances. This, say the indignant reformers, should be stopped. At the risk of losing some more reputation, some of us ask why. We too have in mind the moral effect on the audience. Modesty and self-respect have nothing to do with clothing. Even the fully dressed sometimes have an immodest influence on their associates. We understand that in races so primitive that nakedness is the rule among them, some people in that absolute state appear virtuous and others not. If bodies are indecent and immodest, they ought not to be looked at; but if they express grace and beauty, and if they inspire pure thought, why should they not be exhibited? Can it be that some of us cannot tell a modest body when we see it?

Well, say the censors, any exposure of the human body is dangerous. That is the simplest stand to take. Magazines which reproduce photographs of the nude are often sup-

pressed as pornographic. Not being a reader of such journals myself, I can say nothing for or against them. But I wonder if censorship here also ought not to be thoroughgoing and blanket the nudes in the art galleries, lock up the various Venuses which adorn the long tradition of sculpture, and suppress the drawings of Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Rodin. Where is the line to be drawn between the good and the bad? No doubt some line is to be drawn, but at present we do not know on what principles; and until we do know, our interference, always questionable, is certainly premature. We cannot in this day suppress the human body altogether. We are too deeply interested in dancing; we have given too much encouragement to the young to care for their bodies, and to carry themselves well. Our attention is fixed, as it has not been for a long time, on the possibilities of expression through the human frame. To draw a curtain before it at this moment would be as impossible as it would be silly. The critic on the other side may argue that all this applies well enough to those who have made some progress in art, and who have some self-control in morals; but there are other people, he will add, to whom even lovely things, like the Venus de Milo, turn out to be an overpowering and unworthy temptation. The inference is that for the benefit of such people we should hide the human body. I cannot take that view myself. In the ordinary disasters of life we recognize such a thing as contributory negligence. Perhaps we ought to recognize the presence among us of contributory indecency. Many

a beautiful work of art, which of itself once suggested nothing but noble emotions, has been somewhat smirched by the talk of the censors, pointing out its possibilities for evil. We did not know the possibilities till the censors drew our attention to them. There are among us, we admit, creatures so evil that the sight of divine beauty would stir in them diabolical thoughts. Why suppress the divine beauty and let the degraded weaklings go at large?

Next after nudity the censor would try to suppress the discussion of sex. Here again he would, in my opinion, be choosing an unfortunate moment for his attempt. Sex has constituted an important theme in literature ever since stories have been told, but never has the subject received such intelligent study as in our day. Many serious men and women the world over, who are immune, one would suppose, to the charge of levity, agree that the understanding of sex is now the most important task before human society. The old stories which recorded its dramatic behavior threw little light on the nature of the thing itself. The church proclaimed marriage a sacrament; and men in general, whether or not they followed the church, have aspired to find a sacrament in their own marriage. But nowhere could we learn, because no one knew, on what terms the sacrament of marriage could be achieved. We have come to feel something grotesque in the blessing of the church pronounced on the union of two people physically unfit to bear healthy children. Many of us feel also that a great wrong is done when the church or state sanctions the

marriage of people spiritually and mentally unfit to live with each other. To be sure, the passion we call love is a kind of lightning which strikes in what seems to be unpredictable ways; but we begin to suspect that none of nature's ways is entirely unpredictable.

The psychologists, the anthropologists, and the sociologists are bringing new information to the solving of this tragic and fascinating problem. To ask the dramatist or the novelist not to mention it would be a peculiarly imbecile form of obscurantism. This is what we think of when we are alone, what we discuss with our wives and husbands, what we talk over with our friends. Around us we see marriages that promised well, breaking up in divorce and separation. We used to think that all divorce was tragic. Perhaps because we have grown somewhat used to it, we are now not sure that all divorces are equally tragic; we find it difficult to state the distinction we feel. To break up a home and spoil the happiness of childhood seems terrible; but it also seems terrible that people, who ought never to have married in the first place, should ruin the lives of their children, as they sometimes do, by continuing to live with them. We used to think the sole purpose of marriage was to found a home. We now suspect other motives, desire for companionship rather than for domesticity, for a collaboration in life-work rather than for children. And even though people do not marry at all, the unexpressed sex in them takes its revenge in queer twists and repressions. Why should we not learn more about it, if we can?



The ROVING CRITIC



CARL VAN DOREN

THE FIRST AMERICAN REALIST:—According to the trustworthy anthropologist Paul Radin, editor of "Crashing Thunder" (Appleton), this is not only the first autobiography that has ever been obtained under scientific conditions from any American Indian, but also the "only account that has ever been obtained from a so-called 'primitive' man." It therefore deserves to be studied from many points of view, and it will be. There is, for instance, the literary point of view. The candor and directness of Crashing Thunder make him such an example to all realists and such a warning to all sentimentalists that his story must at once take an important place among the writings which show how truthful literature can be.

Nothing less than quotation can exhibit his qualities, which appear, on the whole, most strikingly in his record of a certain murder in which he had a share and for which he was tried. Crashing Thunder and three other young Winnebago decided about 1890 to kill a Pottawatomie for the honor which this would give them. "We proceeded to a place where horses of other tribes used to pasture. Just as we got there we saw the owner of some of these horses and killed him. My

friend killed him. Then we went home, and secretly I told my father all about it." What Crashing Thunder told his father is equally without apology and bravado; it is statement, and nothing else. It ends: "'We searched his pockets and found medicine and money in them. The money we divided among ourselves. After that we cut out his heart, for we had heard that hearts were used for medicine. That is why we cut out his heart. He had a gun and that we took away from him and hid.'" The father seems to have been as forthright as the son. "'My son, it is good. Your life is no longer an effeminate one. This is the manner in which our ancestors encouraged us to live. It is the will of the spirits in control of war that has led you to do this. Of your own initiative you could not possibly have done it. However, we had better not have a Victory Dance as yet. We have the honor anyhow. We must be careful about the Whites.'" With this Stoic blessing and caution Crashing Thunder seems to have been content.

But murder, even among Indians, will out. One of Crashing Thunder's companions boasted while on a visit to Nebraska. Word reached the whites. Two officers came to the

autobiographer and questioned him. He lied flawlessly, but they insisted that he go with them.

"We had now come to town. There I was taken to a hotel and asked if I knew the murdered man's brother. I said, 'Yes.' We went inside, and there we found him. The man greeted me and said, 'If you know anything about this affair and confess, we will not lock you up. You will be one of the witnesses. Even if it should turn out that you were one of them, we will not lock you up. I am not deceiving you. This man who is listening to us agrees with me.' He continued: 'Sam, I am acquainted with your father. He is a fine old man. Even if you were along with Peter, I will not have you locked up, if you will confess. It is merely because Peter is a bad man that I want to know it.' 'He must be telling the truth,' said I to myself. 'I'm going to tell.' I thought that in such a case they would let me go. So I said: 'Yes, I know all about it. I saw Peter when he killed the man.'

"In the jail I found Peter. 'What did they say to you?' he asked. 'They did not say anything,' I said. 'They asked me many questions,' said Peter. 'They asked me whether you had done it, and they said that if I told them, they would let me go home. I told them, however, that I did not know anything.' 'They asked me very much the same,' I then said, 'but I also told them that I did not know anything.' 'That is good, for without witnesses they have only hearsay evidence and they will not be able to hold us,' said Peter. 'Anyhow, the man we killed was crazy and his brothers hated

him. They used to ask me to kill him,' continued Peter."

The stage was now set for the scene when Peter should have discovered that his friend had confessed to the officers and then had lied to him. But among these primitive men there turned out to be no dramatic scene, perhaps because there was no dramatist. "After a time I was taken out and brought to the courthouse. There they again questioned me, and a woman, a shorthand writer, took down my answers. I was then told to tell everything again in detail and that as soon as time for the trial came, I would be freed. When I was through, they took me back and locked me up again, and the other man was taken out. When he returned, he had of course learned what I had done. He was very quiet. Then I said, 'Well, you said you were asked to kill him and you also said that they, the brothers of the murdered man, asked others to kill him. If that is so, you did it because you were asked to do so, and you are not to blame. If we can find other witnesses to this fact, we will surely get out. Indeed, I spoke about the matter because they had locked us up alone. I did not like it. The boys were so boisterous that I thought the others ought to be in jail, too. That is what I was thinking of when I spoke to the officers. Soon they will bring these others here, too, and when we are all here together, it will not be so lonesome.' Peter was glad of it. Soon the other two were brought, and the four of us made quite a good deal of noise talking."

Sustained by what the four seem to have regarded as a very good jus-

tification of the murder, the Winnebago settled down to wait for trial. "We stayed in prison all winter. I was very tired of it, but I kept that secret because otherwise the other men would be likely to make fun of me. Sometimes I really felt like crying, but I acted as though I did not care at all. I was married at the time I had been imprisoned, and I hungered to see my wife and was in a terrible condition, but I told the others that I did not care in the least. . . . After a while the spring term of court arrived, and we were happy. When the time for our trial came, however, we were told that our case had been bound over to the fall term. So, we had to stay in prison all summer. When the fall term came, the case was bound over until the following spring. It was enough to cause one to say 'Oh, my!' in impatience."

"Shortly after this we found out that my wife had married again. I did not feel like eating, but I tried hard to do so, because I thought the others would notice it. Then I said to them, 'I am glad to hear about this report that my wife has married again. When I get out of prison I will pay the one who has married her, for he is taking care of her until my release. Indeed I have felt quite uneasy about her for some time. Now I feel quite relieved, for she is being provided for.' This I spoke. But the truth of it was that I was as angry as I could very well be. I made up my mind that I would take her away from whomsoever she might be living with. Then I thought that I would make her feel as sad as I could; I thought I would disfigure her, cut off her nose, then

take her to the wilderness, give her a sound beating, and leave her there. I could not think of anything else all the time, and I believe that for a time I did not even taste food. I often felt like crying. At night I would not be able to sleep, for I could not forget the whole affair. Sometimes I would dream of seeing her, and then in the morning I would tell the others about it and feel better. Throughout all this time I never thought of all those of my relatives who were really concerned for me. Not even that grateful was I. I only thought of the woman.

"Now the time for the next session of the court had arrived. It was the spring session. We were given a trial. They always took us to court in handcuffs. We each had a lawyer. At the first hearing one of us was freed, the other three remaining in prison. Then the lawyers pleaded the case of the others, and two more were freed, I being one of these. The man who had actually done the killing was the only one who remained in prison."

Though Crashing Thunder led a life compared to which, as Mr. Radin says, that of Benvenuto Cellini was drab, he nowhere in his memoirs strikes a dramatic attitude. He knows he has been a notable man among his people, but the facts about his career are enough. And though he had, at the time of writing, left off his loose ways and taken to religion, he never strikes a moralistic attitude. He neither beats his breast over his sins nor mouths them with the relish of a convert. The facts themselves are somehow sacred to him; his sole obligation is to present them. He does not even have

the sort of pride, fatal to autobiographers, which urges most of them to try to reduce their lives, in retrospect, to a simple scheme, deliberately undertaken and resolutely carried out. When Crashing Thunder, after the loss of his elder brother, resolves to drink himself to death, he fails, not too heroically. And not too heroically he recounts the episode. "Soon I became a confirmed drunkard. By that time I had quite forgotten the fact that I wanted to die. Indeed I enjoyed drinking very much." Rousseau, if he had had such an incident to narrate, would have given to it a chapter full of agonies and protestations. Franklin, in a similar case, would have suavely pointed out that he had been wrong to resolve to drink himself to death in the first place and then would have included his attempt in the list of his *errata* for the benefit of his readers. Crashing Thunder resists all such temptations.

There has lately been a good deal of critical argument to the effect that American poetry, the poetry, that is, produced in the United States by the English-speaking Americans, would do well to go to school to the poetry of the Indians. It would be odd and interesting if some historian of literature in, say, the twenty-second century should announce that the first American realist was a Winnebago named Crashing Thunder.



IRONY ABOUT ICARUS:—Almost any one who takes up Virgil Barker's "Pieter Bruegel the Elder" (Arts Publishing Corporation) will feel that he has somehow blundered into one of the half-hid secrets of buried

time, will rub his eyes, and then thank his luck for the blunder. Here, in the first convenient monograph devoted to Bruegel in English, is a painter about whom most of the standard manuals are reticent if not silent, but about whom Mr. Barker says: "Every other painter lacks something or has something in excess. Bruegel is the most comprehensive and the best balanced, the most energetic and the mellowest. Of all painters he is the greatest realist, and of them all the most humane." These might seem to be biographer's superlatives if the accompanying illustrations, though only black and white, did not go a long way toward supporting the ardent verdict.

The technical brilliance of this painter can, of course, not be judged without his colors. Yet even without them, in such an achievement as "The Carrying of the Cross," the splendor of his conception, the firmness and ease of his composition, the scrupulous execution of the details, the creative mastery of all his materials, cannot be missed. Jesus is in the exact center of the picture, but his position gives nothing mathematical to the look of the whole. The gibbets and the trees, the Flemish windmill and the Flemish Golgotha, break the horizon and distribute the weight without disturbing the equilibrium. The field is full of people streaming with a horrible gusto and reality to the place of execution, but there is a kind of pattern to their aimlessness, marked by the bold line of mounted soldiers sweeping across and through the picture, at once holding the rabble back and binding them all together in the unity of Bruegel's art. Though

the picture and the story are apparently of about the same importance, they cannot be separated. If the story furnished the picture with its spirit, the picture furnishes the story with its body.

Bruegel was too philosophic a man not to make, or to hint, a comment upon his theme. His Jesus is not the commanding radiant focus of the picture. Instead he is almost lost in the tumult, as the painter must have reasoned that the victim was on that occasion. The irony is not stressed; it is simply implied. Bruegel, who had doubtless witnessed enough executions himself, knew that the curious who came to them could as a rule hardly see the condemned person over the heads of the spectators. Why should he think it had been different when the soldiers were Romans and the rabble were Jews? As a solid Fleming, contemporary of Rabelais and Montaigne, he did not even try to think it. His comment was less a sharp stroke of historical irony than the natural exercise of his realistic bent.

In "The Fall of Icarus," however, Bruegel must have been more deliberate. It was well enough to imagine that because Icarus had survived in legend he must therefore have been a notable fellow in his day. But what, the painter may be imagined as having asked, did Icarus ever do but try to escape from Crete on wax-fastened wings, go too near the sun, lose his impertinent wings, and tumble ingloriously into the sea? Who thought much of him till the poets began to sing his fate? Nobody, Bruegel presumably concluded, at least not the Cretans who on the Icarian day were busy with their

affairs. So, in the picture, the sun shines superbly but indifferently upon the wide bright sea and a long stretch of coast; ships cross the bay under proud full sail; sheep graze as quietly as if nothing had plunged past the calm promontory on which they stand; a peasant with a clumsy horse and a rough plow keeps his eye on the neat furrow he is turning; another peasant, mouth dully open, stares unconcerned at the sky, with his back to the course which Icarus must have taken in his whirling descent; and Icarus is only, so far as the painting is concerned, one white desperate leg still visible above a splash of foam and feathers. The gulls alone show any inquisitiveness about the late son of Dædalus.

The ironical commentary is too sustained to have been an accident. Nor is it nothing more than peasant cynicism with regard to anything in the nature of high-flying. It is sophistication, like that of Anatole France in his story of Pilate unable to remember the young Galilean whom he had sent to the cross. Bruegel was a painter. He could see the pictorial elements in the Icarus theme. There was the Cretan coast, with its cliffs standing up from the ocean. There was the sky overhead. There were ships and sheep and peasants at work. But Icarus himself was only a flutter in that spacious world, only the seed of a myth still to be germinated. As an honest man, committed to what he could perceive and then communicate in a picture, Bruegel was no more tempted to pay premature honors to the Icarus who was to be than he would have been tempted to paint an acorn so that it would look like an oak.

SHORT CUTS

Collected Poems of James Stephens. Macmillan Co.

A book, long expected and desired, which turns out to be unsurpassed, and some will say unequaled, by any book of the year in charm, loveliness, and gaiety.

The Autobiography and Memoirs of Benjamin Robert Haydon. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 2 vols.

Haydon had as much energy and assurance as Cellini, but no genius for painting, and not even any striking aptitude. He had, however, a talent for complaint which furnished him an outlet and made him a great autobiographer. If he painted less magnificently than he thought, he wrote more vividly and amusingly than he knew. This reprint of his one important book has an admirable introduction by Aldous Huxley.

Anatole France: The Degeneration of a Great Artist. By Barry Cerf. Dial Press.

Professor Cerf feels and argues that Anatole France would have been a greater man if he had been more solemn, more industrious, and less sensual. But there are a million solemn, industrious, chaste-spoken men to one Anatole France. Other qualities made him great. Those others have eluded Professor Cerf.

Edgar Allan Poe: The Man. By Mary E. Phillips. John C. Winston Co. 2 vols.

An unsystematic and uncritical compilation, in two enormous volumes, of all the miscellaneous matter about, or nearly about, Poe which the biographer has been able to scramble together during what must have been many years of eager labor. The work's chief merit is its illustrations, which, though not always particularly relevant, are diversified and instructive.

The New Universe. By Baker Brownell. D. Van Nostrand Co.

The author calls his book "an outline of the worlds in which we live," and he has managed to give an account, at once statistical and lively, of the present situation of mankind in the universe, on the planet, in the state, in industry, among the neighbors, at home, and in the mind and the imagination.

The Art of Being Ruled. By Wyndham Lewis. Harper & Brothers.

The most provocative book on contemporary civilization that has been written in English, as far as the Roving Critic knows, since the war.

The Prairie and the Making of Middle America. By Dorothy Anne Dondore. Torch Press.

An impressive though verbose survey of the literature dealing with the Mississippi Valley from the Spanish explorers to the most recent poets and novelists of the region. The numerous descriptive quotations hold up a moving mirror to four centuries of landscape and life.

Delineations of American Scenery and Character. By John James Audubon. Edited by F. H. Herrick. G. A. Baker & Co.

Audubon preferred birds to men, but when he liked he could describe the human fauna encountered on his travels with as much interest as if they wore feathers. The present extracts are reprinted from his "Ornithological Biography."

The Mind of Rome. Edited by Cyril Bailey. Oxford University Press.

An excellent introduction to Roman civilization, studied in the words of Roman writers.



THE DARK FIRE

by *Elinor Mordaunt*



This is the story of Lilian Challoner, the exquisite and the lovely, who went up alone into the cannibal jungles of Sumatra, and abased her pride there, and dwelt with black men there, and fought the devil-devils of that accursed and deathly land, all for the love she had of Seton Lane.

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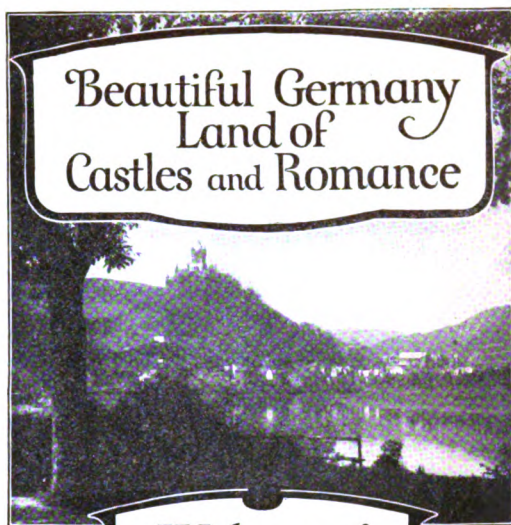
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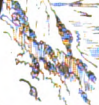
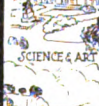
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THE purpose of this department is to help CENTURY readers to avoid investments in which they are likely to lose money, or in which the risks involved are greater than the circumstances surrounding the investment would justify the individual in taking; and to assist them in the choice of sound investments that meet their requirements. It is hoped that inquiry will be made regarding securities and dealers before funds are invested rather than afterwards. Questions will not be answered in regard to purely speculative operations. Return postage should accompany each inquiry.

In addition to this Readers' Service, THE CENTURY will publish in this part of the magazine each month the announcements of reliable banking and brokerage houses that it can recommend. No house will be permitted to use these pages until it has been carefully investigated, and every effort will be made to accept only the offerings of safe securities and the announcements of responsible and reliable houses.

Address all communications to READERS' FINANCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT, THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Investment Questions and Answers

Bonds for a Doctor

SOUTH DAKOTA. — Q. I would like to ask which bond issue of the Bethlehem Steel is the best to buy considering safety of investment and interest income? Will you give me the names of a few industrial and public utility bonds that you consider good, safety of principal being the first consideration?

A. Replying to your inquiry, we are glad to say that the Bethlehem Steel consolidated "A" 6s, due 1948; consolidated "B" 5½s, due 1953 and the following additional bond issues in the public utility and industrial fields seem entirely suitable for one in your position to buy:

Ohio Public Service 1st and ref. 6s, due 1953
Denver Gas & Electric Light 1st and Ref. 5s, due 1951
United States Steel 5s, due 1963
Jersey Central Power & Light 1st and Ref. 5½, due 1945

A Business Man's Investment

ONTARIO. — Q. The writer has in prospect about \$2000 for investment in well secured corporation stocks and bonds for probable long term holdings. Please suggest such to yield around 6%. As a business man's investment what do you think of the purchase, at the present prices, of the following:

C. P. R. stocks or bonds (specify)
Am. Tel. & Tel. stock
Ch. R. I. & Pac. bonds (specify)
Boston & N. Y. Air Line stocks or bonds (specify)
Niagara Falls Pwr. stocks
Niagara, Lockport & Ontario Pwr. Co. stock

A. At the present time, we would say that both stock and bond prices are at very high levels and it would seem to us that it might be best for one contemplating long term investment of funds to temporarily place at least half of the money in short term securities maturing within the next two or three years with a view to reinvesting the money later should prices react considerably.

If this plan appeals to you, you might from among the companies which you have in mind select one of the 5 per cent. notes of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad coming due in 1929 and selling at about 100½, for this short term investment.

Among the other companies that you list in your letter, we are inclined to believe that the stock of the

Canadian Pacific Railroad, the bonds and preferred stock of the Niagara Falls Power Company and the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad Company would be likely to prove the best long term investments.

Province of Buenos Aires Bonds

MINNESOTA. — Q. During the past year I have bought several long term bonds of foreign countries. All have increased in value with one exception. I am unable to ascertain why this issue does not also increase. I refer to B. Aires, Argentine-Prov. 7½ B., due 1947, issued 1925, for which I paid 99. These bonds are now quoted at 98. Any information in regard to these bonds will be appreciated.

A. The Province of Buenos Aires has done a considerable amount of financing in this country through various investment houses within the past year and a half and we are of the opinion that it is this repeated financing that has had a somewhat depressing effect on the market price of the 7½ per cent. bonds which you hold. These seem to us, however, the best of the Province's issues and we should not suggest the sale of them at present prices.

Public Utility Preferred Stocks

KENTUCKY. — Q. Which three of the following list of public utility stocks would you recommend as best for a safe and permanent investment?

Columbia Gas & Elect. 6% Pfd.
American Water Works & Elect. 6% Pfd.
Kansas City Power & Light 7% Pfd.
Ohio Power 6% Pfd.
Minnesota Power & Lt. 7% Pfd.
Northern States Power 7% Pfd.
Adirondack Power & Lt. 7% Pfd.
Public Service of New Jersey 8% Pfd.

A. From the list of securities which you named we would select the following three public utility preferred stocks as best fitted for the requirements specified in your letter:

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Ohio Power 6 per cent, preferred
Minnesota Power & Light 7 per cent, preferred.



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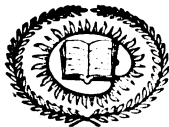


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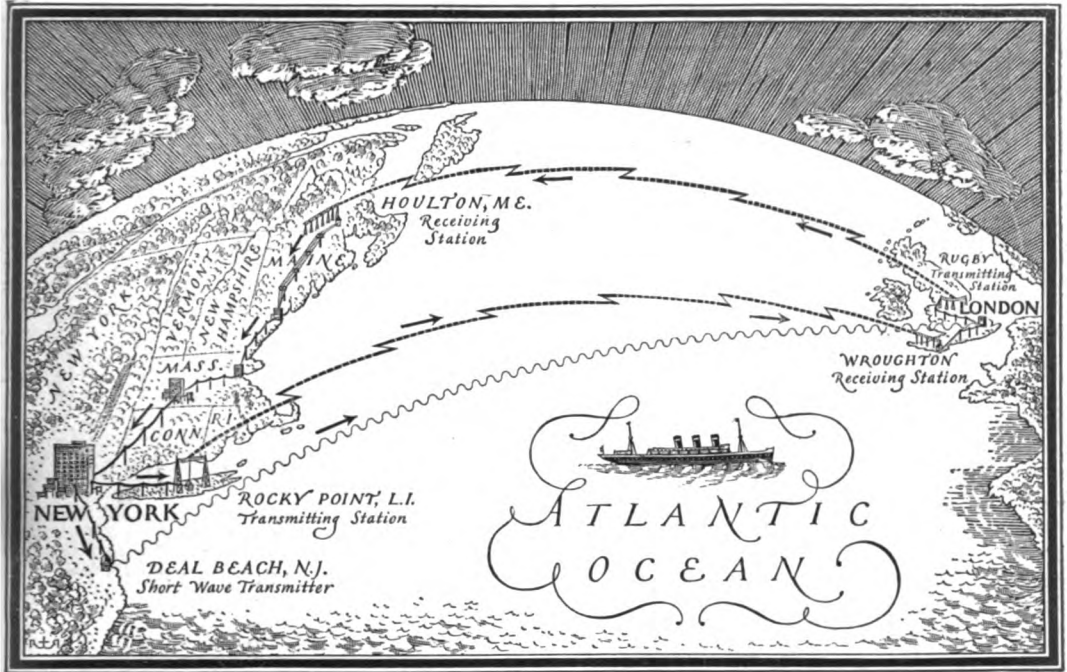
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The CENTURY MAGAZINE



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Elmer Davis

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And the end of his long and toilsome course

William E. Dodd

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KEEP OFF THE GRASS

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Distinguished by its authorship, and nationally significant through subject and treatment, this article in the May number of *THE CENTURY* will interest every reader and arouse many to a high state of excitability, but particularly will it stir the emotions of two gentlemen whose names and aims are at this moment under national observation.

Written in Mr. Nicholson's most engaging vein, timely in its subject, and startling in its suggestion, *Keep Off The Grass* will be the first article in one of the most interesting numbers of *THE CENTURY* ever published.

OTHER FEATURES OF THE MAY CENTURY

A REVIEW AND SOME REMARKS

by JUDGE ELBERT H. GARY

written on the eve of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Judge Gary's brilliant service with the United States Steel Corporation

THAT RUINOUS WOMAN

by ELMER DAVIS

one of the very best of Mr. Davis's best stories

MUSSOLINI AND FASCISM

by GAETANO SALVEMINI

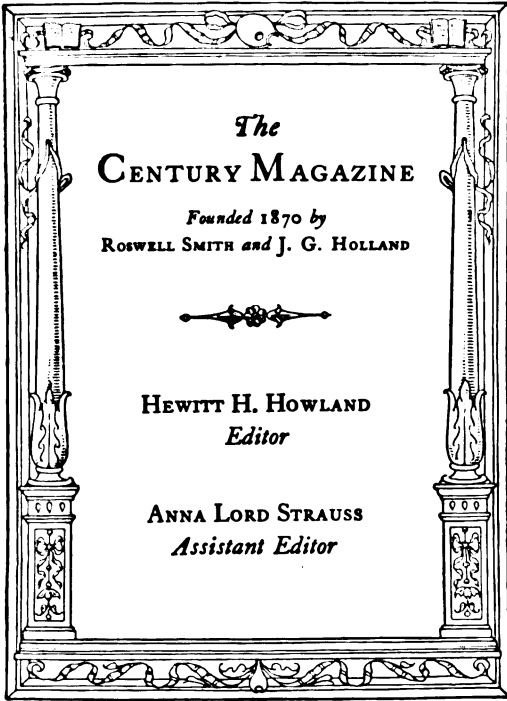
Late Professor of History, University of Florence, exiled from Italy for his opposition to Fascism

TWO UNFOUGHT BATTLES

by THOMAS M. JOHNSON

The story never told before, of the Yankee bluffs that completely deceived Hindenburg and hastened the end of the war

THE MAY CENTURY



Among Our Contributors

Frederick Simpich (Mexico in Quest of Salvation), once of Urbana, Illinois, now El Paso, Texas. Newspapers found him useful in Shanghai, Manila, and San Francisco. Eighteen years ago he was appointed U. S. consul at Bagdad, later transferred to Ensenada, and Nogales, Mexico. Was assigned to special duty on the border, and then came the war and the Division of Military Intelligence. From the State Department—Western European Affairs—he resigned in 1923 to investigate conditions in Porto Rico, Panama, and Mexico, as a result of which he contributed many significant articles to American magazines. Mr. Simpich's knowledge of Mexico is not based on rumor.

Elisabeth Finley-Thomas (Mademoiselle) is an artist in oils as well as in words. She has studied in France, Italy, and Spain, and under Chase and Irving Wiles in this country. After magazine and newspaper work—poetry and short stories—Mrs. Thomas published in 1926 a novel entitled "Rendezvous" and now has her second appearing serially in "Harper's Bazaar"—"Empty Shrines." She was born in St. Paul, but her life has been spent in New Haven, Washington, and New York, where she now lives. She admits that fiction is her chief occupation and delight, as her nearly completed third novel indisputably attests.

William E. Dodd (Lincoln or Lee) divides his time between Chicago and Round Hill, Virginia.

This is the second of three articles on the Lincoln era that Dr. Dodd prepared especially for *THE CENTURY*. Besides giving a fresh, even a new picture of the struggle over slavery, these historic papers are a marvel of condensation, telling with a breathless rush the crowded story of our most dramatic epoch. Dr. Dodd is professor of American history at the University of Chicago and the author of many books.

Irwin Edman (To a Friend) will be remembered by *CENTURY* readers, first, for his delightful article, "On Meeting Americans Abroad," in last month's issue, and, second, for his series of papers two years ago entitled, "Richard Kane Looks at Life." These brought Mr. Edman so many letters asking advice that he says, "I feel like an amateur psychiatrist." He is assistant professor of philosophy at Columbia, but "trying to be a philosopher in New York is like trying to sing in a boiler factory," so he turns occasionally to song. His voice is not that of one distracted by the multitude.

Louis E. Bisch (Are Women Inferior) is associate in educational psychology at Teachers College, Columbia University, and professor of neuropsychiatry at the New York Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital. He is the organizer and director of the Psychopathic Laboratory of the New York Police Department and is in the active practice of nervous and mental disorders. And yet he has found time since getting his A.B., M.D., and Ph.D. from Columbia to write "Your Inner Self," "On Normal and Abnormal Psychology," "The Conquest of Self," and this interesting article on the most interesting of all subjects.

James Weldon Johnson (The Judgment Day) is secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. He was born in Jacksonville, Florida, got his A.B. at Atlanta University, and took a three years' postgraduate course at Columbia. Was admitted to the Florida bar and practised at Jacksonville, but moved to New York to collaborate with his brother, J. Rosamond Johnson, in writing for the light opera stage. He has held several consular posts and has written "The Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man," "Fifty Years and Other Poems," "The Book of American Negro Poetry," and "The Book of American Negro Spirituals." Has contributed poetry to many magazines and is a translator of both French and Spanish. "The Judgment Day" will appear shortly in a volume to be entitled "God's Trombones—Seven Negro Sermons in Verse."

Charles Edward Russell (The Nordic Goes A-Saber-Rattling) has roused himself from his peaceful life, among his books in Washington, long enough to give the Nordic myth a resounding whack. Mr. Russell's long, interesting, and distinguished career is well known to many readers of *THE CENTURY* and to the many who have heard him lecture on sociological and literary subjects, or who have read his dozen published volumes. He was once city editor of the

"New York World," member of the diplomatic mission sent to Russia by this country, and is now a member of the president's Industrial Commission.

Grace Strickler Dawson (Melting Snow) belongs to the large and distinguished group of Iowa-born authors, Keokuk being her home, and Northwestern University her alma mater. She now lives in Kansas City with a husband and two sons. Her verses have appeared in many magazines, including a group of children's ballads in "St. Nicholas."

Dorothy E. Norman-Smith (The Joke) says she "can't find anything interesting to say about her life, it has all been so commonplace." This in spite of the fact that she was married thirteen years ago, when she was twenty-one, was born at Derby, England, did active war work, and has written many striking short stories and a number of genuinely beautiful poems. "The Joke" will not detract from her reputation, which is growing rapidly, both here and in England.

Charles R. Brown (The Minister Among Men) is dean of the Divinity School of Yale University. He is a West Virginian, and has been more or less at seven universities, including Iowa, Brown, and Yale. Special lecturer on ethics at Leland Stanford; Lyman Beecher lecturer at Yale; Ingersoll lecturer on immortality at Harvard; and so on. Was moderator of the National Council of Congregational Churches and author of "The Modern Man's Religion," "The Young Man's Affairs," "The Quest of Life," "Why I Believe in Religion," and many other volumes. The present fresh and vigorous article will appear in a volume shortly to be published entitled, "The Making of a Minister."

Konrad Bercovici (Venice at Night) has appeared often and always delightfully in the pages of THE CENTURY. He was born in 1892 in Rumania, but came to this country ten years ago and now calls New York home. His Gipsy stories are known to all magazine readers. Among his books are "Around the World in New York," "Crimes of Charity," "Dust of New York," and "Ghitza." He is now traveling in Europe, which accounts for "Venice at Night."

Gustavus Myers (Onward to Ownership) is a specialist in original historical research. He wrote "The History of American Idealism," "The German Myth," "History of the Great American Fortunes," "History of Tammany Hall," and many other books. He is a frequent contributor to the magazines and lives in New York City.

Robert Gordon Anderson (Those Quarrelsome Bonapartes), with "The Siege of Josephine and the Battle of Rivoli," ends the fifth instalment of his

vivified history of the Bonaparte family. This romantic and colorful story has made a fine impression, judging from the letters of approval; many of our correspondents rejoice in the fact that Mr. Anderson has chosen to show the great general in a series of pictures, with the "noble art of cutting throats" only in the background. "Napoleon Entertains at Montebello" is the title of the May instalment.

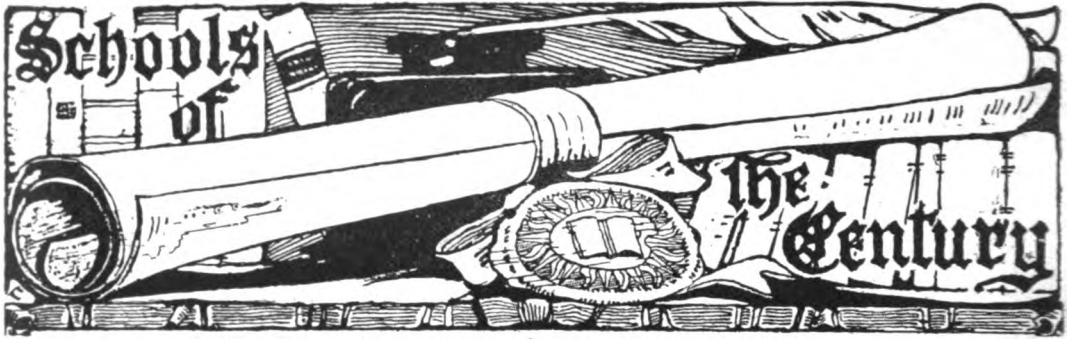
Mary Somerville (The Sheep) is a New Zealander but was brought up at Selkirk, in the borders of Scotland, and many of her stories are of the Border district, the sheep hills, in which rise the Ettrick and Yarrow rivers. In 1921 Miss Somerville went to Oxford, graduating last year from Somerville College, which was founded in memory of an earlier Mary Somerville, the famous astronomer, mathematician, and pioneer of higher education for women. The author of "Sheep" now leads a very busy life in London, where she has many friends among writers and educators.

Henry J. Reilly (Our Crumbling National Defense) does not hesitate to place the responsibility in this, the third of his four articles on "Our Crumbling National Defense." It is an amazing story of the making of estimates and the operations of the budget office. The ways are devious, but General Reilly makes them all clear. Since the general called attention, in his first article, to the army's inadequate food ration, the president has increased the allowance from thirty-six to fifty cents.

In "The Best Poems of 1926" selected by Thomas Moulton, London, there are seventy-two poems, forty from English magazines and thirty-two from American. Of these THE CENTURY heads the list with six. There are seventeen American magazines represented; ten with one poem each, three with two, two with three, one with four, and THE CENTURY with six.

Mr. Edgar G. Gyger, of the Christian Science Committee on Publication for the State of New York, writes that J. B. S. Haldane in his "Duty of Doubt," in the January CENTURY, implies that Christian Science healing is suggestion. "Any form of suggestion," says Mr. Gyger, "is contrary to the teachings and practice of Christian Science and expressly prohibited in the works of its discoverer and founder, Mary Baker Eddy. The healing is established through understanding that divine mind is the only physician, as Christ and His disciples proved centuries ago."

Virginia Terhune Van de Water writes: "Dr. Durant's article in the February CENTURY is the best thing on the modern woman that I have read. He seemed to me so tremendously right in his views that he gave me an actual thrill of delight."



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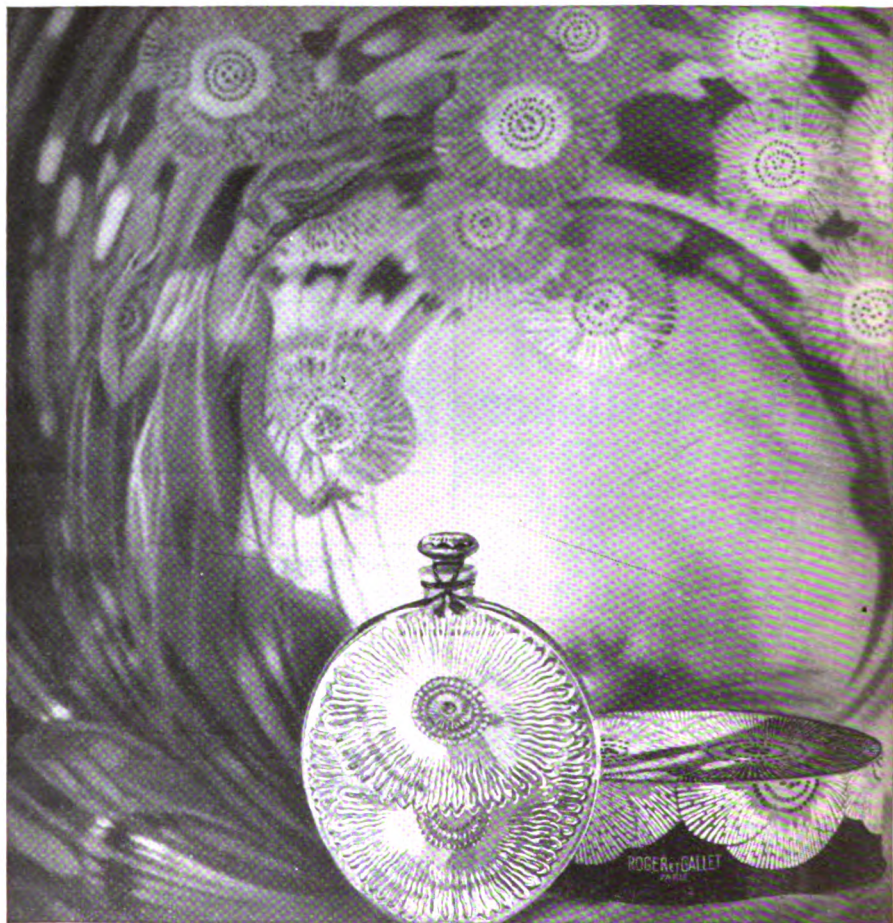
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The CENTURY MAGAZINE

Vol 113

April 1927

No 6

MEXICO IN QUEST OF SALVATION

She Faces the Big Hard Task of Saving Herself

FREDERICK SIMPICH

WHEN Spain lost her colonies in the Western World, about 1820, there began to spawn the now baffling Mexican problem. To-day it is Uncle Sam's favorite foreign nightmare.

Now the mere mention of Mexico throws our State Department into a fit of the diplomatic doldrums.

Like a sort of hereditary political club-foot, this chronic Mexican situation is handed down from one administration to the next. It is not a party problem. It gives grief and pain to Democrats and Republicans alike. Tactful Mr. Taft, seeing it growing when Diaz was ditched, wished it on to Wilson. It tormented the timid Bryan, and peeved the fretful Lansing. It harried Harding, and harassed Hughes. Coolidge, Kellogg & Company duly inherited it. And, without doubt, this ever lengthening string of stale diplomatic fish, the Mexican situation, will in time be handed on down to presidents that come after.

Since we cannot shift the map and shunt Mexico away from our frontier, since we apparently cannot

junk the Monroe Doctrine—and since Mexico is what she is—it seems this "situation" will be with us for a long, long time. In truth, it has become more of a condition than a situation. It has bested our worst diplomats and baffled our best. In all probability not even armed force could ever solve it—permanently and satisfactorily.

Though neighbors for a century, we still have little in common with Mexicans—except a hellward frontier. Our difference in race, speech, and manners, in mental and moral habits, is in truth one basic reason for the "Mexican situation." Ours is a Nordic and theirs an imposed civilization of Latin origin.

Fundamentally, it is the ham-and-egg versus the chile-con-carne complex. We invent engines. They write poetry. We worship the Fords, they the Napoleons. We build sky-scrapers, and they paint pictures of ruined Aztec temples. They prefer oratory to the rattle of adding-machines. Ours is a baseball and theirs a bull-fight mind. Their humor is grim. Yet you hear

a lot of music and hilarity below the Rio Grande, despite all the fiction writers say about the "melancholy peon."

We like to make money and keep some of it. But flush or flat, the Mexican is happier than we, especially if there is a guitar to strum or a tenor to sing "La Golondrina."

The American spurns his poor relations; but the more of his the Mexican can support, the happier he is. I have a Mexican friend who earns twelve thousand dollars a year. He is married but has no children or near relatives. His wife, however, has one of the largest assortments of poor kin in Mexico—which is saying a lot. Seven of them live at my friend's home, and all are idle. Why work, they reason, when Juan earns twelve thousand dollars a year? Juan's wife's deceased sister's husband is the last arrival. When he breezed in, my friend Juan and his wife had to move into the basement. They sleep now next to the laundry-room, amid lawn-mowers, rat-traps, and junk. But they are happy. It is their way of being hospitable.

To see what started our stubborn diplomatic feud with Mexico, and to grasp the factors in her own hard problem, let us look back a few years.

Once we warred with Mexico. Santa Anna lost his wooden leg, and Scott took Chapultepec. Later, to force out the French, we threw an army along the Rio Grande. A puppet emperor—left helpless—was shot to death.

With Diaz dawned Mexico's amazing industrial day. By thousands Americans went swarming there in quest of adventure—of fortunes in lands, mines, railways, and oil.

Yankee investments increased enormously. Here in Mexico was staged the first act in our great drama of Latin-American economic conquest; and a new foreign policy called Imperialism was born. By it capitalistic governments seek to protect the money of their nationals invested in foreign lands. Often such investments modify foreign policies; capitalistic nations behave thus.

By 1911, when Diaz was deposed, Americans had penetrated every nook and cranny of Mexico where big profits beckoned. Our share of capital invested was greater than that of any other nation. Till then, our people and the things they owned in Mexico had been safe. Our ministers and consuls still had influence enough to obtain protection for the lives and property of their nationals.

But, after Diaz, came rabble rule. There was no justice. From 1912 to 1918 hundreds of Americans were robbed, imprisoned, killed. For such crimes few offenders were ever even arrested.

Yet, even during these turbulent years, our investments in Mexico actually increased, despite the wabbling course of our weak diplomacy. In fact, in those troubled times the most stabilizing social and economic internal forces in Mexico were the big foreign-owned mining, railway, oil, and plantation industries. Many of these by the courage of their officials and loyalty of Mexican workers were able to continue operations even when local battles were being fought. They paid daily wages to thousands when money was scarce. To one government after another they paid taxes, duties, fines, and other imposts; they kept

transport open, bringing food to hungry communities.

In any study of Mexico's future economic growth, a large and increasing factor will be these foreign-owned enterprises, whose influence is measured by the number of Mexicans they support, and the amount of taxes and contributions they pay to the government.

After Carranza, order improved. Life was safer. But the favorite fruit of the revolution was the new policy, Mexico for Mexicans. Back of all the so-called anti-foreign laws lurks a sort of economic fear. Mexico feels it keenly. She fears she may be unduly exploited for the benefit of foreign stockholders in alien lands. Though foreign-owned enterprises pay her millions in taxes, she complains that all the Mexican people get from the yield of oil-fields and mines is a daily wage. So, although primarily an agricultural country, she seeks now—by anti-foreign laws, by fostering technical education and erecting tariff walls—to build up home industries, to conserve more of what nature gave her. It is sheer economic self-defense.

She is alarmed at being obliged to trade oil, minerals, hides, timber, for machine-made goods—even for certain articles of food.

She sees foreign nations in rivalry over her markets, seeking to trade their own surplus manufactures to Mexico for such of her raw materials as they lack. Trade history shows that in similar exchanges it is always the industrial nation which gets rich. Mexico knows this. Her economists also know that especially since the World War the greatest economic problem of the United States, and the

factory lands of Europe, is to get rid of their surplus shop output—and that Latin-American markets form the big battle-ground.

The United States, for example, trading its machine-made goods for Mexico's crude things, can pay for the crudes and still have profits enough left to invest more heavily in Mexican natural resources. Should Mexico permit this to continue indefinitely—say those Mexicans who ponder it—eventually foreigners will own most or all of that country's natural riches; and then, more even than to-day, the whole nation will live in the sweat of its brow.

All Mexicans do not object to foreign capital *per se*. On the contrary, many proclaim its usefulness. Without it, they admit, development must lag. But somehow—and they hope it can be by some magic of anti-foreign laws—they strive to bring industry more under native control, and to keep a greater share of the profits at home.

To-day European capital is more welcome than ours. This is because Mexico—like every other Latin-American nation—fears economic conquest by the Colossus of the North. From Mexico to the Argentine, almost daily, speeches are made and editorials printed urging Central and South American countries to unite in some form of political and economic solidarity to combat our Pan-Americanism. In Central America, Mexican political and cultural influence leads this movement.

In Mexico to-day, while the bulk of the farm land is owned by the natives, industry and big business are held by foreigners. Our own holdings in Mexico, it is said, are

larger than in any other foreign country, outside of Canada. It is difficult to estimate accurately just what our total stake in Mexico is, for these reasons: money put into certain investments has been utterly lost; other enterprises, into which little American money was actually invested at first, have multiplied in value many, many times; Mexico has no adequate census machinery for making an actual appraisal of property.

According to the most trustworthy figures at hand, however, the present worth of our Mexican holdings may be close to \$1,300,000,000. Had some of Mexico's recent laws not been passed, the immediate value of our investment down there would of course be much larger. In the order of their importance, such investments now stand somewhat like this:

Oil-fields and developments	\$600,000,000
Mines and smelters	300,000,000
Railways	150,000,000
Ranches and plantations	115,000,000
Federal and State bonds	27,000,000
Shares and bonds of public utilities	undetermined
Manufacturing	undetermined
Wholesale and retail stores, agencies, etc.	undetermined

But the rate at which more American money may in the near future go to Mexico for investment is variously affected. To begin with, our rise as a world money-lender, since the great war, has widened our investment field. To-day it stretches from Peking to Auckland, from Poland to Peru. We have a wider choice of places for investment than in the days of Diaz. Unless Mexico modifies her land and mining laws, for example, they may temporarily check American investments of that character. On the other hand, at

this moment considerable American capital is being put into railway construction on the Mexican west coast, and, in the aggregate, a substantial sum is going into small manufacturing plants, making such things as candy, shoes, leather, and clothing. Also—despite drastic laws—many of our mineral, plantation, and oil holdings are increasing in dividend-paying power because of good management and increasing production. It is likely, too, that by some compromise with the land laws, additional American capital may in the near future be put into banana and rubber industries in Mexico; for a certain far-seeing Mexican element ardently desires this.

No one denies the right of Mexico to pass anti-alien land laws. Several of our States have similar legislation. The cause of the present controversy between the Mexican foreign office and various embassies and legations there is that some provisions of these laws are said to be retroactive and confiscatory—injurious to the prior property rights of many foreigners. In time these differences may be adjusted and a fair way found, in part at least, to reimburse foreigners for any loss. Certainly, that is the present hope of diplomacy.

But what about the effect of these laws on Mexico herself? Can they aid in the permanent solution of her own grave economic problems? I know many thoughtful Mexicans who ask themselves these questions. The agrarian law, the anti-alien law, the restrictions recently placed on all foreigners who would develop new mining properties—and various provisions of law under Article 123

or the "Workmen's Bill of Rights"—will not these drastic measures cramp Mexico's economic progress? Can Mexico, without unhampered access to foreign money and the free use of foreign executive genius, develop her vast resources until her millions of workers can enjoy higher wages and the improved standard of living to which her labor-unions aspire?

These are all aspects of the Mexican situation. Until now, the economic history of Mexico shows that virtually all her industrial growth has been due to foreign money and foreign management. Mexicans, pastoral by nature, easily succeed in cattle raising; in sugar and other plantation enterprises, many have amassed fortunes. As importers, traders, and merchants—partly by reason of early Spanish example—they are singularly capable. In all our export field, there is no better credit risk than the experienced old-established Mexican merchant.

But in handling large mining, oil, and railway enterprises—where group effort, a willingness to weigh the opinions of others, and close co-operation with brother officials and directors is imperative—there the Mexican seems to lack something of the Anglo-Saxon's self-restraint, patience, and constructive genius.

Therefore, even were sufficient native capital in sight, it is not likely that—without foreign aid and supervision—Mexican management alone could guide the economic growth of the country, or successfully develop the many huge irrigation projects now badly needed so that Mexico may finally feed herself and avoid frequent costly importations of meat, lard, corn, and wheat from the

United States. One element in Mexico holds this view. Most political leaders since the revolution, however, insist that with the rise of an intelligent proletarianism, Mexico can solve her own problems alone. This is the direct aim of her much discussed agrarian, labor, and educational policies.

Yet here enters the time element—and other factors. Many foreign observers believe that Mexico could—in, say, two generations—lift herself up to the American or European level of order, literacy, and well-being.

But this assumption brings what the Germans call "inpouring thoughts." One fact is that, regardless of anti-foreign laws, American and European migration to Mexico will continue.

England, Germany, Italy, for example, all must export population. The world's increasing quest for food-growing lands and maximum supplies of raw materials makes it unlikely that a few Mexicans can monopolize so big an area of rich earth, delaying its development or holding it but partly productive, in the face of growing world hunger. In the Far East the Philippines present a parallel case.

This does not mean that Mexico's sovereignty will be menaced; nor that any foreign government—especially the United States—will covet one inch of her soil. But it does point to one obvious inevitable conclusion, that not only will white migration to Mexico increase, but also that the faster Mexico moves in putting her own house in order, just so much faster will white colonists and foreign capital move to Mexico.

As a corollary, the speed at which Mexico can lift herself up intellectually, morally, and economically depends on the rate at which foreign settlers and capital are imported.

I have discussed this very point with many Mexicans. Some of the less narrow-minded labor men say that no laws should deal with capital so stringently as to keep it out; and, time and again, Mexican economists have indicated the need for white immigrants of a thrifty educated type.

By these two factors, self-help and white immigration, each influencing the other, the Mexican problem may be slowly solved. In this peaceful solution, Americans must play a big rôle. For geographical and other reasons, it is inevitable that as years pass more and more American settlers and more and more American capital will go to Mexico. Our West is fast filling up. The migration of American farmers to Canada has dwindled.

The next great movement of white people in North America may well be to the west coast of Mexico. In soil and productive power this region rivals California. To-day it offers opportunities such as our own Pacific coast offered a generation ago. And its population is still only a few people to the square mile.

Already numerous colonies of American farmers are settled there, as in the Yaqui, Fuerte, and other valleys. Pioneering, they clear the land, build roads, face the hardships of frontier life as in the days of Roger Williams and Captain John Smith. Like the New England and Virginia colonists, these pioneers on the Mexican west coast, more than once, have had to defend their homes against

raiding Yaqui Indians. Now American capital is completing a new railway which, within a few months, will make it possible to go by Pullman from Los Angeles to Mexico City over the old west coast Jesuit trail. Over this railway last year these American colonists shipped out thousands of car-loads of fresh vegetables and other farm produce. They sent tomatoes and peas, in midwinter, as far east as Montreal and New York. These exports sold for many millions. Here, to a singular degree, is proof that Mexicans and foreigners, by hard work and mutual understanding, can solve many of Mexico's problems.

The great American-owned United Sugar Companies, in Sinaloa, affords a fair example of coöperation between foreign capital and native labor. It builds and operates free schools, playgrounds, and hospitals. It has virtually eliminated malaria among its thousands of employees. It sells foodstuffs at prices below the market, thus helping to hold its workers together, and keep them satisfied. To mill workers, it gives the free use of land, water, and seed; to others, it deeds land outright, after a certain number of annual rentals have been paid. "Yet this policy pays us big, in the long run," its president told me. "We seldom or never have labor trouble; and many of our men have been with us fifteen, twenty, and even twenty-five years."

It is so in many parts of Mexico. Anglo-Saxons have built up their little colonies wherever their factories, mines, oil-wells, and plantations have been developed. Here skilled native workmen, trained by foreigners, come to earn higher

wages. Schools multiply. Society is stabilized, and the Mexican's standard of living rises. In the mining towns of Sonora and Chihuahua middle-class Mexican homes are furnished with American-made things. The people dress like Americans, and many speak English. Curiously enough, in the last few years thousands of Mexicans have learned to eat Yankee-made breakfast foods. Many send their children to schools and business colleges in the States.

In fact, in the northern border States of Mexico there is no "Mexican situation." So strong is our influence in Sonora, for example, that the people there are often dubbed the Mexican Yankees. If the United States and her real attitude toward Mexico were as well understood further south, Mexican alarmists who shout warnings against the Yankee Peril would have to work up a new act.

Because of these foreign influences and the lessons of the revolution, vast social changes are sweeping over Mexico. Old caste lines tend to fade—even to disappear. A middle class is emerging. In every big town in Mexico girls in flapper garb now work as stenographers, book-keepers, clerks, and telephone operators. Until revolution freed them from mantillas and barred windows, Mexican girls never dreamed of competing with men for office jobs.

Labor has risen to conscious power. Since the revolution, membership in unions has grown from a few thousands to nearly two millions. In all trades and industries workers are organized, even to the boot-blacks.

These unions banded together form the famous *Confederación Regional de Obreros Mexicanos*, or C.R.O.M. First Gompers and later other leaders in our A. F. of L. have been deeply interested in Mexican labor; and, to a large extent, it has been organized along American union lines. C.R.O.M. is affiliated, too, with the Pan-American Labor Union, which aims at the solidarity of labor in the Western Hemisphere.

Luis Morones, secretary of labor in Calles's cabinet, is also the head of C.R.O.M. He visits Washington for conferences with labor leaders there. American labor uses its influence with Uncle Sam in matters of Mexican policy. To-day, for example, in accord with Mexico's own policy, it asks that our immigration quota laws be applied to Mexico to check the flow of peons to the United States. Alarmed that more than a million of her workers have left to take jobs here, Mexico seeks to check this exodus of the labor so greatly needed for her own development. For obvious reasons, American workers wish also to shut out a rising tide of brown men, willing to work for low wages.

No nation has ever really solved its labor problem, and Mexico has one of unusual difficulty. For it is more than a domestic riddle. Labor laws recently passed, and new legislation now projected, give Mexican workers an unprecedented control over industry. And since foreign capital owns so much of Mexican industry, disputes, strikes, lockouts, and conflicts are common. One of the latest demands of Mexican labor is that it shall have the right to audit the books of mine or factory, that it shall

share in profits or receive bonuses above the maximum wages, and that eighty per cent of all the employees of every firm or corporation shall be Mexican citizens. This is a hard pill for foreign capital to swallow. Feeling its vested rights assailed, it tells its troubles to its embassy. More notes of protest; again the well known "situation" is aired on the front pages of both Mexican and American dailies.

Again, then, Mexico for the Mexicans. She seeks but to carry out a fixed policy—to pass and enforce such laws as will lift up her masses.

Far-reaching as are the changes which labor laws have brought, the result of Mexico's new educational policy is not less conspicuous. Since the revolution, the quest for learning is earnest, determined, and nationwide. The policy of schooling for the masses, still seventy-five or eighty per cent illiterate, is, Mexico declares, the big stride she must take to catch up with the world. Labor itself is back of the drive for more and better schools.

Lately, in convention, C.R.O.M. asked the government for funds to establish free libraries for workers. Another group demanded higher taxes on horse-races, bull-fights, and *zarzuelas pornográficas*, and on other public amusements, neither moral nor artistic. The funds from such a tax, C.R.O.M. says, should go to support opera, with tickets at a price that workers may afford them.

Mexico needs more skilled workers, her labor leaders say. To help develop such a group, the unions also ask federal funds to pay the expenses of a picked body of young men, chosen to go abroad to technical schools.

All over Mexico to-day one sees this new policy of education being put into motion. For generations, to be sure, the sons of the rich have had their choice of many excellent seats of learning. Mexico's National University is justly famed throughout all Latin America.

But until Obregón and Calles came Mexico had made no serious attempt to lift up her masses. Now to give training in manual arts, animal husbandry, and agriculture, many free schools have been opened.

Since improved agriculture—whereby the nation may finally avoid importing foodstuffs—is so great a need, particular attention is paid to farm schools. In the various State agricultural colleges, the sons of small farmers are being trained in scientific farming, and then given two years of practical field work.

"Here one is taught to exploit the land and not men," says an inscription painted on the wall of the National Agricultural College at Chapingo. Here the government teaches not only scientific farming, but such useful arts as the repair of farm machinery, soap making, silk culture, insect pest control, and refrigeration. Lately, too, it has imported thousands of plows, wagons, and work animals and live stock for breeding purposes. These it has sold at cost, often on credit, to small farmers.

The federal government has also opened a farm bank and has organized a system of rural credits, designed to aid in the setting up of farm coöperatives.

Another step toward meeting her need for more skilled workers is seen in the new government technical schools for builders. To sons of

working-men, it gives a four-year course in the building trades. Here boys who wish to learn plumbing, masonry, carpentry, painting, or electric wiring can get daily practice in actual house building.

In Querétaro a new institution teaches girls to bind books, to do photography, wood carving, and garment making.

I went to the public library at Guadalajara, housed in a magnificent old structure of Spanish days. The librarian spoke English. She had served her apprenticeship in the Congressional Library at Washington. Scattered about the big reading-room, I saw fifty or more men and boys. I asked what they were reading, whether it was fiction, poetry, or history.

"They're reading books on gas-engines, mining, farming, and radio," I was told.

Now all leading newspapers of Mexico print special sections devoted to agriculture, architecture, radio, and automobiles. Radio is sweeping Mexico. It is becoming a factor in education. During recent debates between government officials and Catholic leaders, on the church controversy, speeches of the debaters were broadcast throughout the republic. In the educational drive to reach the Indians, thousands of radio receiving-sets have been distributed among hill tribes; and, at regular intervals, lectures on farming, hut building, domestic science, the care of children, are delivered to these Indians in their own dialects. The great difficulty, of course, has been to find teachers able to speak in Indian tongues. But, indisputably, illiteracy in Mexico is diminishing.

Already, say old American immigration inspectors on our southern frontier, this post-revolutionary drive for education is noticeable. Records show that now many more incoming Mexican youths can read and write than was the case a decade ago.

Besides these social and sociological changes, various reforms in administration have been achieved by the Calles régime. These include reorganization of the railway, customs, and other federal departments, whereby numerous unnecessary employees have been dropped, and a more efficient, honest service established. From the army, too, much dead wood has been cut; now it is well equipped, better trained and housed, and better officered. A system of motor highways is under construction. A new bureau of forestry is functioning; and, to keep Mexico abreast of world labor and trade conditions, commercial and labor attachés have been named to many Mexican embassies and legations abroad.

Long and steep as the road is which she must travel to gain a place in the family of nations, there is no doubt whatever that Mexico has resolutely set her face to the big hard job of saving herself. If happily she is spared some years of peace in which to carry on this work of mass education, she may go far toward economic and political rehabilitation.

Meantime more wear and tear on Uncle Sam. More weary notes. More still-hunts, by successive administrations, for a big man wise enough yet willing to take that futile job of ambassador at the ancient court of the Aztecs.

MADemoisELLE

ELISABETH FINLEY-THOMAS

MY FIRST meeting with Mademoiselle occurred one morning in my Cousin Clorinda's converted—or perverted—farm-house at Westbury.

The Federal Income Tax Bureau places a high valuation on Clorinda, but to me she represents solely the confusions, the discomforts and imaginary obligations attendant upon riches, unadministered by common sense.

Consequently I find difficulty in cherishing Clorinda with the ardor which she demands of me in my rôle of bachelor relative. For years, in fact until my "Psychology of Napoleon Bonaparte" attracted the volatile attention of a fashionable book reviewer, she quite forgot or ignored those "ties of nature" celebrated in the old hymn. As for the "habits of affection" mentioned by the same authority, I did not find Clorinda habit-forming in that direction when she finally "took me up" with capricious violence.

Occasionally, however, I invertebrately succumb to a fifteenth telephone call transmitted by her various butlers, footmen, and secretaries, and let myself in for a week-end of a homesickness that brings me back to New York by an early Sunday evening train. My desire for flight on these occasions is due to my inability to stand the grinding routine

of over-solvency; Clorinda is completely caught in the machinery, and her guests become involved with her.

There is of course a mockery of freedom, a decalcomania of British customs, in Clorinda's hospitality. You are entirely neglected. Your hostess neither meets you at the station, greets you upon arrival, nor presents you to other visitors. "You know everybody, of course," is the nearest approach to a life-belt that I have ever known her to throw to a foundering outsider. Under this system individuality should perhaps expand. That mine fails to respond is, in part, due to the fact that I am hampered by the wrong kind of personal luggage in the way of unfashionable idiosyncrasies. I am archaic. I like eating breakfast in a dining-room, and I am a hopelessly early riser. Clorinda's Anglophobia has not yet instituted the buffet of cold roasts and chafing-dishes, and one is still condemned to the meager provisions of the breakfast-tray. A single rose in a glass vase, of a tint to match the china, in no way compensates me. I resent the two triangular pieces of thin toast, the small pot of coffee, and the pallidly refined egg, sole indiscretion, one must opine, of a virgin hen.

On the morning of my meeting with Mademoiselle, I had awakened

earlier than usual with a criminal sense of violating by this first matutinal act the fastidious etiquette of the bedchamber. The hands of the clock confirmed my heinous vulgarity. Rolling over I made an effort to doze modishly. It was useless. I determined to dress without waiting for the valet to bring me, an hour later, my impeccably "boned" boots. Presently I was stealing, like a second-story man, down the stairway, mindful that my heels should not tap a reveille on the polished wood of the landings. I would find a corner somewhere, I reflected, and a book that I could read. My night-table had offered me the fashion magazines, "Eat and Grow Thin," "The Tabooed Duchess"; and I am still of the decreasing minority that enjoys Addison.

It occurred to me also that I would prevail upon some compliant minion to serve me my breakfast downstairs. But my defiance of the conventions had forfeited the respect of the attendants. They made no compromises in my favor.

In the library the vacuum-cleaner almost caught my heels, as I seized a book at random from shelves regularly stocked like a mouth too full of teeth; and in the living-room the carpet-sweeper threatened equally to involve me. I fled to the terrace, but the cold swish of a garden-hose inundated the stonework and incidentally my boots. Cleanliness can be as objectionable as godliness.

"Damn Clorinda." I felt in my pocket for a time-table.

"If monsieur fears the humidity—" The voice came from the sun-porch that gave upon the terrace. In the doorway stood the quaint figure

of Mademoiselle, the middle-aged French governess whom I had often noticed nervously shepherding Clorinda's little black sheep about the house and garden. To my surprise she seemed to be trembling with excitement. The jet beads that hung over the plain alpaca frock which fitted her small round figure with a certain coquetry heaved and clicked as her breath quickened.

Now although I am elderly and may have begun to resemble Mr. Pickwick, my senility has not yet reached the point where I conceive of myself as representing adventure. Mademoiselle's emotion intrigued me. Her deprecating gesture of welcome invited toward a table where the three spoiled unhopefuls of my cousin sat breakfasting picturesquely after the manner of fashionable child life as delineated in "House and Terrace" and "Home and Gardens." The trellised walls, the green-painted furniture, the pale-blue smocks of the children, the yellow oranges and the gaily decorated plates, conformed to the convention established by modern illustrators. The scene was not without attraction.

"I really do need shelter," I said, laughing and looking down at my bespattered morning-suit, as Mademoiselle drew a chair toward the table.

"I should scarcely have ventured—" she was saying, "but the desire, knowing that monsieur was the biographer of the Emperor! It is that I also pass my time in the company of the great men. *Salute monsieur votre cousin, mes petits,*" she fussily admonished her charges.

The "House and Terrace" young-

sters came out of their picture long enough to courtesy-bob with sulky reluctance. Having ordered from a striped-bellied footman a he-man's breakfast of ham and eggs, to be vulgarly fried, I observed Mademoiselle as she fumblingly readjusted the bib about the neck of Clorinda's youngest. She was evidently nearing sixty, yet there was about her that air of blighted youth which prolonged innocence often gives to nuns and old maids. Winter must have followed close on spring. As she resumed her seat, her round blue eyes looked out wistfully at me from under the frizzly thatch of a transformation drawn to a tight knot on the top of her head, and from above the full contour of her smooth cheeks the soft tremulous lips made her resemble, in a sort of futile femininity, the ineffectual beauties of the Greuze portraits. Mademoiselle was but too evidently a child lost in its sixth decade.

"Yes, monsieur," she went on with the released volubility of people condemned to habitual silence, "in my solitude I frequent only the great, and above all Napoleon. When one is brought up in certain traditions, the very names are magic: Marengo, Sebastopol, Jena." Her thin voice took on a martial tone; her small chest expanded.

"Madame your cousin made me a present of your noble work, a *chef d'œuvre*, monsieur. I was glad that you consider Josephine insufficient. She was not *à la hauteur*, monsieur. Nor yet did she know how to efface herself. I have always felt that I could have understood the Emperor. Figure to yourself that I possess a great treasure, an inkstand, mon-

sieur, used by himself, which he presented to one of his generals, an ancestor of mine. *Oui, monsieur*. And it has been my talisman; from it I draw courage. Ah, yes, even little lives need courage. '*En avant*,' I hear him say, '*quarante siècles nous regardent*.' And I believe it, monsieur, that the centuries watch us!"

She was transformed, glowing. She did not notice that Fifine, evidently fearless of the disapprobation of the centuries and unappreciative of Napoleon, had stuck out her tongue.

"I even offer to the children at times as a recompense when they have learned well the fables of La Fontaine that they may write from my inkstand."

"I hate Napoleon," remarked Fifine succinctly.

Mademoiselle's momentary flush blanched under the insult to her hero.

"Go to your room at once, my child, and copy the first four tenses of the verb *devoir*."

"I'll jolly well tell mother we're fed up on Napoleon," muttered Fifine as she passed my chair. "Napoleon, Châteaubriand, Lamartine, the whole bunch!"

I hastily covered these remarks of the retreating Fifine by the suggestion that even Napoleon and the poets must be an insufficient antidote for the care of a lot of spoiled children and its attendant monotony.

"Ah, monsieur," replied Mademoiselle, "you understand! It is not that I do not love children, but—my little Jack, take your fingers from your bread and milk, *à bas les petites pattes*!—but I am forbidden to correct them, to form them. *Mon Dieu!* there must be monotony, even in

the life of the married woman, but it is the monotony of the affections. This is that thing infinitely more profound, *l'ennui*. But I abuse the patience of monsieur."

"Perhaps you suffer above all the nostalgia of your Paris," I hazarded sympathetically.

"How you have reason—but conditions—the franc—my economies placed badly with a brother-in-law! For many years to come I shall see myself forced to remain in a strange land."

"You will be drawn back in the end. No need for Parisians to throw sous in the fountain of the Place de la Concorde." I tried to speak lightly.

"You think so?" There was a note of yearning in her tone.

"I am so sure that I hereby give you rendezvous at Voisin's any day you mention."

Her blush had the wild rose tint of a young girl's. She constricted her smile to the limits of formal propriety; then she became confidential again. It was evident that she was as ravenous for talk as a long-starved man before his first dish of food.

"You jest, monsieur. But figure to yourself that once I really *did* dine *au restaurant*."

I looked at her inquiringly, awaiting the recital of the incident.

"Yes, it was with my brother-in-law. I was returning from a post in England. He and my sister met me at the Gare du Nord. The boat-train was late. We lived far in the Quarter of St.-Sulpice. So he said, '*Allons, mes petites, rigolons* for once' (he had the character very gay, Alphonse!); 'let us eat at the café opposite.' It was a dinner at

fixed price. We had an excellent *petit vin de Bordeaux* and a black coffee as well as a *pousse café*. The whole thing was done quite *en prince*. I remember it was very cold crossing the bridge afterward on the *impériale*."

Half the joy of remembering is remembering together. I lied, in the effort to create good fellowship. "I recall that restaurant very well," I said. This lonely little creature was infinitely pathetic.

"How that finds itself!" she responded joyously. "I dare say that you, monsieur, have dined also *chez Foyot* and at the *Café Royal*?"

I confessed.

Anne and Jackie had jumped down from their seats, whining and pulling at Mademoiselle's skirts.

"*Tout de suite, mes enfants, tout de suite*. Excuse me, monsieur." She rose. "Solitude makes one loquacious."

"In this case, mademoiselle," I answered, "the result has been insufficient. I shall ask for more." And I spoke truly. Mademoiselle interested me more than any one I had ever met in my cousin's house.



"Where did you unearth that deliciously quaint little governess, Clorinda?" I asked a few hours later, when my cousin, quite the last word of sporting elegance in her tweed suit, had resumed her duties as a nonchalant hostess of the most approved English type.

"Oh, Eve de la Tour Maubourg recommended her. She is of *la petite noblesse*, Napoleonic of course; she will have told you that. She was crazy to meet you, but don't let her bore you. She is a chronic

nuisance on the subject of Napoleon. Some relation of Eve's went to the Sacré Cœur with her. She speaks wonderful French, but she is too old for the children. They get bored. I shall have to get rid of her in a few weeks. Amuse yourself, will you, while I see the chef about to-night's dinner. The housekeeper is ill. Isn't it funny how that sort of person always gets ill? I suppose she's bilious. They invariably are. I'm going to put you next Winona to-night. She is the only woman I know who really reads the books she says she does. I dare say she has read yours."

Clorinda disappeared indoors with a little gesture.

It was eleven o'clock, but no other guests had as yet appeared. I again found myself alone with the volume I had taken from the library. It turned out to be a book by Sully-Prudhomme with uncut leaves. The sun shimmered over the sunken garden. I could see the white dresses of the children and a small dark note in the midst of the riotous brilliance of the parterres, which I took to be the black alpaca of Mademoiselle. I strolled out toward it across the intervening lawn.

She was sitting on a bench busily working at a *petit point* embroidery.

"May I join you?" I said. "I love to talk of Paris. I used to see the French girls stitching at their tambours, just as you are doing now, in the Gardens of the Luxembourg, when I was a student. I lived in the Rue Madame and crossed the gardens every day on my way to the Sorbonne."

Her face brightened. "How you know our habits! All the young

girls of the Rive Gauche Luxembourg—Napoleon, way, inhabited the palace was consul. We always shadows of the statue of de Valois, my sisters and We were accompanied And we all dressed alike. we had toques with blue stripes. We were really that season."

"I am sure of it," I said. "Can I smoke?" I settled the bench.

"But yes! I adore the tobacco, it is so virile."

A loud wail from behind interrupted us. "*Un instant, monsieur.*" She was gone with a step.

Jackie had fallen on her knees and, though quite unharmed, refused to be comforted. She looked old as she lugged toward the bench refusing

"No, no, I must sit down. You excuse me! It is the best quiet him."

Crooning she rocked to and forward:

"Si le roi m'avait donné
un grand' ville,
Et qu'il fallût quitter
ma mie,
Je dirais au roi Henri
votre Paris;
J'aime mieux ma mie,
que mille autres
mieux ma mie!"

I listened astonished. Her voice had a crystalline charm, charming, young.

"They like my little children." She put down her work who now trotted off

others. "I adore music. I once heard 'Mignon' at the Opéra Comique, the week before the disaster. Philine, what a rôle! 'Je suis Tintania la blonde!'"

She twittered and trilled a bar or two of the famous coloratura aria, quite unselfconsciously rapt in the enthusiasm of her memories.

"Figure to yourself that I wanted to enter the Conservatoire, to become a singer. But my parents disapproved. Besides, the cachet was heavy, and I should always have had to be accompanied to the lessons. My cousins de Teronville, who remained unmarried, were accompanied until their fortieth year. However, circumstances, after the death of my father, forced us to a greater freedom. I had to give lessons, instead of taking them. I remember the first afternoon that I went out alone. I was on my way to teach an American family lodged in the Hôtel Vendôme. Their windows gave on the Place. One could see the beautiful column. In the Rue de Rivoli I perceived that I was followed. I was frightened, but I had read the romances of Bourget and of Octave Feuillet (though my mother always pinned the pages together in the parts that were improper), and I was excited. Yes, monsieur, I avow that the sensation (one has these weaknesses) was not without pleasure. I hastened; he persisted. At last he accosted me. He was good looking, an *homme du monde*, *joli garçon*, perhaps on his way from the Jockey or the Volnay.

"Mademoiselle," he said, raising his hat, 'can I offer you to dine?' He was charming. It was going too

far, yet I comprehended his mistake. A young woman well brought up should not have been under the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli at that hour.

"I regret, monsieur," said I—and I confess to you that I spoke truly—"I regret, but I am not of the category that you imagine." He looked at me sharply, but he recognized the situation at once. He was a man of the world.

"You cannot regret it more than I, mademoiselle; you pleased me. Accept my excuses and the expression of my respectful homage. Mademoiselle!" He was gone. I saw him once afterward. I was walking with my sister on the Avenue des Acacias, in the Bois. We had on our old capes; fortunately he did not recognize us. He was driving with a person very beautiful and elegant, seated on his left. You know the significance, monsieur. I have often wondered—"She paused. "I have sometimes regretted that I did not accept his invitation, but *noblesse oblige*—As a descendant of a general of the Empire—"

"But, mademoiselle, you must have had many opportunities of sitting on a man's right—a girl pretty, charming, and with such an enchanting voice."

"Ah, monsieur, destiny willed otherwise. I had freshness, a good skin; I was not ugly; but I was the youngest of three sisters. It was unfortunate. Their husbands required considerable dowries. They were less well as to appearance, you see, difficult to place. My parents estimated I might attract with less expense. When my opportunity came, there was practically nothing

left for my dot. It was a young man who had seen me at mass. I had noticed him behind the third pillar at the right of my *prie-dieu* ever since the Trinity. He wore glasses and had rather a sallow skin, and I cannot say that he troubled my devotions. Yet when at Easter his parents demanded for him my hand, I should have been glad to accept. As a married woman, *monsieur*, one enjoys privileges. However, his people were quite dissatisfied with our pecuniary offer. The affair did not realize itself." She sighed.

"Nevertheless, *monsieur*," she went on, "I had my romance. It was the summer after my sister married. I was visiting my aunt in St.-Jean-de-Luz. Large hats of the straw of Italy, leghorn you call them, were the mode. I had one, broad, with a wreath of roses and blue ribbons. It was charming. One day I had gone to gather flowers in a field near the railway station. It was a bright sunny day, and I wore a white muslin with an azure sash to match the ribbons on my hat. A train drew out of the station. It moved slowly; suddenly it stopped, halted. Directly opposite me was a compartment of the first class. A young man, dark, sad, romantic, what we call a *beau ténébreux* leaned from the door. Our glances met, hung, it seemed long. My poppies and my cornflowers fell to the ground. The train moved. The young man leaned far out. There was no laughter in his face. He blew me a kiss, not lightly, I know it was not lightly; and, *monsieur*, what there was of the most extraordinary, I threw him one kiss, two

kisses, kisses, kisses, until the train had quite vanished, until the gray smoke lay over the field and I had thrown myself crying among the wheat. He was in earnest, and it is evident if the train had not gone on— How life, *monsieur*, depends on little things!"

So this was the sum total! She had dined at a bourgeois restaurant; she had had a banal adventure in the Rue de Rivoli; she had been refused in marriage by a commonplace family; an unknown youth had thrown her a kiss!

I took off my spectacles to wipe them. The tears were very near my eyes.

"*Mademoiselle!*" called Clorinda's voice from the terrace.

She rose hurriedly to her feet. "*Ah, mon Dieu*, it is the hour of the promenade on horseback, and I must prepare the children in their equestrian costumes. Jackie, Fifine, Anne! *Monsieur*, you excuse me." She bustled away.

For a long time I sat on the bench thinking of the tragedy of defeated womanhood, of the broad white canvas of a lifetime, meagerly scrawled with design, untouched by color.

The big luncheon table, edged with the chatter about polo and the impending visit of a prince (Clorinda's set is associated with those sports that conduct most directly toward Royalty), diverted my thoughts from the episode of the morning. Once I saw through the open door the flutter of a black skirt, and *Mademoiselle* dragging a reluctant youngster in the direction of an afternoon nap. But though I enjoy character study as a professional exercise and

had been, besides, really drawn toward my cousin's quaint old governess, the lovely Daphne Sommerly, next whom I had finally been placed, invariably makes me ignore both my decade and my trade and exalts me to the godlike sensation of being as young and flippant as her glorious self. Indeed she so far prevailed over my homing instinct as to decide me to stay over until the morning. I had intended to take the midnight train. As I went up to bed, after an evening of bridge and chatter, a light streamed from the half-open door of Jackie's room, and I perceived Mademoiselle in a flannel dressing-gown of nondescript color, bending over his cot. He was crying out hysterically, only half awakened from a sleep evidently overpopulated with unpleasant dreams.

"Chut, chut!" Mademoiselle was saying. "It was nothing; he was in his own little bed. A man must never be afraid, not even a *little* man."

"But the big shadow," wailed Jackie, nervous and clinging. "I'm afraid of the big shadow."

"But, *mon enfant*," she reassured him, "it is but the shadow of the big *armoire*. See, your hat-box on top of it makes it look like the shadow of the Emperor with his *tricorne*, the Emperor who feared nothing. '*En avant, soldats*,' he used to say. '*Quarante siècles nous regardent*!'" Mademoiselle brandished the candlestick which represented one of Clorinda's British affectations. "Come, my Jackie; you must be a good soldier."

"But I don't want to be a good soldier, and I don't care what's

looking at me! I've got a pain in my stomach."

I passed on toward my room.

It was some weeks later that Miss Vermidelle Hawkins, the young person with a Cossack hair-cut, acquired in Greenwich Village, who types to my final dictation, and deals summarily with the insistencies of the telephone, announced to me that an elderly lady wished to see me.

"She seems to be French," said Vermidelle, "and says she met you at your cousin's."

I guessed at once that it was Mademoiselle and foresaw annoyance. She was interesting as a type, but I was extremely busy. Clorinda had probably dismissed her, and she would want me to help her find a post.

Her woebegone air as she entered confirmed my worst anticipations. She was dressed as usual, neatly, and with a certain elderly coquetry.

"I was sure that you would receive me," she said, sitting on the edge of the big chair, her small, well shod feet scarcely touching the ground. "It is, monsieur, that I see myself in an alarming situation. I left the house of madame your cousin a few weeks ago, after an incident of the most deplorable. Monsieur, I suffered much in the household. The coldness, the lack of understanding, I had often death in my soul. But I supported all, monsieur, with what courage I could, until the culmination. But when Fifine threw into the duck-pond the inkstand of the Emperor, monsieur, I had a moment of vivacity. I slapped Fifine. . . . You see it was

a relic of the family, a thing sacred." She drew out a large handkerchief and blew her nose in its exact middle. "I knew then that I could stay no longer. It would have been unworthy, of me, of my family. I presented myself to your cousin and gave her my resignation. She refused me a reference. Nor, monsieur, would she consent to having the pond dragged to recover the inkstand. I address myself to you, monsieur, for two reasons: first, that I hoped you might persuade your cousin to restore the precious memento, and, secondly, because though I have been daily to the agencies for weeks, I am unable to place myself. My references are good, the Baronne de la Tour Maubourg, Lady Marchendale. One can wish for no better, yet everywhere they demand the sports. I offer the classics, history, our beautiful poetry, Châteaubriand, Lamartine, Victor Hugo. They require the tennis, the golf. And always, monsieur, they demand my age. Again and again the agent has proposed me by telephone, but when the clients see me it is always some excuse. Monsieur, I am discouraged, shattered."

The blurred blue of her eyes shimmered with tears. "A thought came to me: that literary gentleman is kind; why could I not be his amanuensis, arrange his affairs, his papers? I have order, system. I write a clear hand. I could transcribe his beautiful thoughts with sympathy. That has often been my dream, to serve some great man—and in this relation to you, monsieur, my age could only be of advantage." She paused, looking across at me

with a sort of desperate hopefulness in her pleading eyes.

"You see," she added, "a friend has been giving me lodging, but she has a husband—I feel myself *de trop*. It would be an indiscretion for me to remain, and I near the end of my resources." Her hands twitched nervously at the clasp of her hand-bag. I began fumblingly to explain to her that for my work I needed an expert typist and stenographer, a woman thoroughly conversant with English, and able to handle my business on the telephone.

"But, mademoiselle," I added, "let me help in some other way."

Her face had fallen into downward lines.

"Perhaps I could learn to type," she said. "My teachers told me I had a good touch on the piano, but the telephone, that makes my despair. I figured to myself that the demands on the secretary of a man of letters were quite different, keeping his shelves in order, caring for his fine editions, sorting his papers. It is unfortunate!"

Two round childlike tears brimmed from her blue eyes and lay for a moment on her finely wrinkled cheek. She again had recourse to the cotton handkerchief. I was distracted.

"Why won't you be my guest, let us say at the Martha Washington, for example? Just a few days while I consider what can be done for you? You could pay me back afterward," I said hurriedly. It was absurd. I was letting myself in for difficulty. It would be almost impossible to find a niche for her, but she was too forlornly pathetic to admit of reasoning.

She shook her head, "*Mais non,*

monsieur. You will understand my gratitude, but it is impossible."

I could see the phrase, *femme entretenue*, written before her eyes.

"I would do as much for an aunt—for a sister," I substituted hastily. She had winced at the word aunt.

She rose rather stiffly.

"I understand," she said. "I am sorry it is not feasible for me to enter your employment in the way I had hoped. However, if you would speak to madame your cousin in relation to the inkstand, I should be grateful, monsieur. Its loss was of ill omen. And should you hear of any situation, where they do not demand either the telephone or the tennis—" Her small figure looked oddly old.

I promised to help, with a confidence I did not feel.

It was late the next afternoon that Clorinda telephoned. I was dressing for dinner and divined an emergency when my man told me it was Mrs. Crothers in person. Probably her guests were thirteen for the week-end, and she wanted me to fill in. I shoved the collar-button into my neck-band and hastened to the telephone, resolved to accept, in the interest of retrieving Mademoiselle's inkstand, and talking over her plight with Clorinda.

"That you, Jim?" Her voice was acridly high-pitched. "You remember that little French governess? Well, she left here weeks ago after a ridiculous tantrum about an inkstand, and now to-night the Emergency Hospital on Welfare Island calls me up about her. It seems she's had an accident, run over by a taxi, or something, and they found

my address on an envelop in her purse. The hospital people say somebody should go over there. Imagine, my dear, I've a houseful of guests arriving, and she'd left here anyway. Couldn't you be a lamb and go and see what it's all about? I dare say she isn't hurt much, or else that she's already dead. How awkward that would be, letting her people know and everything! Of course I could just let it go, but she *was* good when Jackie had diphtheria last year. And anyway, I'm so soft-hearted—"

I hung up the receiver with a bang. I had no stomach for the recital of Clorinda's virtues.

The island is the receptacle of many desolations; a huge trash-basket used by the great city opposite it for the flotsam and jetsam that it daily and hourly rejects as unfit for even its sinister purposes; a shelter for every sort of human misery.

There was a high wind blowing as I walked along the path by the water, passing the asylum, the prison, the reformatory, on my way to the hospital.

New York, across the river, sparkled, shone, glittered, terrific, Brobdignagian, affirming itself in shelves upon shelves of human dwellings, in lights upon lights in the towering walls, that had offered no cranny for the poor, ineffectual, inadequate little creature I was about to visit.

A gust carried off my hat. I retrieved it. A prisoner shouted an incoherent obscenity at me as I turned up my coat collar and hurried on.

"She's pretty well all in," said the

nurse who led the way to a bedside at the end of the ward. A white screen was around the bed. "They operated for fracture," she added.

Between heavy bandages swathing her neck and head, Mademoiselle's face looked small and white. It was not even bruised.

"She must have been thrown on her back against the curb. The fracture is at the base of the skull."

Mademoiselle lay quite still. Her body beneath the bedclothes made a small straight mound, like a child's grave covered with snow. Her eyes were closed, yet she was babbling incoherently.

"Monsieur de Châteaubriand, I desire a position as secretary to the great Napoleon. It is my right. I have his inkstand. . . . There are so many windows in the walls, but there are no stairs. They keep saying there is no room for me—no room—no room—but if I could only find the stairs—and my references they are magnificent, all the poets and Napoleon Bonaparte. *Tenez*, I am the great-granddaughter of Lavalette. Only without the inkstand you do not recognize me."

"She goes on like that for hours," said the nurse, readjusting the pillows with unfeeling kindness.

I sat down on a chair beside her

bed. For a few moments she fell into a stupor; then she began to toss.

"Quiet, deary," said the nurse. "They ought not to move in these fracture cases," she explained.

Mademoiselle was talking again, moaning now. "It's at the bottom of the lake, 'The Lake of Lamartine'; you know the poem. And the lake is black, black—oh—oh—" her wail rose to shrill terror. "I am alone—the country is so strange, and I've dropped all the poppies . . . and the shadow—and I am afraid—afraid—" She whimpered like a lost child.

Suddenly the scene in Jackie's room on the night of my first meeting with her rose to my memory. "Hush, hush!" I said soothingly, and then loudly, dramatically, that they might pierce the clouded senses, I spoke the words she must so often have whispered to her own heart:

"Courage, soldats, quarante siècles nous regardent."

All at once she sat up, flung her arms wide, looking straight before her. The light shone on her white face, on her eyes clear and blue.

"It is the Sun of Austerlitz!" she cried. Her voice rose crystalline, joyous, young. She was still smiling as she fell back upon the pillows.

LINCOLN OR LEE

No Peace Without Victory in a War-Mad World

WILLIAM E. DODD

TWO MEN in all the world that dreary summer of 1862 gave the perplexed, gentle-minded Lincoln sleepless anxiety: Lord Palmerston, the aged hardened sinner in the game of politics, without dreams and without illusions, unemotional, secretive, his agents fishing in the muddy waters of every country, monitor of the "best of queens," master of the amateur emperor, Napoleon III, and even of the up-and-coming Otto von Bismarck in Berlin—prime minister of Great Britain, its navy upon every sea, its power felt in every capital, "little Pam," as the English loved to call him, the ideal of his class, with the great industrialists of his country, the nobility, the great bankers and the newspapers, the "Times," the "Post," and the ancient weeklies at his beck and call. It had long been the fashion in London to decry and denounce slavery in every land. Now that the masters of the slave system in the South were warring upon the Union to save that system and to set up the garish empire of cotton, Englishmen reconsidered, wondered whether it were better to abolish slavery everywhere or to bring the democracy of North America to a proper sense of its dubious position in the world. It was, as Bismarck once said, the last

opportunity of Europe to silence the uproar that had its origin and storm-center in the United States. Palmerston was even more aware of the opportunity; and the queen had an apt teacher in the autocratic-minded Prince Consort. Would Palmerston intervene to save King Cotton and his allies of the great business world in 1862? A pressing question those hot August days when Lee fought the second battle of Manassas.

But in England there was a little band of "wild radicals," John Bright, Tennyson's "broad-brimmed hawker of holy things," their leader. The gentle John Stuart Mill was of the set; and Richard Cobden went about the land preaching the irrepressible democracy of the nineteenth century: Bright and Mill and Cobden, in Parliament and out, fighting the battle of Abraham Lincoln, urging unemployed working-men that the victory of the homely figure in the White House would be the victory of poor men everywhere, the abandonment of protective tariffs in America, and the scrapping of armies and navies all over the world! Beautiful as an even more famous gospel of a later day. These precious radicals of 1862, "reds," if you please, dogged the steps of Palmerston, made fun of Lord John Russell, the little man of the big

head, and advertised the ambitions of the facile Gladstone, his Confederate bonds safe in his strong box, Gladstone not unwilling to put a banana-peel in the way of his aged chief in spats. Here were the Davids of British politics, their slings ready for the giants of business and high society. And in Washington the British radicals had a matchless spokesman, Charles Sumner, who might not sit in Lincoln's cabinet but who could hardly be kept out, reading the letters of Bright or Mill in the presence of Lincoln and the assembled official family! The weight of all their advice was that Lincoln must abolish slavery or he would be forever undone, the American minister in London, like a later minister, telling his chief what to do in Washington. Would the British Radicals stay the hand of Palmerston?

The wise and the good answered, No; and looked to that other and greater, more remarkable, man in Virginia who carried on the bow of his saddle the fortunes of both Lincoln and the raw and rising democracy of North America—Robert E. Lee, the master of Arlington, heir of the Father of his Country, Mary Custis, his invalid wife, cast out of the home of her ancestors; Robert E. Lee, trying then to set free the slaves of the Mount Vernon estate, a devotee of the Union of Washington, if not of that of Jefferson and Lincoln, at the head of sixty thousand resolute, roistering, half clad Confederates, willing to die at the command of their chief, sons of plantation lords, willing black slaves at their sides, fighting alongside the sons of poor mountain whites and red-necked hill boys of the Carolinas.

Paradox. History is a paradox. And Lee himself is one of the most puzzling of all the men whom the world calls great: a gentle soul, the name of Jesus, "his lord and master," on his tongue day and night, often falling, like Jackson and unlike Washington, upon his knees and imploring the god of battles to give him victory, victory over the Union he loved, over nephews and cousins and a sister on the Union side—a traitor, as History records the story, such a traitor as Washington was. This man whom Lincoln had tempted with the baton of a general-in-chief of all the Nationalist forces, fifty-five years old, delicate in appearance, flawless in build and personality, well carved feet and small tender hands, his kindly blue eyes beaming affectionately upon the youth he must slaughter, scores of pretty women "dying" but to touch the hem of his immaculate uniform, three of his sons in the ranks beneath him, one a cannoneer black and grimy with the dirt and smoke of artillery, not a thought in Lee's head of screening those precious sons. I cannot think of a simpler or yet more complex genius than he who rode at the head of the Army of Northern Virginia, August and September, 1862, when every week threatened to be the last week of Lincoln's power. Would Lee untangle with the sword the tangled skein of international relations and make of Lincoln a failure, of Jefferson Davis a world hero?



Lee's men, fresh from incomparable exploits on American battlefields, splashed across the Potomac above Leesburg, forty miles from

Washington, the first days of September. They were headed for the rich and doubtful districts of the North carrying the blood and devastation of war into the comfortable, if divided, homes of Pennsylvania, "saving the crops of Virginia" for the next campaign, if there should be another, and "the end of the war." Maryland, two triangles hung together by a thread, not unwilling to be conquered by such a foe as Lee, lay open before them. Frederick, pretty German-built town at the crossing of the great roads from the South and from the East, might be Lee's new base. There the Confederates would feed their horses upon the rich grain-fields and green pastures all about—paying handsomely for all they took, paying in Confederate dollars! From thence Lee would issue his proclamation of emancipation for the white population of Maryland, his pretty sister in Baltimore to the contrary notwithstanding, his soldiers singing as they marched, "Maryland, my Maryland." If Maryland rose, Lincoln and Chase and Stanton must fall—their train awaiting events there in the old Pennsylvania Station, and Lincoln without a commander, his cabinet quarreling, Sumner and Wade and Trumbull piecing together as best they could the shreds of their tattered dignities, their high democratic hopes all but snuffed out by Lee's "whiffs of grape-shot."

In his home at Washington loitered aimlessly the disgraced if immaculate McClellan, his boots still above his knees and glossy as ever, his big sword in the way of his short legs—without a friend in high office and with little hope of any; but he

was a Democrat, a friend of the lamented Douglas. There Lincoln extended doubtfully his huge bony hand on September 2, and bade him take again the high command, fight Lee if he could find him, and perchance save the cause. I have seen no record that he called him "George." The disgraced general assumed at once the insignia of authority, got the remnants of his former army together in amazing short time, stirring anew the strange faith of his men. He marched them off to Frederick and on September 7 himself followed, every member of the cabinet making earnest protest, Lincoln the while wondering whether it was a fit time to balk Palmerston and enrage half the voters of the North by proclaiming what could only come true with the winning of the war: the freedom of the happy-go-lucky slaves of the unsubdued South. Two days after McClellan took the road to Frederick, Lee held a council of war in the town of Barbara Frietchie, if there was such a Barbara, its quaint windows looking doubtfully on, all whitewashed and clean as a Dutch burg of the sixteenth century. In the sweep across the Potomac some fifteen thousand Union soldiers stubbornly held their places at Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg—foolish and unexpected conduct. Lee sent Jackson with nearly half his army southwest to capture these recalcitrants and thus made the first move that led to the disaster of Antietam. He could not leave these troops in his rear; he could not take them without grave risk. Lee took the risk and himself marched toward Hagerstown to deceive McClellan and scare the

Pennsylvania Quakers out of their imperturbable contempt of mere war, and to set the Philadelphians to hugging their precious gold. In the face of seventy thousand enemies, not to mention the spying eyes of civilians, Lee divided his army. To complete the danger, General D. H. Hill wrapped his cigars in his copy of Lee's orders, as if a general should have cigars, and upon breaking tent the next morning smoked one of them and let the wrapper fall. On the thirteenth a Union soldier handed the slip of paper to McClellan on the eastern and safe side of the South Mountain. The Union commander knew everything that Lee knew. For once in his military career, McClellan hastened his step. Jackson was at Harper's Ferry; Longstreet with a part of Lee's wing of the army lay at Boonsboro, Lee twenty miles north. It was a marvelous stroke of fortune. But strangely a Confederate spy saw the telltale slip of paper handed to McClellan. He hastened to Lee; and Lee hastened to Longstreet, both falling back upon the village of Sharpsburg, the Union forces crossing the mountains so slowly that the Confederates were all but ready. McClellan fought the battle, however, because he thought he had caught Lee; and Lee was ready, or near-ready, because he knew what McClellan knew. On such margins do great events turn.

It was a bloody battle that ensued, the seventeenth of September, on the rich rocky corn-fields of Sharpsburg, ten thousand Confederates falling on a few acres of land, their grinning skulls rooted about by pigs there a year or two later like stones on a hillside. But McClellan had stopped

Lee; and McClellan was a Democratic general. Lee's divisions moved leisurely over the roads toward Winchester, the Union forces leisurely burying their dead as if that were a major function of an army—throwing a few shovelfuls of dirt over their dead comrades; the ragged Confederates had made sure their escape. But Hill's cigar-wrapper had given the Union a chance. The chance was taken; Lee's proclamation to Maryland was now ridiculous. Lincoln might deal with Palmerston without appearing absurd. He published another sort of proclamation, that of September 22, which declared that all the slaves, where the power of the United States did not run, were forever free, if not equal; which left all the slaves where the power of the United States did run in slavery, mere chattels. Then Lincoln visited the bloody ground where his countrymen, North and South, had fallen in windrows, visited the battle-field and sang his little song: "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" The perplexed McClellan listened.

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The tide had made its first turn. The president gave his attention to the intricate game of diplomacy and to the still subtler game of politics at home: Palmerston heard the news of Antietam contradicting Gladstone's wistful words at Newcastle; the British radicals likewise heard the news, more welcome to their eager ears; and the half-million unemployed and hungry mill workers of Lancashire, their starving fellows borne daily to the potter's field, did not riot. It was the day of Charles Sumner, his matchless dignity now about him, his influence so great that

Mrs. Lincoln formed the habit of sending him roses. Sumner guiding the hand of the president and writing the secrets of the government to Mill and Cobden. But the hand of Palmerston was stayed. The radicals had won. Working-men, without the ballot, and reading, when they could read at all, Harriet Beecher Stowe's sob story, "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—a story read in cabin and castle alike, and more powerful in moving or staying the hand of state than battles won or lost by contending armies. Lincoln, till then so ineffective in the great game of war, proved himself master in the realm of diplomacy, setting bounds even to the moves and intrigues of Palmerston. But diplomacy did not move the thick heads of Northern voters or thwart the designs of politicians in Pennsylvania or the Middle West, politicians more heartless than prime ministers.

If Lincoln succeeded in the great world, his work did him little good at home. Americans hold elections; they do not decide issues: 1862 and 1918. In 1862, the people of the North, warring for the Union as it was, now found themselves warring for the freedom of black men, "lifting the burdens from the shoulders of all men." A hot and angry protest rose all over the North, Republicans and Democrats alike abandoning what they deemed a losing cause. In the elections of October Lincoln lost in every State west of the Hudson, governorships and legislatures and the majority in Congress. Was the balking of Lee obliterated by the proclamation? Would the defeat of Palmerston count? The war was yet to win and win with the next Congress in

the opposition. Lincoln had come a long way since 1861. He had chosen the way of war. And war had shown him that he would fail entirely unless he became an autocrat and did what he had said he never would do. Hence he declared the slaves free. That saved him in Europe but defeated him at home and made it indispensable that he win what was for him next to impossible: a great military victory. Before December, 1863, when an unfriendly Congress would meet, he must beat Lee; that might close the mouths of Wade and Winter Davis. Great democrats must play autocrats and still not lose democratic support.



But Lee was dragging his captured Union guns over the rough roads of northern Virginia, his men deserting, his supplies running low, and his faithfuls hungry, half clad and barefoot, thirty-five thousand of the sixty thousand who had crossed the Potomac. McClellan followed afar, his army buoyant, his new guns shining in the autumn sun. McClellan the last hope of September 2, now no hope at all. Lincoln was deeply disappointed. The day after the November election the young Napoleon was dismissed. Was it politics? There was a handsome Rhode Islander, a Republican, a general not unlike the matchless B. F. Butler of the huge nose, a high officer who had fought none too well at Antietam. He was a gentleman, wore brown side-whiskers, looked well in his uniform, and was a modest man withal, just enough of a military man to know that he knew little of the art of Cæsar and Napoleon. Lincoln made him commander-in-chief and gave him a

hundred and twenty thousand men, three times Lee's command, and told him to take Lee's army and whatever else there was on the high ridges below Fredericksburg. It was a vast armament, the men in new uniforms, with great new guns and droves of fat steers herded on the neighboring hills. It was the eleventh of December, Christmas near. Lincoln visited the front and gave the order to attack, Burnside hesitant and doubtful, a great blunder for Lincoln, though it might not have been a blunder for Lee.

The next morning, the sun rising hazy out of the beautiful bay, young men from the best and others from the worst families of the North crossed the river, not a gun of the enemy breaking the silence as they deployed to take the open plains and mount the steep hillsides between them and Lee. Lee was at the top of Marye's Heights, and Jackson stretched along the river toward the southeast. In two short hours the whole venture collapsed. Twelve thousand men fell on that fatal hillside, their dead bodies filling the deep-washed road that wound along the Confederate front, not unlike the road into which Napoleon fell at Waterloo. It was Lincoln's undertaking, this attack across a river and over impossible ground. One consolation, no congressmen were there. The news followed the president to the White House, a disaster unmatched by McDowell or McClellan—the awful Christmas story going to the whole world in spite of all that Stanton could do. Burnside went to Washington; he resigned forthwith, though he nobly kept the president's responsibility to himself; he was courted

by congressmen who jeered Lincoln's clumsy efforts. The press of the country shrieked. It was an awful Christmas.

Lee looked on, his gentle gray head lifted in prayer to his god of battles, Jefferson Davis off in Mississippi "stirring the hearts" of distraught Far-Southerners to resist to the bitter end "little Ulys Grant," the wicked invader, threatening their fire-sides. Europe read the news again; stock-markers put Union bonds at seventy or eighty, Confederate at par. Charles Francis Adams, who wrote "there is no honor in a civil war," was elbowed roughly about at official balls and sourly watched Victoria's court dance and sing, dine and jeer; the great democracy was committing suicide without the assistance of Palmerston or Napoleon. If one knew what Lincoln said those long winter evenings to Mary Todd, what he said about men and motives, patriotism and profiteering—one of the secrets we shall never know!

It's a long road that knows no turning. Spring came; and Congress went home; old Chief Justice Taney, grumbling, "I told you so," had more than one foot in the grave. Something to be grateful for. The sun was in her wonted place, and the Chesapeake was there. But Lee lifted his head as defiant or as pious as ever, sixty thousand about him as before, though Longstreet had twenty thousand of them on a mission to Norfolk. Burnside's saddle was filled by "fighting Joe Hooker," said to drink; but there were men who thought whisky steeled men's nerves to valorous deeds. I do not know, but have my doubts. But Lincoln wrote his new

commander the strangest letter any general on the eve of a great battle ever received: You are not the best of generals; you have disparaged your superiors (as if Napoleon had not done that); it is not because of this, but in spite of it, I make you commander of the army. You are a brave soldier; now save the country. A greater man than Hooker would have laid down his command. He took his new post as a child takes a new toy: gambling with the lives of more than a hundred thousand men—certain that he would win where Burnside and McClellan and McDowell had lost. He made ready the first bright days of May, 1863, the roads open all the way to Richmond, if he could but walk in them.

Lincoln must beat Lee; and Lee was so confident that he left Longstreet at Norfolk, hid himself in the neighborhood of the Wilderness, a vast billowy, bushy, swampy woodland, with briars and thorns crowding among the stunted trees—Lee, the Christian chief enticing and deceiving poor Hooker and his men into the tangled region, traversed by sluggish streams. And Hooker, like the unwary victim of the trapper, penetrated the Wilderness, all Lincoln's hopes upon him. And Lee attacked, attacked through Jackson fiercely, fired the dry leaves and set decoys, thinking to capture the whole Union army and "make an end of the war," forty or fifty thousand capture a hundred and ten thousand, big guns and all! For three days the smoke, the cannon-shot, and the play of musketry continued till Hooker thought himself half victorious when he proved able to extricate the better part of his army, Hooker stunned and Jack-

son dead at the hands of his own men. Another disaster for the man in the White House. Was the god of battles on the Confederate side? Then why was Jackson killed, Charles Francis Adams, Jr., a captain in the Union army, writing his brother in London, "a great American has fallen"?

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It was the third year of the war. The duel with Lee was far from decided. All over the North there was feverish prosperity. The New York papers boasted of the new millionaires; Chicago doubled its population in four short years; new railroads were building, and hustling packers began to give the busy city a new name. George M. Pullman was teaching Americans to travel while they slept and save their precious time. Wheat growers received two and a half dollars a bushel for their enormous output, three successive crop failures in England. Was the god of battles providing Lincoln a favorable balance of trade, and Cyrus McCormick, ardent Virginian, helping with his reapers? There was a new prosperity, a new morality, immorality; for all the world felt free to filch from the nation Lincoln was saving and building. It was the fevered activity of war, the prosperity of killing men and burning property—the poor hiring themselves as substitutes to fight and die for the rich. In the midst of it all Lincoln, unconscious of the appeal of money, strangely out of time and place, must beat Lee that summer; and he must stay the hand of Europe while he did it.

England was the scene of greatest activity. There his cause was in

fact still to be won, Palmerston and Napoleon and Bismarck not unwilling to see democracy go up in the smoke and heat and slaughter of civil war, "the American war," everybody selling munitions to one or both parties. Into that world Lincoln sent late in 1862 or early 1863: Thurlow Weed, of unsavory reputation, to talk the language of business to business men; the evangelical, silver-tongued Henry Ward Beecher to fill pulpits, argue with the masters of mills, and steady the hearts of starving working-men; and little Harriet Beecher Stowe, "as dry as a pinch of snuff," little sister of the great Beecher, her sentimental "Uncle Tom's Cabin" read in fifteen languages and quoted by Victoria herself, all making a great campaign in the public halls, in the sectarian chapels, in the labor districts—equality among men, democracy throughout the world! The radicals and their American allies held the hand of power that summer, American working-men sending a ship-load of flour and pork to their stricken fellows in England—simple folk pasting pictures of the gaunt Lincoln on their walls: "government of the people, by the people, for the people."

With all this idealism there was a stroke of stark realism the world knows little about: Abraham Lincoln knew well Robert J. Walker, secretary of the treasury in Polk's imperialistic cabinet, chief architect of the war with Mexico which Lincoln denounced, a slave-holding senator from Mississippi, then a pro-slavery governor of Kansas in 1857 who turned anti-slavery and in 1861, with Douglas, joined the ranks of Lincoln

Republicans. This Walker had borrowed for the State of Mississippi eleven millions of dollars in the late thirties. He then became chief of all the Mississippi repudiators in 1843; a wizen-faced, bald little man, dyspeptic, nervous, a hundred weight, always ill but of soaring ambition, ever ready to start a campaign for the annexation of both Mexico and Canada. Lincoln sent Walker to London, "a mere fiscal agent" of the treasury. There he drove through Threadneedle Street in an equipage that surpassed that of the Austrian ambassador; he gave a dinner in honor of the queen and permitted Charles Francis Adams, the American minister, to speak. He talked of the boundless wealth and illimitable power of the United States: Lincoln might borrow another billion dollars and never suffer embarrassment in its repayment, Union bonds a drug on the London market. Then he fixed upon Jefferson Davis the responsibility for the repudiation of the Mississippi loan and warned the "Times" and its money-lending readers that they would lose their favorite Confederate bonds. It was a violent untruthful campaign, but events do not wait upon the tardy truth of history.

Walker joined the maker of a balloon, and together they rode over middle England, dropping pamphlets which seemed to prove Davis the real repudiator of the British loans to Mississippi. Walker was talked about. The "Times" opened its financial columns to him, and he made good use of the space: in a few weeks Confederate bonds fell, then they tumbled, Confederate propaganda to the contrary notwithstanding. But

the English did not lend heavily to the Union. The scenes had changed too fast for the slow-witted British. Walker then went to Holland, where he had better success. But at Frankfort he scored as few borrowers ever have scored. There dwelt a rich Hebrew in the fat German city, his fortune come out of the California gold bonanza; he was a friend of Walker. But more, Lincoln had sent Bismarck's college chum, John L. Motley, a charming snob, as minister to Austria; Motley wisely spent as much time as possible poking his legs under Bismarck's table, the best of wines washing down heavy German meals. Motley talked of Lincoln whom he did not love; Bismarck talked of democracy which he loved less. But both agreed to deal a blow at the Confederacy fighting for the ideas both practised. Hence Bismarck gave approval to German loans to Walker—loans made by Jews, the rate of interest high and the discounts liberal. Confederate securities tumbled again on the European markets. Walker sent two hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of gold credit to Lincoln's empty treasury at the moment Lee's great drive into Pennsylvania came so near to driving federal bonds off the New York market. A marvelous combination of propaganda and high finance, equal perhaps to the service of the general who stopped Lee at Gettysburg, though no monument in America tells the passer-by of the gratitude of a great and a rich country to little Robert Walker of Mississippi.



With affairs "looking up" in Europe, Lincoln had now to turn his

clumsy hand to the other and greater task, the beating of Lee. Before the North had time to finish condemning both Lincoln and Hooker for the disaster of Chancellorsville, Lee drew about him the best regiments in the Confederacy, eighty-five thousand men—scions of aristocratic houses, and conscripts from the backwoods and mountain coves—furbished the guns he had taken from the Union or the other guns he had imported from England, charged Jefferson Davis to be of good cheer with but boys to man his home defenses, and set his armies on the long northern march, he upon his charger, now here, now there, on the great terrain of northern Virginia. Stuart's cavalry, at its best, galloped swiftly along the roads toward the Leesburg fords of the Potomac, thence across the river and on into Pennsylvania. The main divisions of the army itself, spread out on both sides of the Blue Ridge, moved rapidly across the upper fords of the Potomac and headed for the rich fields about Gettysburg, York, and Lancaster, Philadelphia farther north, trembling for a moment in her boots as Richmond had been wont to tremble. It was a great moment in American history, Lincoln sorely perplexed.

He was seeking the sixth commander of the army, perhaps thinking of the romantic story of Robert Bruce and his many disasters. What a dreary experience Lincoln had had: McDowell, McClellan twice, Burnside, and Hooker; five failures, and the failures had been worst when the president interfered most. There was one more choice: George Gordon Meade, a plodding, modest, meticu-

lous man with a good record, a good family, a full beard, and a frank open countenance; no Napoleon, young or otherwise, readily acknowledging superiors, particularly Lee. He did not wish to succeed Hooker; no one wished to succeed that unlucky commander. Lincoln drifted into a position where he could appoint no other, and Meade undertook to stop Lee, moving his ninety thousand men sidewise from Washington toward the north, keeping as near Lee's right flank as he might: the gay, roistering, wilful Stuart, his sash flowing in the wind, his nimble horse bounding over streams and fence, performing marvelous feats and sometimes perilously near the border line of disloyalty to his chief: "Jeb" Stuart blinding and befuddling an army used to defeat. But Meade bore his unsought responsibility manfully—disgusted, as I think, that a great war could be fought for "liberty and equality" which, in his hard head, never had existence. It was a bad prospect, the future hardly beckoning his unimaginative mind.

Not so Lee. He looked narrowly into the press of the North; he read the news from London; he was not unaware of the war-weariness of the West. A great blow at the heart of the Middle States would move Palmerston and bring the end; the same great blow would set the West in an uproar, its peace party powerful, its Knights of the Golden Circle numbering hundreds of thousands and making demonstrations against a government that meant to "set free negroes loose upon them." There had never been a more important moment since the first roar of guns at Charleston. And Lee knew he was great; he

looked the part. As things then stood in the world he was infinitely superior to Lincoln or Sumner or Davis—plainly the first military genius since Napoleon. But the touch of age had left its mark upon him; rheumatism plagued him, and the joyous air of August, 1862, had changed to a more solemn tone. The awful pressure of intense intellectual engagement, of watching day and night the moves of numberless enemies—the consciousness that all the South had centered all its hopes upon him—was breaking his perfect physique.

On July 1, Lee's left wing drifted into conflict with Meade's right; Lee was victorious as he expected to be. But drifting into battle had not been his way. On the second of July, still confident of victory, the Confederates fought again, and held their own—Meade all the while hesitant, expecting, as I think, to be defeated. On the third day Lee aroused himself, laid plans before early dawn, had every man in place, every commander aware the fate of their cause hung upon their action, a heavy task before them, a heavy responsibility upon Lee for permitting the situation to take the turn it had: his conduct giving heart to Meade and his men. They needed it. On July 3, the decisive conflict opened. But for once Lee's lieutenants moved slowly. Had some ghost of Pennsylvania seized them? An early stroke that day would have ruined both Meade and Lincoln, at home and abroad; a late stroke was made, made and lost. The greatest army Lee ever commanded was beaten by the smallest army Lincoln commanded since McDowell met Beauregard in 1861; beaten is

not enough, overwhelmed. Thirty-three thousand of Lee's men lay dead or wounded amid the wheat-fields or on the slopes of Little Round Top and its approaches. More than a third of all engaged—Meade was not more surprised than Lee. For the first time since the war began, Lincoln was jubilant. He foresaw final success. His hostile Congress would not need to be told; Vandalism would crumple into ignominious defeat, so prone were men to abandon a losing cause and join a successful one. Even Illinois would cease to jeer and plague and talk of the dead Douglas.

On the fourth of July Lee lay defiant or feigning defiance about the scene of his great disaster, the people of the South reading despatches about a great victory of Lee on the outskirts of Philadelphia! That night great black clouds cut asunder by fierce strokes of lightning covered the southwestern sky. Then the rain came, came as it had come on the night of first Manassas; the roads were deep with mud; men's tents and clothes were wet and sticky with grime and dirt; horses balked under their heavy burden and were killed by the way or abandoned to the enemy; the heavy wagons jostled over the rocks and into the ruts, thousands of wounded and dying men shrieking and bleeding as they lay on their hard straw beds—Lee, silent and lonely, making his way ahead. It was a scene for a Vereshchagin's brush. Meade in little better plight than Lee waited till he was sure it was not a defeat, unwilling to move lest it prove a false move. Was it not enough? Lee crossed the Potomac the last time, happy that he was not ruined in the

attempt, sending his resignation to Jefferson Davis, the gentle, faithful, invalid wife there in Richmond knitting, knitting socks for soldier boys, as yet none of her own killed. Her great husband had lost a second time because he knew he was great and took not those nice precautions a less confident master would have taken; his greatness his ruin.

But the lean, furrowed, and disconsolate face of Lincoln lighted up; some of the thousand wrinkles ironed off his dry and swarthy cheeks. There was reason. After all his autocracies on behalf of democracy, he was beginning to win. He might yet lift the burdens off men's shoulders, thinking that would benefit men—taking now a more generous and kindly tone toward his Southern countrymen, the more as he saw they must go down in irretrievable disaster. And Europe took notice a third time, Palmerston not sure whether it was too late or too early to act. Napoleon, driven on by that pursuing destiny which was to close seven years later at Sedan, made ready to intervene in Mexico: making ready to seize his part of the rich spoils of the Americas. Cobden and the "broad-brimmed hawker" were as jubilant as Lincoln, their friends Sumner and Chase as happy as gnawing ambitions would allow. A big, little world in which nothing could happen without stirring the interests and passions of everybody.



The duel was not over. It ought to have been a peace without victory. Lincoln pondered events and the way of events long that autumn. His proclamation of September, 1862,

issued to thwart British diplomacy, might now be turned into a weapon of conciliation. The border States, still wary, fighting for the Union as it was, not democracy; New York and Pennsylvania making money; the Middle West, passing her tide of "liberty and equality" a little ashamed of her Wades and her Chandlers, was ready for peace; New England alone fighting for a knock-down and drag-out blow, New England, fighting her ancient foe as Germany and France have fought for a thousand years, had not enough of war; Lincoln, almost alone in his struggle for a better world and a new day, hoped to piece all the parts of his country together, South and West and East, and inaugurate a new era. Thinking thus he went to Gettysburg: "whether any nation so conceived can long endure—a government of the people, by the people, for the people." In the same spirit he prepared a message to Congress, a Congress that must seek a contest with the president: Let the Southern States set up nuclei of loyal governments, ten per cent of the voters of 1860; let them take a liberal oath to support the constitution as it is and not to return the slaves to their bondage; let us disfranchise only a few of their leaders, and perhaps pay them for their precious negroes, some hundreds of millions—a compromise, peace without victory, Southerners to sit again in both houses of Congress and balance the money-mad East with the ancient conservatism of the master class of the South, the future taking care of itself.

That was to be Lincoln's peace. The men who had urged Lincoln

to war in 1860, Wade and Chandler, Sumner and Stevens, shrieked their hostility; he would build bogus States in the South in order to get delegates to the next Republican national convention, and then create a new *bloc* in the two houses and rule after his own autocratic will; he would abandon the great proclamation. Southern white men had no rights a Northern white man needed to respect. In sorrow the president turned to his own devices, a national convention impending and a national election following, an election at a most dangerous moment. If only the South would accept his terms and disarm the enemies of freedom, the vindictives!

The South had ears to hear but did not hear, poor Alexander Stephens frantic there in Georgia, as Sherman prepared "to make Georgia howl," old Virginia slow and hesitant, having long lost her gift of high leadership. Nor could Jefferson Davis rise higher than to say the Lincoln terms were insulting. Charleston, under siege these three years, stood out in heroic mood, her men going down to death in undersea boats in the hope of sinking enemy ships, her women sending their heirlooms, even their hair, to be sold for the cause. And clergymen everywhere crying aloud against the red-handed Lincoln, "clad in the black garments of discord," nerved men and women in crowded churches to yet greater sacrifice and more heroic deeds. And Lee himself?

What should such a man say in such a dilemma? He said nothing, drew about him once more the best of the seasoned soldiers of the Confederacy, sixty thousand men, their

beards unkempt, their uniforms torn and patched with clumsy hands, their feet upon the ground, devoted men, iron-sides after the fashion of Cromwell's army two hundred years before, their commander second only to God himself. There they stood as the winter of 1863-64 closed, the bottomless roads dried, and the gentle winds and showers of spring came, Lee and his men, hardly a day's rations ahead, on the ground they had stood a year before: the Rapidan on their

front and right, the Alexandria and Orange Railroad to their left, and the Virginia Central in their rear, as strong a position as Napoleon's famous quadrilateral in 1797, a strong position, and great was the danger of him who attacked it. Lee himself was defiant as ever, proposing to capture Washington in March if only two weeks' rations could be collected along the borders of the Blue Ridge! The South would have no peace without victory.

("Victory," the last article in this series, next month)

TO A FRIEND

Who Called Himself Futile

IRWIN EDMAN

Futile? Beyond a doubt you are,
 As futile as the evening star,
 Or as the foolish joy that sings
 In clear horns and ecstatic strings.
 You are as meaningless as they,
 As idle as the break of day.
 Your being is no less absurd
 Than sundown or a singing bird.
 Wind, waving grass, starlight, and dew,
 All these are futile, quite, like you;
 Like you they merely let one see
 God's thoughts in their felicity.

ARE WOMEN INFERIOR

Or Are They Trying to Side-Track Nature

LOUIS E. BISCH

IN THESE days of women's rights and women's freedom, and, I may add, women's achievements, it may seem somewhat absurd even to suggest women's possible inferiority. Has not that question been settled long ago? Are not seven million women employed in gainful occupations in these United States? Have not women won the franchise? In fact, do not women appear to be doing just about as they jolly well please? Have they not indeed "hogged the whole show"?

Granted! The stage is set; the play is on. It's a kind of farce comedy. No special struggle or conflict is in evidence. It trips along easily and gracefully without apparent obstacle. There is no plot, or if there is one it is understood; that is, it developed before the play began. Women dominate the stage. They have all the leading parts. The men are scarcely more important to the stuff of the play than so many props. The women are having a fine time. Indeed their enjoyment appears to be somewhat at the expense of the opposite sex.

Out front, however, sit many thoughtful men. The politicians seem to be enjoying the performance, but the educators and the scientific-minded do not somehow enter into

the spirit of the play at all. A few look unmistakably frightened. It is particularly noteworthy that all the specialists in nervous and mental diseases hold their tongues in their cheeks.

The reason these nerve men are a bit amused is because they have been behind the scenes and know all about the players. They not only know them; they know them intimately. They know that the women on the stage are not actually happy, are not enjoying themselves as it appears. They know that each is only playing a part.

Nerve work happens to be my job. I am one of those who have peeped behind the scenes. Opportunity to do so is afforded me daily in my practice. I, too, hold my tongue in my cheek. Sometimes, though, I become a bit alarmed.

And how can we honestly feel otherwise when insanity and all forms of nervous disorders are increasing at such a rapid rate, especially among women? On the surface women are having a fine time of it right now. But, as in a play, if we examine into the deeper reaches of the players' minds things take on a quite different look.

Indeed I would go so far as to say that never before has the woman

inferiority question been more important than now.

At the outset the time-worn argument, that there is scarcely any man's work that women are unable to do, immediately jumps to the fore. All that women need is proper training and opportunity, it is said. The war proved that conclusively.

That is true. It proved much in that direction. But simply because women can do all kinds of work that men can do—if they want to do it—it does not follow necessarily that the minds of the sexes are on a par.

Undoubtedly on the purely intellectual side—pure, mind you—women's capacities are as good as men's. Many women indeed possess decidedly superior intellects.

Nevertheless there is another influence on the mind that must be considered. It is that part of the individual's mental equipment which always operates with and continuously motivates the intellectual. For that reason it is even more important than the intellectual itself. The emotions are what I refer to.

In the emotional make-up lie the real differences between men and women. And it is there, and there only, that we must search for possible inferiorities.

Take even the matter of war work. Why did woman go into it? Because her emotional nature made her take it up.

Self-sacrifice, excitement, variety, ingenuity, definiteness and concreteness of problem, enthusiasm—all these were inseparably connected with the war. The men were gone; the work had to be done. If woman is anything at all she is practical. She cares little for the whys and

wherefores, for theories and abstractions. If a woman finds a dog in the street with a broken leg, she doesn't stop to speculate about it—how it happened, why it can't walk on three legs—as a man might. She immediately sets about to have the broken leg mended. That is why thousands of women jumped into the war breach without the slightest hesitation.

But what happened after the war? Did the women stick to the new jobs? Some did. The majority did not. By far and large they rather quickly slipped back into their former routine of life, not because of a desire to make way for the returning soldiers but because, again, certain other emotional trends were tugging and craving fulfilment.



What are these emotional trends? Unquestionably they can be summed up in one word: maternity.

Say what you will, no woman has ever been or ever will be free, at any time, from the influence of her instinctive maternity. Especially endowed by nature for procreation, these anatomical and physiological mechanisms affect her emotional side—and hence her intellectual side as well—just as surely as do the forces of gravity affect an apple suspended from a limb. She may be conscious of this fact, and she may not. Those women who realize it are lucky, for they know what to do about it. Among those in whom the reproductive desires are thwarted or suppressed we find most of our present-day neurotics who try by all sorts of substitute activities, from teaching to dog-fancying and bridge, to avoid the real issues.

We are accustomed to speak of body and mind as though they were separate, distinct, and independent units. Whereas body and mind are only terms of convenience. One is as inseparably linked to the other and dependent upon it as are the numerator and denominator of a fraction.

Do not forget that the reproductive glands are physical entities. They are classed among the endocrine or ductless glands. The chemical properties of the several endocrine glands—hormones—are taken up by the lymph and blood streams to circulate through the entire body. And that is why they influence the entire body—all the organs, muscles, and nerve structures, including the brain. That is why, therefore, maternity on the physiological level, even when only potential, greatly influences the female mind on the psychological level.

Now, then, when we analyze woman's mind we find that maternity is her chief motivation. We find also that her emotional traits dovetail very nicely with these inner cravings. Which is to say that nature made the woman feel and think and act as she does because, with that particular personality make-up, she can best carry out nature's most inexorable law of necessity, and that is the propagation of the species.

Take intuition, for instance. Woman depends more upon that faculty than upon any other. With it she makes decisions, solves problems, evaluates individuals and situations. A few men are intuitive also. But they never follow the hints of intuition unless they check them up

with facts and logic. Woman cares for none of this. Intuition is a quick, spontaneous, and ready-at-hand inner prompting that serves particularly well her function in life.

A mother cannot always call a doctor. She must think fast and decisively. A mother must correct, coerce, or punish a child without first looking up a treatise on child training. A woman must know it—feel it, she would say—when the "right man" comes along who will be the father of her children. A woman must also be able quickly to size up another woman who may at any moment turn out to be a rival and steal her man away. Here again she cannot practise watchful waiting or take the time to find facts. It might be too late.

Although intuition is perhaps the cardinal distinguishing trait between the sexes, another holds an almost equally important place; and this again is inseparably linked with motherhood activities.

There is no special term for this trait. In fact it is a combination of traits, all of one kind. What I refer to is the inability of woman to draw upon her own resources, and her dependence for happiness and well-being upon the world outside herself.

In this group of traits woman is the exact opposite of man. A woman must love somebody and if possible be loved by somebody. Man loves only himself. A woman is happiest when making a sacrifice. Not so with a man. Women are primarily altruistic—wanting always to do good for others—while men are decidedly self-seeking and egotistic. Woman is at her best when there is an outflowing of natural primitive

emotions—always developed by something outside herself—such as tears, sympathy, laughter, anger, joy, hatred, vengeance. To display such outbursts appears unmanly in a man. Women, in short, find expression largely through the medium of others. Unlike men, their emotional stream is turned outward, extroverted. Man continually seeks self-enhancement. He desires fame and fortune. He wishes to leave an impress of himself. Woman, contrariwise, is always trying to attach herself to another—a human being by preference, a cause if that fails—and she is satisfied even to be subservient to that other.

Instead of woman being inferior, do not those attributes perhaps indicate superiority? Do not woman's self-sacrificing tendencies and her craving for love make for social betterment and moral uplift?

Here again surface indications are deceptive.

Although woman can live only for others and is entirely dependent on the responses which others make to her favors and charms, the fact remains that she also tends to narrow as much as possible the circle in the outside world on which she is dependent.

As a child she limits the circle to father and mother, marked preference being shown for the parent of the opposite sex; later she transfers to sweetheart, more or less at the expense of the parents, next to husband, and when the children arrive the husband assumes a secondary place in her affections. Women lack the broader collectivistic instinct to which men subscribe and adhere. A man's reasoning

tells him that the maintenance of society depends on give and take. Men also require a wide social circle to which to fasten their own egotistic ambitions, which are boundless, and which demand the approbation and applause of the many.

Women are satisfied with less, but it must be concrete and intensive. They prefer more personal contacts in a small group. In fact they have little interest during the reproductive ages in general moral or ethical standards. They are too busy with love, sex appeal, clothes, amusements. They have to be admired and desired in order to be courted and wed and have children.

Woman then is essentially an animal of feeling, man one of reasoning. But as there are men who possess feeling, there are also women who have abundant reasoning ability. Nevertheless the typical "feminine woman" may be looked on as a bundle of emotions, with purely intellectual reasoning processes playing a secondary part.

Men complain that they cannot understand woman. They declare that she is unstable, contradictory, and undependable. Recalling woman's intuitiveness and dependence on others, all this becomes clear.

Intuition jumps to conclusions, is a kind of short-cut mental process that "senses" a solution or result without the aid of step-by-step inductive reasoning. As with genius, ideas pop into the mind, though the individual cannot tell, consciously, how they sprang into being, from whence they came, or why. In fact, intuition is a kind of genius. It makes most startling, novel, and often revolutionary discoveries. Of-

ten it flashes and flares. It is inventive. That is why women are clever at making new appliances, as they revealed so brilliantly in hospital work during the war; and that also explains their liking for creative pursuits, dressmaking, millinery, house furnishing, writing, painting, sculpture.

Intuition, to be sure, is wholly individualistic. Hence it does not conform to laws or standards, which are the only values man understands. In this light he sees woman as an undependable vacillating creature.

Furthermore an organism so endowed that it cannot find satisfaction from within and must needs depend on the changing tides of circumstance, striving now to please, now to get pleasure from an outside object, at one time manifesting humility and abject subservience because of fear of losing that love-object which may rouse it emotionally, at another time displaying hauteur, arrogance, even resistance in order to bend the stubborn knee of that very same love-object—well, such an organism is bound to be a bit puzzling even to itself.

Women do not understand themselves or each other any better than men understand them. It is because their mechanisms are almost wholly unconscious. With man, reasoning prevails always. Whatever he thinks and does is slow, labored, conscious thinking. With a woman you can't be sure what next will evolve out of her mind. But knowing comparatively little about a man's personality and antecedents you can pretty accurately guess how he will behave in a given situation.

The fact that women do not always understand themselves is probably the chief reason why they show such marked interest in themselves and in their own reactions to persons and things in intimate contact with themselves. Witness a group of women in conversation. Are they interested in each other? No. What do they talk about? Their own reactions.

One talks about a new gown she has seen or bought, another about her servant problem, a third about the price of food, a fourth about a love-affair or marriage of a friend, a fifth about a play or book that stirred her, and so it goes. What do men talk about? About business, politics, efficiency, success—all large, general, and non-personal topics.

Perhaps I ought to modify the answer to the question about women being interested in each other. In a certain way they are. It is a kind of perverted interest that redounds to the benefit of the one showing the interest. This is the interest of criticism, "knocking," slander, and gossip. The person who indulges in it is passing judgment, and hence feels superior; it is all self-interest.

Seldom if ever do you hear one woman praising another wholeheartedly and without reservation. There are always ifs and buts connected with it. "Mrs. So-and-so is a stunningly attractive woman, but I never saw a more untidy house in all my life." "Mrs. X certainly has a wonderful house, and it's as neat as a pin, but, of course, she married a rich man and can afford plenty of servants." "If Miss Z only knew how to wear her clothes she would be perfectly adorable. She certainly

has the figure." These are only a few examples. I am sure you could multiply them by the dozens. Intensely feminine women rarely like each other or trust each other.

It is pride that possesses a woman. Even when she performs an altruistic deed or subordinates herself to the point of humiliation, pride motivates her. A mother sits up days and nights with a sick child or a close friend or relative. A girl will give her last cent to a chum. A woman will suffer in silence, and with every outward show of contentment, when divorced, or thwarted in a love-affair. In fact, every one of the seven million working women pretends that she is content.

A woman not only is proud; she wants to be the whole show. Her self-interest is paramount. Here we have the explanation for woman's enslavement to the modes of the day.

When it comes to clothing herself, she blindly follows the prevailing styles and standards, and she changes as though her life depended on it. She wants to wear her dresses high neck or low, sleeves full or tight, skirts short or long. She doesn't hesitate to push the waist-line up or down or otherwise torment her body provided Paris decrees it. It would really seem that her pride and her desire to be noticed should make her an independent, untrammelled, and revolutionary dresser, and indeed a few women with strong intuitive faculties do adopt a becoming style to which they cling despite everything. But, in the mass, the woman who does not conform in general to the prevailing styles is singled out, not as an object of admiration, but of ridicule. Not to be able to dress

in style indicates lack of means, lack of social relationships, not being up to date—all bad for her pride. Nevertheless, when women can, they compromise between being led and leading in the matter of clothes. They make their dresses conform to the prevailing whim but modify them sufficiently to give a touch of the distinctive. Nothing does a woman dislike more than to wear a model of which there are many copies. "I met a woman on the Avenue that had on my identical dress," said a woman to her husband. "That comes of buying in cheap shops."

Men as a rule do not care a whoop how they dress or what others think of their clothes. Nor do they go in for perfumes, jewelry, or other appurtenances that attract attention. They are sure of themselves. Women rarely are.

Women are also enslaved by the passing fancy. If a play makes a hit, all the women want to see it. If a book is a best seller, a woman feels ashamed not to have read it. But how many women—I am not considering the exceptional, the intellectual—analyze these plays and books? Ask her what she thought of a certain play, and she will probably reply, "It was perfectly fascinating," or, "I thought Ethel Barrymore looked positively beautiful when she lied to save her lover in the second act." She interprets the play in terms of its emotional appeal or of some single definite example.

Her docile and even eager subscription to the ephemeral passing show naturally keeps her in the swim and enhances her pride. It also makes her worship false gods in other ways.

Women often coquette and have clandestine affairs, not because they are fundamentally loose or do not love their husbands or lack loyalty to them, but simply because it seems to be the "smart thing" to do. In like manner they will say they "hate housework" or "detest the responsibilities of a home and children" when actually they do not mean a single word of it.

Which brings up the question of mendacity. Do women lie? They do! Everybody lies. It is a perfectly normal exhibition of the self-preservation urge. But women will lie even when it is not necessary, while men lie solely for a purpose. Besides, most of women's untruthfulness has to do with boasting, to confound other women or make them jealous.

When a woman argues she almost always reasons from the particular to the general—and that particular is herself, how she herself feels about it, and what it all means to her personally. A man, however, is able to subtract himself from the personal aspects of a problem, gain an unemotional and unbiased perspective, and then decide.

Women reserve the right to change their minds whenever it suits their fancy. Quite unabashed they will sometimes reverse themselves completely. In fact, they tend to go to extremes. And here again the cause lies in their pronounced emotionalism, their intense individuality, their materialism, their lack of ability in the field of reasoning.

Woman's reasoning faculty could undoubtedly be developed, and, of course, is developed in many. Witness the university girl student or

the woman executive. The educated woman or the woman of age and experience becomes more stable and dependable. She gives up sentimentality and substitutes sentiment. She reasons with facts. She becomes a better household manager. She succeeds in business. She becomes more tolerant. She gains poise and perspective. She restrains her enthusiasms. She loses interest in exaggerated trappings and exaggerated behavior. She becomes more nearly honest. In short—and I do not desire to cast a slur when I say it—she becomes sensible.

But what happens when she thus changes? Doesn't she lose interest in marriage and children? Which again proves how inseparably are the purely feminine characteristics linked up with the motherhood instinct.

Does all this mean that women are inferior?

When we use such words as equality or inferiority we must needs consider them in terms of the point of view of society. Society cares little about the individual and his doings, but it cares mightily what effect the individual's doings have upon the social body as a whole. What does it matter whether the great inventor or philanthropist was a wife-beater? Who bothers whether Mrs. Chromosome who reared a large family of renowned citizens was a poor cook and wanted all her life to write short stories? No, society is not really concerned about our individual aspirations, disappointments, joys, or sorrows. Society invariably evaluates us by what we have produced, the effect

we have had upon it, the good we have done to it.

On the face of it, therefore, if women are endowed by nature with these puzzling traits, and if the traits are necessary for the expression of their motherhood instincts—and society certainly demands mothers—the women cannot possibly, in any sense, be considered inferior.

Women are not inferior to men. They are different from men. And these differences are not quantitative so much as qualitative.

That women are trying nowadays to imitate men cannot be denied. And when we see a woman so engaged, that is just the time when the question of her inferiority is raised.

These are the women who crowd the offices of nerve specialists. These are the women who, for some reason or other, have repressed or are attempting to repress their natural instinctive urges. They are trying to side-track nature's decrees. That is why they are confused, morose, wrought up, ill.

Obstetricians, gynecologists, and psychologists will tell you that a woman is at her best—physically, emotionally, and mentally—when she is with child.

I am not one who has lost faith in women. I do not fear any of the modern movements. Flapperism, small families, women in politics and in business, apartment-houses, sex license, these are but a part of our

rapidly evolving and troublous times. Having seen how emotional woman is, and how susceptible to outside influences, it is but natural that she should have responded to these changes and that the suddenness of it all should have somewhat upset the equilibrium of the entire sex.

Nevertheless the world has a way of righting itself, and women will right themselves also. Nature will not let itself be concerned overmuch with economics and politics, probably the basic causes of the whole mess. Nature will have her way, despite everything. That is why, when I see the antics of some, I hold my tongue in my cheek.

Still, behind the scenes, with women patients, I see the suffering that many must endure who have followed after strange gods. To be a neurotic indicates that the fundamental instinctive urges are strong and will not be downed. In a sense it is a compliment to be adjudged neurotic. But it is a compliment at a great price.

That is the feature of the social drama that is alarming, that so many hundreds of women must somehow pay that price.

How long will it be before women return to the normal? They are not inferior, and there is reason for hope. But how long will they continue to confuse values?

Our civilization can ill afford to wait over long.

THE JUDGMENT DAY

(A Negro Sermon)

JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

IN that great day,
People, in that great day,
God's a-going to rain down fire.
God's a-going to sit in the middle of the air
To judge the quick and the dead.

Early one of these mornings,
God's a-going to call for Gabriel,
That tall, bright angel Gabriel;
And God's a-going to say to him: Gabriel,
Blow your silver trumpet,
And wake the living nations.

And Gabriel's going to ask him: Lord,
How loud must I blow it?
And God's a-going to tell him: Gabriel,
Blow it calm and easy.
Then putting one foot on the mountain-top,
And the other in the middle of the sea,
Gabriel's going to stand and blow his horn,
To wake the living nations.

Then God's a-going to say to him: Gabriel,
Once more blow your silver trumpet,
And wake the nations underground.

And Gabriel's going to ask him: Lord,
How loud must I blow it?
And God's a-going to tell him: Gabriel,

Like seven peals of thunder.
Then the tall, bright angel Gabriel
Will put one foot on the battlements of heaven
And the other on the steps of hell,
And blow that silver trumpet
Till he shakes old hell's foundations.

And I feel old earth a-shuddering,
And I see the graves a-bursting,
And I hear a sound,
A blood-chilling sound.
What sound is that I hear?
It's the clicking together of the dry bones,
Bone to bone—the dry bones.
And I see coming out of the bursting graves,
And marching up from the valley of death,
The army of the dead.
And the living and the dead in the twinkling of an eye
Are caught up in the middle of the air,
Before God's judgment bar.

O-o-oh, sinner,
Where will you stand,
In that great day when God's a-going to rain down fire?
Oh, you gambling man—where will you stand?
You whoremongering man—where will you stand?
Liars and backsliders—where will you stand,
In that great day when God's a-going to rain down fire?

And God will divide the sheep from the goats,
The one on the right, the other on the left.
And to them on the right God's a-going to say:
Enter into my kingdom.
And those who've come through great tribulations,
And washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb,
They will enter in—
Clothed in spotless white,
With starry crowns upon their heads,
And silver slippers on their feet,
And harps within their hands—

And two by two they'll walk
Up and down the golden street,
Feasting on the milk and honey,
Singing new songs of Zion,
Chattering with the angels
All around the Great White Throne.

And to them on the left God's a-going to say:
Depart from me into everlasting darkness,
Down into the bottomless pit.
And the wicked like lumps of lead will start to fall,
Headlong for seven days and nights they'll fall,
Plumb into the big, black, red-hot mouth of hell,
Belching out fire and brimstone.
And their cries like howling, yelping dogs
Will go up with the fire and smoke from hell,
But God will stop his ears.

Too late, sinner! Too late!
Good-by, sinner! Good-by!
In hell, sinner! In hell!
Beyond the reach of the love of God.

And I hear a voice, crying, crying:
Time shall be no more!
Time shall be no more!
Time shall be no more!
And the sun will go out like a candle in a breeze,
The moon will turn to dripping blood,
The stars will fall like cinders,
And the sea will burn like tar,
And the earth shall melt away and be dissolved,
And the sky will roll up like a scroll.
With a wave of his hand God will blot out time,
And start the wheel of eternity.

Sinner, oh, sinner,
Where will you stand
In that great day when God's a-going to rain down fire?

THE NORDIC GOES A-SABER-RATTLING

And Selects an Inconvenient Form of Self-Destruction

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

ABOUT seven o'clock of a morning of May, a man was lying prone on the coping of the sea-wall by the park in front of the Grand Hotel in Naples. His chin rested upon his folded hands; with an expression of great contentment, he was looking out over the bay toward Vesuvius. The spring that year was gorgeous; the famous scene was at its best. There happened to be no wind; the water was like tiffany glass, full of bronze, crimson, gold, and blue tints; the smoke and steam drifting from the mountain looked like a long white and pink plume. At nine o'clock the man was still there, and at ten. He was poorly dressed, like a laborer; I thought he had something to do with the sea. Soon after ten o'clock I noticed he was gone, but at five he was again in his old place and looking out, this time at the reflected sunset.

"Idiot!" said a Nordic woman in my party. "That is the way with these crazy, lazy Italians. They are all like that. They would rather lie around all day than be at work or doing something useful."

The rest of the Nordics warmly assented. This was indeed the way of the lazy Italians. They would rather look at something beautiful than make something useful; that

was the great trouble with them. All the Nordics everywhere would have said so then; with more confident accent they would say so now. To all such verdicts the highest American authority has given since then the seal of a deliberate and national approval. With a gesture of gratuitous hostility to make all the world wonder, the Congress of the United States has passed an immigration law, declaring in effect that Italians are crazy, lazy people and not fit to associate with us. We will have none of them.

In effect, Congress said this. It would not say so in words, because there are American voters of Italian origin, but this is what it meant. Assumably, it did not mean at the same time to drive a colossal wedge among the nations of the earth, to separate men into two great hostile camps, to breed disastrous hatreds, and to sow the seeds of vast disastrous wars, but these things it did also and not less effectively. Its action was a proclamation to the world of an irrevocable purpose to make this exclusively a Nordic nation, a nation of, for, and by Nordics.

What is a Nordic?

According to the dictionary, he is one that dwells in the North.

Is he superior to one that does not dwell in the North?

Plainly, he must be. We have said so in a statute, in a solemn law of this our land.

Whence, then, does he derive this superiority?

And now we come upon a strange matter, full of recondite mysteries. It is evident that if he is superior, if he is so markedly better than other men that he may justly exclude them from his regard, his superiority must come, (1) from the special favor and reward of Divine Providence, had by exceeding great merit; or, (2) from some rare quality or chemic element in blood or brain different from the elements in others; or, (3) from something magical in his climatic or geographical position, something in the northern cloud, mist, fog, or cold that lifts him above men not so blessed in their weather.

As to the theory of a chosen people, set apart, endowed with peculiar excellences, divinely chartered to rule, every nation that has had a vision of empire has coupled it with exactly this fantastic obsession, but as the event has always reversed the dream the judicious will be slow to believe it means now any more than it meant before. It is true that a wild-eyed cult exists in England whose creed is that the British are the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel and have therefore inherited the promises of special blessings and overlordship read into some prophetic books of the Scriptures; but persons not way-billed for bedlam or Ward's Island will require a more substantial evidence. Shall we look for it in Nordic history? It appears there that the conspicuous Nordic achieve-

ments have been in war, conquest, pillage, the shooting of brown, black, red, and yellow men, the seizing of much territory belonging to somebody else, and at all times and in all ways the avid pursuit of the material aim and the merchantable possession. Nothing in revealed religion, nor in any concept of the Deity better than that of the Papuan, suggests that these blood-stained records can be a valid claim upon the divine reward.

If we turn to heredity, to a possible inheritance of a rarely good quality of blood, an examination of early comments about our ancestors yields little to encourage us. About twelve hundred years ago the forebears of many vauntful Nordics were dwelling in the basin of the Elbe, where they came into much contact with Charlemagne. That astute observer and competent judge left definite testimony as to their valid claims to superiority. He thought they were the greatest liars, scoundrels, hypocrites, and tricksters that ever lived. Subsequently these tribes moved to England, where what is known of them reveals little indication of superior equipment except much capacity to consume meat and drink. It appears therefore that if the blood in Nordic veins is really of an exceptional excellence it must have undergone much purifying in more recent years, and one reading attentively the subsequent Nordic story may be mystified to say when and where the laundering took place.

Hence we are thrown back upon the third theory, that the Nordic's superiority is purely of climatic or geographic origin. He has been fortunate in his habitat; northern suns,

winds, and cold have made of him a choice and radiant spirit above all others. But here we are beset with a new difficulty. If a northerly clime bestows thus virtues and a right to sovereignty, then of course the farther north you go the more potent the charm and the better the Nordic. Eskimos, for instance. They live more to the north than we; they must be still better Nordics. But this conclusion, we find, meets only scorn from the authorities. Nonsense! they say. Eskimos are not Nordics at all.

Well, then, Russians. They live about as far north as anybody going, some of them even inside the arctic circle. Here must be Nordics of purest ray serene.

Not at all. They may live in a northland all right enough, but they are not Nordics. They have a soviet form of government, and that spoils the spell. It will not work where there are soviets.

Well, how about the Poles, then? They live up north and have no soviet to break the magic circuit. They must be of our set.

Never. They have the Danzig Corridor, and it seems that to the essence, elixir, ether, presence, or whatever it is that makes a Nordic a Nordic, corridors are fatal.

Ah, happy thought—the Irish! They have no soviet, they have no corridors, they live far north. At last we have found the perfectly good Nordic.

Wrong again. The Irish are far indeed from the blessed Nordic state—except some that live in Ulster. Of course Irish that live in Ulster and Irish that live out of it are of the same stock, but Irish that live out of

it have not a living chance to get into the Nordic pew.

Japanese, perhaps. Much of Japan lies so far north the snow there is sometimes six feet deep. Shall we register the Japanese?

Certainly not. The Japanese are no Nordics. The enchantment geographical does not work on the other side of the Pacific.

Ah, then, the French! Nearly all Frenchmen live much farther north than nearly all of us. Surely these must be Nordics.

Absurd! The mere suggestion is insufferable. The Nordic philosophy we have chosen obligates us to hate everybody not of our delightfully select order, but most of all to hate the low, miserable, depraved French. Any reading of our enlightened press for the last eight years must have convinced us that for every ill we have suffered from cyclones to croup the horrible machinations of Poincaré, or of Briand, or of both, are solely responsible. No, never the French. Whatever may be elsewhere the wonders of climate and geography, they are inoperative in the case of the Wicked French.

Well, then, Belgians. They live farther north than Eastport, Maine.

No—no Belgians. They are lined up with the hideous French.

Then where is this wondrous being? Where can inquiry meet up with him? Where shall we tree him, that we may note his unmatchable gifts?

It appears that he exists in one country by full rank, in one by brevet, and in one on probation. The truly pure Nordic is to be found only in Great Britain. In the United States, although a faked and fallacious estimate made it to appear that

he amounts to a majority of the population, even that was exceedingly slender and admitted to be much flawed and speckled. In Germany is some Nordicism, but to be accepted with reserve. A German is a Nordic if he behaves himself. Was he Nordic while the war was on? Not if we could trust the British press of that period. What since has happened to atone for sin and scatter the sacred chrism on these once unworthy heads? Nothing, except that German bankers have since been admitted to the international syndicate of finance, and billions of American and English capital have been invested in German industries. Apparently, then, Germany becomes Nordic in proportion as we buy up her factories and possess her railroads. As this process is to be progressive, it might afford a lively hope of an eventually perfect status if it were not for one thing. The readiness with which we found in 1914 that the Germans were not Nordics indicates that we may again make the same discovery and again throw them out of the boat.

This leaves us face to face with one blankly astonishing thought. The dictionaries must be wrong. "Nordic" does not mean one that lives in the North. It means Anglo-Saxon. When we speak of Nordic superiority we mean Anglo-Saxon superiority, and when we speak of Nordic alignments to better (and boss) the earth, we mean the British Empire. Simply this and nothing more.

This being the fact, ought we to talk much about the "pure" and "unmixed" Anglo-Saxon blood as constituting our excuse for enlisting in behalf of Nordic and imperial

expansion? The fashion of the day (or the prevailing style in propaganda) ascribes to a mingled blood in our country a variety of defects in our social structure. But speaking of mixed blood, the Anglo-Saxons seem as much of a blend as anybody. German, Plattdeutsch, Celt, French, Roman, Phenician, are in their make-up, with others not too inspirational. There is besides, and after all, such a thing as logic. Among the peoples that champions of Nordicism wish to class as inferior are the Jews. But the Jews are the only civilized people that in four or five thousand years have an unmixed descent. Compared with them the Anglo-Saxons look more like a hash than a people. If then pure descent is any warrant of dominion, instead of chasing the Jews hence we must pass them the scepter, must we not?

These are only a few of the apparently insoluble problems that begin to assail us as soon as we try to make head or tail of the rationale of this Nordic business.

Laying them all aside, and allowing the English-Speaking Union, the Sulgrave Institute, the Magna Charta Association, the Anglo-American League, and other deep thinkers on this subject to tell us that the Nordics are superior because they are superior (which seems the handiest and most reasonable hypothesis), what are the visible and tangible fruits of this superiority? Far be it from me to dispute eminent authority, but still if we are so much superior that other people are not fit to associate with us, there must be evidences of our better worth; there must be creations, deeds, works, so incontestably and unapproachably

above those of the people we are kicking in the face as to justify that dangerous exercise. Where shall we look for these?

Unfortunately, it appears at once that in this respect nature or fate or destiny or whatever decides these things has had but too little sympathy with Nordic aspirations. It appears that the Nordic tribe has had no monopoly of great deeds or of great men. Intelligence, mind, skill, genius, the creative power, goodness, and worth have been manifested quite indifferently in all inhabited regions and among all peoples. Where exclusive preëminence has seemed to show, it resolves itself on examination chiefly into vehemence of assertion and persistence of iteration. The press agent seems to have made more geniuses than the Almighty. There is probably no so-called race on the face of the earth that has not had its great men. One of our pleasing hallucinations is to believe, and one of our most exasperating practices is to proclaim, that we Nordics have superior mentality. So far as the records inform us, the whole Nordic outfit from John o' Groat's to the Bluff has never produced a mind as swift, sure, varied in brilliant endowment, or powerful in efficiency as the mind of José Rizal, ignored Filipino. This is no place to cite more than two or three examples from thousands, but it is likely that we have never produced a philosopher as great as Lao-tsze, a political thinker equal to Mazzini, an administrator as remarkable as Toussaint Louverture, a genius as great and as many-sided as Vinci. If we know that men of unusual parts have appeared in all regions of the world,

it is obvious that other men equally gifted must have developed of whom there is no record, and quite as obvious that for any household in this vast family to boast of exclusive possessions in intellect is a ridiculous and intolerable egotism. It has no more foundation than the notion that "crazy, lazy Italians" do nothing but idle.

At the feet of Dante, Michelangelo, and Victor Hugo we may well be reticent about our superiority.

Culture moves from the east; we have undertaken to make the sun rise in the west. Our civilization, what there is of it, is nothing but the Roman Empire, in turn a magnified reflection from Greece. Into the Cimbrian brain it was driven on a Grecian spear and a Roman javelin. The countries that taught us and formed us we now declare to be too degraded for our select society. What a pretty thing is Congress when it goes in its shirt and trousers and leaves off its wit!



Some of us, having a wholesome remembrance of our sorry achievements in art and in the kindlier pursuits of life, have found or tried to find refuge in the assertion that we Nordics discovered morality, invented the decalogue, have cornered all the honesty in the world, and above all are the original and only light-bearers of liberty and democracy. "The mother of parliaments," we have called the Nordic country that adopted a parliament long after it had become an institution elsewhere. "The great Anglo-Saxon ideals of liberty," we say, as if but for us the rest of mankind would be wallowing in slavery. As a matter of

fact, liberty was shouted in the streets of Rome when our ancestors were half-naked savages running about the woods and climbing trees. In our schools we now make much of the two-cent English Revolution of 1688 as the grand event in the history of human emancipation. It is fortunate that the open-mouthed upon whom we impress this preposterous nonsense never read the story of the Italian revolution and know but vaguely the significance of the Bastille. "The Anglo-Saxon mission," we say with up-cast eyes, "is to spread the blessings of liberty and light." And then silently arise the figures of India, Ireland, Egypt, the Philippines, Haiti, and in the lips of the loudest shouting Nordic chauvin the chorus goes halt.

Nothing is so easy as for insularity to deceive itself into pleasant dreams of a peculiar grace and a divine warrant for dominion. The trouble is, first, that the propaganda so sweetly persuasive to us cannot make the rest of the world believe in a manifest absurdity; and, second, that aliens resent the Anglo-Saxon habit of viewing them as dirt and door-mats. We utterly refute our own grandiose estimate of our intelligence when we assume that other men will submit to our gross impostures. If we have any of that better honesty that we so smugly profess and that is otherwise undiscoverable, we shall do well to admit the facts. The distinction of the Nordic peoples is in acquisition and in mere possession; so far that is all. In a world where the only real progress is and must be toward the submersion of the material and the triumph of the spiritual, to say that this badge of all our tribe entitles us

to rule sounds like babble from the nursery.

True enough, as we Nordics have pursued our way through the world shooting up brown men and black, we have sought to give to our adventures in banditry some camouflage of sanctity. In defiance of our covenants we continue to hold the Philippines, but not for the sake of the millions of profits we annually draw from the enforced holding of an unwilling people. It is for the sake of their souls, the poor benighted creatures. We must teach them self-government—after the manner of Chicago, maybe, or of Herrin. The British do not hold India for the sake of that wondrous pump of gold that annually draws up India's wealth and deposits it upon British shores. Not at all, but only to preserve order in India and teach the lowly heathen the beauties of the Christian religion—as at Amritsar. When the British clamp to their empire the whole of the Sudan it is not because of the cotton they expect to grow there but to install civilization—and liberty! When we go to Haiti and dispossess its people of their country it is not to enable American investors to rewrite for their own benefit the Haitian constitution, but because the Haitians, or some of them, follow voodooism, and we must wean them from that horrible practice—substituting vivisection. When without the act or the knowledge of Congress we seize and annex Nicaragua it is not to enable an American bank to collect on its bonds but to establish order and show the Nicaraguans how to enforce the law—as we enforce prohibition.

Wherever in this world may wave

the flag of imperialism, become now a Nordic ensign, the organ plays, the sounds of orisons arise, and the throat-cutting and till-tapping proceed to the strains of the doxology.

Meantime it must be painfully apparent to the most rabid Anglo-Saxon that our efforts to do the heathen good (in both senses) always lack appreciation from the recipients of the priceless Nordic bounty. After one hundred and seventy years of British blessings showered upon India the ungrateful people there are in a state of revolt. After forty years of the best quality of Nordic benevolence the Egyptians were so resentful of it that the British were compelled to pretend to withdraw. For twenty-six years we have been teaching the Filipinos how to be good and yield us much profits, and now the graceless things are plotting to throw us out at the first opportunity and be rid of us, right in the face of all our unctuous morality—and guns. Even the shots that the British police fired into the Shanghai college students did not seem to do the survivors a particle of good. The next day they were still uncompromising in their refusal to have good done to them—after the historic fashion of the Alambagh.

It appears, therefore, that the Nordic conception of good and of life is so repulsive to other peoples that it can be imposed upon them only with force and much shooting.

In reality, this is the doctrine we accepted and indorsed when we passed our extraordinary immigration act, declared the United States to be Nordic, and wantonly insulted most of the nations outside of one narrowly drawn circle.

Step by step our progression to this astounding position has been watched by them with full understanding of the consequences. The English-speaking peoples have not been drawn into a combination for imperialistic dominion much more rapidly than the Latin nations have been driven into a counter-combination for defense against this menace. Every gesture of the English-Speaking Union has had its repercussion in the Latin Alliance. What else could discerning men expect? It is an old-time insular theory that all people of other than the English tongue are fools or knaves. Under the Nordic threat the Latins have disproved the first term of this formula, certainly. They knew at once that the mere mention or suggestion of a union of English-speaking peoples must mean two things: first, that other peoples are inferior; second, that other peoples are to be subjugated. Other peoples do not wish to be subjugated. Most of them won their freedom by such heroic efforts as shine forever in the history we complacently ignore. In our brutally intolerant way we have assumed an exclusive possession of the love of liberty. We are now likely to learn that other peoples have at least as much of it and will not willingly accept oppression, whether from holy Nordics or sources less sanctified.

When an English-Speaking Unionist responds to this with his favorite slogan that "England and the United States together can lick the world," we may as well begin to get our war tools ready, for assuredly we shall need them.

Day by day the signs of irritation

multiply on both sides of the deplorable line we have drawn. Day by day the Latin bond becomes stronger as day by day the Anglo-Saxon pact becomes more certain and the peril grows of aggression from the new candidates for world power. Great Britain has lost a great part of her South American trade of former years. This is the reason. All South America turns daily more and more to Latin Europe for commerce, for sympathy, for inspiration, for alliance. This is the reason. Once South America looked with confidence and affection to North America; now it thinks of North America with suspicion and dread. This is the reason. Once South America hailed the Monroe Doctrine as a rampart of freedom and built monuments to its author; now South America thinks the Monroe Doctrine a stalking-horse for new tricks by the new imperialism and wants to have that doctrine abolished. This is the reason.

How long shall we try to fool ourselves about these things? Our boshy talk of Nordic supremacy and our open partnership in the vast and dizzy schemes of commercial imperialism have aroused the strongest antagonism of peoples that otherwise would have been brought into amicable accord. When the fear and hatred we are breeding are ripe and the shots begin to fly, it is to be hoped we may remember the steps by which we came to the debacle.

The new immigration law reversed an invariable American policy, overturned American tradition, gave the lie to the Declaration of Independence. That such a law could be rushed through without the mandate

of the people, and virtually without their understanding, is a sinister comment on the state we have reached. It is not only un-American; it is unscientific and untrue. It assumes that there are among peoples essential, inherent, and important racial differences. There are no such differences. The whole notion that any part of the human family is in and of itself better than others, or hopelessly different from them, is the fantastic invention of ignorant vanity. The notion that God has set apart one division of his children to ride upon the necks of others is the red-hued sign of historic horrors. Where one people differs from another it differs because of differences in opportunity and not because of mysterious chemistries of blood, brain, bone, tissue, pigment, liver, lights, or aught else.

Toward the recognition of this truth, the only basis upon which there can be peace in this world, mankind was slowly approaching when there was loosed upon it this madhouse reversion to race of which the English-Speaking Union and the Ku Klux Klan are equal manifestations and equally pestilent. Up to that time the convincing illustration of the essential oneness of earth's children was the United States, toward all the friend, offering to all the equal welcome. Its one apparent exception, the case of the Chinese laborer, was purely economic, never racial. With the present immigration law the United States abandoned all of its position of almost inconceivable power and prestige as the moral leader of the world, the bearer of good-will, the international democrat, and suddenly assumed the

rôle of the extreme racial bigot, the frenetic imperialist, the reckless exploiter.

Of this surrender of our ideals the immediate terms were sufficiently astonishing, but what made other nations gasp was a clause (added to the bill as a rider) meaning, or seeming to mean, that after July 1, 1927, three in every five immigrants admitted to the United States must come from the British Islands or from the North of Ireland. It is true that on February 2, 1927, the Senate, apparently in some fright, passed a bill that would suspend for twelve months the operation of this lunatic act, but the harm had been done. The world had been notified that the United States spurned all peoples except those that spoke the English language. In effect, and so far as Congress could say so, the United States had decided to become a part of the British Empire. For the first time in history a great and powerful nation had deliberately resolved to end its own independent existence and be absorbed into another. If the threat of an Anglo-Saxon domination had been alarming before, it now became to all the rest of the earth a peril imminent and overawing.

On its own spiritual and cultural interests, aside from its political autonomy, America seemed with that act to have wrought another kind of self-destruction. It now frankly committed itself to the materialistic conception of human society. The only substance of imperialism is aggression and aggrandizement. Yet if human experience has shown anything it has shown these two pertinent facts: first, that aggrandize-

ment, for men or for nations, is induration, and induration is deadly to the life of the spirit; and, second, that the road to empire is the road to the pit. Lean over the edge of that historic abyss and look at the fragments, preserved for man's instruction. No nation venturing upon that path has missed the smash. Why should we wish to pile up with the others?

If we must needs destroy ourselves let us do it in a more convenient way.

There is still another consideration. Without disparaging the glories of the Nordic triumphs in grabbing and hoarding, we are still to deal with those gentler aspects of civilized man's life that distinguish him from the savage. In their light, it will not be denied, the Nordic showing is not impressive. He appears far more recent, far less developed. Generally speaking, the Latin has an instinctive, intuitive, and inevitable sense of and for art; the Nordic has no such trait, being too young and too near the woods. To the Latin, art is the natural and unpremeditated expression of his soul; to the Nordic, if anything, it is undertaken at will and as duty. Having as yet for all the arts but little instinct, the Nordic has least of all for the art of living, the art of extracting from the span of human existence something more than toil and worry. The Latin seeks to live; the Nordic to seize (and blindly and uselessly to store) the material means of living. By large infusions of Latin blood we were beginning in this country to remedy that grave defect. We had begun to take on some aptitude for this and all the other arts. For

example, in himself and normally the typical Nordic has as much sense of music as a cow. With Latin and other good aid we had begun to overcome this handicap and develop here a great musical foundation. At one blow we separate ourselves from the people in whom music is inborn and perennial, we revert to the Nordic ideal of life as all sordid struggle and bootless strife.

"Crazy, lazy Italians," said the Nordic woman. Are we so sure of that? What if one should say that the man lying on the sea-wall and looking at Naples Bay that morning had more joy than the rest of us ever knew, more joy and a deeper draft of life than he could have had from any drudging labor, more joy than all the tribe of American millionaires together ever had? The Nordic would be shocked and incensed. Yet who that has considered both sides of this question and is honest could fail to

vote for the man on the wall? In any rational view of life, was he not the richer?

A carter goes along the road from Palermo singing an aria from the opera he heard last night (for ten cents)—singing and looking at the clouds floating above Monreale. An American business man hurtles to work, his heart heavy with cares, his mind delving after ways to outwit his fellows.

Look for a moment upon life as something to yield joy, fruitage of satisfaction, the happiness that can come only from the sense of inward and spiritual exaltation; and which has the best of it, carter or money-grubber?

We have cast our lot on the side of the money-grubbing ideal, which is to say, on the side of materialism, which is to say, on the side of imperialism.

Have we done well?

MELTING SNOW

GRACE STRICKLER DAWSON

Across this open space where, frayed and tattered,
Lies Winter's drabbed shawl in disarray,
Discarded hastily, as though it mattered
Nothing at all since Winter could not stay—

Some one walks daintily in cool green sandals,
Wearing a scarf of filmy yellow light
Tangled with mist, some one who deftly handles
With coaxing finger-tips the ragged white
Fringes, and brushing all of them from sight,
Lights one by one the dandelion candles.

THE JOKE

DOROTHY E. NORMAN-SMITH

BARTHOLOMEW kept the grocery store in Lite Street, a large family, and his own counsel.

A bulky monosyllabic man was Bartholomew, known to his few friends briefly as Blot. All day long he sat behind the battered counter of his dark little store and read the sporting page of the daily paper, his thick jaws moving rhythmically as he chewed his tobacco. At six he would send out for the evening edition, and then continue to sit and chew and read the sporting page.

Lite Street did not understand Blot. He was in but not of it. Straggling in with aproned forearms, Lite Street would purchase from him its candles and mottled soap; its streaky rashers; its margarine, custard powder, and Keatings. But it got nothing else out of him. A series of grunts served him for answers. If he had to ask a question, he asked it, without any frills. And the moment the purchase was completed and his money safe in the till, he would resume his rhythmical chewing and his sporting page.

Blot, then, was scarcely a social success. Yet he had friends, who came from time to time to the dark little store in Lite Street. Then Blot's social sense would appear to rouse itself, and coming slowly from behind the battered counter, he would spit hospitably upon the floor

and extend a horny hand in welcome. Then Blot and the visitor would disappear into some back room, and the tinkle of glass would come faintly to the ears, and a scraping of chairs upon a wooden floor.

And one of the family—Violet, perhaps—would take Blot's place behind the counter till the visitor had gone.

The flower of Blot's flock was Violet. A large limber creature of seventeen, whose glossy flaming curls still hung preposterously down her back, to the ridicule and secret envy of Lite Street. Her skin—when she had cleaned up at the parental sink—was warmly white, her eyes a clear dark blue, her teeth milky between full crimson lips. She had a voice to charm angels and—when she chose—a vocabulary that could send a dock-worker reeling. She was lazy and gay and generous; primitive, greedy; sophisticated yet tragically childish. Blot worshiped her and took her amazing impudences with a slow smile, when any other of his children would have been clouted clean down the cellar steps.

Violet was not particularly interested in Blot's friends. They served as an excuse for abandoning the tedious housework and keeping shop, which was far more exciting. Otherwise, they appeared to her an undistinguished enough crew, known

only by nicknames: Knobby, Ginger, Spadger, and the like. At intervals Blot's voice would bellow through the door, "Shop, Vi!" and she would prance down the rickety stairs to the odorous store, pleased enough with the advent of Knobby or whoever it might be. . . .

She liked to loll in the low doorway and watch the street. It was full of life and color and incident. Children screamed at their play. Women laughed and gossiped or hurled epithets at each other from open windows. This amused Vi. Often she would join in, grinning widely from her dark doorway, her red streaming curls dancing with excitement.

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Men passed continually. Swarthy sailors, straight from the high seas, swaggering jovially. Lascars slipping furtively along toward the docks. Obese Chinamen, with cryptic eyes, their clothing making a gay splash of color on the gray street. Teddy Jackson, the colored boxer, making the most of his magnificent chest. Alf Tyler, in stupendous checks, smoking a limp fag and ready with an ab-so-bloomin-lutely dead cert for any race you liked to mention. They all glanced at Vi as they passed and often repassed the shop. She liked that!—but woe betide the one who faltered in his passing or dared a smiling approach!

She was standing thus one morning, an exotic passionate summer flower, blooming in the gray winter of the street, when Police Constable Thomas Dormer, with the country still in his fresh cheeks and clear eyes paraded slowly through, very conscious of himself, in his brand-

new uniform and authorized dignity. So new and dignified was P. C. Thomas Dormer that it is doubtful if he would have noticed anything female—unless definitely connected with the execution of his duty. But you simply had to notice Vi. It was as impossible to pass her over as it would be a rose-garden in the midst of a desert, or a cup of golden wine after drafts of salt water.

P. C. Thomas Dormer noticed Violet. A dull red burned up slowly under his healthy skin. His simple country heart stood at attention; his brand-new dignity fell from him like an ill-fitting cloak.

It was all over in a minute. In a minute the slow clop-clop of his feet was becoming faint in the distance, and Vi in her dark doorway was alone. Only a minute of time. But in that minute the world had spun round giddily to an entirely new angle for Vi and for P. C. Thomas Dormer, and life would never again resume its old perspective.

Presently Vi moved and walked slowly across the uneven floor to where a cracked and fly-spotted mirror hung among last year's calendars. With one hand she gathered up the bright strands of her hair and twisted them deftly about her head. So she stood, her eyes heavy with dreams, her ripe mouth faintly smiling. She did not hear the sound of chairs scraping across a wooden floor, or the voices of her father and his departing guest coming nearer.

So it happened that Blot and Knobby, wiping the remains of the last drink from their mouths, stepped unawares upon holy ground, with shoes still upon their feet. . . .

Vi swirled round, swore succinctly, and departed with a flurry of flying skirts and hair; but when Blot next saw his daughter, her hair was up for good.

Though Blot spoke little, he saw much. From behind his battered counter and the barricade of sporting page, he watched the tides of Lite Street ebb and flow, and there was no weather signal with which he was not completely familiar. The weeks passed, and not an hour of them but brought some indication of how the land lay.

Vi, with her hair up—and not only up but washed—flashing like a red-gold lantern about the dark doorway of the shop, at certain times of the day. Vi, with her faded prints of lilac and green all washed up and ironed, all the rents clumsily mended. Vi, with a softer voice and manner, trying hard not to swear, trying hard to speak as they had taught her to speak at the council school. Vi, in a new hat of blue velvet, slipping out in the dusk with starry eyes, silently returning with the stars hidden under languid lids . . . oh, yes, Blot saw very distinctly how the land lay; a land of sunshine and fair promise for Vi, but, for him, hemmed about with stone walls and dark and devious paths.



You are not to suppose that love changed Vi into a Sunday-school heroine. Not by any means! Her romance opened and blossomed in the way Lite Street romances do. She “clicked” with P. C. Thomas Dormer, stiff and awkward in his new mufti, one evening in the purlieu of the fried fish shop. She did not consider it necessary to ask for

the parental sanction; indeed, had Blot questioned her comings and goings, she would have sworn fluently and comprehensively at him. Her methods of courtship included much loud laughter, hefty clips over the ear, and badinage of a kind seldom heard in drawing-rooms. Nevertheless it was love, as clean and true and gracious as that of any lady for her knight, any Juliet for her Romeo. . . .

Blot and Vi understood each other as few fathers and daughters do, though they never sentimentalized about it. But one green-gold dusk, as Vi slipped through the dim shop with happy eyes, Blot overcame the habit of years and talked to her.

“’Ere, me gel!”

She came back to him slowly, and they faced each other over the shabby counter.

“Now then, what?”

Blot laid aside the evening paper.

“This feller of yours—this cop. Is he on the square?”

Her eyes narrowed, then widened and grew soft. After all, it was a right and proper question for any father to ask!

“Square’s this counter!” she assured him.

“All right then. You stick to him—see? Don’t git playin’ about with nobody else.”

“Who’s been talkin’ to *you*?” she demanded shrewdly.

“Knobby. He’s cracked about yer. Ever since yer shoved yer ’air up. Told me yer’d as good as promised ’im—”

“Knobby did?—ow, the little—” She beat about for adequate expression, remembered P. C. Thomas Dormer, and swallowed a choice

string of epithets. "Then 'e's a dirty liar!" came the mild verdict.

Blot nodded in entire agreement.

"So I told 'im. And then some!"

A filthy child shuffled in, bought a ha'porth of bull's-eyes, and shuffled out again. Blot remained standing and leaned across the counter till his flat expressionless face nearly touched hers. The shop was almost dark, but he could still see how beautiful she looked, how young, how wholesome and undefiled.

"'Ere!" he whispered huskily, "if any one was to tell you as yer father wasn't—wasn't straight—don't you believe 'em, see? I don't say I haven't bin a bit—sometimes, mind. Only I'm straight from now on, see? You've got a decent young chap, and I'm not goin' to do anything as might japodize yer chances, see? So that's off me mind!" A sudden tender impulse stirred in him; he bent and awkwardly kissed her flushed cheek. "I want yer to be 'appy!" he muttered.

Vi turned swiftly and left him. She was deeply moved. Not because of his half-confession; when Lite Street has cradled you, you are not so easily shocked! But because she had suddenly realized how much she and her father meant to each other. At that moment her love for Blot transcended even her love for P. C. Thomas Dormer. And yet, in some queer fashion, it deepened that lesser love. The two became subtly fused. Her two men, father and lover! Both strangely dependent on her. Each to be protected from the other that she might keep them both—lawbreaker and arm of the law! Strange situation!

Strange, but not baffling. Not in the least sinister. Vi knew her two

men. Blot, having spoken, would keep his word. Whatever he had done in the past, he would go straight from now on. As for P. C. Thomas Dormer, she loved him—but that did not blind her to the fact that he was the least bit stupid! It was a lovable stupidity, born of the clear country air and an innate innocence. It would be years before he learned to cope with the shifting twisting wits of Lite Street. So that even if Blot—

No, Vi saw no reason for fear as she sped under the street-lamps to her lover.

Yet there remained Knobby. She had never thought about him before. Now he forced her to think of him. She was forever coming across him. He hung around Lite Street, a thin dim figure, looking, with his beaky nose and pale watchful eyes, like some ill omened bird of prey, hovering, waiting to swoop. She met him in the shops and among the flaring lights of the hand-carts. She glimpsed him in dark archways—a shadow behind the sudden glow of a cigarette. She passed him in the streets, felt him at her side in the darkness of picture-palaces. And once, down by the deserted river peering from the deep heaven of her lover's arms, she saw him, white and sinister under a scudding moon, watching her. Watching her! . . .

The thought of him threaded through the bright-colored jewels of her days, like a coarse ugly string, marring their beauty. Yet she knew that to break that string too suddenly would be to scatter the bright jewels over the floor of eternity, never to find them again. She feared Knobby. . . .

And at last, on a bleak afternoon of driving rain and darkness, that fear took definite sickening shape.

She was hurrying along Oldfield Lane, toward home, when he stepped out of a deep doorway and laid a grimy hand upon her arm.

"Get out!" she spat at him. "Take your dirty fist off of me! I've had as much as I want of you just lately. Get out, will you!"

His face twitched.

"I haven't had all I want off you!"

Her heart leaped with a nameless fear.

"Get out, or I'll call somebody!"

"Who'll you call?" he leered.

"The curly-'eaded cop?"

"If I did, it'd be worse fer you!" she threatened.

"And fer Blot?" he reminded her softly.

"Watcher want?" she asked, choking down her fear. The hand closed round her wet sleeve with a horrid pressure. He drew her into the dark, ill-smelling doorway. The loveliness of her lit up the place like a torch, and Knobby's wet tongue darted across his thin lips. But he lowered his eyes and took his claw from her arm.

"It's a' right, Vi," he assured her, "I know when I'm beat. You've got no use fer me, now you're mashing the p'lice force."

"I never had no use fer you. You was a dirty liar to tell dad that! Watcher want, anyhow? I got to get home quick."

"Goin' out to-night?" he leered.

"Mind yer own business. And if you've got anything to say, say it to dad, not me, see?"

She tried to flash past him, but he

thrust out an adroit foot, and she stumbled into his arms. They closed round her like tentacles, and his lips bruised her mouth for a horrible minute. He let her go then, and she fell against the opposite wall, sobbing with fury.

"Ow!—you beast! You beast!"

A church clock boomed nearby, and Knobby's face changed instantly.

"Pull yerself together!" he croaked. "I don't want yer fer that! 'Ere, listen ter me, now. You got to do as I tell yer, or it'll be worse fer everybody all round. Shut up, will yer!" He gripped her wrist as feet hurried past in the rain. "Now, then, see this?" His hand slipped in and out of his pocket, and in his grimy palm lay a string of milky white light. Vi had seen necklaces like it at Woolworth's, but something told her that this had never seen the inside of a sixpenny store. In spite of herself, her eyes widened in admiration.

"Ow—lovely!"

"Put it on!" he commanded huskily.

She slipped it round her neck, and it gleamed softly.

"Now you got to keep it, see, till to-morrow night."

"Not me!" She started to pull it off, but his grip stopped her.

"Now look 'ere, my gel, I don't want any of that stuff. I'm in a hole, and you got to help me, whether you like it or not. Yer dad's turned over a new leaf and won't 'ave nothing ter do with it. . . . Yer know what yer dad is, don't yer? Your curly-'eaded cop 'ud call 'im a receiver of stolen goods; that is, if he knew what I know."

"He never!" cried Vi, in blind defense.

"Shut that row! He is, I tell yer, only he's always managed to keep on the right side of the cops. And I 'aven't, see? I'm lying pretty low just now, and I pertickly don't want them beads on me to-night, see? I counted on Blot. There's others, but I can't trust 'em like what I did 'im, blarst 'im!" He spat viciously. "But you'll find somewhere to keep it safe, and to-morrer night meet me 'ere at nine, see, and give it back."

"And what if I don't?" she muttered defiantly.

An evil grin creased his face.

"If you don't, my dear, I give myself up—and Blot, mind!—to your curly-headed cop. I think that'd about queer your little game, eh?"

"You devil!" she whispered dully. With a small clenched fist she struck the grinning mouth and fled into the rain-soaked darkness. But she took the necklace with her. . . .



Now, as a rule, Knobby was clever, slick in a profession that demanded slickness, shrewd in his choice of swag, intelligent in his disposal of it. But this necklace was a mistake. He knew it. It was too big a deal for him to handle safely. The police had long had their eye on him; and when the hue and cry about the necklace was started, as it would be soon, it would be inadvisable to have it found anywhere in his vicinity! He had counted on Blot, and Blot had failed him. Nevertheless, as he slunk rapidly away through the driving rain, he congratulated himself on a very pretty piece of work. Vi could not be expected to under-

stand how almost impossible it would be for him to prove anything against Blot. No, he had them all—Blot, Vi, and that village idiot of a cop—in the hollow of his twitching hand, for one night, at least. And if Vi was so easily bluffed, why then—And a series of evil pictures flashed into his mind, causing him to squirm with delight. But that would be for later on. What gave him the greatest satisfaction just now was the vision of Blot, unconsciously hiding and guarding the necklace. That seemed to him exquisitely funny. The more he thought of it, the funnier it became. He turned into the Three Kings and had a drink on the strength of it. And another. And then another and another. . . .

When he left the Three Kings the rain had ceased. Between broken masses of flying cloud a pale moon dodged and sprang. The wind blew strong and clean, straight up from the river, with a faint tang of salt. The lights on the stalls lining the street flared and danced. Knobby lurched past them, chuckling, and turned into the comparative darkness of Lite Street.

Blot sat behind his counter reading the evening paper. As Knobby swayed in the doorway, the joke assumed tremendous proportions, and he began to laugh aloud on a high drunken note, broken by hiccups.

Blot's eyes lifted above the top of the paper.

"Git out!" he said quietly.

Knobby writhed and gulped.

"Ow! Ow!" he yelped; "it's—funniest thing I ever heard of! Ow!" That, at least, is the expunged version of what Knobby said. Knobby in this condition was no novelty to

Blot. There was only one way of dealing with him: to let him alone, until something or other sobered him up. He pushed him babbling into the chair and took up his evening paper again.

Knobby was hurt. His joke was not appreciated! Perhaps he had not made himself clear enough. He proceeded to make himself clear. . . .

As a rule, Knobby was clever, clever enough not to drink while a deal was on. But this necklace business had turned his head. . . .

Blot continued to read until Vi's name was mentioned. Then he laid down the paper and jerked Knobby to his feet.

"Say that bit again!" he suggested. "What was it yer made my gel do?"

Knobby repeated it verbosely and confidentially. At last he was making himself clear! But still Blot did not laugh. . . .

His face turned a curious purple tint, and the veins of his neck swelled horribly. He put his two hairy paws round the thin neck of Knobby and squeezed until Knobby's little eyes bulged. Then, reluctantly, he let him fall, a meager quaking mass, into the chair again.

"No—I'll not do it now!" he said very quietly. "I'll find out first where she's put it. Then I'll get rid of it. And then—" His massive fingers, his out-thrust jaw and cold baleful eyes were more eloquent than words. Knobby began rapidly to sober up.

"'Ere!" he croaked in feeble fright. "What've I bin gassing about, Blot? 'Ere, it was a joke! I—I'd 'ad one or two! Swelp me, Blot, it was a joke! I said it was a joke, didn't I? Blot, I swear I never—"

Blot spat heavily and made for the open door. Struggling to his feet, Knobby stumbled after him, cursing and whining as his own drunken idiocy became apparent to him.

"Blot! . . . I swear I never done it! . . ."

Blot marched on, and Knobby stumbled at his heels, his terror increasing with each step. The cold wind blew steadily upon them, and the sobering-up process was soon complete.

"Blot, o' man, you're not goin' to peach on me?"

Blot laughed shortly and strode on.

"I'll get you in fer it too; strike me if I don't!"

Blot laughed again, contemptuously.

They were nearing the river now, and Blot began to whistle on a soft penetrating note. He guessed Vi would be down here; and he was right. . . .

From the muscular curve of her lover's arm, Vi presently disengaged herself, alert and fearful.

"That's dad's whistle!" she said hurriedly. "I must go and see what he wants. . . . You stop here!"

She fled lightly toward the thin sound, and as she ran the moon leaped out and showed them to each other. Blot gripped her arm.

"Where'd you hide 'em?" he said without preamble.

She hesitated, staring furiously at Knobby, cringing in the background.

"Where?" barked Blot.

She shivered, and then jerked her arm free and pulled open her coat.

"Here!"

There they lay on the soft white-

ness of her neck—cream on milk, bloom on perfect fruit! Five hundred pounds' worth of perfect pearls, under the flimsy protection of a nineteen and elevenpenny coat! Knobby gasped and stammered, but a slow smile creased the corners of Blot's eyes.

"It was the only place I could think of," she muttered.

And suddenly Blot knew that she had done it to save him; that she had feared Knobby would be caught, himself implicated, and the house searched. . . .

His heart swelled with pride and love. She was a sport all right, his little Vi!

A heavy tread sounded, and all three turned swiftly. P. C. Thomas Dormer, pink-cheeked and awkward in his mufti, was solidly approaching. Perhaps he considered it a felicitous moment for a meeting with his prospective father-in-law.

At the sight of him, Blot gave one of his rare chuckles.

"Knobby," he said suddenly, "I'm just beginning to see the joke!"

Knobby grew frantic.

"Blot! . . ." he whined. "Ah!—blast yer, yer goin' to peach! . . ."

He made a frantic grab at the necklace, but Blot was too quick for him. With the pearls dangling from one hand and Knobby from the other, he faced P. C. Thomas Dormer and gave him greeting.

"Well, young feller! Sorry to interrupt, but I wanted a word with my gal about this 'ere—" He pushed the gibbering Knobby into

the arms of the policeman, who gripped him genially. "He's bin pesterin' 'er with 'is dirty presents a long while back, and now 'e's 'angin' about the 'ouse with this in 'is pocket. That's a nice dirty sort o' trick to play on a respectable engaged gal, ain't it?"

He slung the gleaming string through the air, and P. C. Thomas Dormer caught it casually.

Vi's hand flew to her mouth, and Knobby suddenly stood very still. Blot continued to chuckle.

"Must 'ave cost 'im a bob, quite; very nice they get 'em up nowadays, don't they? But I reckon she's worth a bit more'n that, eh? . . . What yer goin' to do with 'im—chuck 'im in the water?"

P. C. Thomas Dormer picked up the petrified Knobby, and put him down again. . . . Such a little, white worm! . . . Besides, he was just that moment engaged, and happiness makes us kind.

"Get out of this!" he droned, with a strong South-Country accent. "Don't let me see your peaky lil' face again, or maybe you'll go where this is goin'." And with a large sweep of a ham-like fist he sent the pearls flying into the river. . . .

The moon leaped from the path of a racing cloud, and in the darkness three sounds were audible.

A yelp from Knobby. A laugh, half scream from Vi. And from Blot a husky sentence:

"You got the wrong ending to that joke, Knobby—that's why I never laughed before!"

THE MINISTER AMONG MEN

There Are Christian Duties Which Come in Men's Sizes

CHARLES R. BROWN

WE ARE told that recent surveys have shown that in the average attendance at our Protestant churches in this country, the women outnumber the men by some three millions. We have reason to be concerned about that preponderance. If we do not succeed in making more potent the appeal of our common Christianity to the masculine element in many communities, there will not be men enough in heaven to sing bass, when "the Song of Moses and the Lamb" is rendered by the redeemed before the Great White Throne.

It is a matter of common observation that in most congregations the women outnumber the men. There are places where our noble sex does not find itself in the minority. At prize-fights, in the penitentiaries (and in former days at the rum-shops), the men in evidence entirely overshadow the women. But in services of worship the proportion of men is disappointing.

How far is this due to the fact that the minister has not always shown himself "a man among men"? He has sometimes spent his forenoons with his books and his afternoons with the women and children of the parish in his pastoral work, with no adequate provision for personal con-

tacts with the men of the community. He has sometimes given undue prominence to those aspects of Christian conduct which enlist the feminine interest more readily than they do the interest of the other sex. He has opened the door for that impudent classification which every healthy minister resents—"men, women, and clergymen."

How much it means that in the apostle's letter to that colony of Roman citizens at Philippi, the One who counted it not a prize to be grasped to be on an equality with God "was found in fashion as a man"! How it exalts the high privilege and the exacting responsibilities which go with "being found in fashion as a man"! Have we allowed the religion which bears his name to be feminized?

We are bound to admit that the quality of church life in many communities lays us open to that charge. The two moral ideals most steadily and conspicuously urged upon people have been the avoidance of the coarse sins of the flesh, drunkenness, licentiousness, and the like, on the one hand, and the practice of kindness and charity on the other. These qualities are wholesome and useful, but they are feminine rather than

masculine virtues. They come more easily to the feminine side of the house, and they leave out the more robust aspects of right living which appeal to the average man.

The note of justice is deeper and more fundamental than the note of pity. The pleasant habit of generosity, if it is to have value, must be based upon the underlying practice of justice. We may think of certain handsome benefactions made by very rich men to the cause of education, of religion, of philanthropy, which have not made any profound appeal either to the moral imagination or to the sense of gratitude of people generally, because of the feeling that there may have been a certain lack of economic justice in the methods by which those large fortunes were accumulated. The sense of pity is stronger and more general among women than it is among men, but the man's moral nature reacts more powerfully to the demand for justice.

We well may ask whether Jesus of Nazareth has not been feminized in the popular conception of him. In that letter to the Philippians, "he was found in fashion as a man." How about our conventional ecclesiastical art? Here he is usually pictured with a soft, gentle, kindly face, with long hair, with the flowing garments of the Orient, more suggestive of a woman's skirts than of a man's attire under these Western skies. How far does the ordinary portrayal of the Son of Man in stained-glass windows, in mural paintings, in word pictures, produce in the minds of young men and boys the impression of the vigorous heroic type of manliness which Jesus did really exhibit?

We do him wrong when we exclude from his nature everything but gentleness. He rebuked the hypocritical church leaders of his day right to their faces in words so stern that a pastor to-day hesitates about reading them from his pulpit as a Scripture lesson. Jesus hewed to the line. He called Herod, a corrupt political official, "that fox," when he knew it might some day cost him his life. He told the rich man who was filling big barns with things to eat and drink and be merry over, to the detriment of his spiritual life, that he was a "fool." He told the most powerful religious party of his day that there was more chance for publicans and harlots in the Day of Judgment than there would be for some of them. He spoke out man-fashion in behalf of righteousness.

He drove the dishonest traders and money-changers out of the Temple with a whip of small cords, that his Father's house might be once more "a house of prayer." It requires considerable moral courage and manly vigor to drive rascals out of a place where they are making money.

The good shepherd (contrasting his own method of action with that of the hireling, who sees the wolf coming and flees, leaving the sheep to their fate) "lays down his life for the sheep." He does not die in his bed with every possible comfort and a trained nurse at his side; he dies on the field in heroic and bloody action, fighting the wolf. The good shepherd dies at the front combating those forces of evil which threaten the welfare of the sheep.

I have seen well-nigh half of the side of a church taken up with a magnificent stained-glass window

showing the Master leading his flock like a shepherd, gathering the lambs in his bosom, and gently guiding those that were with young. All this is beautiful, touching, significant!

But as a companion piece, could we not have the other side of that church enriched with another magnificent stained-glass window showing us the shepherd "out on the mountains, wild and bare," in a heroic effort to find and bring back the sheep that was lost, or portraying him in his chivalrous action of laying down his life in repelling the attack of the wolves?

He was the Perfect, the Typical, the Representative man, the Son of Man, the Heir and Embodiment of all that is manly! In his preaching, and still more in his life and conduct, the minister of Christ cannot afford to have that fact obscured. The minister is there in the community to be, in the best and fullest sense possible to a man of his size and quality, "a man among men."

We have sometimes pictured heaven in such a way as to produce a revulsion of feeling in an audience of men. Imagine a lot of upstanding American business men being interested in going to a place where their main occupation would be singing halleluiahs and playing endlessly upon harps! They would not want to go. If it were trombones or pipe-organs, there would be more of a response.

I have not the slightest conception of what the redeemed will be doing through all the unending years in that unseen world. But I am sure that the expression of their life will have a wider range than that sug-

gested by harps and halleluiahs! There will be something more alluring to the minds of men.

The true minister of Christ will strive to broaden, in the minds of his men, the scope of moral idealism. It means something vaster, richer, more challenging than the mere avoidance of those coarse sins of the flesh which speedily wreck any life. It means bringing all these human interests, business and politics, recreation and education, under the rule of intelligent purpose and moral consecration. It means the spiritual recovery of all the kingdoms of this world that they may qualify as component parts of the Kingdom of God and of his Christ. If we can help men to see what the religion of Christ really involves in his plans for personal and social redemption, in this many-sided human life, they will feel instantly that it is "a man's job." The fullest measure of manly courage and vigor, as well as an abundant supply of womanly tenderness and self-sacrifice, will be needed for realization of the divine purpose.

There are Christian duties which come distinctively in men's sizes. It is for the Christian church to take an aggressive attitude toward the evils of the community and carry the war into the enemy's country. In the attack it makes upon the whole disreputable business of the bootlegger, upon gambling-dens, upon what is distinctively known as "the social evil," upon municipal corruption, graft and civic inefficiency, upon the unregulated greed which lifts its ugly head in the field of commerce, upon economic injustice in the world of industry, upon all the

strongly intrenched evils of the community—in all this the men of our churches must of necessity take the right of the line and bear the brunt of the battle.

May it not be that we have fished too near the shore, catching minnows of moral satisfaction, when larger and more important victories were within our reach? The minister should launch out into the deep and let down his nets for a draft! He should launch out prepared to do business in great waters! The men of the congregation will say, as the six men said to Peter that night at the Sea of Galilee, "We also go with thee." When morning comes, the One who was found in fashion as a man will be standing on the shore again, rejoicing in that he has seen Satan falling like lightning from his place of power.

The wise minister will naturally use his men to the fullest possible extent in the activities of the church. They will serve as trustees, deacons, vestrymen, clerks, treasurers, and ushers. He may well have two different sets of ushers for the morning and the evening services, in order to enlist a larger number of his men in some form of active service. He will secure a larger number of intelligent forceful men to teach in his church school. There comes a time when every boy thinks that he knows more about life and its implications than all the women on earth put together. He needs, in that period of his development, the steady potent influence of some Christian man, fine, true, strong, who has experienced in his personal life all that the boy is encountering for the first time and a great deal more

besides. It will be good for the boys to have such teachers; and the reflex influence upon the men themselves will be more precious than rubies.

The wise minister may utilize some special organization for men, a brotherhood or a men's league. Such an organization promotes fellowship among men on the religious side. They know each other in business, in the lodge, in the club; let them learn to think and to act together in the life of the church! It is good for the younger men to know the older men and vice versa. It is good for rich men and poor men to meet together, not as providers and recipients of bounty, but on the level, as members of a Christian brotherhood. It is good for a college-trained man to be brought into friendly personal contact with men from the labor-unions who have taken their degrees in the University of Hard Knocks where the college colors are black and blue.

At the meetings of these brotherhoods, subjects of special interest to men can be discussed. The concerted action of those men in lining up the moral forces of the community against some evil, or in support of some well considered plan for community betterment, can be secured. The practical methods of men of affairs can be introduced into the work of enlarging the benevolent contributions of the church. The better publicity to be given to the services of the church can be worked out by men skilled in the fine art of judicious advertising. The sense of responsibility in the field of personal evangelism, where men undertake to bring their fellow-men into active Christian life, can be strengthened.

In some churches we find an organization of men which has made itself responsible for a more efficient evening service. It arranges for speakers from the outside to supplement the work of the regular pastor. It plans special music, sometimes a men's chorus. It develops a more efficient body of ushers and, without any officious display, secures a larger measure of pleasant social contacts between the men of the congregation and the strangers who may be attracted. It follows up the new impulses awakened by the service itself in such a way as to bring about the enlistment of many of those new men in the life and work of the church.



Jesus sent out twelve apostles; they were highly trained, ordained leaders in the Christian movement. The whole world knows the names of the twelve. But he "appointed other seventy also, and sent them two by two." They were all laymen, and no one knows the name of any one of them. But their work was so significant that when they returned "Jesus rejoiced in spirit" over what had been accomplished.

The minister, busy though he is seven days in the week, will find time (for limited periods, it may be) to conduct men's Bible classes. Here the men have a chance to talk back, to raise objections, to argue the point in a fruitful manner! Here in this give and take, this interchange of thought and conviction, this beat and play of mind upon mind, heart upon heart, there will come that more competent interpretation of the Scriptures, that wiser and more thorough application of Christian principles to present-day social,

industrial, and political conditions, that framing up of a more valid and reliable philosophy of life, which the wisest and best of ministers can never quite secure where they stand aloof in the pulpit with all the laymen sitting silent, and sometimes, alas, unresponsive, in their pews.

"I am for men!" Henry George used to say by word and by deed. Whether we agree or disagree with some of his economic theories, we are bound to say that in the spirit he showed, and in the humane service he sought to render to those who were being worsted in the struggle of life, he made good his claim. He was "for men"—as every minister of Christ had best be, every day in the year and in all the wise and good ways that he can devise.

By this broader interpretation of church life and of Christian activity, the minister who is "a man among men" will achieve those high ends. He will attach the men of his congregation more strongly and heartily to the church of Christ. He will aid in developing in every one of them a more robust type of Christian character by relating religion to the wider range of interests and values. He will impress the outside world with the fact that religion is manifestly a man's affair, as well as one of the most vital interests in a true woman's life. He will do his bit in saving our Christian ideals from being feminized.

Let this good work go on under the competent leadership of manly ministers, "till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

VENICE AT NIGHT

People of All Nations Glide Along the Dark Unbroken Waves

KONRAD BERCOVICI

I HAD spent the whole day at Lido. An indescribable architectural hodgepodge built by and for people without taste, Lido is a glorified Coney Island. Houses and men are shrieking, howling. Everything is new, everything still smelling of paint and varnish. At the casinos and gambling-palaces, jostling elbowing men and women from the four corners of the earth wear the newest clothes from London and Paris. Their fingers and wrists and arms are decked with jewels, louder even than the clink of the money on the gaming-table and the sharp drill of the ball on the roulette-wheel. Not only are the jewels and the clothes new, but the men and women also seem new themselves—new to the things they wear, new to the things they do, new and unaccustomed, as shallow as the shallow waters of the Adriatic lagoons on which Lido is built.

It faces old Venice insolently as if saying: "I am as good as you—nay, I am better than you. I shall be here longer than you."

For such is the march of history; the parvenu of to-day is the traditionalist of to-morrow. Only yesterday Venice itself was called the "parvenu of the Adriatic" by the Dalmatians and the Macedonians, by the Lombards and the Albanians.

Lido and Venice! Lido, a commercial venture on the Adriatic, grown out of greed for gain, risen under the eyes of enterprising promoters, along shores more barren than the billows of the ocean.

Venice, shaped and curved by the winds and the rains of thousands of years, a city already long before the beginning of the Christian era, before the cities of Aquileia and Padua controlled the lagoons in the estuary of the Adriatic.

Fisher-folk and salt-diggers were already living there under written laws when the invading Huns and Lombards drove mainland people to seek refuge among them in the inaccessible lagoons. In the narrow winding streets one hears the echo and gets the feeling of past centuries. The lore of the world is in the air, in every nook, in every twist of the deep courtyards of the houses on the old, green-watered, fetid canals. Stones and wrought-iron brought by sailors from Phenicia and Egypt are incorporated in homes still standing in the Ghetto Vecchio, on the shores of the minor canals, on the Fusina and the Giudecca. And though the too crowded water city has been visited by black pestilence after pestilence, and blue plague after plague, the last one of which in 1630

killed half of its inhabitants, Venice raises its head proudly, facing Lido with unequaled disdain.

For all Lido's youth, for all her newness, she will never equal Venice. She has risen too fast. What is beautiful in Venice was built not out of greed for gain, but out of a pagan sense for beauty among a people who had the beautiful lines of the low-lying Euganean Hills before their eyes and who rode the richly colored sails of Chioggia from the Adrian Gulf to the shores of Asia.

Venice, the city built by romantic merchant folk with a better eye for the display of power and wealth than for just proportions; Venice, which has ransacked the ruined cities of Altinum for their precious stones, trading gold and glitter in the Levant to buy rich marbles from Greece and red porphyries from Egypt.

Seated in a black gondola whose prow, like the prows of all the gondolas of Venice, was shaped like the neck of a violin, a romping Pegasus on the sea, I watched the setting of the sun. The atmosphere was poignantly delicate. The air was changing from pale blue to amethyst, to pink, turquoise; from dark blue to indigo; as if a series of colored veils were being showered from above over the city. The color of the waters changed. The current from the Tre Porti passing through the Torcello, ordinarily yellow, began to look greenish. The blue waters of the Erasmo and the Lido turned red. And the green swift torrent from Malamocco and Chioggia turned from red to purple and mingled with the fine nuances of the colored shadows thrown from overhead.

Emerging from the hotels on the Grand Canal, gondolas went racing back and forth in all directions, steered by the rhythmic movement of the standing, tousel-haired, stalwart *gondolieri*, leaning to one side and to the other on their long paddles as they rocked back and forth. The bells of the churches were ringing. My *gondoliere* was telling me the name of every church from the sound of its bells.

"This one comes from the Redentore. It has a fuller sound than the one of San Giacomo. This one is from the Tolentini. It has a peculiar quality. It reverberates and echoes louder than any under the Ponte Storto. Shall I lead you there? No? Listen to the sour angry sound of the Serviti. It hurts my ears. Had I any power I would still its tongue forever. It is the worst bell in Venice. The metal must have been cursed when it was poured into the form to give it shape."

Other gondolas passed by. They were slowing down as the evening advanced. Right and left of me people of all nations gliding up and down the dark unbroken waves. A sentimental look had stolen into their eyes. In the gondolas with only a man and a woman in them, they huddled close together, as if the enveloping fearful beauty was frightening them.

Sounds of a mandolin broke into the broad, rhythmic, soft splashes of the receding waters. A raw-boned fisherman on the shore sat on the pavement outside a cheap restaurant and shared his meal with a cat lapping from the same plate. To my left a huge, flat-bottomed black craft, loaded to the very top with

building-wood, was being rowed to Lido by one vigorous youngster bringing all his weight on the paddle, on which he pinioned himself to force the creaking groaning boat onward.

The gilded columns of the patrician mansions that line the chief artery of Venice throw their lights on the shimmering waters. The cumbersome shadow of the church of Santa Maria della Salute bars the middle of the stream. The inverted flight of steps and the domes seem to rise out of the black bottom.

A little farther away the Gothic face of San Gregorio draws its apse obliquely across, and from the adjoining cloister of a fourteenth-century monastery comes a muffled hum of singing voices. The sliced, ancient Lombardy columns, the Byzantine style of the Manzoni Palace, seem to dance with the Accademia.

A few intervening houses, and a strong odor of musk in decay acquainted me with the fact that I was in front of the Contarini Palace. The Contarini were once the wealthiest men in Venice. In the fifteenth century they owned three palaces on the canal.

Twenty-odd years ago I knew the last of the Contarini, of that family which has given eight doges to the Venetian Republic. Jacopo Contarini—Doge, as he was familiarly called by his friends—died in lodgings of starvation. Two of the Contarini palaces are owned by Alexandrian merchants. One is a brown mass of stones and putrid lumber. . . .

I stopped in front of the Palazzo Rezzonico, where Robert Browning died. How much the somberness of this sixteenth-century architecture

resembles his thoughts and his poetry! What a sad quiet life the poet must have led there! How much does all this stone and mosaic explain his verses!

A little farther away, in theatrical retreat, is the house where Eleanora Duse lived. Across the water is now the Venetian home of Gabriele d'Annunzio. It is a mock-modest, yellow-painted, angular structure, with a little garden in front of it, the many windows all looking outward. The whole house was bathed in violent white electric light. I heard laughter and song from within. From one of the windows a sparsely built man leaned out, the head made familiar from the countless photographs and paintings I have seen.

And in a row, one almost touching the other, are the *palazzo* in which Richard Wagner lived, and the one in which Byron housed his amours with the terrible dark-haired woman who unwittingly avenged many of the wrongs done to the sister of Shelley's wife.

"There," my *gondoliere* again informed me, "lived a French lady writer, George Sand, and the French poet Musset, with whom she had come here."

I leaned back and thought of the coincidence that had alined in one row the four stormy petrels, Sand, Wagner, Byron, and Annunzio.

"See, signor, there lived Desdemona; over there, a little below that mansion."

A strange man, my *gondoliere*.

"And perhaps a Shylock, too, lived somewhere in the neighborhood," I chided. "A Shylock and an Othello."

But my *gondoliere* did not seem taken aback.

"There is the *palazzo* of Signor Levi. One of the richest men in Venice, of one of the oldest of the Hebrew families, one of the first to have moved out of the ghetto. And Shylock was of their family," he informed me. A strange man, my *gondoliere*! He mixed the past with the present, fiction with reality, arranging things to suit his fancy; a true artist, not satisfied with copying and repeating. He spoke of the fiestas and carnivals as if they had taken place yesterday, and not hundreds of years ago. He evoked them as if his memory were fresh with the sight, scent, and music of it all.

"Oh, Pablo!"

"My father had heard my grandmother tell the story. . . ."

A fetid decaying odor, as of blood and flowers, rose to my nostrils. I had already scented that before, somewhere else—and in a flash I realized where. It was the same odor that rises out of the Bosphorus and permeates Constantinople at night. I then also realized the great similarity between Venice and Constantinople. I looked closer at the Venetian *gondolieri*. Their heads are Asiatic. There is a tinge of the Ethiopian in the lines of their faces and in the curl of their hair. Even the broad, sensual, cruel mouths strongly resemble those of Asiatics. Venice! Byzantium on the waters. And I now understand better the long struggle for supremacy between the two cities. Neither Huns nor Lombards nor the robbers of the Dalmatian coast have left such an impression on the people and its architecture, on the colors and the barbaric gorgeousness of its gilded

façades, as the Moslems have. Venice is like a Christian replica of Constantinople.

The cruelty of Mustafa, who stuffed the skin of Bragadino and hoisted it on the masthead of his ship, was equaled only by the greater cruelty of Giustiniani. He avenged the great insult to Venice, after killing eighty thousand Turks, by slowly torturing the captives to death in the open squares, to the delight of men, women, and children, who remembered the deeds of the Turks at Cyprus.

Stepping out of the gondola, I went into the old Venetian ghetto. There is no living human vestige of those days. But stone and curve, what has never lived and what never dies, tell the story. How many waves of different civilizations have passed over Venice! The barbarians were followed by the French, the Spanish, the English, the Austrian, and the Hungarian. Yet only what has really been akin to the blood of the people has left its imprint. To-day Venice looks like a slice of Constantinople, come on the wings of the wind to the Adriatic.

Across the Dogana Palace, where the lagoons merge with the sea, a large black boat anchored to the place is rising and falling on the dark waters. Under the canopy on one end of the boat sit the singers and a pianist. There are benches, on which sits the public. On both sides of the boat are black gondolas held close to one another by the *gondolieri* holding hands. The public sits on the boat and the gondolas and listens to a stout Italian singer shouting forth to the world "O Sole Mio" and other sentimental canzones.

A hundred feet away is another similar boat, but most of the singers on it are women, and among them is a beautiful Gipsy girl dressed in all the colors of the rainbow, singing passionately Russian Gipsy songs. Her voice rises above that of the tenor, rises so high above that the floating gondolas on the canal flock to the boat where she is singing and aline themselves on both sides of it until they stretch almost to the shore. From afar the two groups look like monstrous black birds that have swooped down on the water in search of prey. The gondolas beside the boat rise and fall, flapping like wings, wings studded with red and green and white which merge with the blue of the night.

A terrible feeling of loneliness took hold of me at sight of the lovers in the boats. Venice, the city of lovers. They come here. Something attracts lovers to the City of Lagoons. Men and women from every country of the world. Turks, Englishmen, Italians, Egyptians. . . . Honey-mooners, runaways, hiding in public. There is something in the atmosphere which loosens one's fiber, which makes him abandon himself in spite of himself to the poisonous incense of the emotions.

The feeling of loneliness became greater and stronger every minute. I left the canal to go to San Marco, where the numerous coffee-houses under the brilliantly lit arcades around the square beckoned.

What a different Venice from the Venice I had just seen! The outside tables were occupied by stout German matrons and loud Russians, who, with one hand in their long black hair, gesticulated in favor

of something or other or against something or other. Heavy-browed Scandinavians looked morosely at glasses of black coffee. A few Americans had stretched their legs and leaned on their chairs, watching the smoke from their cigars.

What an international medley! And yet in all of them a sentimental look. All of them skeptical about Venice, all of them gripped by the sense of mystery and color, by the sound and the odors, by the very unnaturalness of a city on the water.

A dozen bands were playing at the same time. Half of them played jazz tunes.

I sat down at a table and felt very uneasy, as if some one were looking at me from behind. I turned about to meet a pair of kind blue eyes in a rosy-colored elderly face. Gray hair came gently down over the ears from under a little green felt cap. She was English. She smiled at me.

"I have seen you in the old Moslem quarter," she told me, "and you didn't know that I followed you also in the ghetto. But so few people ever go there that I wondered."

I was so glad to have some one to talk to, so glad to listen to a human voice addressed to me. I invited myself over to her table. She was only too glad to accept. She looked so kind and nice and elderly. Her well modulated voice rang pleasantly in my ears.

"Have you been here long?" I questioned.

"Oh, for some time! I am making some special studies."

"Oh!"

We talked about this and that, and an hour later I was ready to leave. I felt ashamed to have de-

tained the dear old lady so long, and I told her so.

"Not at all," she assured me. "My day is only beginning!"

And then she asked me to accompany her. She wanted to show me what was *most* interesting in Venice. We passed by the sign of the Two Towers where Petrarch lived. I pointed it out to her, but she didn't seem interested.

"You see, I am making a study of the tortures. I have been here two years, and studied every detail." She pressed herself closer to me. "There are wonderful things here. In Spain Napoleon demolished the Inquisition, and most of the implements of torture have disappeared. They are very difficult to reconstruct from descriptions. But here"—and her voice became more and more passionate—"I have found a complete torture-chamber in the Ducal Palace, with the *carrucola*, the pulley, in its original position. It stands just as it was when last used. It is wonderful! And what must have been going on in the cells under the Bridge of Sighs! A good deal of that is lost; I am sorry. It would have been interesting to know all their methods of putting to the question. There must have been wonderful things. I have obtained permission to go and visit these places at night. They don't mean anything in the daytime, but at night it is wonderful!" Her hand pressed mine more strongly. "Absolutely wonderful! I sit there for hours, dreaming. I can see it all happen again."

And she dragged me on to see with my own eyes what had delighted her so much. She urged me past the hushed, narrow, dark streets, pointing out house after house, relating the story of each one.

"There, in this palace, the conspirators took hold of the spies, and they denied. Oh, but the things those people used, to extract from some one the truth! We will never know the half of it." And she complained bitterly, as if some valuable secret had been lost forever.

"Over there, the Doge Marino Falieri was executed. I know, I have documents to prove that he was tortured before the execution." She dragged me on farther and farther, walking nervously beside me, going into courtyards and into dark alleys, pointing, pointing continually here, there, there, here. She was happy to have some one to talk to about what interested her most in life.

It was daylight when we returned to San Marco Square. The pigeons had already come out timidly and slowly from underneath the cornices. They were spreading themselves out low over the pavement in search of crumbs and grain, cooing and twittering. Then suddenly a hawk darted down like a bullet from the sky. With a cry the pigeons rose and flew back to their cornices, while the hawk rose with his victim.

The dear little blue-eyed lady who had talked so passionately about tortures and torture-chambers had fainted beside me because a hawk had killed a pigeon.

ONWARD TO OWNERSHIP

Industrial Control Passing from the Few to the Many

GUSTAVUS MYERS

THERE are certain epochs when delusive appearances take shape as realities and obscure great social transformations. Superficial changes such as dress fashions, living conditions, and other things of the obvious sort are readily seen. The character of underlying forces is not so evident. Manifesting themselves by piecemeal, they are likely to mislead the understanding. They present themselves as a mere deviation from established conditions and yet are precursors of an altogether new order. In their earlier course these phenomena confuse beholders by starting on a path that conceals their actual destination. Often they perform their mission at unexpected times. In a period when the social tone is light, apparently absorbed in frivolities and impatient of serious questions, these forces are actively at work preparing their surprise.

To the discerning eye this paradox is now occurring in America. Accumulated facts prove that we are undergoing a most important change, from a very old mechanism to an entirely new kind of industrial civilization. Superficially viewed, however, these evidences are interpreted as a strengthening of the existing order. Whatever the utensils of industry, whether the hand tool

of centuries ago or the electric machine of to-day, dominant control has always been exercised by a relatively small number of owners. The capitalist of modern times is the successor of the master of former ages; names and methods have changed, but the essential has remained the same. To a notable degree, definite progress has been effected which points to the ultimate abolition of this immemorial system. Modification is already here but, concealing its true nature, masks itself as mere variation. To understand the significance of evidences now presenting themselves we need only scan the recent course of events.

A sudden shift from raging storm to calm could not be more bewildering than the change which has converted American industry from a battle-ground to a region of comparative peace. Where now is the strident labor-union war-cry, shouted through many a decade, that the conflict between the interests of labor and those of capital was irrepressible? What has become of the fierce public agitations against corporate dominance? Why has the once loud roar of socialism against the capitalist system subsided into a scarcely audible monotone, and its

enrolled membership declined to a remnant?

Strikes continue. In industries such as coal-mining they may be bitter and protracted. But in general they are seldom of the furious kind that once assumed the wide proportions of implacable industrial warfare. Occasional movements against corporations still arise; they are particular protests rather than popular outbreaks, and they soon dissolve into memories.

This is the situation that is puzzling to many contemporaries. Long intensely assailed and in deep public disfavor, corporate control now comes forth with all of the aspect of victory. It and the system it represents seem to have surmounted all obstacles and triumphed over all antagonists. In the long-drawn contest labor has gained much in improved conditions: recognition of its unions, joint bargaining, higher wages, shorter hours, and other advantages. The public has secured enactment of a multitude of laws regulating corporate powers and providing safeguards against corporate abuses. But in respect to the fundamentals on which its operation is based, capitalism never seemed so well entrenched as at present.

Until a few years ago it was an institution with a relatively slight number of beneficiaries. Employees were in a separated division as wage-workers, and the public was a sheer outsider. It fought the one and alienated the other. Many contributed to its profits, but few shared them. As thus administered it set itself imperiously aloof from the commonalty.

The first faint signs that this attitude might be abandoned came a quarter of a century ago. One or two corporations initiated the plan of selling shares of stock to employees. Other corporations viewed the innovation as an unbusinesslike whimsy. Radicals scoffed at it as a palliative which would fail. Labor-unions dismissed it as of no importance. In 1902 when the United States Steel Corporation announced its purpose to sell stock to employees, the plan was still a novelty. Although action by so large a concern attracted some attention, the tendency was to impugn the motive and minimize the result. Clear-sighted as were labor spokesmen in other ways, they could not see that capitalists themselves were proclaiming radically new principles and putting them into operation. Socially and industrially considered, the declaration of George W. Perkins was of a revolutionary nature. As a director of the United States Steel Corporation he informed the Commission on Industrial Relations in 1915 that the company's object was "to substitute for a few individual owners a very large number of owners."

If any political oligarchy had announced that thereafter it would share power with the people, the news would have been presented under large head-lines and at its full value. When an industrial oligarchy did so, little attention was given it, and such as was given was incidental and derogatory. Public thought was then fixed upon corporate misdeeds; there was little disposition to credit corporations with either good intentions or constructive policies. Looking to the

effect upon their organizations, labor-union leaders glowered at the plan as an attempt to undermine union strength. Suspicion was voiced that the method of making it easy for employees to buy shares by monthly payments was only a scheme to exchange stock for submission.

Since then, especially in the last few years, the stock diffusing movement has progressed with ever increasing velocity. Various authoritative compilations show this. A table recently published by a prominent New York trust company shows that in twenty-two corporations alone there are 315,497 employees owning outright 4,258,470 shares of stock with a value of nearly \$455,000,000. These figures did not include 173,216 other employees who had not yet paid their instalments in full on 650,581 shares. And they covered only stock purchased under company plans and not stock bought independently by employees. Data assembled by Robert S. Binkerd, vice-chairman of the Committee on Public Relations of the Eastern Railroads, shows, in industries which gave returns, a doubling of the number of stockholders in the period 1918-25. The increase was from 2,537,105 to 5,051,409. In this increase there were 338,760 employees, 864,764 customers, and 1,310,880 of the general public.

So constantly, however, are corporations offering additional issues that figures become inadequate as soon as published. Several years ago some labor writers were inclined to belittle the proportion of employee stockholders compared to the total number of "gainfully employed"

persons in the United States. They no longer do so. In two years the number of railroad stockholders has increased from 800,000 to more than 1,000,000. In other industries the number in five years has doubled or nearly so; for instance, the gas, electric light, and power companies, which had 1,250,000 stockholders in 1918 and 2,611,000 in 1925. Information is still lacking as to the precise proportion of the workers employed in each industry that owns stocks. A compilation by the Industrial Relations Section of the Department of Economics and Social Institutions of Princeton University shows that wage-workers in the United States now own \$700,000,000 worth of stocks in corporations employing them. The whole number of corporation stockholders in the United States is now perhaps 17,000,000.

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The capitalist is elated. He declares that corporations have at last found an effective means of relieving industry of costly struggles between capital and labor. To the extent of its capacity to save money and acquire stock, labor, he says, is now capitalist. With brimming satisfaction he observes that the policy of enrolling employees as stockholders has assured corporations of the interest, support, and greater efficiency of workers. In an article on the subject, a monthly published by a large Wall Street banking corporation exultantly announces that "the old line of demarcation between capital and labor fades into shadowy vagueness."

Until recently labor officials were wholly preoccupied with challenging

motives and disputing claims. As set forth in the "American Federationist," organ of the American Federation of Labor, their objections have been various. Certain companies sought by proffering stock to deflect employees from attachment to unionism. In consumer or popular ownership, public utility corporations aimed to create a safeguard against governmental competition or more rigorous regulation. Diffused stock ownership did not mean industrial democracy; stock ownership was not identical with the power of participation in the management of corporations or control over their affairs. Although these strictures are still being made, they are now becoming tempered with an aim to utilize and not merely criticize the new conditions.

A feeling of dismay oppresses radicals. Long agitating for the abolition of the profit system, they see it apparently wider and more deeply rooted than ever. They strove to awake society to the injustice of the profit motive, exhorting the many who were used for profit to destroy the foundations upon which the system was based. According to their theory, an awakened proletariat would acquire political power and reorganize society by ending capitalism and with it all class divisions. In vain do radicals now look for anything in America resembling a proletariat. They see in the main a mass of industrial workers gratified with high wages, filling savings-bank coffers, buying homes, disporting themselves in motor-cars, regaling themselves with radios, ready to buy corporation stocks, and eager for dividends. The more discouraged

radicals bitterly complain that the American worker has become capitalist-minded and relishes his new rôle so well that he yearns for a larger share.

To all parties concerned the observation is here offered that the flux of a transition period is not conducive to clear vision. If direction is not discernible, sequel is much less so. Viewing each development in too detached a way, we are tempted to accept passing phases as finalities. By enlarging the view to include the course of progress in the past, the significance of present events becomes clearer. Striking analogies are disclosed. Circumstances are not the same, but the principle involved is similar.

Thus seen, the great change now under way is not what it seems but what it actually is. Industrial ownership is being transferred from the few to the many. Proprietorship is ceasing to be a class possession. Now in a rudimentary stage, the process is so beclouded that its deeper meanings are not well perceived. This lack of perception was equally true of bygone eras when previous evolving forms of proprietorship were hidden from easy identification.

For many centuries land proprietorship was a class monopoly. The serf's most ardent ambition was to own land, and the feudal lord's main design that of preventing him. Consider England, for example. Gradually some lords there did relax by assigning to their serfs small areas of land.

An unexpected event in the year 1348 was the culmination leading to

the creation of an entirely new landed proprietary class. Devastating England, the Black Death caused a great scarcity of labor. Dire necessity forced the lords to part with much of their long-cherished proprietorship. To stop his serfs from running away to some other estate, each lord had to outbid the others in offering advantageous terms for selling land. Easy instalment payments were accepted, just as now they are in the disposal of corporation stock.

The craving for land proprietorship was not exclusively for material ownership. The whole social and political system was based upon land proprietorship, which gave prestige and power. For a long time in England no man could vote or hold office unless he owned a specified amount of landed property. Transposed to America, these qualifications remained in force until a century ago. Every man and woman citizen now has a voice in determining political government.

The present evolution of our industrial society offers a fair parallel. What an epidemic accelerated in land proprietorship, and political upheavals in vote proprietorship, social agitations accomplished in opening the way to industrial proprietorship. Testifying before the Commission on Industrial Relations in 1915, big capitalists and corporation attorneys did not attempt to conceal their fright at the portentous social unrest. They pointed out that humanitarian activities introduced in some industries had not allayed the mounting demand for a better distribution of wealth, that to soothe discontent further measures would have to be

taken. Impressed by this view, some older capitalists sanctioned an "enlightened selfishness" course which offered the prospect of conserving their power and of lessening the odium their practices had brought upon them. The younger generation of capitalists was neither blind to self-interest nor closed to upspringing ideas of the age. Socialists now grieving over the virtual evaporation of their movement may console themselves with the assurance that their idealism had an enormous influence in creating new social concepts—a fact duly acknowledged by antagonists of their theoretical program.

The initial movement leading to popular industrial proprietorship repeats the first faltering steps in land ownership and political rights. It progresses by degrees, unfolding in parts which with time reveal the complete result. The transfer of proprietorship of political rights from a limited number to the whole community was gradual, encountering snags devised by wily reactionaries bent upon retaining power while ostensibly parting with it. In America various legalistic contrivances long deprived the popular voice of direct effective expression. Nevertheless no ingenuity of cunning could alter the salient fact that in principle the whole definition of political power had undergone a vast change. Irresistibly popular determination asserted itself, shaking off encumbrances, and never contented until it attained its full aspirations.

Likewise the vital underlying fact now is the advent of popular industrial proprietorship. Its preliminary phase is that of small individual

possession without control. Or, rather, the absence of even partial control arises from dearth of information and from inexperience in the use of a power large in the mass but seemingly futile in detail. The same quandary once confronted the ordinary voter. The sparse accounts published of political problems were so phrased and abbreviated that they afforded little information to an electorate in the primary grade. Reports of corporations are couched in a technical difficult vernacular understood by the initiated but not by the investor needing simple statements. To all appearances the small stockholder's sphere is solely that of ownership of a few shares entitling him to dividends. Close groups of directors, having centralized control of large blocks of stock, meet in offices distant from industry. Almost in the fashion of a family compact they vote the continuation of their régime. Disassociated, uninformed, the scattered stockholders are voiceless in the decision of administrative policies.



Will this situation last? The more recent attitude of labor is that of dissatisfaction combined with study preparatory for the future. In an editorial in the "American Federationist," William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, pointed out lately that industrial control was still vested in an inner circle. "In the days of individual ownership," he wrote, "ownership meant control. The corporation has separated ownership from authority to make industrial decisions. Though employee and popular ownership are heralded as

presaging industrial democracy, both developments, unless properly organized and directed, will only place a new strangle-hold in the hands of the groups that profit through manipulation."

—This suggestion of the organization and direction of small stockholders is a new and hitherto unnoticed development. Emanating from the head of a powerful practical organization, it undoubtedly forecasts a period of translation into deed. "Two ways are open," Mr. Green pointedly continued, "drift or mastery. The latter requires critical examination, research and constructive planning. Labor increasingly needs to participate in research undertakings. Small investors may work out a technique that will assure them proportionate power to protect holdings and to participate in decisions affecting their interests. . . . There can be no question that wage-earners are approaching the time when they are to become larger investors and they must study investments as a practical problem. Labor should determine its own policies and not accept whatever may be recommended by other interests."

In another article published in the "American Federationist," Peter J. Brady, also a labor leader and president of the labor-established Federation Bank of New York, has proposed a specific plan.—As a result of employee stockholding it was evident, he wrote, that labor would have a definite program to guarantee workers a positive voice in industrial policies. "Therefore," he concluded, "these workers, not being versed in the ways of business and finance, will, no doubt, in the near

future, find it convenient and desirable to put their proxies in the hands of labor banks to represent them at the stockholders' meetings of railroads, public utilities and other corporations."

Stock-tickers never register this kind of thought, which, apparently intangible, is fraught with large potential significance. Here is traced a not improbable trend which may likely enough strip industrial magnates of some of their power, or at any rate grasp a considerable share. The forerunner of action, this thought, proceeding from the sources from which it comes, indicates that we are approaching a secondary stage in the revision of industrial proprietorship.

The marshaling of small stockholders is no whit less feasible than was the assembling of labor into local and national unions. A century ago workers were isolated units, pathetically defenseless against both employer and hostile law. The formidable task of welding and training them to a use of collective strength was successful. With this demonstration labor long seemed to have reached the uttermost limit of possible activities. The maxim was general that labor could serve but never supplant regular business. To the astonishment of big business, labor began to prove that it could establish and run its own banking and other enterprises. There are

now more than thirty labor banks in the larger American cities.

The too statistical critic may interject that the estimated \$700,000,000 of corporation stock owned by wage-workers is only a fraction of the aggregate \$35,000,000,000 of corporation stocks in the United States. So are labor bank deposits only a small part of total bank deposits. The creation of labor banks has already caused some old-line financiers to face about and elect labor representatives to the boards of directors of their institutions. Popular stockholding is in its infancy. Its potency should not be measured by its relation to the total of all stock issues but by proportion in each corporation.

Unlike labor, the mass of customers and the general public lack special organizations. But, as Herbert Hoover has pointed out, there are many professional and other associations which can be converted into instrumentalities to represent small stockholders. New conditions engender new methods of solution. Political democracy in America created a colossal educational system to mold citizenship by imparting knowledge and teaching political responsibility. There is no reason to doubt that industrial responsibility will be similarly inculcated. Forces now foreshadow extinction of the industrial overlord and the substitution of public good for private interest.

THOSE QUARRELSOME BONAPARTES

V—The Siege of Josephine and the Battle of Rivoli

ROBERT GORDON ANDERSON

“HE is ripe for the shaft,” said Barras; and though most of the cynics in Paris would have laughed at this diagnosis, he hit pretty near the mark. For if not exactly celibate, Napoleon was anything but a roué. Not conscience but rigid self-discipline and the wholesome strain of a primitive race had so far kept his conduct, for a soldier of that day, exceptionally correct. Junot, fiery son of Mars could have sworn to this. Napoleon did not chide him for his indulgence; but never could Junot persuade his chief to go a-hunting with him. And browbeat women as Napoleon could and did in matters of business or of state, he was curiously shy before them in matters of the heart.

So the general set out, arrayed in the full regalia of a commander-in-chief—blue coat with embroidered roll collar and gold-braided white lapels; the V of a pleated shirt, black cravat, and gold-tasseled epaulets; skin-tight white breeches, black boots knee-high, and a red and white sash around his waist. And so he presented himself at the house of the contaminated Barras.

It was an imposing L-shaped marble affair, with lofty classic windows and a stately flight of steps.

As he hurried up these, he caught, through the wind-fluttered draperies, the gleam of bright lights, the clink of swaying pendants, and the musical lilt of women's voices.

That some of the ladies might be frail did not concern him. If frail, they would be lovely; and there would also be present those of undeniable virtue, fit helpmeets for a commander-in-chief. Revolutions make strange associates. And any one sprung from a race that had seen dark times with the Medici knew well the complexities of life. Even the most idealistic could not dwell in ivory towers, particularly in Paris.

Entering, Napoleon found the company divided into chatting groups around a gray-walled room hung with pink draperies, and lighted by chandeliers whose crystal chains like twinkling rosaries ran to the ceiling. In the adjoining room others sat at green baize tables, playing whist, *vingt-et-un*, or the new game of *creps*.

Barras, who now met the young general, was bravely attired in a black coat with lace collar, a white knee-length tunic with a blue sash running horizontally, a yellow one diagonally, across his breast. So, with a variation of cinnamon or violet, were the other directors—

Rewbell, Letourneur, La Révellière, even that "lover of the truth," the austere Carnot. Truly the men of the Revolution had blossomed out! Esthetically, this splendor did not greatly appeal to Napoleon, nor yet the pastel colors of the ladies' gowns, rose, sea-green, old ivory, the necklaces of pearls, the scarfs of delicate hue barely concealing their pink breasts. Yet in his present mood the femininity of it all was very alluring; also the thought—quite new to him—that a conqueror should have a court. That was an instrument hitherto overlooked.

But he was being presented—or rather, since he was the man of the hour, they were being presented—it was hard to tell which.

"Citizen Talleyrand"—*ci-devant* abbé, with a limp, and a face featured like a satirical sloth—also decidedly an air. The blue-black eyes marked him well. Here was a man he would need.

"Citizen Fouché"—Napoleon had heard of him—grown rich through fat government contracts—an egg-shaped head cut in at the jowls, and lids lowered like shutters over evil bloodshot eyes. A sandy-haired death's-head, but the master spy of all France! He must be watched, perhaps used.

And now Caulaincourt, the coral-breeched Fréron, a dozen others—and the ladies.

They had been gossiping about him.

"No wonder they call him Captain Cannon," said one, the lady with the gold cincture. "He is stiff as a bristle of his ramrods. Actually one smells the powder!"

"Or hears the 'Present arms!'"

said a second—in sea-green—from behind her fan.

"*Rather the call of bugles,*" said a third, in diaphanous white, red shawl, and jet hair *à la Titus*. And since this was the "fair Cabarrus," wife of Tallien, but mistress of Barras and ruler of this court, they stifled their laughter. She had been familiar with many men—too familiar perhaps—but she knew a *man* when she saw him.

The widow Beauharnais—in lilac that revealed, but not quite so frankly, the soft undulations of her figure—had also a comment.

"You call him *gauche*. I call him extraordinary. What a beautiful head, and what piercing eyes!"

The first two smiled blandly. Josephine was "amiable, but she sheds her sweetness a little too uniformly over the world."

"And now," said Barras, "the victor must meet 'Our Lady of Victory,' Madame Tallien. Therezia: the conqueror of Vendemaire!"

Therezia's eyes were at once compelling and complaisant. Despite her reputation, he liked her. Many were the heads her pity had saved from the guillotine.

"Madame Hamelin"—sprightly, slim, and highly scented—"Madame d'Hautefort"—"And you know the Permons?"—"Yes, for many years"; and remembering the criticism which Madame and Laurette had delivered, out of their impregnable virtue, on this social group, he smiled ironically.

"But you must meet your defender"; this from Madame Tallien; and he had the sense of some one—the one in lilac who had held a little aloof—being banteringly thrust at him, though she did not at all lose

her poise. He looked up: figure of exquisite grace, the bend of a neck, graceful, too, in every turn; light olive complexion, chestnut curls, and the largest and loveliest of dark blue eyes. The slightly irregular and not too white teeth—there were no good dentists in Paris—he did not observe. What would it have mattered anyway?

"Surely of the old régime," the thought flashed through him; "but one would not say, 'Here is an aristocrat'; only, 'Here is an adorable woman!'" It had come at last, the shaft. In the warm light of those eyes he felt his stern soldier heart melt.

"I have met you already, madame, through your son. But—ah, here are two chairs!"

And as in fancy he had enshrined her, so now he detached her from the smiling and amused group and—swift as always toward his objective—led her to the chairs that stood empty against the wall.

Startled by this directness, she could scarcely keep pace with him, but managed, as they took their seats:

"You were very kind to my son."

"He asked for his father's sword. It shall be sent, madame, at once."

"A widow thanks you from the bottom of her heart. It is one of the few relics I shall have of my husband. But it is of yourself that we must talk. Tell me of your campaigns."

"I cannot tell you here, madame. Where do you live?"—again straight to his mark. "May I have the honor of calling on you at your home?"

She raised her fan above her lips, parted now; then, over the little

painted scene and ivory spokes:

"So soon, citizen general?"

"Soon! I have lost years. I know not the etiquette of court, but I would pay my respects. We are both aliens and from an island. We should know each other better."

"Ah, citizen general, France does not treat aliens well!"

"She shall treat you well!" It sounded like an astounding promise; then his mouth, so stern before, broke into a smile.

"Why, his mouth is actually a Cupid's bow," she thought. "The man has charm, for all he sits so like a bit of Toulon on that *Louis Seize* chair."

"You do not answer, madame. It is not here that we should talk, with all these sycophants about. *Allons donc*; tell me where you live. If you do not tell, I shall find out."

"Very good, citizen general; the Rue l'Université, opposite the Rue Poitiers."

"To-morrow?"

"No, not to-morrow"—hurriedly—"I am moving to the Rue Chantegraine and have many engagements—Thursday."

"Break them, madame. Thursday is five days off. Before then I may be on some battle-field."

This was a master-stroke. It sounded pathetic in her ears. She relented, then rallied.

"You are rash, *mon général*. Even a commander-in-chief should know one does not storm a woman as he does a fortress."

"Is the heart not then a stronghold to be stormed?"

Heavens! The man was getting on well—too well. And they said he was *gauche*!

"To-morrow?" he repeated.

"Please, monsieur, do not stare so. It makes one conspicuous."

"You should be conspicuous—above all the world."

So one just had to relent. Besides, he had caught Barras smiling at her with his proprietary air; and she had observed the general's look of resentment, almost of hurt. In something of confusion, she replied, "Monday then," adding lightly, "if you promise to talk of your battles, and not of other things."

...

Through the streets, thronged with promenaders who had come out of their coverts to laugh and dance once more, now that the Terror was over, he walked blithely to his lodgings.

He was in love at last; he must take a wife. This idea was not so sudden as it seemed. He had given much thought to it lately. And his family had brought it home to him. For though he had succeeded in settling their fortunes, securing for Lucien a clerkship with the Army of the Rhine, a consulship for Joseph, an inspectorship of roads for Cousin Ramolini, a post as policeman for Ornano, also something pleasant for Uncle Fesch, with their matrimonial affairs he had had much trouble. Not only had Lucien made a *mésalliance* by marrying the innkeeper's daughter, who could neither read nor write, only multiply—that could not be helped now—but the giddy Paullette had fallen in love with the monster Stanislas Fréron—how Napoleon hated his coral breeches!

This affair he had handled rather adroitly; written, not altogether ingenuously, to Stanislas, and ad-

vised Letizia to hold him off while not altogether turning him away, since such a suitor was powerful and, rebuffed, might do harm. Stanislas would soon go down, he had said. And Stanislas had; already he was out of favor. Now they could tell him—very politely—that, much as they were honored by his declaration, his prospects and income were not suitable for the sister of a commander-in-chief. Casuistic? Maybe. But it had been practical and effective.

And Joseph had gone and got himself a wife, this time quite to Letizia's satisfaction, for Julie Clary, though only a burgher's daughter, had looks of a sort and a considerable fortune.

As time went on, Napoleon had taken quite an interest in the new household—wondered how much marriage completed a man's existence—referred to it in his letters to Joseph. "I have taken a home of my own"—and a home meant a wife. Later: "Hurry with the news. I must have a little nephew." If a nephew, why not a son?

Always punctual to the minute, he was prompt to the second when on Monday he called. The servant ushered him through an arched entrance and a small flagged court, on the side of which he saw a garden and, in the dependencies, the tails of two black horses and a red and white cow whisking, also a cabriolet needing paint.

The *salle à manger* was better: a few haircloth chairs, a mahogany table, crystal and a silver service behind a cabinet. Usually observant, he did not now note the evidences of economy which a pleasure-loving widow must practise between

her fits of extravagance. For spasmodic economy was necessary when one had a position and two nearly grown children, and to maintain these only the five per cent on the hundred thousand francs of her marriage settlement, the rents of a few old houses, and an occasional remittance from Martinique or a loan from Aunt Fanny. Still, he would not have cared. For while he would have insisted on his sisters marrying well, *he* was in love! There was an adorable woman in the next room arraying herself for him; and her setting, every "prop" of it, seemed enchanting.

An upholsterer was now ushered in to repair one of those haircloth chairs, and Napoleon, in the charming informality of Josephine's circle, was shown by the maid, Citizeness Louise Compoinet, into the bedroom. He rather resented the fact that Louise seemed to be laughing, inwardly, at him; but forgot this in his survey of the blue, yellow, and red parakeets painted on the toilet articles among the rouge and powder pots and the yellow-wood bed with its blue canopy. Below the mantel was a fireplace with a painted screen; above, gilt and crystal girandoles and a most charming little clock. A doorway led into a dressing-room with many gilt mirrors and the ivory and black of a spinet; and from out of this paradise she floated—such was the word used by this stern soldier, suddenly grown poetic—in a house-gown soft and clinging and white but not immodest. Little hands, chestnut curls, olive cheek so softly rounded, and eyes lustrous, wide apart, and glowing with kindness; already he loved her madly.

And so great was his infatuation that he exulted because she spoke kindly to her maid. He did not know that Louise sat down and ate with her mistress, was her confidante and, oh, so discreet—and perhaps there was a need for discretion. No, all he thought was, "She would be kind to coachman or king; and very kind to me."

She was, for the moment.

"Poor quarters," she said as she parted the draperies, "for the coming man of France!"

"I find them," he answered, "all that heart could desire."

"At any rate, monsieur," she said, seating herself and lapsing from the cold republican form of salutation to that of the older days, "it is better than a prison."

"You were in prison then?" He was not precisely a tender man, but his heart suffused with gentleness at the thought of that lovely body in a jailer's hands, perhaps waiting, with shorn tresses, for the guillotine.

She sighed.

"Yes, for three long months of the Terror at the convent of the Carmelites. At night I can see it still. The September massacres took place there, perhaps you will remember; and against my wall some one had stood three swords. The swords had dripped from a late encounter, and we had no water even to wash our clothes, let alone those ugly stains. They were a constant reminder." She shuddered; then, more lightly: "I was not very brave. All I did was to play solitaire."

"I was released, though," she went on, "after Thermidor. The Terror ended in time for me but too late for poor Alexandre, my husband.

They took him away five days before." And again she sighed.

He remembered reading the name in the proscribed list—Alexandre de Beauharnais, vicomte and once commander of the Army of the Rhine. Yet he grew jealous of this sigh for a dead man. He never had had any one to sigh for him—except one. He was seventeen then, and they had picked cherries together.

But now, fearing that she had been too grave, and that was no way at all to reign sovereign over the hearts of men, she asked:

"What is your Corsica like?"

"The most beautiful place in all the world! And her scents—the sweetest anywhere. Even in camp, I cannot forget them." Then, startlingly, he added, "Some day I shall take you there."

"Why me?" she would have asked in surprise, but instead, for some reason, inquired about his mother. Madame Bonaparte, she had heard, was a strange woman, handsome, severe, and a little *gauche*, like her son; also, the Permons had in all charity added, inclined to parsimony. The widow was a little afraid of the portrait. But here was a new light.

"My mother is a wonderful woman. The head of a man on a woman's shoulders, and a woman's tender heart." Again the abrupt ending, "She will love you."

"Love me," she repeated, turning her eyes full upon him. She had called him an extraordinary young man. He was—decidedly.

"Yes, madame, because I love you and have the honor to offer you my heart."

She stood up now under pretense of rearranging a girandole. The

crystals jangled sharply. Then she seated herself, trying hard to be firm; and for Josephine it was very difficult to be firm.

"Citizen general," she said, "this is madness! But the subdued light is at fault. It is too flattering. Come, I will draw back the curtains, and you shall see me for what I am—an old woman, with two almost grown children!" Nevertheless she did not carry out her threat, but he did, jerking the curtains sharply; then stood, looking close into her face and laughing light-heartedly.

"Old!" You are young as eternal youth." So he passed judgment, and she, flattered, tried none the less to parry.

"And you would take me on a day's notice, in spite of myself! Know, General Bonaparte, that I am not so cheap." She looked up at the little gilt clock on the mantel—rose. "You must excuse me now. I have an engagement."

"With Barras?" he would have shouted, but restrained himself. "You are cruel! . . . But forgive me. My haste has the lover's excuse, also the soldier's. I have been appointed to the command of the Army of Italy. Any hour now may take me to the battle-field."

So he departed, and, strive as she would, she could not drive from her memory the glance of those dark blue eyes, stern and compelling, so tender and pleading, nor his last word—"battle-field"! It haunted her. She felt remorse, almost as if she were driving him to his fate—but, light-hearted Josephine, only for a moment. She had made up her mind to be more kind; but when later he called and the dialogue was al-

most a repetition of the first time, she forbade him to come again.

This was Monday. On Tuesday she sat down and wrote to a friend, in the confidential fashion of the old days:

"You have heard how General Bonaparte has come to my house. Well, he has been *good enough* to offer to act as stepfather to the children of Alexandre de Beauharnais, as husband to his widow." This showed the proper detachment. "Do I love him?" I hear you ask. *No, I do not!*" This last was boldly underscored. Then she balanced the quill between her teeth. "Do I dislike him then?" No." This quite as positively. And now she started to tear the letter up but finished irritably, "But my state is one of lukewarmness; and that does not please me; and it would shock the goody-goody church people to think that a woman should consider marriage in such a frame of mind."

On Wednesday she swore to Aunt Fanny that she would not admit him again. And Aunt Fanny, who was also writing to a relative about the young general—she called him her "nephew to be"—looked up and answered in tones as musical and precise as those of the gilt clock which was striking on the mantel:

"Nevertheless you will take this young man. It is wise, of course, to hold him off for a time. But in the end you will give in, for if I know anything at all, my dear niece, this young man is not one to be refused."

On Thursday came Barras. Aunt Fanny was not present at the interview, though she hovered, almost within ear-shot, for she, too, had heard the gossip. Soon the count

left with a look of chagrin. When Josephine reappeared, confusion colored the lovely olive of her cheek.

"Rest easy, Aunt Fanny! He will not come again." And she promptly sat down and wrote a note which she despatched by messenger to Napoleon's hotel.

He was mad with delight when he read it, caught the elusive fragrance it carried, and most foolishly—for the rising general of France—and most rapturously kissed it. For he had known both the depths and heights these past few days, being most violently in love. He did not betray the manifestations some lovers show, suffusion of cheek, trembling of voice, misting of eye; but he felt all these perturbations in his heart. When he was hopeful he scaled the stars, when in despair wallowed in the trough of the sea. Without her, he swore, he would perish. There would be nothing left to live for.

But, like Josephine, he had his hours of misgivings, not that he doubted the eternity of his love, but because of the gossip he, with the rest, had heard.

"She is a creole and, like all creoles, light," said Madame Permon when he called, hoping for some word of the woman he loved. And very stormily he had retorted:

"You women are all insufferable gossips. No woman is virtuous unless she is of your kith and kin, born in the same faubourg, or," he ironically finished, "descended from a mythical Greek princess."

Quite as violently he had departed, leaving Madame Permon to a state of vapors and tears.

Never, she wailed, had she been so spoken to in her life.

Even Junot, who was now paying attention to Laurette, retailed the rumors. Barras was backing her, "everybody said." Napoleon almost degraded and jailed him for that; and, seeing his chief's wrath, Junot did not refer to the subject again.

At last Napoleon argued it out feverishly with himself. "It is not true," he swore; "but if it were, I should love her still. It is my fate. The past is the past. I ask nothing of it, only of the future—that she be true to me."

At dawn, after the last sleepless night, a light broke over him. "It is only gossip after all. She was in prison. Even as I, she had to make friends to save herself and try to save her husband. Now she cannot be ungrateful. The truth is, Barras implies his conquest because he has been repulsed. It is the way of vain rakes. I know his stripe."

And the next day Barras advised him:

"You ought to marry the widow Beauharnais. You have rank now, income and talents. But you stand alone without connections. The pretty Josephine will help you."

This was cunning of Barras. Realizing his need of the strong arm of this young general, he had helped in his promotion. Now he would gain favor by playing the match-maker. This time, however, his shrewdness overplayed itself. The advice was galling enough to Napoleon; more so the old sensualist's proprietary air. Almost it said, "I have had her; now you take her."

For this Napoleon threatened to run him through on the spot. But since life, after all, is a very complicated

affair, he jammed his sword back in the scabbard, and retorted with heat:

"Citizen director, in state and military matters we may be useful to each other. In my private affairs I do not need your advice."

Then he left the room, and though he often afterward, of necessity, consulted Barras, he never forgot or forgave him.

That note from Josephine, carrying its elusive scent, was now balm to his wounds. He trod on air, he climbed the stars, also the steps to her apartment.

It was at night. She had set the hour, knowing that the chandelier's soft light did not disclose the ravages of time; and creoles age, as they mature, all too early. And now, having so far yielded as to summon him again, she felt genuinely frightened; talked to the discreet Louise about frivolous nothings; rearranged the lilac gown that needed no rearranging; all the while glancing through the door to the *salle à manger* where he sat, the needle-like hairs of the worn haircloth chairs pricking him into an even more ramrod-like erectness.

When she finally summoned him in among the red, yellow, and blue parrakeets and the rouge-pots—the other room was still in a state of upheaval—he kissed the hand she offered and seized the one at her side.

"Why have you kept me from you so long?" he asked.

"But, general, it is such a few short days!"

"You reckon wrongly. It was a century. Away from you I do not exist."

She tried to draw her hand away.

"You know me so little. It must be a passing fancy."

"It will never pass," he answered rapidly. "There is no woman I have seen equal to you."

"An old tale, monsieur, which I have heard before."

"This time it has the merit of truth. We Corsicans revere women. I am no prude, but I have had little to do with your sex. My career has engrossed me. I thought I could do without them." It was baldly put, like a drill-major; but now the warmth crept into his incisive tones, and he fixed his eyes on hers with that piercing and mournful gaze she had learned both to desire and dread. "I cannot tell you in eloquent words." And he repeated in a kind of despair, "Away from you I do not exist."

And now she was touched, but she summoned all her powers of resistance.

"Think, monsieur," she cried. "You have a career before you, and I would only be a hindrance."

"You would help me," he replied. "I am a rude soldier. You have been at court with Marie Antoinette; know the graceful things, society's ways; would give me polish."

Once more she tried.

"And I am poor, monsieur; a widow with two children. You would have to take care of them. And I am old—perhaps will be a grandmother soon. And you are—twenty-five?"

"Twenty-eight," he gallantly lied, by two years.

"And I almost thirty-four. And really, in many ways, I am older than that."

"Have I not told you that you are eternal youth? As for your children, I shall love them, advance them with me to fame and fortune. And whether you are rich or poor, I care not. I too have been poor, with only my sword and these." He touched heart and forehead. Then he seized her hands. "So small," he said, covering them with kisses. "But I shall place crowns in them, pour the wealth of the world in your lap."

Trembling all through, she pleaded with him to go, to leave her alone with her thoughts.

He grew gentle. "And you will see me to-morrow? Give me my answer then? Remember, when you give it, that, as much as if you were Sanson, the executioner, you hold my life in your hands."

She nodded, crying gently.

"Forgive me," he said, "for my great fault. But come, dry those tears." He took out his handkerchief, attempting, not so clumsily now, to wipe them away. "To-morrow, then, we shall *both* be happy."

It was his gentleness, as much as his persistence, that after all told. But he left her to one more bad night, since of his passion, which should have attracted her, she was still afraid. With habit she might grow affectionate; but never could she dissemble an ardor to satisfy such a lover. She had had her day. Still, he was fascinating, no doubt of that, with his noble head, that smiling Cupid's bow, and those beautiful eyes . . . and his gentleness; so she mused from her pillow. But he was not always gentle—so masterful at times, and she herself wanted to

reign. Even if she could hold him now, what about when she was forty—fifty? If after marriage he should cease to care? . . . There was no answer to that.

Still, it was as Aunt Fanny had foreseen. On the following day she sent him into transports of delight. He embraced her, covered once more her hands with kisses, until she drew back in fright, sank on the couch, in graceful posture, for all her distress. At once he heaped reproaches on himself, fell on his knees beside her, begged for forgiveness, then jumped to his feet and wildly paced the apartment.

"The fears will fly, once we are married. Come, my adored one, we will go to the notary at once!"

They did not go at once, though they paid a preliminary visit to the lawyer's, where Josephine, thinking the door was shut and her lover outside, womanlike, consulted the old advocate about the match.

"*Comment diable!*" exclaimed this survivor of the old régime; "better marry a shopkeeper!"

The door was ajar, and Napoleon smiled.

"I must take note of his name. Some day there will come an event of importance, and I shall give him a front seat." . . . He did, some years after, at Notre Dame.

It was in March, '96, that they finally got around to the marriage contract, which was duly signed, sealed, and delivered, in this same dusty office and in the presence of the lawyer, one friend, a maid, and an aide-de-camp. Barras and Tallien also happened in, over Napoleon's protest. Josephine had insisted on their presence, with a some-

what whiter face than usual. "He is a member of the Directory," she said, "and powerful. Not to ask him will hurt your prospects. If you refuse I shall invite him for you." It was the only fly in the ointment, and this he soon forgot.

And as there never had been such a courtship, so never had there been such a marriage contract—with all the terms so generously in favor of the bride—also never such a ring.

"Look now," he said, boyishly taking it from his waistcoat, "for, once on, you must never take it off."

The bride peered within the gold band.

"*Au destin!*" read the tiny script.

And now this kindest of ladies, whose eyes radiated such sweetness on all the world, radiated none on him. She tried every subterfuge; kept him outside her door; talked to the *Citoyenne* Compoin; vowed she had letters to write, on this her bridal night! When the impetuous lover was admitted at last, he found, sharing his bed, a little dog with silken hair like icicles over a cottage thatch.

When he seized him by the scruff of the neck, Josephine clutched her pet to her breast. She loved him, would not part from him. And still the commander-in-chief was patient; and, having gained the victory at last over a toy dog, he put him out, patting him on the head. "To think," he said gaily, "that I was jealous of you!"



In the morning she would not suffer him to kiss her. Repelled his slightest embrace. Shut her door and locked it when he left her for a moment; and when he ran back

joyously, would not let him in. Again she had kindness only for Aunt Fanny, her maid, her daughter Hortense—and the dog. To him only she was cruel—cruel perhaps because, with the morning light, she wondered if she had made a mistake. More material reasons urged themselves now. After all, he was only a general. The directors had made him, and could unmake him. She forgot, in her anxiety, all his power, his incorrigible self-reliance which had promised to be such a rock of safety. And then he was far from being rich, in spite of his present income. That, too, might go. And he demanded so much; would insist on her being scrupulously faithful, even in little things. No more the soft security, those pettier triumphs without which she could not live. No more flattery, the delicate art of making compliments. In place of a hundred worshiping lovers—whom she could keep at such distances as she chose—she would have only this hot-headed one.

For his part, he was puzzled at her moods. He had known that women could be variable. But he had never dreamt that they could be so variable as this.

Still, since once she had criticized his coat, he who had slept in his muddied uniform, on the damp ground of Toulon, went off posthaste for a tailor. She had found fault with his bridegroom's boots; and he who had walked into the Permons' drawing-room, with boots so smelling of grease that his delicate hostess fainted, now went to the boot-maker's and ordered a dozen pairs.

When at last she changed and all at once grew kind, he was in trans-

ports of delight; by turns violent and again surprisingly gentle for such a man. She could not but yield to such gentleness.

And then in the morning he was torn from her arms.

On the coast of Italy he found an ill clad army of thirty thousand confronted by fifty thousand of the foe encamped on impregnable heights. And he said to his men with that voice that had so lately trembled in Love's accents:

"Soldiers, you are half starved and half naked. The government owes you much but can do nothing for you. Your patience and courage are honorable but gain for you neither advantage nor glory. I am about to lead you into the most fertile valleys of the world. There you will find flourishing cities and mighty kingdoms. There you shall reap honor, riches, and glory. Soldiers of the Army of Italy, will you lack heart?"

Then, in the morning mists, he hurled them against the impregnable heights, routed the Austrians, and drove them up the valley; struck the Sardinians to the north and sent them, too, flying. The foe reformed, while he was south, turned back the French; the news reached him, and he came galloping through the night. Back again went the Austrians.

There were many other such engagements. Many strongholds and many of those rich cities fell. They asked for an armistice, but delayed, on one pretext or another, in coming to terms. He took out his watch, the one the old archdeacon had given him.

"Gentlemen," he said to the envoys, Austrian, Italian, and Sardin-

ian, "I warn you that an attack is ordered for two o'clock. If I am not assured that the promised forts shall be in my hands by that time, the attack will not be postponed for a moment. It may happen to me to lose battles; but never shall it be said that I lost minutes by either over-confidence or over-sloth."

So he entered Milan, while banners waved, chimes rang, kisses were tossed from balconies, and they strewed flowers in the way of this young conqueror who came to free Italy from her foes! And he made them pay, with a smile, for this freedom. A hundred horses, shiny black and with silver harness, he sent to each of the directors; bushels of corn, barrels of wine, droves of oxen to the army; storied paintings and statues to the galleries of Paris; and millions of francs to the treasury of France.

Now there had been other conquerors, Hoche and Kellermann, with the armies of the Rhine. "But," said Napoleon to Duroc, speaking of these levies, "Hoche and Kellermann never thought of that."

Then he drove on, struck north, east, south, and west, now with rapier-thrust turning a wing, again pounding a center, always where least expected, or where he unerringly guessed his enemies were planning to strike. "Against all the rules and the etiquette of warfare," growled the Austrian leaders. "This insolent upstart must be chastised."

And they did their best. He was almost captured at Arcola, when he led the vanguard on the bridge; almost killed, when he seized the colors at Lodi. What did it matter? Josephine led him on!

And he found time to do the innumerable little things which beyond the directing of armies show the man: promoted privates, hanged thieving commissioners, heartened weary sentinels at night. And he had inscribed on a retreating regiment's colors, "We no longer belong to the Army of Italy"; and tore the inscription off after the charge next day; then singled out for praise, before the army assembled, a laundress who had saved a life at a river ford. Also, as those who accused him of overweening pride should have observed, he had changed by a trifle a flattering despatch, reporting him first on Arcola bridge.

"Strike that out," he said, "and write, 'In front of the commander-in-chief charged the lion-hearted Lannes!'"

So in the dead of winter he came to Rivoli.

In the morning he was at Verona, with his army divided among the cities and valleys of the Venetian and Lombard plains. And he had been watching vigilantly, rarely taking time even for slumber, for one must not be asleep when the foe is afoot. Particularly when that foe is superior in numbers. One must guess, and that quickly.

It was in the midst of his evening meal that he made his guess, that the advances on San Bonifacio and Verona were but blinds, that the real blow would fall on the few divisions at Rivoli. He did not stop for farewell or to finish his supper. Within the quarter-hour he had seen reinforcements on the march, then galloped ahead through the night—at two was there. Even now his horse was being led away,

streaming from flank and withers, flaking foam from the bit. He had come, so his wrangling generals said, to face disaster!

There were many of these young generals now besides Junot, Masséna, Murat, Victor, and Desaix. The gallant Muiron had fallen on that bridge, giving his life for his commander; but Berthier had come, Bessières, the lion-hearted Lannes, and Duroc whom Napoleon loved, to say nothing of those old fire-eaters, Joubert and Augereau.

Some of them stood near him now, with the Alps, a white-toothed wall against a wintry sky, at their left; around them, the plateau where stood the troops at bay; at their right, a precipice sloping down from the plateau to a valley through which the leaden Adige ran.

On the plateau there was no sign of life save for the stirring of some sleeping soldiers or a sentinel pausing to refresh a fire or thrash his arms from the cold. Behind them the village church with its twin belfries and stone pompon loomed up stiff and stark; and in the convent to the east only a few lamps still burned. But myriad beads of light made a bracelet of the horizon. Twinkling north through the mountains, on the eastern edge of the table-land, far through the southern valley, these watch-fires of the foe ringed him three quarters of the way round. The little commander, hitherto infallible, so the generals muttered, had got them in a trap.

Still, they did not say this to him when he asked his few rapid questions, nor did they come too near as he took his quill and ink-well to a fire under a tripod of muskets and a

suspended pot. None of those who had sworn so joyously to follow him now slapped him on the back. Glory, though there be enough to go around, leaves the most glorious rather solitary. Besides, it was five in the morning; the despatches had gone, but not that daily letter to a woman dancing, flirting, in a far-off capital in the North. At such a time none dared disturb him; and the couriers who carried these letters killed more horses than any who bore news to the Directory.

"*Mi dolce amor*, a thousand kisses from me. It is well, perhaps, that you cannot give me any. They burn my blood!" . . . Then, referring to her last excuse, that she was ill and could not come down to meet him at Milan: "I wronged you greatly. I reproached you for remaining in Paris when you were suffering. Forgive me, beloved. The love with which you have inspired me has deprived me of common sense. I shall never regain it. I am filled with forebodings. I fear for your safety. The distance between us fills me with alarm. It seems to me that, could I but hold you in my arms, I should rest content."

On the frosty night air broke a sentinel's cry. It was five o'clock, but all was *not* well. . . . Now there came a more militant note:

"One of these nights the door will break open with a crash, and I shall be in your arms!" Even in his letters there was the forward march!

But there were no white arms around him now, only the eternal whiteness of the snow, the cold hills, and the winking watch-fires of the

foe. He held a little red stick to the flame, sealed with wax the letter already sealed with his heart's blood; then he studied those fires. They formed a bracelet, a handcuff around him, but one, luckily, not yet clasped. He noticed, too, with satisfaction, that the jewels were far apart. The Austrian columns were therefore too far scattered to effect an easy junction. He would not spread out on the inner side of that fiery circle, nor match column with column. With his ten against thirty thousand, he could not do that. But there was a way out. He called his generals to him.

"Gentlemen, I perceive you think me in a trap. I have studied the ground, and the trap is of my own choosing. What more could we ask? We are on a plateau guarded by mountains, a lake, and a river. We need not match them on interior lines, nor need we fear their superior forces. The essence of strategy, with a weaker army, is to have the stronger force at a vital point. That," he finished tartly and with a flavor of rebuke, "we shall have."

He did not add that Victor and Rey, with Masséna, were marching toward them with reinforcements. That these, coming up from the west and southwest, in the morning light, would trap the ends of that bracelet between them and his troops on the plateau, crushing these wings while he broke the center. It was better to teach these generals something—the feeling of invincibility, a spirit that would laugh at any odds.

With dawn, the sunlight shone wan as though strained through the banked clouds that lay still and dead white as a glacier. White,

too, were the mountains, with bare patches of crag; while the river below the cliffs flowed like a stream of molten lead from which the fire has utterly vanished. To the face the air was as chill as a cold spur. A bleak page on which to write history! But he would write it, this morning!

He sat, erect, on his horse, in the midst of his staff, and on a hillock, with his battalions disposed, in long rectangles, and at obtuse angles to each other, around the plateau. And now he saw the Austrian legions moving. He could tell this from the dull glint of their arms rather than from their white uniforms, which were blurred in the snow. They were spreading out, on all sides, over crag and plain: three columns from the mountain passes to the northwest and north; a fourth, east, from the defile back of the convent; a fifth beginning to climb to the plateau from the gorge of the river; and the last in the southwest, back of the church with the little stone pompon.

He looked toward the church. They were driving in his outposts. But everything was on schedule, for there was Masséna at last, with troops and guns, coming up on the southwest, with all the plunging disorder of batteries strung out over a narrow road and galloping into battle. But still the Austrian forces were superior in numbers. They were driving in the outposts now all over the plateau.

The officers on the hillock gazed at their general, incredulous. Did he not know when he was enveloped, in a trap? No, for though his face was stern, it was untroubled. As he surveyed the fringes of battle—the engaged cockades and plumes and

shakos, the charge and retreat and battle-smoke—his eyes did not grow exultant like Junot's nor glow with fury like Masséna's.

Then Napoleon spoke; the cannon reverberated in the hills, and below them a white square broke. He turned to an aide: "Tell Masséna, Joubert, to hold on at all costs"; and the aide was off, a streak of red and black against the snow—now pulling his horse to its haunches before the wavering red-and-blues—gesticulating to Masséna—and Masséna, who had been busy enough before, was everywhere, cheering his men with waving sword, smiting them with the flat of it. They had rallied—were holding now—*barely* holding.

Napoleon spoke—another bright streak against the snow—and those squadrons of men on uneasy black horses were off to the east for the convent. . . . Superb! they had it! . . . Again—and the long platoons of black shakos under Junot charged for the hills.

There, too, the whitecoats faltered—but no; an Austrian regiment had suddenly appeared through a mountain pass by the lake; and the cry went up from the hillock, "Junot is cut off!"

The commander-in-chief moved not a muscle. "We have them now!" he said. For there, on the horizon, came Rey with the last reinforcements. He would catch that bracelet from the rear—inside and out, he and Joubert—and crush its claws.

Napoleon turned to the south. There the white columns, which all morning had been toiling, with guns and ammunition wagons, up the zigzag paths of the cliffs, had reached

the plateau. No aides now—he would carry this message himself; and, striking spurs to his horse, he was off, galloping over the plain—now reining in before Leclerc's dragoons—"Forward, Leclerc!"—before Lasalle's lines—"On, Lasalle; win for yourself glory!"

And horse and foot, they dashed for the edge of the cliffs; clashed with the climbing whitecoats, who, assaulted with bayonet in front, with shell from the left, began to fall back—run—then tumbled, horse and man and rolling wagon, almost *en masse*, down into the leaden river.

Prisoners began to arrive; then Lasalle with the captured colors.

Napoleon signaled; the bugle rang. Riding down the long lines of troops, returned from the slaughter, he hailed the twenty-year-old Lasalle.

"Lasalle, you have covered yourself with glory. You are weary and have earned rest. Lie down, brave comrade, on the colors!"

Again, as always, the right word. A gesture, perhaps, but where is the cynic, scoffing at it from down the long vista of the years, who would not have thrilled in its presence?

But there were other strongholds to capture; and the commander-in-chief was riding off toward the distant spires and turrets of Mantua.

At last Josephine, feeling she could no longer delay, consented to come. It was a hardship, though, for it was very pleasant, with so much going on at the Luxembourg Palace, especially since Junot had returned with the captured colors. These Napoleon had sent on as trophies to France and the Directory; and when, at the fête in celebration of the victories, Jose-

phine entered on Junot's arm, she was the bright star of the pageant. Such triumphs were very agreeable, even if they had been won by a young husband's peril. For this she meant to be kind to him—later—but she had hoped to linger a little longer, say, until spring. Still, Junot had asked her: "Have you ever seen my chief in a temper? I have!" It was significant, and brother Joseph, too, was watching her as she danced and flirted the hours away—watching her very gravely. Indeed, he had been detailed by Napoleon for this very purpose, to escort her to Milan.

"I beseech you to tell me how she is," he pleaded in his latest letter, "and if she is able to come. Josephine is the only woman I have ever cared for, and you can understand how her illness" (that ever so slight illness which had never kept her from the bright lights of the palace) "has driven me distracted. I can no longer endure the separation. If she has ceased to care for me, my mission on earth is ended."

His letters to Joseph showed an especial affection now, possibly because he felt deserted by the rest of his family, who had reacted rather strangely to his marriage. And though he had always dominated his older brother, now in his distress Napoleon turned to him for help. But already Joseph had begun to think of maneuvering a divorce from Josephine.

And now that Joseph's pressure was added to Junot's representations, the bride began to be—just a little afraid. She yielded completely when she read in the latest letter:

"How can I expect lace to weigh as heavily as gold? My wish is that you alter none of your plans, give up none of the parties to which you are invited; I am not worth a sacrifice. The misery or happiness of a man for whom you do not care need not concern you." . . . He had almost spoiled it by adding: "Good-by, admirable woman, good-by, my Josephine . . . Ah, Josephine . . . Josephine . . ."

So conscience once again asserted itself in her pleasure-loving heart, not so effectually, though, as to cause her to refuse that farewell supper—tears, toasts, wine, the dance, and all—with Barras and his friends in the Luxembourg Palace, nor to hold her circumspect on the journey down to Milan. She sat most of the way in the berlin with her maid, but three horsemen rode alongside: Joseph, Junot, and that black-haired young sprig, Hippolyte Charles. Often the sweet eyes gazed out of the coach window. Often, too, she invited one of her escorts to ride with her; that is, Junot and particularly Monsieur Charles. For brother-in-law she showed no such consideration; all of which may have been partly his fault, since for a handsome man he looked most forbidding, most disapproving.

So she came to the palace of Montebello, just three leagues out of Milan, to find the castle alight, full of brave uniforms, with her husband of twelve short nights, and his family there gathered, perhaps—who knew?—to pass judgment on her. But how could they expect lace to weigh as heavily as gold? Ah, Josephine, Josephine!

(To be continued)

THE SHEEP

MARY SOMERVILLE

THERE was no movement of light in the sky to quicken the dead gray waters of the Lallan Loch, or to relieve the stark masses of the grass-covered hills. No rabbits scuttled across the road; no sound of bird or water-fowl broke the silence; no sheep went scrambling hastily up the steep hillsides, frightened by the sound of approaching wheels; but as the gig bowled along, Johnny Elliott, peeping out from the plaid in which his mother had wrapped him, could count two—five—six—a round dozen at least of raggedy goats, all come down from the hills to be near the low ground by the loch-side.

"The sheep go right away up, but goats ay come down near the road before a storm," his mother explained to him.

"Who told you that?" asked Johnny, and Mary laughed at the question. As one born and bred by the Lallan Loch she knew the weather, and signs were not lacking to tell her that at any moment the stony mask of quiet might be broken, and snow come hurtling down the valleys, April though it was.

"When I was a wee girl, I used to live up here wi' Aunt Aggie and Uncle Bob; and many's the time I've seen the loch look just like this before the snow. We'll be lucky if we make Tichel in time. Now just

you get further under that plaid, Johnny. It doesn't do to go starting colds the minute you get across other folks' door-steps."

Johnny pulled the rug up to his chin, and continued to look about him with bright eyes, for in all his five and a quarter years, he had never been in such a lonely place. But for the goats and one shepherd they had passed with his dog at his heels, Tibbie the mare, and his mother and himself, were the only moving things in the whole world.

Mary looked about her too, but there was no quickness in her glance. Marriage, and maternity, and widowhood had befallen her since she last saw the loch and the hills, and every mile was taking her further back into the troubled past. This wintry April day contrasted sharply with her memory of another April seven years before. Then the gnarled branches of the hawthorn, brushed back by the wind from the loch, had been veiled in the green of half-leaf, and she was walking in the evening along this very road, with her cousin Davy Blackadder of Tichel. It was just here, where the burn ran into the loch, that she had told Davy about Dr. Elliott, the old doctor whose patients she nursed down in the hospital at Skaddow, and who wanted her to marry him as second wife; and it was *him* she wanted

to marry, Mary had told Davy that evening, if only Davy would let her go free. Davy had laughed at first, for they were as good as engaged by that time, and he couldn't believe she was serious. But because she shrank back and held him away when he turned to make good his laughing by catching her to him and kissing her, he had soon been convinced that she meant what she said. Now as she stared at the ears of the horse she was driving, she seemed to live through the whole scene again. She saw Davy, young, strong, passionately arguing his case, as they stood by the loch-side face to face. . . . "But this doctor chap, Mary, he's forty year or mair aulder nor you, and ye—ye said ye'd marry *me*, Mary. Mary, ye canna break yer word." He had wanted her to look at him, look at him straight in the eyes, and say again she was in earnest if she could, but she had refused to look at him. Try as she would, she remembered, she could not bring herself to turn her head.

"Ye see, Davy, you and me's just been like two children playing, but the doctor's a man grown, and wise. I respect him, Davy. He's so strong and tender somehow. Oh, Davy, if you could only see the look that comes into his face when he's dressing a wee girl's wound—and her suffering agony, and maybe crying to him no' to touch her. He's so wise-like then and innerly. It's like an angel, Davy."

And because Davy had said nothing, "Davy, can ye no' see why I love him more than you?"

He had gripped her by the shoulders then, taking no notice when she cried out at the pain. "Now that's

no' fair, Mary. Ye've no call to be comparing him wi' me. I'm but twenty-four, and ye dinna ken how the years will turn me. I've a' ma manhood to come, and ye're but a lass yersel'. How do ye think a lass like you—hardly turned twenty—is a fit mate for an angel, eh? It's just because he's a stranger. It's nae mair nor six months since ye first went down to Skaddow to nurse, and ye're pledged to *me*, Mary. I'll no' let you go free to marry him. We'll be married in the spring for certain." Again he tried to kiss her.

But she lost her temper completely and stormed and raved, she remembered, and told him he wasn't fit to black the doctor's boots . . . an ignorant, unmannerly lout, made for nothing but companioning sheep, and she'd not have married him even if the doctor had never asked her. . . .

Driving along in the cold, these memories made her feel hot and ashamed—ashamed of her wilfulness and lack of understanding. How she had hurt Davy! Suddenly she saw him again, white, miserable, silent, staring at her till at last she flung herself down by the roadside and cried till she lost her breath, and could only gasp:

"Go away, go away. I didna mean to hurt ye like this, but, oh—if I married you now, d'ye no' see how I'd ay be comparing?"

And after all, it was the doctor she had compared with Davy. He had been quite right. The doctor was an old man, and work was his first thought in life. He hadn't wanted her as Davy had; he had only wanted a housekeeper! But Davy . . . Mary looked down at John, and felt afraid at the thought of meeting Davy—

Davy turned a man, and her judge. For he must think of her as a thief. She had robbed him of his children. John here should have been *his* son. What would he be thinking of her for coming back now, wondered Mary. It wasn't as if she had wanted to. But Uncle Robert was getting old, and she'd always been his favorite, and he had asked over and over again for a sight of her boy, and there was no one but herself to bring Johnny. In any case she would only stay one night. Her brother Andrew had lent her Tibbie and the gig to drive over from Tweedside to Loch Lallan, but he'd want them back next day. . . . It was no use. Though her excuses were good enough for any one, they did not lessen her discomfort.

"People should ay tidy up after a quarrel," she cried in her mind, "if there's any chance in the world of their meeting again."

How could she tell what Davy had been thinking all these years? He had left her by the hawthorn stump, just there, round the bend, striding away up the hill, while she sat alone, feeling half ashamed, but very angry that he had put her in the wrong so hopelessly. That was seven years ago, and in half an hour he would be coming to the door of Tichel to take her horse; and what was she to say to him? "Well, Davy," she imagined herself saying; and he might perhaps answer, "Weel, Mary, and how's yersel'?" and then it would be more or less easy. But how if he called her "Mrs. Elliott"?

David had never married. She knew that; for the last time she had seen her Aunt Agnes, over in Tweedside at the New Year, her brother

had asked, "Is there nae word o' a mate for your Davy, Aunt Aggie?" And Mary had seen the shrug of her aunt's shoulders, and the way she pursed up her mouth in a little sneer before she replied, "Deed, Andrew, he's an obstinate one, is our Davy, and he doesna seem to realize that I'm getting auld and no' fit to gang about the place as I did syne. Forby that we'd like to see him settled wi' a bairn or twa afore we're laid to rest. However, there's Meg Pringle o' Tadsclench, and she's fair daft to get him, and Rob and me's hopin' she'll hae her way yet. She'd make a grand wife for the lad—better'n some o' your edicated town yins wi' their English accents an' a', who'd not know how to get through the work in a month that's needed to be done every day up at our place." "That was a dig at me," Mary had noted, for her husband had left her comfortably off, and she could still live like a lady, with a servant to wait on her, and no need, it was true, to do a hand's turn in the house from one week's end to another. And her accent too was not so broad as it used to be. . . . The thought of Meg Pringle was queerly uncomfortable. She could remember Meg—a fat girl with reddish gold hair and a high color, and not very much to say for herself when young men were about, though her tongue went ceaselessly in her own kitchen. There was nothing against her, Mary had to admit, but she'd make Davy a dull wife. "And I don't want that," she said to herself, thinking of the long dull winter evenings when she'd tried and tried to get the doctor to put down his book and talk to her. There was no doubt he

had been dull to live with, though he was an angel all the same.

Why did she always keep comparing—the doctor with Davy first, and now Davy with the doctor? As she came to the actual place at which she had quarreled with Davy, Mary could no longer keep down the thought that had been rising in her mind ever since the doctor died. Was it all going to happen again? Did Davy love her still? Would he ask her to marry him? Would she say yes, and give up her ladyhood, and come back here as a working farmer's wife? She smiled mischievously to herself, thinking of Aunt Aggie's scorn of people who were afraid of work. *Her* hands had done plenty in their day; they were as good as Meg Pringle's anyway! But Davy would certainly have changed, and there was the question of Johnny—another man's bairn.

Mary looked down at her son and smiled again. A gentle child, like Johnny, would never come between her and Davy, who loved all children. She could remember . . . But it was foolish of her to think of things like this, and she whipped up the mare, which had taken advantage of the slackened reins.

"Are you no' half frozen?" she said to Johnny. "The snow'll be on in a minute. Yon blue, blue look, just above the hills, is the surest sign of snow in the air I've ever known. And a' this quiet too. It'll no' last."

Two minutes more and all over the loch the water was roughening. The wavelets at the edge no longer listlessly flopped down on the stones, but dashed against them, leaving a clear white line of foam. Already the rising wind made itself visible in

the sky and on the hillsides; and when the gig turned northward at a bend in the road, Tibbie the mare almost stopped in her tracks before the force of the blizzard that came sweeping down Crummilt Water.

At last they came within hail of Tichel, a long, low, whitewashed building set at right angles to the road; and now the hills further up the valley were white, while even here the snow lay an inch or so deep.

"It's awful cold," said Johnny, getting closer to his mother. He could hardly look about him, for the wind and the snow blew so fiercely in his face, the water streamed from his eyes. "It isna *tears*, mother," he assured Mary, "but you see, as soon as I open ma eyes, the snow just melts in them."

"Keep them tight shut," said his mother, "and we'll soon be there, and your Cousin Davy will lift you down, and shake it all off you. And then you'll have your tea before the kitchen fire, and talk to your Uncle Robert; he's an old, old man, and he knows plenty stories, and he can make birds that flap their wings out of bits of paper, an' perhaps he'll cut you a spoon out of a ram's horn before you come back again. . . ."

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But when at last the gray mare battled her way into the farm-yard, only Peggy, a red-armed maid-servant with round eyes, came to the door to receive them. "Master Davy an' a' the men are awa' up the hill after lambs," she told them. "Wad ye tak' the horse round to the stable yersel', Maistress Elliott? Ye'll find its feed a' put out ready."

As Mary rubbed Tibbie down with wisps of hay, and put away the gig

and the harness, her excitement faded completely, and she crossed the farm-yard, which seemed unfamiliar in the whirling snowflakes, feeling cold, and tired, and dull.

In the kitchen, with its flagged floor and pink-washed walls, and glitter of brass candlesticks and jelly-pans, she found that Peggy had already got Johnny's boots off, and was chafing his hands and feet, while he plowed his way through an enormous scone and jam. Her aunt, thin and angular as ever, was engrossed in stirring something over the great open fire and hardly looked round in answer to her greeting. On the table lay a collection of babies' feeding-bottles, which took Mary back twenty years to a great April snow-storm when she and the boys had had a fine time nursing half a dozen motherless lambs, brought in from the hills by the men.

"Feeding-bottles?" she exclaimed, and asked her aunt, "Will it be as bad as a' that this time?"

"Weel, the men have been out a' day. It's been snowing off an' on for three days up the water, an' it's lying deep about Tadsclench. Just in the worst week o' a' for the lambing too. Yer uncle's had to gang off to his bed, he's got sic a cauld on him frae plowtering about outside."

Davy came back just after tea. His voice in the yard outside sounded strange and rough as he shouted to the dogs and then to Peggy, who rushed to open the door for him. With a day-old lamb struggling in one arm, and another held tight against his side, bearded, and red-faced from his work in the snow and wind, he stamped his way to the fire calling for his mother, who came

hurrying from the pantry to her job of filling the feeding-bottles with warm milk. It was an uncomfortable moment. Mary said "Well, Davy," as she had planned, but he gave her an abstracted nod and said nothing at all till he had settled the lambs on some sacking before the fire; then, "Ye maun hae had a cauld ride up the loch," he remarked.

"Tak' this ower while I fill the next," her aunt bade her before she could answer.

"That's right," said Davy, "we'll need a' hands to the plow the night. Todd and Ross will be in this minute wi' half a dozen mair." Then he bent his attention to getting the livelier of the two lambs to take the bottle, apparently quite undisturbed by her presence and completely absorbed in his work. Mary chafed under a sense of anticlimax. She wanted to cry. She hated Davy for being so completely at his ease while she was not. She wanted to force him to show some interest, some proof of mental disturbance such as she herself was feeling. After a time she went and stood behind him, knowing quite well as she did so she would only be snubbed for her pains, and, touching him on the shoulder, said, "Well, Davy, you don't seem changed one bit."

"Hush ye," said Davy, starting violently; "ye've gone and frightened the beast." It was true, for the lamb resumed its struggles, and he had to start all over again, coaxing it to drink the milk. To hide her discomfiture, Mary knelt down beside the other lamb, which was very weak and shaking with cold and fright, but, on the whole, an easier patient than the first. A kind of

childish triumph possessed her for a moment as she succeeded in making it drink so soon, but, unfortunately, Peggy having been sent off to see to something in the back kitchen, John's curiosity got the better of his shyness just then, and he scrambled down from his chair, and crept across to a position of vantage behind his mother's shoulder.

"Wow-wow," he barked in imitation of the dogs outside, and both the lambs shivered with terror.

"Get your bairn off to his bed," said Davy crossly. "Yon lamb'll do till I can attend to it mysel'. I'd have had them baith settled by now but for a' these interruptions." But even as he said it, Johnny, frightened by the angry voice, began to cry noisily, and David added kindly enough: "Dinna greet, bairn. Run awa' off to your bed, an' you'll get playing wi' them the morn."

Mary dragged Johnny off through the bare old house, which was bitterly cold, to the bedroom which had been her own as a child—angry with Davy, angry with herself, almost angry with Johnny too, not because he had interrupted Davy, but because by the time she got the child to sleep he might be out on the hill again.

And indeed Johnny, tired and cold, and terrified by the shadows the fire cast on the low ceiling, refused to settle down unless his mother stayed by him. Seeing him lying there in her old bed, however, her irritation left her.

"Ye wee coward," she said, hoping to shame him into quiet; "when I was a wee girl, I had to sleep up here without even a fire for company. I had no mother to sit beside me."

"Why did you live here instead of with your own mother?" said Johnny.

"I was an orphan," said Mary.

"What's an orphan, mother?"

"My father and my mother were baith dead, and I was brought up by your Aunt Aggie."

"My father's dead, is he no'?"

"He's in heaven with the angels."

The child lay still a moment thinking things out; then he said: "There's lambs in heaven—I mind seeing them in the Sunday-school pictures—an' men wi' beards too. Will yon man wi' the beard let me feed the bottles to the lambs to-morrow?"

"If you are good and go to sleep now, sonny."

Johnny shut his eyes obediently, holding fast to her hand, and Mary sat by the bed, content to let her thoughts go drifting round and round as they had done that afternoon.

When at last the child fell asleep, she still sat on by his side, not caring now whether Davy had gone to the hill again or not, for it was pleasant to sit in the firelight thinking of former days. She had always loved Tichel, getting on very well with her uncle and most of the farm people, though never quite so well with Aunt Aggie. She remembered one Sunday when her aunt had marched her out of church, and Davy too, promising them both a whipping because they had laughed out loud at a bout between two rams up on the hillside which they could see quite clearly through the plain glass windows on either side of the pulpit. Yes, that was a day of disgrace. She could feel again her aunt's grip, an angry revengeful grip, the fingers pressing into the flesh of her shoulder, for Aunt Aggie had been sorely affronted.

She still felt that she disapproved of her; they got on each other's nerves somehow. And in the old days she and Davy had fought together. The change had come quite suddenly. From a school-boy, scornful of her sex, in one year Davy had turned a slow, shy, overgrown youth, whom she could worst with ease in any encounter of the mind. He had often been surly and preoccupied then, just as he was to-night. He would fight with her and sulk if she got the better of him in an argument. At one time she had been sure she could no longer live with him and Aunt Aggie, always quarreling or sulking, the pair of them; and it was then she had left the farm, making up her mind to train as a nurse. But when she had finished her training at the hospital she came back to Tichel for a holiday, and then how different things had been! Mary smiled happily in the firelight, for Davy's courting was a sweet thing to remember. And at last there had come an evening in late June, a lovely evening, when the hillside was covered with yellow crow's-foot and tiny purple pansies, and the cloud shadows sailed lazily across the grass, and Mary went up Tichel Burn alone to pick wild thyme for pincushions. Soon growing tired, she lay down and idly watched a large black snail trailing its way across a bit of rock; and as she lay there Davy came down the burn and flung himself on the turf beside her, and Mary knew at once that he was going to tell her he loved her. And he did, and kissed her hair. But still she had watched the snail, marking its every movement across the lichen-covered stone with an intensity she could not account for

even now, knowing only that she had been completely conscious then of the two things at once—Davy telling her he loved her, and the jet-black snail. She could even remember her slight feeling of irritation when he pulled her to him and tilted her face to look into his own, preventing her from seeing where the snail went when it got across the stone.

"I suppose I wanted time to think," she told herself; but, no, it must only have been that she was afraid of her own delight, her bodily delight in the new relationship. Davy, whom she had fought with and teased, and known all her life, suddenly changed into a passionate man, holding her tightly and kissing her hair, and making her tremble with love for him. It was too tremendous a thing to take in all at once—to give in to. Now in the firelight Mary blushed as she remembered the ecstasy that had possessed her then. How could she ever have deserted him—her young lover, strong and tender in his loving? Regretful thoughts crowded thickly upon her as she thought of the year that had followed—the heavenly summer, the good seasonable winter. It was in the spring, glorious too on the hills and in the valleys, that the change had begun in her, and she had thrown away the glory, heedlessly, frivolously. Suddenly she wondered how much she had altered in her looks since then. She had been bonny in those days. It wasn't only Davy Blackadder that thought so. Down at the hospital in Skad-dow they had called her "the Flo'er o' the Forest," and many a gallant had tried to make her break troth with Davy. . . . Getting up very

softly from the bedside, she crossed the room to look at herself in the wardrobe mirror. There was a settled look about the woman she saw reflected, and her hair and dress were more sophisticated than those of the younger Mary, whom she could almost imagine she saw looking over her shoulder, with redder lips and cheeks, and larger eyes surely; a living face, beside which her own looked almost stolid. But she was bonny enough still, and only twenty-seven, and Davy looked older than she now, with his beard and weather-beaten skin. At least that was the impression Mary had, though in her excitement she had not really taken a good look at him.

She heard her aunt moving about in the room next door, and afraid the old woman might come in and keep her talking, she decided to go down again to the kitchen just to see. . . . Davy was still there, fiddling about with a lantern. He had his back to her, and his head was bent. His body looked heavier and stiffer than she remembered, but the line of his neck and ear and the back of his head were so like that she wanted to run across the room and turn his face to hers to make sure he really was different from the time when she first had got him by heart. She went over to the fire and looked at him from the far side of the table. There seemed little of the youth in his worried expression as he wrestled grimly with the wick of the lantern. He looked up, but that was all. And again the excitement died in Mary. What a fool she was to expect anything to happen in the way she made it up in her own mind! Things never did, and she didn't want them

to in this case, anyway! Davy went out then, only asking her to tell his mother to give the lambs another bottle in an hour or so; and feeling perfectly calm and collected, Mary tidied away the mess of candle-grease and matches he had left on the table. All her agitation, pleasant and unpleasant, had been nonsense. He still cherished a grudge against her. He would give her no second chance even if she wanted it. He cared for nothing but his work, and she was glad with all her heart that she must set out again to-morrow.

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But next day, as she might have expected, they were snowed up; and the next again, and for four days more. All the time the snow fell heavily, tumbling down in large soft flakes, like the pillow feathers in the fairy-tale, so close together sometimes that there seemed no space between, but wherever one looked a vast white fleecy curtain was hung down from the sky.

Davy worked day and night with the sheep, but hundreds were lost in the drifts that filled the clefts and gullies in the hills, and overtopped the dry-stone dikes, against which the sheep were wont to crouch for shelter. Every one worked day and night, even Mary, cutting paths through the drifts to the hen-house and pigsty and byre, slicing turnips, breaking cake, milking, and, within doors, doing everything that came to her hand. There was endless work to be done, and she did more than her share, as even Aunt Aggie noted, for she soon stopped passing lugubrious comments on her niece's dress and shoes and smooth hands.

Each day Davy came in and out, and Mary felt no further agitation, though she watched him as the days passed. At first she was inclined to be scornful of his worried look.

"All that distress about loss of money! for that's all sheep are," she thought. "It'll no' ruin him, not if he lost a thousand and more." For Aunt Aggie made no secret of their prosperity.

"All this fuss about a lot of silly sheep!" said Mary to herself again on the third day, when Davy came in looking like a beaten man, as if life had very little to offer him in compensation for these unseasonable losses. But that very afternoon, as she was making scones, and Davy was bending over yet another new-born lamb he had had to take away from a dying ewe, she was startled to catch an expression on his face, exactly the same as she used to watch for on the face of her old doctor as he dressed the wound of a child after an operation; and the look disturbed her, for if Davy and the doctor could *both* look like angels, there was no need of comparing nor ever had been. But there; it was just work that had called forth the look in the two of them alike. Work was their highest devotion, and they were all the same, work before wives, whether it were sick folk or sheep or railway-engines. Fancy looking at sheep with your heart in your eyes, and working like—

"Ye'll spoil good dough if ye bang it about like yon," interrupted her aunt in acid tones. "Gie your mind to your work, my girl, specially when it's scones, that maun be handled as light as if they were eggs ye were feared of breaking."

The sixth day was Sunday, still

observed as a day of rest inside the house; and there, on either side of the parlor hearth, Mr. and Mrs. Blackadder slept in their arm-chairs, dozing away the long dark afternoon, he snoring heavily, with a red handkerchief covering his face. Johnny, too, was asleep upstairs. Only Mary was awake, and at a loss what to do. No one to talk to, nothing to read; it was dull in the snow-bound farm-house, and she longed for a book.

"Where's the old bookcase gone that used to be in the parlor?" she had asked her aunt in the morning.

"Davy moved it up to his room when we got the new sideboard. The paper's all your uncle and I ever look to now, except the Bible."

"Does Davy read a lot then?"

"Aye, he's reading far ower much. A' the time he ought to be getting himself a wife, he's sitting up there wi' some book or other. Ye've a lot to answer for, my girl. Our Davy's never been the same since ye gave him the go-by, and took up wi' yon white-headed doctor o' yours, who'd have done well enough if he'd married his housekeeper, as a'boddy thought he would, instead o' turning your head."

"My husband's dead," said Mary, intending to suggest that her aunt's tone was less kind than it might have been in the circumstances, but her aunt misunderstood her wilfully.

"Meaning that ye're free now, if Davy would have you? A'weel, he might do a great deal waur, if he's no' gaun to fix up wi' Meg Pringle. To gie ye your due, you're a good worker wi' your hands, and ye've enough to provide for your ain bairn wi'out making him a charge upon Davy."

Mary's anger at that had been so

intense that she could say nothing, but taking up Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," the only volume left in the sitting-room in company with the Bible and "The Pilgrim's Progress," she sat reading through and through again an account of the torture and martyrdom of some faithful Christian Protestant, without taking in a single word of the gruesome details.

The same volume lay in her lap this afternoon. Davy had gone to the hill again after the midday dinner, and all the other books were in his room, but after what Aunt Aggie had said Mary wouldn't for the world have her think she'd gone into Davy's bedroom even for a book.

"Davy couldn't mind," she told herself, "but Aunt Aggie would be sure to say something nasty." So she sat on in the dismal parlor, listening impatiently to the old man's snores, and studying the hard line of the old woman's mouth, and the contrast between her white hair and dun leathery skin. It was from Aunt Aggie that Davy had his dourness. She could picture him growing old and dried up into a withered old man, with the same contrast between hair and skin, and perhaps the same sourness of expression. For if he got so bitter about the loss of a score or so of sheep . . . Oh, when would the thaw come and set her free from this eternal thinking about Davy, and Davy's life, and these miserable sheep, that filled it so entirely? . . .

She got up softly and stood by the window. It was not snowing now, but the character of hill and valley was still lost under the covering of unbroken white that overspread the land. Where there should be hollows there were flat places; where she

looked for sharp uncompromising steepes, there were smooth unfamiliar gradients, sloping gently down till they slid into the filled-up valley. One hard outline cut across the landscape, the line of Loch Lallan, black against the whiteness of the hills.

She turned away from the window and went upstairs to see if John were sleeping. But on the landing she paused, defied Aunt Aggie, and quietly climbed the further flight which led to Davy's room in the attics. Once there, she looked round hurriedly, possessed by a kind of uneasy excitement, taking in the details; the truckle-bed, the bare chest of drawers, the old parlor bookcase, piled with more books than it could hold, and, on the mantelpiece, a little pincushion, covered in faded blue, which she had given Davy as a keepsake to commemorate the evening when she picked the wild thyme it was stuffed with. So he had kept that! Queerly upset by the discovery, she took it up and sat down on the bed, holding it in her hands, while once more she thought about the old Davy, wondering what was left of him in the farmer absorbed in his sheep, who would not talk to her, nor look at her more than need be. Then suddenly she heard his voice downstairs. She had plenty of time to escape, but she stayed where she was. In a few seconds the house was full of life again. A dog barked in the yard and wakened Johnny, who called for her.

"Mother! Mother, can I no' get up now?"

She heard Aunt Aggie come out of the sitting-room and go along to the kitchen, whence the sound of her voice rose querulous to Mary's ears.

Then she heard Davy's steps on the stairs and got up, and went quickly to the door, where she met him.

"Oh, Davy," she said, not looking at him, "I just came up to get a book. I'm sorry, Davy; I didn't think ye'd be back so soon."

"Have you found a book, Mary?" said Davy gently, after a long pause, it seemed to her.

"No' yet. Ye're too learned for the likes o' me. I was wanting a story, and it's all history and poetry here." Then she realized she still was holding the pincushion. She looked quickly at Davy, and saw that his coat was very wet, and that he was staring at her as he had stared long ago while she explained why she was going to marry the doctor.

"Davy, ye're soaking wet from the hill. Ye must change your things quick. I'll run away and not worry you."

"Aye, I'm wet. It's the thaw coming. The snow's getting soft again."

"Really," said Mary. "Well, it's high time too. I don't know what Andrew's doing all this time without Tibbie. How long will the road be in clearing?"

"I don't know. I don't know," said Davy slowly, and in a strange bewildered voice. "What's that ye've got in your hands, Mary?"

He was staring at the blue pincushion. And Mary stared at it too. What *was* it indeed? She had a quick vision of the snail crossing the stone. Was Davy going to . . . Oh, no, she must stop him . . . she couldn't let him say . . .

"Mary," said Davy, "I've been that tired and worried, I've no' been able to take ye in yet. Bother the sheep . . ."

"Bother the sheep!" Something in her brain echoed the words again and again. Now Davy was kissing her hair, and her eyes and her neck. The years between meant nothing. Like a sheep she had gone astray . . . Davy had found her again. He loved her more than ever!

That old ecstasy was nothing, now . . .

"Where on earth are ye, Mary?" came her aunt's voice from downstairs, but Mary didn't answer. She was looking at Davy, looking at him as if she had never rightly seen him before. He was tired, and *she* was his mother—not Aunt Aggie—his Mother! Yes, but how odd—Aunt Aggie's mother too—everybody's mother. They were all her children—the whole world was in her womb. Now, at last, she understood what life was, and love.

"Davy, oh, Davy!" She touched his head shyly, and then brought it down to her breast and held him tightly there. Suddenly her mood changed, and she broke from him.

"Davy, it's awful about the sheep . . ."

He raised his head and for a minute stared out of the attic window at the silent land, thinking of the lambing.

"Aye, it's been a dear storm for Tichel, an' it's no' only the money, lass. It's ill knowin' the beasts are dead and a' yer work is to gang for naucht."

But the thaw was coming, and the sheep were dead and gone.

"Ye'll be a farmer's wife soon enough," said Davy to Mary. "We'll think o' other things to-night. Come awa' doon an' we'll tell ma mother."

OUR CRUMBLING NATIONAL DEFENSE

III—Where the Responsibility Lies

BRIGADIER-GENERAL HENRY J. REILLY, O.R.C.

OUR national defense to-day, on land, in and under the sea, and in the air, does not in any way fulfil the program that Congress laid down as adequate.

The National Defense Act of 1920, the treaties governing our naval strength emanating from the Washington Arms Conference, and the five-year aviation program which resulted from the Morrow Board recommendations and from Colonel "Billy" Mitchell's charges have not been lived up to.

The reason is simple. The money needed to carry out these three policies has not been provided.

Where does the responsibility lie? Have the American people, after setting up these policies through the acts of their chosen representatives, changed their minds and decided that they prefer to save the money, even though the policies be wrecked? Has Congress, fully conversant with the facts, assumed the responsibility on its own account, feeling that the personal benefits to be derived by its members will more than counter-balance any attacks to which they may be subjected when the people find out the truth? Or are both people and Congress blissfully ignorant of the situation, while some other agency of the government makes a

record for economy without exposing the fact that it is being accomplished at the cost of adequate national defense as made and provided by the law of the land?

The prompt reaction of the press to the facts of our deficiencies, as they are being disclosed in the present session of Congress, shows that the country as a whole believed that our threefold defense program was being carried out. There is every indication of surprise and disgust since the contrary has been found to be true. In other words, there is not the slightest evidence that public opinion is responsible for the situation.

The reaction of Congress has, in the main, been similar to that of the press and the public. Even the power of party discipline, and the sweet blandishments of patronage yet to come, have been unable to prevent outbreaks in both houses by Republicans justly alarmed at the weakness of our national defense as disclosed by the unearthed facts.

The skeptic naturally doubts the genuineness of this Congressional surprise. He is inclined to believe that, finding the country aroused because of existing conditions, Congress is attempting to put the well earned blame upon other shoulders.

He points out that Congressional committees hold hearings on the army and navy appropriation bills, that officers of both services testify before these committees, that these hearings are printed and supplied to each member, that finally these bills must appear and be subject to open discussion in both houses of Congress before becoming law.

In other words, unless the officers of the army and navy testify against the best interests of national defense, which is inconceivable, then Congress must know the facts.

Before the adoption of the budget system all this was true. Since then, as a matter of fact it does not correctly state the manner in which appropriations are made.

In any discussion involving the budget, it is necessary to keep in mind the difference between an attack on the method of operating the budget, and one against the budget system itself. There is a growing opposition, in and out of Congress, to the present method of operating the budget. It would be difficult, however, to find any one opposed to the budget system and in favor of returning to the former unscientific scheme of uncoordinated governmental expenditures.

Nevertheless those officials responsible for the present use of the budget to club the army and navy into silence, and keep Congress in ignorance of the facts of national defense, never fail to proclaim from the house-tops that any exposure of their methods is actuated by a desire to abolish the budget.

Before the adoption of the budget, the War and Navy departments,

along with the other executive departments, made out estimates of what appropriations they considered necessary. These estimates went to the various Congressional committees designated to determine the policies to be recommended to Congress as proper for these departments. The committees conducted hearings, at which the representatives of each department freely appeared and frankly discussed the policies the department thought it wise to follow, and the money that it needed in order to do so.

There were nearly a dozen of these major committees of the House, which were authorized to determine both the policies and the amount of money to be spent upon their execution. The Military Affairs Committee and the Naval Affairs Committee were two of them.

The hearings before these committees were printed, and in the hands of Congressmen not on the committees in question, in ample time for them to get a fair idea of the provisions made in the various bills. Thus, when a bill came up on the floor of the House, every member had had a reasonable opportunity to review the facts and to support or oppose the bill in accordance with the conclusion reached through knowledge of the facts. He knew, furthermore, that the printed hearings contained a real statement of what the departments considered necessary, and not an expurgated statement such as they will be shown to contain to-day.

The theory of the Budget Act was that the president should yearly submit to Congress a coördinated estimate of the receipts and expendi-

tures of the government, making recommendations as to new sources of revenue to be tapped in case the expenditures indicated by law exceeded the receipts, and, similarly, recommendations as to disposal of any surplus occasioned by an excess of receipts over expenditures.

There is nothing in the law to indicate any authorization or even any intention to permit a modification of policies determined upon by Congress, through a failure of the executive branch of the government to ask for the funds necessary to carry out these policies.

It is left to the president's discretion to ask, between budgets, for supplemental estimates when the total estimate is less than the surplus on hand in the Treasury. When the total exceeds the surplus, then the law makes it mandatory for him to inform Congress and to make recommendations as to the new sources of revenue that are available to meet this deficiency.

Or, to put it colloquially, the Budget Law virtually says to the executive: "Each year you shall tell Congress how much money you need to do the things that Congress by law has decided shall be done. At the same time you are to show the members whether the money on hand is sufficient. If it is not sufficient, you are to indicate where you think it can be raised. If it is more than sufficient, you are to say what you think should be done with the surplus."

If this were done, the responsibility for raising the extra money needed in case of a deficiency, or for modifying the adopted policy so as to bring the expenditures within the revenue, would be squarely on the shoulders

of Congress, where, under the Constitution, it belongs.

At the same time, the executive, through the well coördinated administration of the various branches of his department insured by the budget, would not be denied the opportunity to make a record for economy.

Congress would profit by receiving at the beginning of each session a clear picture of the effect on the government finances that had resulted from its measures for raising and dispensing revenues.

There would be no room for such confusion of ideas as exists to-day. There would be no opportunity for propagandists to distort the truth in an endeavor to sway the public to their manner of thinking.

There would be no opportunity for the country to congratulate itself upon the accumulation of a surplus, and then to wake up suddenly to the disagreeable realization that it had been obtained largely through failure to carry out the will of Congress, as for example the National Defense Act.

Instead of this, what is it that really happens under the budget as it has been administered since General Dawes, in his wisdom, fashioned it?

In considering the budget system it is necessary first to understand that considerable savings, having nothing to do with cuts in appropriations, are effected through the co-ordinating bodies established by General Dawes as one of the first steps in introducing "business" into government expenditures. These, in the words of General Dawes, "prevent the uncoördinated departments from continuing purchases in the open

market by one department where a surplus of the articles in question exists in another. It is comparatively easy to slash appropriations. Congress is showing that it is not difficult to do this. The difficult thing to do is to enforce economy consistent with efficiency in the expenditure of appropriations." These agencies are quietly and constantly on the watch for any overlapping of expenditures, and thus constantly save the country considerable sums.

As is true of the general principle of the budget, there can be no objection to such control. Only ready compliance with such an obviously sensible arrangement is possible.

The first step in making up the annual budget is a business meeting of the executive departments. At this meeting the president makes a speech in which he emphasizes the importance of economy in governmental expenditures. There can be nothing but the heartiest agreement with this. The president is generally followed by the director of the budget. He, as a rule, attempts to point out that the cuts in the estimates for the previous fiscal year constitute economy. As many of those present have in mind instances where a cut was later followed by proportionally larger expenditures, this claim of the director is not accepted quite at its face value. Also, many of those present are aware of the fact that the cuts of previous years, particularly in the army and navy, have been so drastic as to make it impossible to execute the program laid down by law.

The members of the Cabinet are present at this business meeting. They say nothing, however, as to the

effects of past cuts on the policies their departments are supposed to carry out. Neither do they speak of the future needs of their departments. This, of course, cannot be objected to, since a Cabinet meeting is the proper place for such discussions.

In the same way, one cannot quarrel with the compulsory silence of Cabinet officers during the many months in which the budget is being made up. After all, the responsibility for asking or not asking for sufficient appropriations to carry out the policies laid down by Congress rests squarely upon the shoulders of the president. What is not understood, or approved, is that this same seal of silence does not apply to the director of the budget, who has been known to make public statements concerning the budget then under preparation.

The next step is for each department to make up a program of its activities during the fiscal year covered by the budget then being prepared. The different branches of each department are then called on to send in their estimates of the amount needed to carry out this program. These estimates go to the budget officer of the department concerned. This officer is part of the budget machinery established by General Dawes. His function is to coördinate the branches of his department and to squeeze the water out of the estimates, at the same time eliminating nothing that will prevent the program, approved by the secretary at the head of the department, from being carried out. This procedure can only have the heartiest approval.

At this stage, the first difficulty is

encountered, for under the present régime the amount of money which each department can have, already indicated in the business meeting by the president or the director of the budget, is usually found to be considerably below the amount of the estimate, even after it has been pared down by the department budget officer.

For example, the total of the estimates made by the War Department branches for the fiscal year ending 1926 was \$326,000,000. The appropriations for the same items for the previous year totaled \$263,000,000—\$63,000,000 less. The president had said, however, that he would not send to Congress an estimate that did not show a cut of \$50,000,000 from the estimate of the preceding year.

In further attempts to reconcile such differences, the War and Navy departments have meetings of their advisory committees. These committees are composed of men who are not connected with any branches of the departments which have submitted estimates. They generally have among their members representatives from the office of the assistant secretary and from the budget officer's staff. These committees have the power to call in any one they may see fit to call. They may make drastic cuts, and postpone everything possible, without completely upsetting the program of the department.

The figures for 1926 for the War Department, which are known, furnish a typical example. In that year the budget officer and the advisory committee cut \$40,000,000 off the \$326,000,000 estimates, thus

bringing them to a total of \$286,000,000. This was still \$23,000,000 above the previous year's budget, and therefore \$73,000,000 above the sum indicated by the president as admissible.

The chief of staff, with the help of his office, makes a thorough study of the recommendations of the advisory committee, and a further effort to reduce the estimates. In company with the budget officer of the War Department, he takes the result of their work to the secretary of war. The secretary, with the help of his office, makes a final examination of the estimates, and a further effort to reduce their total. Again using the fiscal year 1926 as an example, the estimates as finally sent by the secretary of war to the director of the budget totaled \$279,000,000, or \$57,000,000 less than the first estimate, but still \$16,000,000 above the previous year's budget.

The director of the Bureau of the Budget then sends to the War Department a tentative maximum, within the limits of which the War Department must reduce its estimates. For the fiscal year 1926, this tentative maximum was \$253,000,000. This amount was \$10,000,000 less than the budget of the previous year, and \$26,000,000 less than the final estimate sent to the director of the budget by the secretary of war.

The estimate for the Navy Department's budget for this year gives an even better example of the procedure. The actual estimate of the Navy Department was about \$351,000,000. This the department itself cut down to \$332,000,000, the amount that was considered the minimum on which the Navy De-

partment could operate efficiently. Regardless of this, the director of the budget set a tentative maximum of \$315,000,000. The final amount allowed by the director of the budget was not quite \$312,000,000. Every item of this amount was allocated by the director of the budget.

Thus it becomes evident that the budget, in so far as the War and Navy departments are concerned, is not based on the needs of these departments under the law, but upon an arbitrary figure set by the Budget Bureau.

Further than that, the allotments under this arbitrary figure are not made in accordance with the best judgment of the two departments, but in accordance with the beliefs of the director of the budget. He holds his own hearings and summons officers from both services to testify at these hearings. As a result he makes decisions on the relative importance of individual items. By doing so he usurps the functions of the General Staff of the Army and the General Board of the Navy, which, according to law, are responsible, under the direction of their respective secretaries, for the policies—their determination and execution—of the two services.

To give one example of the extent to which the director of the budget carries his interference, the War Department agrees with the aviators in the Officers' Reserve Corps, who consider they should have sufficient actual flying to keep in reasonable training. After going through the usual procedure, the War Department arrived at a figure of approximately \$1,300,000 as the minimum amount by which 23,500 flying hours

could be allotted these reserve officers for the fiscal year 1928. This figure is less than has been considered the necessary minimum amount in previous years. General Lord cut it to \$318,226. Less than a quarter of the fliers, therefore, can have something less than the minimum amount of flying necessary to keep in training, or else all of the fliers can have something less than a quarter of the necessary training.

General Lord, the director of the budget, deserves the credit due every self-made man. He began with little and has successfully fought his way to the top. There is nothing, however, in his career which makes him competent to decide questions of military policy, on land, on sea, or in the air. Originally a Congressional committee clerk, he came to the army as a pay-clerk. During the Spanish-American War he was commissioned in the Pay Department of the Army, which was later absorbed by the Quartermaster Corps. There he developed into an expert accountant, and there he remained until retired. At no time has he had service in the line or combat branch of the army, much less the navy. As, under the present system by which military policies are decided, even our best qualified generals and admirals are not allowed undisputed scope, it is hardly possible that General Lord, expert as he undoubtedly is with figures, can possess the knowledge, judgment, and experience necessary to decide military policies.

The final estimates as determined by the director of the budget are sent to Congress labeled "War Department Estimate" and "Navy Department Estimate." They are generally

referred to as such, and, except by the few who really know how they are made up, are generally considered to be the actual estimates of these two departments. And even on the floors of the House and Senate the statement is often made that such and such an amount is what the War or Navy Department has asked for in its estimate.

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The change in the organization of the House committees, made by that body as the result of the Budget Law, has brought into practice a procedure completely at variance with the former method of determining the army and navy appropriations. Before this reorganization, the Appropriation Committee handled only such bills as the legislative, executive, judicial, District of Columbia budget, and sundry civil supply bills. With the reorganization, it took over the appropriating powers of all other committees. Its membership was increased from twenty-one to thirty-five. In a majority of cases, the ranking members of the other committees, seeing how powerful the Appropriation Committee was to be, had themselves transferred to it.

The Appropriation Committee was then divided into sub-appropriation committees, there being one such subcommittee for each of the subjects formerly handled by the various major committees of the House. Thus there came into existence the Sub-Appropriation Committee for Military Affairs and the Sub-Appropriation Committee for Naval Affairs. These subcommittees conduct the hearings on the appropriation bills of these departments.

Instead of limiting themselves to

the consideration and determination of the amount of money that should be spent on the prosecution of policies already decided on, these subcommittees gradually have come, by eliminating necessary appropriations, virtually to control and establish the policies of the departments.

The result has been that the subcommittees of the Appropriation Committee have usurped the powers of the major committees of the House. That this was never the intention of the House in effecting the reorganization, was recently brought out by a member, who said, on the floor: "Legislative committees, that is the major committees of Congress, now shorn of their appropriation powers, still do have, if energetically asserted and maintained, important functions to perform in the matter of appropriations for the departments over which they have jurisdiction. Every appropriation presupposes a prior legislative act, and no appropriation can properly be made without legislative authorization in one way or another, and such prior legislation can, under the law and rules, originate only in the legislative committees."

The first year of the budget, when the Appropriations Committee reported the Navy Bill to the House, there were a number of sentences and paragraphs which were properly "legislation." Mr. Britten of the Naval Affairs Committee demanded that these be stricken out on points of order. He was sustained by the chair. Since then the Appropriation Committee has been more careful in navy affairs. It is only this year, however, that the Military Affairs Committee has fully exercised its prerogatives in this respect.

From the establishment of the budget until this year, Mr. Madden of Illinois ruled the Appropriation Committee as a whole, as well as its subcommittees, with an iron hand. His record shows that, like the director of the budget, he intended to keep expenditures within a certain amount, regardless of the policies laid down by law.

The hearings conducted by the subcommittees, instead of being public, were behind closed doors. The printed copies of the hearings were not put in the hands of Congressmen in time to enable them to have any clear understanding of the appropriation bill when it appeared on the floor of the House. It was a physical impossibility for the average man to have any accurate conception of the appropriation bills as a whole, much less of their constituent parts. It is difficult enough to get even a general understanding of a bill carrying several hundred millions of dollars, and dealing with such technical departments as the army and navy, though ample time be allowed.

Both Congressmen and newspaper men who keep track of Congressional affairs complained of this star-chamber procedure, but all to no purpose. The new practice, which keeps the secrets of the subcommittee rooms inviolate until the last moment before the appropriation bills appear on the floor of the House, remains intact. Mr. Britten, also of Illinois, whose long experience in the House qualifies him to speak with authority, says, "This practice is carried out for the purpose of keeping the country ignorant of facts, to keep members of Congress in the same ignorance of facts, and thus prevent attacks on the

bills when they appear on the floor of the House."

The Senate, unlike the House, arranged to handle the budget without usurpation of power on the part of its appropriation committee, which is called the Finance Committee. But the army and navy officers appearing before the Senate committees were under the same orders as when appearing before the House committees, to limit themselves to a defense of the items in the prepared budget. Thus, in general, they have been effectively silenced as to the real needs of their services.

The members of the Senate committees, usually more experienced in military matters than the members of the committees of the House, have known how to dig out some of the essential facts by skilfully questioning the officers appearing before them. These have had an unhappy time, torn between their duty to obey the order to support the budget prepared by General Lord and their knowledge that in doing so they were helping to perpetuate the pernicious policy which has been wrecking the defense of their country as established by the National Defense Act.

The Senate each year has added to the amounts provided in the budget for the War and Navy departments. In the discussions, however, between the Senate and the House conferees, which determine the final amounts to be appropriated, the Senate has not been strong enough to offset the czar-like rule of Mr. Madden, backed by the power of the administration.

The idea persistently fostered by the professional pacifists and, unfortunately, provided with aid and

comfort by those in the administration who are interested in covering up their neglect of the army and navy—the idea that we spend an undue proportion of our national income on these services—is far from borne out by the facts.

The habitual practice of those interested in deceiving the public into this belief is to add together the costs of the war debt, the pension and veteran bureaus, and the War and Navy departments, calling this the amount spent for defense, for war purposes. They then determine what proportion this is of the *federal* income and triumphantly quote the result.

The supreme effrontery of this is in charging to national defense the huge sums resulting from past wars, when as a matter of fact these huge sums are largely the result of our failure to provide adequate defense in peace. This has inevitably led to the woeful waste in all our wars, and therefore to their cost, which has been all out of proportion to the results secured.

If an uninsured house burns down and the owner builds a new one, he has been subjected to loss and expense. But after paying the premium on the fire insurance policy, which his bitter experience has taught him to take out, he does not add together the old loss and the present expense and call the total the cost of his fire insurance. To

do so would be quite as fair and accurate as the method used by the professional pacifists to arrive at the cost of our national defense.

The pacifists are equally unfair in determining the proportion of our income spent on national defense. The highly centralized European and Asiatic national governments collect taxes which our national government leaves to our States and cities. Despite this fact, the pacifists omit these State and city taxes, and use only the amount collected by our federal government, thus running our proportional expenditure far beyond the actual facts. Instead of the fantastic pacifist figures, generally well above 60 per cent, the actual figure is 6 per cent, of which 2.5 per cent goes to the army. France spends approximately \$22.33, Italy \$9.50, Britain \$6.40, Japan \$2.60, and the United States \$2.20 per capita for military purposes.

In other words there is nothing to indicate that our expenditures are so extravagant as to warrant the overthrow of policies laid down by law, in order to save money.

Even if the reverse were true, before national defense is sacrificed to economy, Congress should thoroughly understand the situation. The people certainly should know it. Our form of government, our principles, are utterly opposed to any policy which hides or even tends to camouflage the truth.

(General Reilly's next article in the May number



The CENTURION

JOHN ERSKINE



PRAISE OF CITIES:—The season is coming when we begin to plan for a vacation in the country. We shall say a great deal about our joy in getting out of the dreadful city. After all, it is hardly fair to the city, which has done very well by us during the winter. I have praised the country myself in my time, but a certain belated honesty prompts me now to say a word for the town.

It has its own romance, the most beautiful of all adventures, the meeting with our fellow-man. Whatever inspiration the soil gives us, nature marching in her lovely ways from shower to clearing, from blossom to fruit, from sun to starlight, yet the real quest of the human heart is for its fellows. The love of life, when you come right down to it, is a yearning for men and women. To understand them, of course. To get at the secret of their souls, if possible. But at least to be near them and to feel them near, in the thousand ways in which mind, spirit, and body make up a complex communication. People are in the cities. There is civilization, as the name implies; there the energetic and passionate of the human race try to be.

The cause of cities, some of us will always insist, is not chiefly economic. Such an interpretation of our ways

strikes a false note. We move to the country for economic reasons, to avoid the city rents, but in another mood we face the same rents gladly for the sake of spiritual benefits found only in the towns. The country road has its detached beauties—wild iris along the edges in spring, or laurel, perhaps, and later goldenrod, but the chief companionship by the way is with a dog, a horse, or a cow; and admirable though those creatures are in their degree, they have social limitations. In the city, especially if it is fortunate enough to be crowded, we push our way through the human tides and feel kindled by many purposes, inspired by many glimpses of bright faces, earnest eyes, graceful bodies. The city pavement is the floor for the most magnificent of dances, life itself, in which we are spectator and performer both. It almost seems that we have spoken to our partners in the dance, or if we haven't spoken, there has been some exchange of message, not with lips or hand or eye, but by the subtle ministers of meaning which in cities and crowds the spirit is aware of.

The streets are dramatic in winter, in the holiday time, when the traffic congestion, of which those complain who think of transportation and nothing else, gives us climaxes and

groupings we should like to paint, if we were only that kind of artist, and which we never forget—the gleaming windows, beautiful beyond any need of commercial advertisement; the men and women who dress themselves for looks, to increase the total beauty of the world, not merely to wrap up the muddy vesture of decay; the traffic lights with their amiable colors, and the picturesque traffic men with their wide assortment of gestures, all meaning, it seems, much the same thing. But the streets have a charm in summer also, when the heat is too great for children to stay indoors, and they make their playground under our feet. Of course they shouldn't do it, and if they are the children of the poor, we gladly contribute to send them off to fields and forests where they will have, as we say, air and room. It is for our own benefit, however, that we send them. It is we, perhaps, whose tired nerves demand more room in the city and hope for more silence. The children themselves know that the city street is just the place, if we would only abandon it to them. They too are aware of humanity passing. The carts and cars, which interrupt their play, add the exciting excellence of danger. A ball game in a wide field would be only a ball game, but in the middle of the city block it is an exotic embroidery upon a day already rich in incident.

The noise of the city is an illusion through which a really strong mind can penetrate. It is the true vesture, or the reverse, as it were, of a solitude peculiarly fruitful which only the city can provide. You feel it if you go to the theater or the concert alone, and watch the play or

listen to the music with the sense that others are watching and listening too. Your pleasure is partly from the entertainment, but more from that half-felt companionship. You gather from the others around you reliable information on whether they like the performance or don't, and why they don't or do. How the information comes, we needn't ask here, but it comes only in cities. In the country you get nothing from your fellows by intuition, the path of news leaves a scar and can always be traced, and between neighbors within hailing-distance the habit of news-sharing develops a special quality of voice. But in the city, spirit maneuvers silently to reach spirit, and the clamor of the streets is an aid rather than a hindrance; it is like the chatter of the magician, distracting your attention so that the wonder may be revealed. Humanity sets up that noise to give the soul its necessary privacy. Moreover, the value of solitude lies in what we think of when we are alone, and the city offers to us more subjects for reflection—pleasant subjects—than our short days can attend to.

We call the town ugly, yet the phrase must be a careless one, an insincere pose. Who with good eyesight ever saw a really ugly town? An ugly village, yes, if there are not enough people. The small cluster of houses may have lost all country charm without gaining a single advantage of the city. But where there are people enough, there will be beauty of the most fascinating kind. The rain on the pavements, the procession of motor-cars, the chivalrous fire-engine dashing to a rescue, the

street-cleaner in the morning shooting a graceful spray from the hydrant, the postman unlocking the boxes, the eager motorman opening and shutting the door of his car, children on scooters, the latest-born in the baby-carriage, youth eating in drug-stores—a painter finds his subjects in all these things, and many more like them. If you say that these are isolated instances of beauty, implying that beauty in the country is not isolated, the answer is that in this world beauty is always isolated and exceptional; its presence anywhere is a criticism of everything around it. If the country is tolerable at all, it is because we have praised it so much; we overlook its glaring shortcomings and fasten on its few good points, like any other lover who has lost his head. Think of the country mud in the spring, overvalued by city poets. Think of the extraordinary discomfort in winter farm-houses when the true countryman abandons all hope of ventilation in order to toast himself at least on one side. Imagine yourself going to the well for water with the temperature below zero. What inducement to take a morning bath! Consider the monotony of one's meals, and presently of one's conversation, and finally of one's soul, in the long weeks when salt pork sustains life. The multitude of children playing under our feet on city pavements, are they not the blessing of God compared with our neighbor's chickens scratching in our flower-garden?



THE SHADOWS OF GREAT MEN:—Emerson said that every institution is the lengthened shadow of some

great man. The greatest charm of cities is that they are such shadows—not of one great man only, but of several. The histories say that this or that extraordinary soul “founded” this and that metropolis, but the word implies building walls, draining swamps, and setting up laws. Perhaps the great man really did all that, but he built the city chiefly by being there. As soon as other men wished to be near him, the city was accomplished. There is no such appeal, curiously enough, in the country. If I buy a place there, I ask about my neighbors only in the negative sense; I make sure that no one near me will be “objectionable,” as I say. The implication is that I intend if possible to ignore my neighbors, and will run no risk of having my attention forced. If I select a farm, it is not for the merits of the person who owned it before me. In the country I assume that I shall be an ancestor myself, but when I go to the city I am proud to be a descendant and an heir. Paris and London are great because of the lives already enacted there, the ghosts that still with remarkable vitality color my vision of the houses and the streets, and even lend dignity to those who now reside in them. These ghosts will take hold of me if I meet them half-way—they will make me conform to their ancient habits; I shall become a New Yorker, or a Londoner, or a Parisian, in so far as my soul is plastic and capable of assimilating the virtues of the great. We sometimes see it the wrong way; we say that one man educates another in the city crowd; we think the New Yorker becomes what he is because of all the other New Yorkers. But a

fair view of it leads us to believe rather that they are all under an influence; the great men who once were there are molding them now, whether or not they are quite aware of their education.

The influence of the ghosts in a city is most effective when we are not conscious of it. Ghosts, like other manifestations of spirit, should be permitted a certain natural freedom. In cities which have ceased to be vital to the world the ghosts become a cult; tablets are set up to mark the spot where they inhabited the flesh. The best ghosts are wary of tablets. Certain families, too, with a queer inversion of chronology, become proud of the ghosts they have produced. When a man begins to take credit to himself for his ancestors, he may seem to be pious, but he is really insane. The best ghosts avoid such descendants. And sometimes, most grievous of errors, we ask the young to pay attention to the ghosts whom they have not yet met. Now, a ghost at best is a thin thing, and until you have found him in your heart he might as well not exist. The wise ghost flees when he hears himself taught like a proposition in mathematics; he knows he can never justify such an introduction, and he wouldn't if he could.

In other words, the shades of the great men which make cities great are matters of life rather than of history. The tablet on the wall is the gravestone of a ghost. The family pride is a form of mourning. Ichabod! The celebration of ghosts to the young is a funeral hymn.

If we have gone so far astray in the praise of cities, we shall probably pass swiftly to the end, and begin to

praise the country instead. The last step is reached when we begin to ask why a city no longer has great men in it. This question indicates the complete failure of the ghost to educate us; we are asking for somebody else to be great. Discovering no greatness around us, we shall then proceed to the contemplation of nature, the qualities of which are so obvious that they escape not even our dull eyes. Now comes the period of reform in the cities, the great concern over our neighbor's soul—our neighbor who declines to take on enough greatness for us to contemplate with satisfaction. Now comes the legend of the wicked city which needs saving. My friend across the street must be prevented, if possible, from doing what he likes to do but I don't. The so-called poor, some blocks away, must be uplifted, not at their request, of course, and sometimes against their protests. Then comes the insidious persuasion that though I am not happy I am doing good. Let me depart to the country now—to a far country—for the benefit of mankind! Perhaps my place might be taken by the naturally great, who, if I didn't scare them off, might mingle here with the fine spirits of whom I am not aware.

But of course not all the men and women in the city go so far astray. Some know by instinct that the use of ghosts is to associate with them kindly, in admiration, gratitude, and joy. If there is a good cause which needs encouragement, the true city man aids it as he would increase any other crowd, not by preaching, but by adding himself to it. His method of life is social. He doesn't quote the ancient proverb that where there

is nothing there is God. That comes too close to saying, "where there is nobody." He says, where two or three are gathered together, there is the beginning of life—assuming, of course, that the two or three are great, that their souls have life in them to start with, and that they won't be selfish about it when others wish to join.



CITY HOLIDAY:—When we consider, however, that some of us after all must live in the country, we admit that the entire world cannot be a city. We should like it to be, but in this existence of time and space it is impossible. We can only dream of it in Heaven, the city of God. Meanwhile the true unselfishness would be to move out from time to time, in order to let the less fortunate countryman visit our privileges. It is a strange inversion of our needs to take our holidays in the country. That is where we should do our routine work, and come to town only in the vacation spirit. If we insist on living all the year in the high tension of happiness which the city offers, we may even blunt our own capacity for enjoyment. After all, heaven is as yet too strenuous a beatitude. The theologians were right who said we must train the spirit for it. Joy itself demands a certain fortitude and endurance.

This experience of cities has handicapped all poets when they came to imagine life in paradise. They meant to picture infinite bliss, but a note of weariness and monotony has always crept in. This indicates, of course, no flaw in the bliss, but a weakness in mortal intelligence. Even the saints

in the most spiritual of poems seem to cast a thought back toward their native cities of earth, toward the immortal ghosts that walk in them. Anchises in Virgil's poem is thinking of his people; Achilles in Homer remembers his son; even in Dante's Paradise, Florence is an aspiration; and the Blessed Damozel weeps for her lover on earth. These poets had seen perhaps more of their beloved cities than the human heart without interruption or respite could stand. They should have folded their wings in the country more often, and slept an hour.

The true discipline of cities is to take them in the spirit of preparation. They should be approached in the mood of study and reverence. We do it right when we go abroad for our few weeks in Florence or Athens—with all history refreshed in our minds, with a discriminating plan for our visit, with a clear hope of the joys we shall attain. From such a visit we come away unjaded, and indeed unsatisfied, but we have met the ghosts and we have acquired more life. Our country friends who visit our own city approach it by the same method in principle, but with a cruder technique; they leave out the discriminating plan. They intend to see everything. Usually they cannot tell the difference between the living ghost and the ghost's tablet. They go to all the plays and to all the concerts. They try to ride on all the buses, eat in all the hotels, and reach the roof of all the sky-scrapers. For them the city is at last a confusion and a weariness, and out of their astonished mood comes the conviction that those of us who live here are lost souls. "How can you stand

such a pace?" they ask us, as we help them into the departing train.

Of course we never try to stand such a pace. We take the city more easily, and are willing to deny ourselves most of its opportunities. Yet in our denials we may be no more discriminating than our country visitor is in his grasping inclusiveness. It may be that we go to our graves without having learned to distinguish among the ghosts that might have been our friends. It may be that the blessed solitude of the city has escaped us, and we have come to like only the noise which conceals it. It may be that the bodies which walk on the street, the surfaces of the houses which look bright to our eyes, the colors of the shop-windows, are all that we notice—not the human drama of which they are only the illusion or the covering. It may be we have lived only in the city and never in the civilization.

In one of his letters Charles Lamb made a famous praise of cities which the town dweller loves to quote. Lamb understood the heart of the

matter, but in that delightful passage he did not mention it. There he spoke only of the surfaces—it was his pleasant way to speak often of surfaces. Courage and the good sportsman in him made him conceal too much perhaps his awareness of the depth of life. But a city seen only from the outside is in the end just a large and cheap aggregation of commotions. The meaning of it is within—a tragic meaning—tragic in the noble sense which corresponds closely to what Dante called Comedy. It is a play, always acting and never ended, of man's admiration for man, of his desire to be with those who seem better than himself, of his hope to imitate them. Of course he fails many a time, but the passion persists in him, or in others of the race. Like Socrates, he will walk sometimes by green lawns and quiet groves and springing waters, and he will recall that there also is a shrine; but he will say that in our short hour between birth and death the chief thing to love and to know is man, and where men are, there is the opportunity to be wise.



The ROVING CRITIC

CARL VAN DOREN



MOVING PICTURES:—Historians who approach their themes with much in the way of sociological intent will hardly take comfort from Philip Guedalla's "Palmerston" (Putnam). The author does, indeed, say that "the life of Palmerston was the life of England" and, for that matter, of a large part of Europe during the period of Palmerston's activity. But in fact Mr. Guedalla looks upon the troubled movements of the age almost precisely as Palmerston did; that is, as discords here or there in the European orchestra which it was the duty of the British Foreign Office to resolve by the firm manipulation of the diplomatic baton. Nothing worried Palmerston less than general cries of injustice. He made sincere war upon the slave-trade; he disliked that particular mode of cruelty. He favored Catholic emancipation; he was an Irish landlord. He stood, with reservations, for free trade; he had been a pupil of Dugald Stewart at Edinburgh. He had a rough kindness toward the British populace; having been born in the eighteenth century, he took somewhat lightly the claims of factory-owners to a semi-divine right over their workers. And yet the groundswell of proletarian discontent, the rising tide of power in the middle

class, the outbursts of nationalistic feelings on the Continent, stirred in him no cosmic sentiments. These might be problems for the philosopher; they were only tasks for the administrator; and Palmerston was an administrator first and last. His birth and education helped him to become secretary at war when he was only twenty-five, and from then until his death at eighty he lacked an office only in the negligible intervals forced upon him by the going out and coming in of parties. In all this long career he was the most adjustable of statesmen, because he held the simplest of fixed principles. "We have no eternal allies," he said in 1848, "and we have no perpetual enemies. Our interests are eternal and perpetual and those interests it is our duty to follow." The interests of England were the principles of Palmerston.

A statesman with a creed so uncomplicated is a temptation to any biographer. Mr. Guedalla does not have to wrestle with the inner doubts of Palmerston, because the man had none; nor does he have to explain away many public casuistries, because Palmerston was extraordinarily candid in his avowals. Even when he took some high stand, he tempered his eloquence with cynicism. He was ironical enough to mystify Victoria

and jocular enough to outrage Gladstone. All this is plainly a delight to Mr. Guedalla. He can, and does, heartily admire Palmerston for his competence and nonchalance, and can devote his own energies to working out the intricate puzzle which the affairs of the time present. When, after impressive research and witty arrangement, he has finished the story, he has made a beguiling success in one of the kinds of history.

That "Palmerston" belongs, however, to one of the kinds of history should be pointed out. The work is acutely personal in its bearings. Was Palmerston shaped by what another school of historians would call the forces of his age? Did the accidents of chance have so little to do with his deeds, and his conscious will so much? Mr. Guedalla does not answer these questions. Even if he had proposed them to himself, his method would not have called for any explicit answer. For the book is essentially a series of moving pictures. What appears in it is what might have been seen by Palmerston if he had been able to see as much as Mr. Guedalla, in retrospect, is able to see. And what Palmerston saw was never in the least mystical. He no more saw ground-swells and rising tides than he saw gods and goddesses. He did not see nations as allegorical entities; he saw them as well or badly organized masses of men, well or badly represented by actual diplomats. Palmerston, making up his own mind as to the responsibility of the diplomats, dealt with them accordingly. Everything was positive, everything tangible. Mr. Guedalla has therefore had the advantage of material

perfectly suited to his method. And he has taken every advantage given him, so that his narrative rushes along, concrete and pictorial, with the speed and fullness hardly so much of prose as of a film.

"So 1847," he says in a characteristic passage, "faded on the Queen among her Christmas trees at Windsor, and Palmerston at work on boxes of Italian papers, and Melbourne murmuring in his chair. Beyond the sunset Garibaldi still trailed his *poncho* around the dusty streets of Monte Video, dreaming of Italy; and a dull-eyed Prince, escaped from Ham, seemed almost to have escaped from destiny, as he sat entertaining London dining-rooms in his muffled voice. But something stirred in Italy; there was a faint *malaise* in France; even Germany seemed restless. The scattered voices rose on the still air; and a hint of thunder came across the silence, as the world slipped quietly into 1848.

"That year the storm broke over Europe. At first there was a flicker of lightning below the skyline, as it felt its way into Italy, and muttered round Milan and Naples. Then Paris flashed and thundered into revolution, and the echoes rolled across Germany. A gleam lit up the south; and then, flash after flash, the northern states were caught by the strange glare. Baden, Bavaria, Hesse, Wurtemberg, Hanover, Saxony, the Hansa Towns whirled in a witches' sabbath; Vienna joined the dance; and Berlin stumbled heavily before the gale. The wrack went scudding across Europe. Kings, ministers, and thrones waved like a wheat-field in the wind, with mon-

archs (in the gleeful image of Carlyle) 'running about like a gang of coiners when the police had come among them,' or sadly housed (in Mr. Disraeli's shocked enumeration) — 'the King of France in a Surrey villa, Metternich in a Hanover Square Hotel, and the Prince of Prussia at Lady Palmerston's.'"



OBSTINATE RIGOR:—Five or six years ago the French poets in a referendum conducted by a magazine chose Paul Valéry as the most distinguished among them. On the death of Anatole France the same poet was elected to the place in the French Academy thus vacated. Only now, however, has a book by M. Valéry appeared in English. "Variety" (Harcourt, Brace), a collection of essays excellently translated by Malcolm Cowley, brings to American readers a writer who contrives to make intelligence almost unbearably exciting.

M. Valéry is compact, precise, even geometrical in the arguments with which he defends the conscious mind against the slack apologists of the unconscious. "Genius," "mystery," "profundity," he thinks of as "attributes which properly belong to chaos, and tell less about their subject than about the writer" who uses these terms. Though there may be something in the nature of intuition which now and then rises to the consciousness, it does not matter. "The spirit whispers a million shameless stupidities for every fine idea it abandons to our grasp; and the value even of this millionth chance depends on our ability to shape it to our ends. . . . The true value of such in-

spirations does not depend on the obscurity of their origin, or on the supposed depth from which we are simple enough to believe that they came, or on the exquisite surprise they cause to ourselves; it depends rather on their meeting our needs, and, in the final analysis, on the conscious use we make of them." M. Valéry does not reject the intuitive elements. He merely denies that they are more than raw material for the conscious mind, more than a part of the whole man. About a third of his book is devoted to a study of Leonardo da Vinci, in whom the lightning of intuition must have played continually, but who as continually insisted upon choosing among his flashes with the obstinate rigor which he took for his motto (*hostinato rigore*).

As M. Valéry has produced a miscellany rather than a rounded treatise, and as his own statement of his case cannot be either abstracted or improved, a few paragraphs selected from "Variety" will do more than any formal review can hope to do.

"A simple heart is no equipment for a politician, but neither are dreams and distractions the tools with which words are combined into such rare and precious shapes. The true condition of a true poet is absolutely distinct from the state of dream. In the former I can see nothing but voluntary researches, a struggle to render his thoughts more flexible, and the perpetual triumph of sacrifice.

"The man, even, who tries to describe his dream must be infinitely awake. If you wish to imitate, with some degree of exactness, the grotesque inconsistencies of the weak dreamer which you lately were;

through the depths of your mind to pursue this pensive fall of the soul like a dead leaf through the vague immensity of memory, do not hope to succeed without an extreme concentration, which will lead to your discovering that which exists only at the price of such concentration.

"Whoever says exactitude and style is invoking the opposite of dream; and whoever encounters these in a work of art should infer that its author expended all the time and labor which are necessary to prevent the permanent dissipation of ideas. The fairest, like the others, all are shadows; and the kingdom of ghosts, in this case, precedes the kingdom of the living. It was never a mere pastime to snatch a little grace, or clarity, or permanence from the confused flow of images, nor to change the transient into the enduring. And the more timid, the more fugitive is one's prey, the more concentration and force of will are needed to render it eternally present, in its eternally fleeting attitude."

"Whereas poetry affects our organism directly, and tends toward song, which is an exact and continuous exercise of coöperation between hearing, the form of the voice, and articulate expression, the novel endeavors to excite and sustain in us that general and irregular expectancy which is our attitude toward real events; their strange causation or their ordinary sequence is imitated by the story teller's art. And whereas the world of poetry is essentially closed and complete in itself, being purely the system of the ornaments and accidents of language, the universe of the novel, even of the fantastic novel, is joined to the real

world—just as the painted background of a window-display merges imperceptibly into real objects, among which a spectator comes and goes."

"Moreover, everything which is true of an age or a person does not always add to our real knowledge of one or the other. Nobody is equal to the exact total of his appearances; and is there any man who has never said, or has never done, something which was not *his*? Sometimes imitation, sometimes a lapse, or an occasion, or merely the accumulated boredom of being exactly what one is, of being oneself, distorts that very self for a moment. We are sketched during a dinner; the drawing is handed down to a posterity composed exclusively of scholars, and so we are prettified for the whole of literary eternity. A scowling face, if photographed at the instant of a scowl, is an irrefutable document. But show it to the friends of the victim, and they will fail to recognize the portrait."

"I had dipped into a few mystics. It is impossible to speak ill of their works, for all one discovers there is what one brings."



UNHOLY MATRIMONY:—According to the postscript to Ludwig Lewisohn's powerful and masterly novel, "The Case of Mr. Crump" (Paris: Edward W. Titus), there was an actual murder committed in New York in 1919 by a certain Herbert Crump, whose story is now told with an imaginative knowledge of the affair which a court could scarcely have been expected to have. The court sentenced Crump to twenty years in prison; the

novel has rescued him, in the sense that it gives the murderer, though still serving his term, a separate life in fiction which he is not likely to lose until long after his sentence shall have expired.

Actually, of course, no such person as Herbert Crump ever lived, killed, and suffered at the hands of the law. Mr. Lewisohn has invented him for the sake of his story and, perhaps, of his point. But the claim that Crump did exist is only one of the devices by which the novelist has made his narrative as circumstantial as he was able to make it. Nothing in the book appears to take place in the void familiar and dear to fiction. All the outward details of the life of Crump and his wife are faithfully, precisely, delicately described; the plot is carried forward with the help of fairly simple motives, intensely studied.

Let no one, however, overlook the argument which is nearly as much a part of the novel as the story is. While vindicating Herbert Crump, Mr. Lewisohn is at the same time concerned with exhibiting the injustice which marriage may bring upon an innocent victim. To emphasize this as much as possible, he has given Crump a panoply of virtues, particularly the virtue of noble endurance, which somehow weakens the case. This is not because a too patient man may not be believed to suffer, but because the spectacle of his suffering vexes even while it moves. Observers of much spirit will find it hard to forgive Crump for not leaving his wife, no matter what the difficulties were, as soon as he learned that she was harpy and succuba to him. That he does not

do so, costs him sympathy and lends a note of rhetoric to his final sense that justice has been done when he murders his tormentor. He seems not to have been purely a victim, but also partly a fool. And though justice, strictly speaking, is due to fools, it is not altogether dramatic when it comes.

That strain of argument in Mr. Lewisohn's novel which, aiming to strengthen the case of Herbert Crump, really weakens it, does not affect the representation of Anne Crump. The woman is, indeed, a creature beyond the range of experience of many human beings. She is selfish, unscrupulous, untruthful, slatternly, concupiscent, foul-mouthed, a maniac for every right which she can find she has, and for every advantage which she can take. Her instincts are not complex. She wants to keep her husband for the sake of her children, who are only stepchildren to him, and for the sake of the support and credit which she gets by being his wife. But those instincts have the persistence of a disease. They carry her to lengths which for a decent woman would be worse than any conceivable loss of any conceivable husband. Most novelists would have hesitated to pursue a woman into such howling depths. Mr. Lewisohn has not hesitated. Most novelists in the circumstances would have become fantastic. Mr. Lewisohn has invented Anne Crump and portrayed her with a cool, though terrible, steadiness. She is one of those creations which a novelist achieves only when he goes from probability into possibility, that high dire region of the imaginative mind.

SHORT CUTS

Alcohol and Longevity. By Raymond Pearl. Alfred A. Knopf.

Careful statistics tending to show that, while heavy drinkers have lower expectations of life than abstainers, moderate drinkers do not, and, at least in Baltimore in the cases studied, appear to live slightly longer.

The Meaning of a Liberal Education. By Everett Dean Martin. W. W. Norton & Co.

A simple enlightened exposition of the statement that "education is emancipation from herd opinion, self-mastery, capacity for self-criticism, suspended judgment, and urbanity."

Benjamin Franklin: The First Civilized American. By Philips Russell. Brentano's.

There is little that is new in this book, but it is lively, and it gives to the general public a good many facts which have hitherto been the private consolation of scholars. The epithet "civilized" in the title is used rather as Voltaire than as Victoria would have understood it.

Samuel Butler and His Family Relations.

By Mrs. R. E. Garnett. E. P. Dutton & Co.

"A diffident, affectionate, generous nature I read in him, warped for life by the repressions and severities of his childhood."

Collected Poems of Thomas Hardy. Macmillan Co.

More drama in fewer words than any other English poet has ever been able to contrive.

The Oxford Book of Eighteenth Century Verse. Edited by David Nichol Smith. Oxford University Press.

Something like justice at last is done to the witty and charming century which its ardent and experimental successor undervalued.

Enough Rope. By Dorothy Parker. Boni & Liveright.

This is what they call light verse. There ought to be more of it. There will seldom be much as good.

Shadows Waiting. By Eleanor Carroll Chilton. John Day Co.

A lovely, civilized, affecting, and satisfying novel.

Wild Goats. By William Rose Benét. George H. Doran Co.

Jolly nonsense (sensible, too) about books and near-books.

Our Debt to Greece and Rome: Lucian.

By F. G. Allison. **Modern Traits in Old Greek Life.** By C. B. Gulick. **Æschylus and Sophocles.** By J. T. Sheppard. Longmans, Green & Co.

Handsome themes treated with unmistakable though not quite uniform mediocrity. The third of these books is better than the others.

The Frontier in American Literature.

By Lucy Lockwood Hazard. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

An industrious survey of the conspicuously "native" elements in the literature under consideration. Miss Hazard in her critical method inclines toward the wholesome, the hearty, and the muddled.

The Cowboy and His Interpreters. By Douglas Branch. D. Appleton & Co.

A pleasant addition to the literature which is growing into a substantial cairn in honor of a vanishing type.

Sex and the Love-Life. By William J. Fielding. Dodd, Mead & Co.

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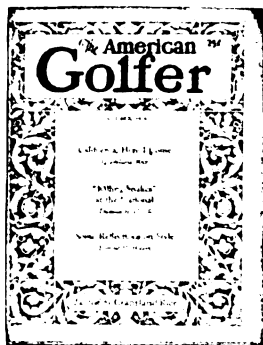
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Then, when only one grubby knee is left to be scrubbed, and paternal patience is pushed beyond endurance by the tenth escape of the sinker-soap into some uncharted cove of the tub-bottom

—a stabbing voice from below-stairs brings salt to your wounds:

"Henry! I will not have my child hear such language —"

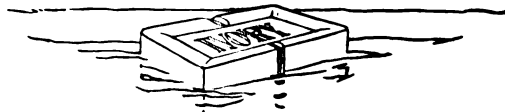
Well, sir, the joke is on you — you should have *known* about sinker-soap.

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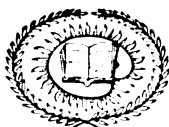
The important books of our lives are the books of childhood. . . . The books Mother read to us while we sat on her knee. The first books we read for ourselves, laboriously picking out their meaning letter by letter. The books we delighted in during adolescence. . . . Then our imaginations were boundless. Then our memories absorbed with great intensity all new images and thoughts. Then our reasoning did not sit as a check and censor on the truth of what we read. . . .

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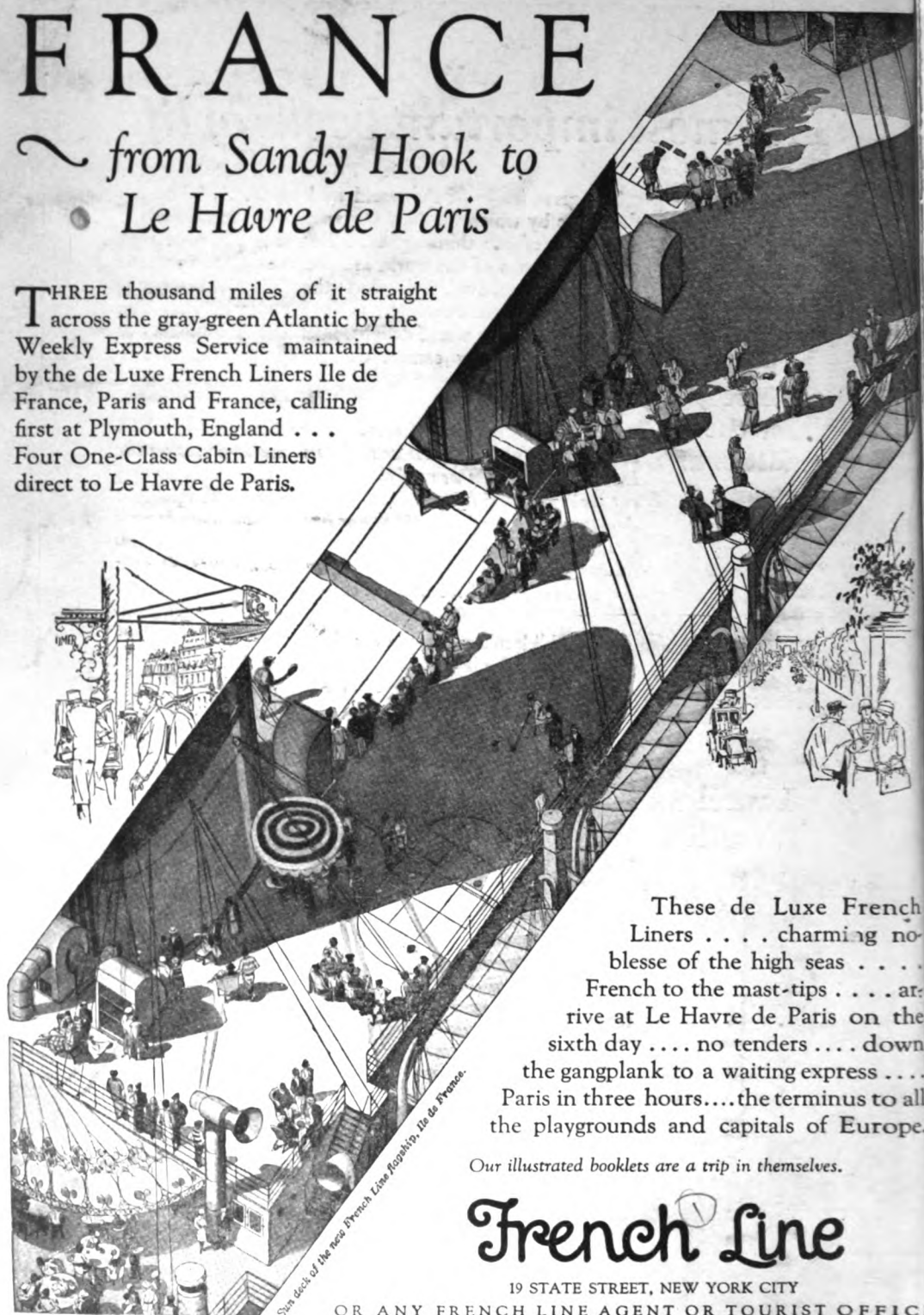
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